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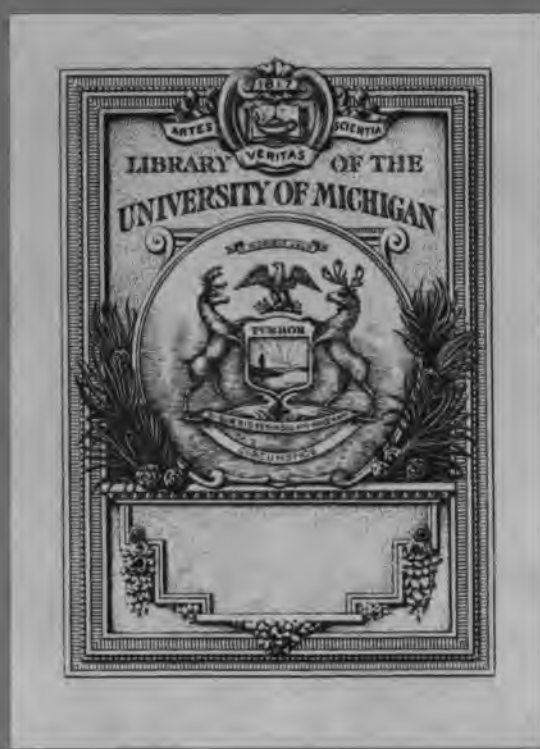
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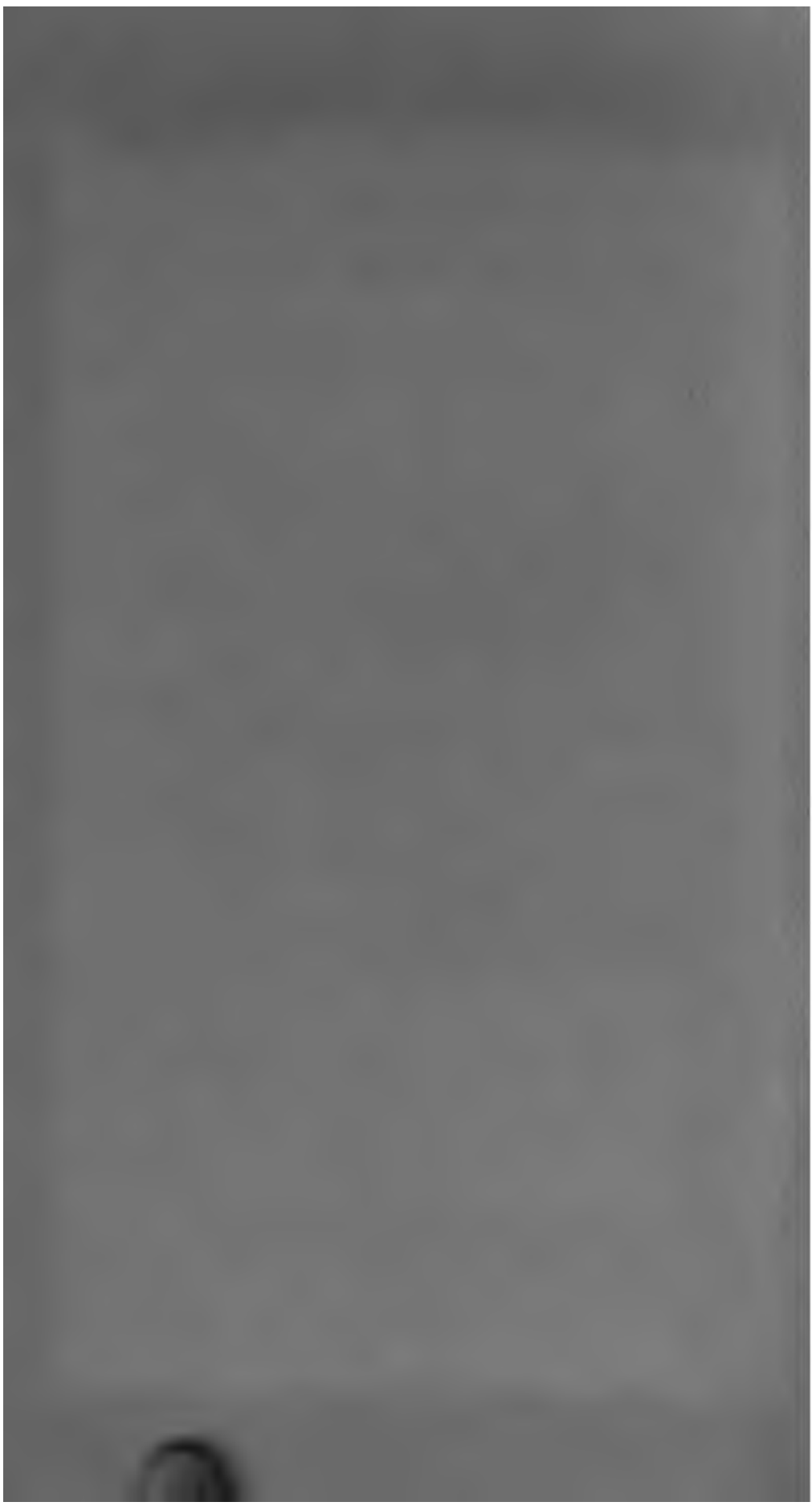
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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE
1849.

GRAHAM'S

AMERICAN MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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VOLUME XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA:
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.
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1849.

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UNIV OF

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1849. No. 1.

THE BELLE OF THE OPERA.

AN ESSAY UPON WOMAN'S ACCOMPLISHMENT, HER CHARACTER AND HER MISSION.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

IT is not a small thing to be an engaged writer for a magazine that has admittance into numerous families, and, by the costliness and adaptation of its decorations, and the general proclivity of its contents, is in no small degree the handbook of young females.

A good book, an octavo or quarto, upon sound morals or religious doctrines comes like a wholesome breeze, "stealing and giving odors"—but then, like that breeze, it is only occasional—a current rushing in but rarely, and seldom finding the right object within its healthful influence. But the magazine is the atmosphere in which the inmates dwell; they are constantly within its influence, and their general life, their mental sanative properties become imbued with its qualities: And this is the more important as the influence is commenced at home, and upon the female portion; so that it becomes constantly, permanently, and extensively operative upon, and through others.

The writers for this magazine seem to have been impressed with this idea of these consequences, and hence the importance of their contributions; or the editor has been exceedingly careful in his winnowing, to allow nothing to pass the sieve that might be productive of evil in the field which he is called to cultivate.

The writer of this article is deeply impressed with the importance of his position, and the danger of an error. A magazine that is devoted to taste, the arts and the fashions, it would seem, from the opinions of some, must be in a great degree light, and in no degree instructive, save in the very subject of taste, fashion and the arts, to which it is ostensibly devoted, and according to the general acceptation of the words, taste and fashion, and the ordinary uses to which the arts are applied.

"A magazine, then, of polite literature, of the arts and fashions, must be for the day—must treat of ephemeral subjects—must make the fashions of female dresses a leading and permanent matter of thought—must recommend amusements as matters of life-consideration, and erect the finer arts as an image of universal worship."

We say plainly that we differ from those who make this estimate of periodical literature. We cannot consent to such a degrading standard for the monthly press—we certainly will not submit ourselves or our pen to this shortening process of the Procrustean bed of literature—we will do what we can to keep "Graham's Magazine" from such debasement—we will do it for the long established character of the periodical, and for what we think it capable of—we will do it for our own credit—and, most of all, we will do it for the good of that large portion of society to which this magazine supplies the mental *pabulum*. When we furnish forth the table of those who look to our catering, we will take care that there shall be no poison in the ingredients, no "death in the pot."

But in a secular magazine there *must* be light reading—all, or nearly all, the contents must be of a kind addressed to the fancy as well as the understanding—and consequently of a character to excite the censure, or at least forbid the approach, of the ascetic. Nay, it must greatly differ from the class of periodical literature devoted to, and sustained upon sectarian religious grounds. The task, the labor of the magazine editor is to sustain the high moral tone of his work, and yet have it the vehicle of fashion, taste and the arts—to take the pure, the good, and the beneficial, and give to them attractions for the young and gay—or, to take that which is attractive for the young and the gay, and make it the vehicle of high moral truth—of sober, solid reflection, the means of heart-improvement, and the promoter of home joys—to overlay the book with gold, and with sculptured cherubim, and all the magnificence

of taste and ingenuity—but to be sure that within are the prophet's rod—the shew-bread of the altar—and the written law of truth.

Our sense of the duty of a magazine writer of the present time, is rather hinted at than set forth in the above remarks. The subject is one that might command the pages of a volume, and if properly handled would be made eminently useful to writers and to readers. Our attention was awakened to the subject by an examination of the exquisitely executed picture of "THE BELLE OF THE OPERA," with which that accomplished artist, W. E. Tucker, has enriched the present number of this Magazine. We do not know that he who drew the figure had such a thought in his head as the improvement of magazine literature; and it is probable that Tucker when he exhausted the powers of engraving, or almost all its powers, to produce the figure, was impressed rather with the importance of his contribution to the artistic importance of periodicals, than to the high moral influence which he was aiding to promote. But true genius, wherever exercised, is suggestive—and the beautifully drawn figure is as promotive of useful reflection as the best composed essay. Hence the fine arts and literature are allied—allied in their elevating influence upon the possessors, and their power of meliorating and improving the minds of the uninitiated. Hence they go hand in hand in the path of usefulness—hence they are united in this Magazine.

The Belle of the Opera! Will the reader turn back once more and look at the picture? How full of life—how much of thought—how self-possessed—how desirable for the possession of others—how conscious of charms—and yet how charmed with the tasteful objects represented.

The Belle of the Opera! To be that—to be "the observed of all observers," in a house crowded with objects for observation, to be made preeminent by exceeding beauty is "no small thing." It must be costly—it must demand large contributions from other portions of the possesor of the proud object. If acres went to enrich the dress of the ancient nobility of England, something as desirable and as essential to the possessor, as those acres were to the British nobility, must have been sacrificed to perfect the attractions of the Belle of the Opera. Were they social duties? were they domestic affections? were they the means of womanly usefulness? of healthful and almost holy operation upon the minds of others? were they prospective or present? is present moderate but growing happiness sacrificed, or is the present enjoyment of distinction so great as to balance all of immediate loss, and to make the sacrifice that of future peace, future happiness, future domestic usefulness, future social consequence, all that makes mature womanhood delightful, all that makes age respectable and lovely?

Such reflections and such pregnant queries arise in the mind, when we contemplate the representation of such loveliness, so displayed. (I might say such loveliness displayed, for the representation is loveliness itself.) And the moralist has taken just such a beauty, (if his mind ever "bodied forth" the forms of things *so* unknown,) and marked upon all the display "vanity and vexation of spirit"—the very display, and especially the place of the display, warranting the conclusion.

We confess that we have looked at The Belle of the Opera until our mind has arrived at other conclusions. We think it fair to conclude that so lovely a face, and such a majestic form, are at least *prima facie* evidence of an elevated and beautiful mind, and that the enjoyment of opera music, nowhere to be enjoyed but at the opera, is by no means inconsistent with that elevation or that beauty. Music, that constitutes half our worship on earth, and all in heaven, shall that be regarded in itself as a sin or a means of degradation?

"But the display of the person, the vanity of the dress, the folly of the personal exhibition, these are against the character and usefulness of the Belle—"

How so? There is certainly no improper diminution of dress. The most that can be said is, that a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed, is sitting in the front seat of an opera-box, surrounded by hundreds of persons of both sexes, who have come with the same ostensible object, and who sit equally exposed.

But it is the exceeding beauty of the person and the elegance of the dress that make her conspicuous; and it is that conspicuousness which constitutes the ground of censure.

But fortunately The Belle of the Opera did not make herself beautiful. Those elegant proportions, those enticing charms, are the gift of Him who made human beings in his own image; and let it be confessed that half the elegance of the *dress* is attributable to the elegance of the form which it covers, and the exquisite beauty which it is not intended to conceal.

Beauty is a gift—a gift of God—like all personal or mental endowments, dangerous, it is confessed—but, like all, to be used for personal gratification and the promotion of social advantage.

If it is conceded to be a means of mental melioration to dwell among the beauties of artistic skill and lofty architectural efforts, then surely it must be still more advantageous to be reared within the influence of *living* charms; "to grow familiar day by day" with features and forms that constitute models for the representation of angels, and to pass onward through life with the sense of seeing constantly improved and gratified with objects of exquisite beauty exquisitely clothed. This is viewing The Belle of the Opera with an artist's eye.

"But," the moralist will say, "the high office of woman is vacated by such a sacrifice to display, and such a devotion of time to amusement. That The Belle of the Opera can never be The Bonne of the Nursery, and therefore woman is out of her place when out of such an exercise of her faculties as shall minister directly to domestic advantage."

We take issue with the moralist on this question of the direct application of female faculties; and we do this because we feel that the narrow bigotry of the unenlightened, which leads them to condemn the

elegant enjoyments of life, and to ground their condemnation on the demand which is constant upon human beings, "to do good and to communicate," is founded on a want of a full appreciation of female powers, and a mistake as to what constitutes these, and their means of usefulness.

There will be no space for a discussion of the measure of female duties, though it is intended to enter upon such a discussion hereafter; but we may say that however extensive or however limited they may be, their discharge will be more or less effectual and complete, as she is qualified by the elegance of education, the improvement of her mind, the cultivation and adaptation of her faculties, to impart to others the graces of life, and to fix them by constant example.

Virtue is embraced for its charms—it is not admired for deformity or its negligence of mind; it has its attractions and its means of compensation, as much as has vice—but they are not always as obvious. The young must be made to *trust* in the results of a virtuous course; they must have their faith fixed by the graces of parental, of maternal precept and example—and this good cannot be hoped for if the mother is incapable of attracting, if she has not the means of charming—if, indeed, she cannot show that what constitute the pleasures of life (pleasures which in excess become crimes) are, while properly enjoyed, wholesome and advantageous, and at the same time can show the line of demarcation between their uses and their abuses. She must know what are the true accomplishments of life—she must understand the influence of refinement and cultivation on the mind—and she must bring herself to apply all these. She must know the difference, too, between the uses and the abuses of cultivated talents, and she must learn to discriminate.

She who would deny to the young the cultivation of talents, musical, literary or artistic, is like the beings who would pile up the snows of winter, that the accumulated heap might prevent the budding and the blossoming of spring; while she who would force the mind of her child to an unnatural development of merely ornamental faculties, is like one who would concentrate the rays of the sun through a burning-glass, in order to accelerate the growth of a delicate plant.

What we mean to assert is the obvious fact, that the female, the mother, cannot discharge the high responsibilities of her sex, without many of those acquisitions which are condemned as worthless in themselves, and perhaps the condemnation is in some measure correct; that is, the acquisition separately considered may be rather injurious than beneficial.

Music itself, if it be the only or the principal attainment of a woman, must be valuable only as a means of obtaining money or fame. So of dancing—so of painting—so of poetry, that divine gift—each one of these, allowed to become predominant, loses its meliorating influence, and devotes the possessor to a solitary enjoyment, or, at most, assists her in acquiring notoriety and a living.

It is our intention to laud the cultivation of tastes only as parts of the meliorating means of woman's character—the acquisition or rather the improvement of ingredients to fit her for that office of delicate influence for which God evidently designed her. Her personal beauty may be a part of the means of her wholesome domestic influence—her love of, and attainments in, music, her improvement in drawing, her literary gifts and acquirements all go, when all are mingled, to give to her consequence and usefulness in the nursery, and to make her beloved and beneficially influential in the domestic circle, and to add attraction to her charms in social life. There is no incompatibility between all these acquisitions with great personal beauty, between a sense of that beauty, indeed, and the entire fulfillment of all domestic and social duties, that are likely to be devolved on one thus highly endowed, thus qualified by extensive attainments.

The Belle of the Opera is at a place of refined amusement, where the richest productions of musical science are properly delivered. She is dressed to suit her own means and the place which she occupies. There is as much propriety in the proper presentation of her charms, as in the appropriate delivery of the music. The place itself is one of enlarged social intercourse. Elegant attire is the requisite of the place, and is due from the female (who has it) to him who incurs the expense of the visitation, and receives the honor of her company.

"But she is admired in her display; her dress, her form, the beauty of her face, attract marked attention. She is the object of general observation."

And why not? Is it inconsistent with good taste to admire beauty? Is not the whole opera a place where the taste is to be improved and gratified? Is it music alone that is to be relished? When went forth the decree from morals or religion that beauty —female beauty—should not be adorned? And to be adorned it must be seen.

Let us not hear the platitudes about the worthlessness of beauty; it is not worthless—it is of high price—of exceeding worth—of extensive usefulness; and, appropriately displayed, its influence is humanizing, tranquilizing, and every way beneficial.

To personal charms The Belle of the Opera adds a cultivated taste for music—a taste which she indulges at the fountain-head of such enjoyments. But does she less, on that account, or rather on *these* accounts, (beauty and musical taste, namely,) fulfill her mission at home? Does the lesson of virtue which the accomplished mother gives to her young child, fall less *impressively* on the heart because the infant pupil, in looking upward, gazes into a face replete with all of earthly beauty? Is there not a certain coincidence between the looks of his beloved teacher and the excellence of her delightful instruction? or rather, does not her beauty tend to make these lessons delightful? And if the charm for the child is the morning or evening hymn, does not the sacred simplicity of the text drop with extraordinary unction on the ear, if conveyed in the rich melody of a cultivated voice.

I might thus enumerate all the high attainments, and show how each becomes *useful;* but it is enough to have it understood, that the true, the great value of all these high gifts and extraordinary cultivation is derived from their influence, when combined, to form the character of the possessor. The Belle of the Opera is also The Belle of the Ball-room. The same variety of characteristics, without a necessity for the same attainment, marks each, and both are liable to be set down by a superficial observer, as destitute of any qualities, except those which distinguish them in the places of amusement.

May not the Belle of the Opera, or the Belle of the Ball-room, be the guardian genius of the sick chamber, the faithful, devoted director of the nursery?

I knew The Belle of the Opera, and she was as fond of the dance as of the song, and shared in both in the social circle, and enjoyed them in *others* in more public displays. Her buoyant spirits, her happy gayety of disposition, made her the marked object of admiration in all parties in which she shared—the first to propose that in which all could gracefully and appropriately join, and the last to propound a thought that could cast a gloom over the countenance of a single being around her. She seemed so much the spirit of the joyous assembly, that serious thought, deepth of feeling, or firm principles of good, were not suspected by those incapable of looking into the heart. The Belle of the Opera was deemed by such, one set apart for the enjoyment of the opera and the dance, and to be without life when without these means of life's pleasures; to have no sympathy with her kind, excepting through music and display, and to reckon none among her intimates but the light-hearted and the gay.

Men may be thus exclusive, but women are not.

Returning one night from opera or route, the Belle entered her parlor wearied *with*, but not tired *of* the pleasure in which she had shared, when suddenly a cry of distress was heard; it was caused by the appearance of a case of small-pox in a neighboring house. At once the Belle changed her dress, and was at the bed of the sufferer.

"But, madam, have you had the small-pox?"

"No; but I have been vaccinated."

"Ah! so was my sister."

"But evidently not well. I will tarry and assist until she be removed, or some change take place."

The change took place after a few days, and the Belle of the Opera carefully wrapped the body of the deceased in its grave-clothes, and having committed it to a coffin, she went to purify herself, give thanks for her preservation, and to enjoy again the fine arts which she so much admired.

The pleasant laugh could at times, and *did*, give place to tears of sorrow or of sympathy; and the appearance of indifference would promptly yield, when thoughtlessly or wickedly some sentiment opposed to strict morality, would drop from the lip of a companion. Never did hours of gayety tend to moments of unkindness, or the full enjoyment of the abundance to which all were happy to contribute, obliterate a sentiment of gratitude toward those whose earlier kindness might have assisted to prepare for that enjoyment.

Beneath the exterior of frequent devotion to admissible pleasure, there was a depth of feeling and a soundness of principle that sustained themselves in all circumstances, and exhibited themselves wherever their exercise was requisite, that were seen, indeed, influencing even in the midst of gayety, and throwing a charm around that freedom of conversation in which those of well-regulated minds may indulge.

The virtues of The Belle of the Opera are not sudden, fitful, dependent upon excited feelings—they are constant, influencing, ruling. They appear in private conversations, they are manifest in delicate forbearance toward the errors of others, they exhibit themselves in unwavering attachment to known established principles, and a delicate tolerance of the views of friends; and they are set forth for admiration by the charms of those accomplishments which the world admires, and which that world supposes to be her principal attraction.

And that world judges in this case as in most others; it has no interest in the object before it, and it is not concerned to look into the effect of its own judgment upon that object. Ten thousand who saw the late laughter-moving Jefferson upon the stage, supposed that he never moved without laughing himself, and making others laugh. They supposed that he must delight in and be the delight of social life; and as they had nothing to do with his life off the stage, they never cared to correct their judgment—they never knew that the most pleasant of all comedians was fond of solitude, loved the quiet silence of angling—and was a prey to melancholy.

The inward man, the man to himself, the household man, the man of the fireside and social circle, is different from the man abroad, the man professionally, the man to others, and this not from hypocrisy, not from a difference of character throughout, but simply because the many who judge see only one phaze, and one, indeed, is all that is exhibited, all that is required to fill up the part in which the many know the man. But justly to judge, and fairly to decide, we must see the whole man, we must know how all his relations are sustained; we must see how he discharges the high, solemn duties of his life, and carries the influence of that discharge into minor relations. We must understand how much of himself, his better self, he gives to the amusements and light enjoyments of life, and how much he brings from them to influence his conduct elsewhere; or, if weak, how much of himself he leaves in scenes where artistic taste only is exercised; how much he sacrifices of himself to mere gratification—a burnt-offering never to be recalled.

And here we reach a point toward which we have attempted to steer; we mean the fullness of character, the entire inward person—the meeting—the combination—the fusion, indeed, of all those properties and qualities of the mind, by a well-directed education; the balancing of the varions propensities and gifts by the skillful hand of instruction, so that

no appetite, natural or acquired, shall have an undue predominancy, or serve to constitute the distinguishing characteristic of the possessor.

The Belle of the Opera, we have already said, brought to the place of amusements only the charms which God has bestowed and cultivated taste has well set off. She did not elect herself as The Belle of the Opera; she did not inaugurate herself as "the observed of all observers." Such results, though made probable by the charms of her person, and promoted by the opportunities afforded by the indulgence of a high order of talents, was, nevertheless, the work of the admiring many, who felt and acknowledged the charms of person thus displayed, and at once rendered to them the kind of homage which their excellence and position seemed to suggest. They, the multitude, judged in part, judged by what they saw, and what they imagined—and deified the woman with the appellation of "Belle of the Opera;" it was all the attribute they had to bestow; they felt an influence that they did not comprehend; and not knowing of the charms concealed, that made effective what they saw, they gave to the visible and the ostensible, the regard which was only due to the concealed and the influencing, as the shepherds of old saw with admiration and delight the fiery part of the stars of the firmament in all their loveliness, and feeling an influence from the celestial display, adored the hosts of heaven for their beauty and their use, forgetful or ignorant of the power that made them seem beautiful—uninstructed in all the relations of those orbs by which their beauty and their usefulness are secured.

We have taken the reader to one scene, in which The Belle of the Opera showed how little the accomplishment of person, and the cultivation of taste had disturbed the feelings of humanity; and yet we confess, that such an example standing alone, seems to be a contradiction, or a sort of accidental effort, rather the result of impulse, rather dependent upon caprice or individual affection, than to be regarded as illustrative of, or consistent with, the ruling characteristics. We are speaking now of a whole character—and a character cannot be judged of by one strong propensity on one hand, and one great but contradictory act on the other.

Is the character of The Belle of the Opera complete? Is the distance between the lustre and display of the opera-box, and the devotion to the loathsomeness of the small-pox chamber, all occupied with corresponding virtues, and similar graces mingling, shading, combining, perfecting? If the great offices of the woman's life, (we are speaking now of the Belle as a *woman*, looking at her higher vocation,) if all these offices are well discharged, if as mother, wife, as friend and neighbor, she stand unimpeachable; if she is as notable in all these relations as in the opera-box, still we want to inquire what is the influence exercised upon all these relations, by those qualities which made her The Belle of the Opera. How stand the opera-box and the nursery related? Because in the complete character of a woman are very few isolated qualities; they all bear upon each other, or exercise mutual influences, and each is less of itself by the qualities which it derives from others. The Belle of the Opera gave to her own fireside the attraction of her personal charms, if less gorgeously accompanied, still the more directly effective. The adventitious aid of ornaments, that was a sacrifice to public taste, was not required; and these charms gathered a circle which the exercise of mental accomplishments retained; and thus all within their influence derived the advantage which association with high gifts and large attainments necessarily impart, and the *home* was made gladsome by those charms which are attractive to their like, and compensating to their admirers.

The attainment of the science of music, and the display of that science at home, meliorated the manners of the inmates, and invited to association those whose taste was elevated, and whose talents were of a kind to sustain and appreciate high cultivation; and beyond the parlor these extended even to the nursery, or rather the nursery, by their exercise, was transferred to the parlor. That is what The Belle of the Opera understood by making *all* her accomplishments subservient to her duties as wife and mother. The mind of the child, by this constant intercourse with the gifted and the improved, became expanded, received character from the atmosphere in which it was placed, derived pleasure from the development which it witnessed, and had its *habits* formed to those graces which, in others, are only extraordinary results of extraordinary means, distinguishing the possessor only by one quality or attainment, making *her* The Belle of the Opera *alone*.

It is this association of the young with the beautiful and the accomplished, which infuses into their character, and fixes there those meliorating influences that constitute the charm of life, ruling, modifying, illustrating their whole character, making it *whole*, harmonious, consistent.

It must be understood that The Belle of the Opera was not a mere pianist, not a mere strummer upon the harp, she understood music as a *science*, and was therefore capable of conversing upon the subject as well as playing upon an instrument. This power of conversation, resting upon a deep knowledge of subjects, is the secret and charm of association; and it is worthy of remark, that gossip, even among the elevated, soon wearies; and what is more remarkable, it is wearisome and disgusting to children compelled to listen, while conversations or discussions upon subjects well understood by the interlocutors, are at once interesting to general listeners, and attractive, gratifying and instructive even to children. We appeal to general experience for this.

Eminently did The Belle of the Opera comprehend that truth, and practice upon it; hence a musical entertainment in her house was not a mere exercise of vocal powers, or a fearful attack upon the piano-keys. Music was *discussed* and then performed; and music, too, was not alone the theme. The well-lined walls denoted a taste for kindred arts; and the degrees of excellence of pictures, the distinguishing attributes of masters, were so lucidly

illustrated, that the junior members of the family grew into connoisseurs without dreaming of study —grew directly and certainly into such characters without forethought, as a blade of corn, in all its greenness, is tending in the warmth of the sun, and the favor of the soil, to produce a golden harvest. But the discipline of mind necessary to acquire the advancement which The Belle of the Opera attained, gave to her habits of care with regard to the education of her children; and the superficial study which makes amateurs in any branch, was unknown in her family. Various degrees of perfection were observable, and in different branches of pursuits and studies there was a superiority among them, according to gifts; but compared with other families, these children evinced pre-eminence in almost every thing they undertook.

But it was as a *wife* that The Belle of the Opera most distinguished herself; we mean the special, particular duties of a woman to her husband—all the other qualifications to which we have referred, were of a kind to make her desirable as a wife—but in constant affection, manifested in various ways in those delicate arts, appreciable but inimitable by man, with which a beautiful and an accomplished woman makes attractive her home, preserves it at once from the restraints of affected knowledge, which is always *chary* of near display, because fearful of detection, and from that ostentatious exhibition of attainments which wearies and disgusts by obtrusiveness. In all these, and the graces of intimate and reciprocal affection, she made her husband proud of his home, happy in his companion, and gratified at her superiority in those things which belong more especially to her sex and made her beauty beautiful.

There was a cloud thrown suddenly across the brilliant prospects of the husband, a threatening of utter insolvency; the evil seemed inevitable. Who should tell The Belle of the Opera that the means of gratifying her highly cultivated taste, and displaying her admirable accomplishments were about to cease?

The husband had all faith in the *affections* of his wife; he appreciated the excellence of her character, for he was worthy of her. But it was a terrible blow to pride—to womanly pride—the pride of condition, which had never been straightened; it must be a terrible blow to her who knew how to use and how to give, but had never been called upon to suffer or acquire. He carried to her the fearful news of the anticipated disaster; he did not annoy her by the prelude of weeks of abstraction and painful melancholy, but with the first consciousness of danger he announced to her his fears, and awaited the consequences of the shock.

"And what, my dear husband, will become of us all—of you, of me, and of the children?"

"That is the misery of my situation. It is not only the loss of the property I received with you, and that which I had acquired, but it is the difficulty of pursuing any business without some of the means which I thought so safe. I know not now how to sustain my family even in the humble state which we must assume until I can again make a business. And you, with all your charms, with all your attainments, and all your power to enjoy, and means of affording pleasure—what a blow—what a fall!"

"And while you enumerate my attainments, do you forget that they are like yours, marketable; have you forgotten what that education cost? Will not others pay *me* as much for instruction as I have paid for my education? And will not the task of imparting be a pleasure rather than a pain, because it will be the exercise of those talents, and the uses of those attainments, whose employment has been the delight of our home, the pride of our social relations, and the solace of my solitary hours. Be assured, my dear husband, that with the exception of *giving*, most of the pleasures of wealth may be had in poverty —and the substitute for the pleasure of giving must be found in that of earning."

The apprehended evil was never realized. The losses, though considerable, did not reach an amount that rendered necessary any diminution of style in the family.

"I think the alarm has not been uninstructive," said The Belle of the Opera; "either that, or the approach of age," (there was nothing in the lustre of her eye, or the brilliancy of her complexion that denoted the proximity of years—and she knew it when she said so—women seldom speak lightly of such *foes* when they are within hearing distance,) "either that or the approach of age has taught me to relish less many of the amusements which our means have allowed and with which my taste was gratified."

"A natural gratification of so cultivated a taste," said her husband, "could be nothing but correct; and it is only when others *are* acquired, that we need feel regret at indulging such as you have possessed. We, who approach the midsummer of life, find fewer flowers in our pathway than spring presented, but let us not complain of those who gather the vernal sweets; rather let us rejoice that we take with us the freshness of appetites that delights in whatever the path of duty supplies, and by discipline are made to enjoy those latent sweets that escape the observation of the uncultivated."

We repeat our remarks, that to judge of a woman we must know her whole character. We must not suppose because a lady is at the opera, that she has no pleasure in other positions, or that a cultivated taste for music is inconsistent with the general cultivation of her talents. It is wrong to imagine that a beautiful woman is necessarily vain, or that her beauty is inconsistent with the discharge of all the high and holy duties that belong to her sex; the wife, the daughter, the mother, and the friend.

Excessive amusement, we know, vitiates the mind; and a woman, whose whole pride is to be The Belle of the Opera, has evidently no mission for domestic usefulness. But the domestic circle is blessed, and woman's office honored, when an improved taste and generally cultivated talent, the charms of person and elegance of manners are made subservient to, and promotive of, the full discharge of the duties that belong to woman in her exalted sphere.

And, we may add, that religion itself is made more lovely, more operative, when the offices of humanity which it suggests, and the services of devotion by which it is manifested, are discharged by one who brings to the altar talent, beauty, acquirements, with a sense of their unworthiness, and takes thence a spirit of piety and devotion that throws a charm about all the graces that have been so attractive to the world.

We would have our Magazine commend to our fair readers for approval and acquisition, all the gifts and graces which belonged to The Belle of the Opera; we would not have them seek that title. *She* did not; as unconscious of the admiration of the audience, as the performers were of her individual presence; she came to enjoy the music, not to acquire fame. We would have those for whom we write bear in mind that the character of woman is incomplete, whatever talents or acquisition she may boast, if she has not the charm that attracts to and delights its domestic circle. And she should know that the basis of all those charms which give permanent beneficial influence, is *religion;* a fixed principle of doing right, from right motives. Upon *that* basis let the lovely fabric be erected; beauty, music, literature, science, social enjoyment, all become and all ornament the structure. And woman's character with these is complete, if she add the discharge of the duties of a friend—a wife—a mother. She who is the charm of social life must be the benignant spirit of home—the source and centre of domestic affection.

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?

BY AUGUSTA.

Flowers are beautiful—every hue
Colors their petals, and pearly dew,
The nectar the fairies love to sup,
Sparkles brightly in each tiny cup,
While the dark leaves of the ivy shine,
And its clustering tendrils closely twine
Round the old oak, and the sapling young,
And when it has lightly round them clung,
It laughs, and shouts, and it calls aloud,
Have I not now a right to be proud?
I 've mastered the lordly forest-tree,
I 'm King of the woods, come see, come see.

Night's gems are beauteous, right rare are they,
Gloriously bright is each gentle ray,
Flashing and twinkling up so high,
Like diamonds set in the deep blue sky;
Who is there but loves night's gentle queen,
Gorgeously robed in her silver sheen?
Shedding her pale, pure brightness round,
O'er hill and valley, and tree and ground;
Gilding the waters as on they glide
In their conscious beauty, joy and pride;
Or sending a quiet ray to rove,
And wake the shade of the deep-green grove.

The Sun is beautiful—" God of day,"
He sends o'er the earth a lordly ray,
He shames the sweet pensive Orb of night
By his radiant beams so fiercely bright.

Wind is beautiful—not to the eye—
You cannot see it—but hear it sigh
Lowly and sweet in a gentle breeze,
Rustling the tops of the lofty trees,
Sending the yellow leaves to the ground,
Playfully whirling them round and round,
Filling the sails with their fill of air,
Then dancing off on some freak more rare;
Scat'ring the snow and the blinding hail,
Shrieking aloud in the wintry gale,
Rudely driving the pattering rain
'Gainst the lonely cottage's humble pane,
Uprooting the aged forest-tree,
Then whistling loud right merrily;
Owning no king save a *mighty One!*
Following *His* dictates, and *His* alone.

Water is beautiful—sounding clear,
Like distant music upon the ear,
Bubbling light, sparkling bright, bounding still
With a joyous laugh adown the hill,
Clapping its hands with a noisy glee,
Shouting I 'm bound for the sea, the sea!
I 'll bear my spoils to the Ocean's tide—
Hurrah! hurrah! the earth's my loved bride;
I came through a lovely grassy glade,
And caught the dew-drops from every blade;
I stopped awhile in a shady spring
Hearing the summer-birds sweetly sing,
And I just 'scaped being pris'ner caught,
A maiden to fill her pail there sought;
But I laughed aloud with a careless ring,
As off I rolled from the crystal spring.
Small though I seem, I 'm part of the tide
That 's to dash against a tall ship's side,
Bearing silken goods far o'er the sea,
Bringing back ingots of gold for me—
For me to seize and to bury deep
Where thousands of pearls and diamonds sleep
Scorn me! who dares? I tell thee now,
I 'm monarch, and *mine* is the lordly brow.

Oh! all is beautiful, all is fair—
High Heaven, and earth, and sea, and air,
The sun, the moon, and the stars on high,
The clouds, the waters, and sands that lie
Far away down where the mermaids roam
And the coral insects build their home.

KATE RICHMOND'S BETROTHAL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I MUST warn my readers given to sober-mindedness, that they will probably rise from the perusal of the sketch before them, with that pet exclamation of the serious, when vexed, or wearied with frivolity, "vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" I can, indeed, promise no solid reading nor useful information—no learning nor poetry—no lofty purpose nor impressive moral—no deep-diving nor high-flying of any sort in all that follows. For myself, I but seek to wile away a heavy hour of this dull autumn day, and for my reader, if I may not hope to please, I cannot fear to disappoint him, having led him to expect nothing—at least nothing to speak of.

As a general thing, I have a hearty horror of all manœuvring and match-making, yet must I plead guilty to having once got up a private little conspiracy against the single-blessedness of two very dear friends. There is a wise and truthful French proverb, "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*," which was not falsified in this case. But I will not anticipate.

My most intimate friend, during my school-days, was a warm-hearted, brave, frank, merry and handsome girl, by name Kate Richmond. In the long years and through the changing scenes which have passed since we first met, my love for this friend has neither wearied nor grown cold; for, aside from her beauty and unfailing cheerfulness, she has about her much that is attractive and endearing—a clear, strong intellect, an admirable taste, and an earnest truthfulness of character, on which I lean with a delicious feeling of confidence and repose.

As I grew to know and love Kate better, and saw what a glorious embodiment of noble womanhood she was, and how she might pour heaven around the path of any man who could win her to himself, I became intensely anxious that her life-love should be one worthy and soul-satisfying. One there was, well known to me, but whom she had never met, who always played hero to her heroine, in my heart's romances; this was a young gentleman already known to some few of my readers, my favorite cousin, Harry Grove.

I am most fortunate to be able to take a hero from real life, and to have him at the same time so handsome a man, though not decidedly a heroic personage. My fair reader shall judge for herself. Harry is not tall, but has a symmetrical and strongly-built figure. His complexion is a clear olive, and his dark chestnut hair has a slight wave, far more beautiful than effeminate ringlets. His mouth is quite small—the full, red lips are most flexible and expressive, and have a peculiar quiver when his heart is agitated by any strong emotion. His eyes are full and black, or rather of the darkest hue of brown, shadowed by lashes of a superfluous length, for a man. They are arch, yet thoughtful; soft, with all the tenderness of woman, yet giving out sudden gleams of the pride and fire of a strong, manly nature. Altogether, in form and expression, they are indescribably beautiful—eyes which haunt one after they are once seen, and seem to close upon one never.

In character my kinsman is somewhat passionate and self-willed, but generous, warm-hearted, faithful and thoroughly honorable. Yet, though a person of undoubted talent, even genius, I do not think he will ever be a distinguished man; for he sadly lacks ambition and concentration, that fiery energy and plodding patience which alone can insure success in any great undertaking. He has talent for painting, music and poetry, but his devotion to these is most spasmodic and irregular. He has quite a gift for politics, and can be eloquent on occasion, yet would scarcely give a dead patridge for the proudest civic wreath ever twined. As a sportsman, my cousin has long been renowned; he has a wild, insatiable passion for hunting, is the best shot in all the country round, and rare good luck seems to attend him in all his sporting expeditions.

For the rest, he is a graceful dancer, a superb singer, and a finished horseman; so, on the whole, I think he will answer for a hero, though the farthest in the world from a Pelham, a Eugene Aram, a Bruno Mansfield, or an Edward Rochester.

"In the course of human events," it chanced that a year or two since, I received an urgent invitation from my relatives, the Groves, to spend the early autumn months at their home, in the interior of one of our western states. Now for my diplomatic address; I wrote, accepting, with a stipulation that the name of my well-beloved friend, Miss Catharine Richmond, who was then visiting me, should be included in the invitation, which, in the next communication from the other party, was done to my entire satisfaction. Kate gave a joyful consent to my pleasant plan, and all was well.

One fine afternoon, in the last of August, saw the stage-coach which conveyed us girls and our fortunes rolling through the principal street of W——, the county-seat, and a place of considerable importance—to its inhabitants. We found my uncle, the colonel, waiting our arrival at the hotel, with his barouche, in which he soon seated us, and drove rapidly toward his residence, which was about two miles out of town. On the way, he told me I would meet but two of his seven sons at home—Harry, and an elder brother, on whom, for a certain authoritative dignity, we had long before bestowed the sobriquet of "the governor." He also informed us that his "little farm," consisted of

about eight hundred acres, and that the place was called "Elm Creek."

As we drove up the long avenue which led to the fine, large mansion of my friends, I saw that my good aunt and Cousin Alice had *taken steps* to give us an early welcome. I leaped from the barouche into their arms, forgetting Kate, for a moment, in the excitement of this joyful reunion.

But my friend was received with affectionate cordiality, and felt at home almost before she had crossed the threshold of that most hospitable house. My grave cousin, Edward, met us in the hall—bowed profoundly to Kate, and gave me a greeting more courtly than cousinly; but that was "Ned's way." Harry was out hunting, Alice said, but would probably be home soon.

After tea, we all took a stroll through the grounds. These are very extensive, and the many beautiful trees and the domesticated deer, bounding about, or stretched upon the turf, give the place a park-like and aristocratic appearance. Elm Creek, which runs near the house, is a clear and sparkling stream, which would be pleasantly suggestive of trout on the other side of the Alleghanies.

Suddenly was heard the near report of a gun, and the next moment Harry appeared on the light bridge which spanned the creek, accompanied by his faithful Bruno, a splendid black setter. On recognizing me, he (Harry, I mean, not the dog) sprung forward with a joyous laugh, and met me with a right cousinly greeting. I never had seen him looking so finely—he had taste in his hunting-dress, which became him greatly; and it was with a flush of pride that I turned and presented him to Kate. Harry gave her a cordial hand-shake, and immediately after, his dog, Bruno, gravely offered her his sable paw, to the no small amusement of the company.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing that there was a fine prospect of Kate and my cousin being on the very best terms with each other, as they conversed much together during the evening, and seemed mutually pleased.

The next morning my gallant and still handsome uncle took us out to the stable and invited us to select our horses for riding. He knew me of old for an enthusiastic equestrian, and Kate's attainments in the art of horsemanship were most remarkable. Kate chose a beautiful black mare, Joan, the mate of which, Saladin, a fiery-spirited creature, was Harry's horse, and dear to him as his life. I made choice of a fine-looking but rather coltish gray, which I shall hold in everlasting remembrance, on account of a peculiar trot, which kept one somewhere between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin.

The fortnight succeeding our arrival at Elm Creek, was one of much gayety and excitement—we were thronged with visiters and deluged with the most cordial invitations. Ah! western people understand the science of hospitality, for their politeness is neither soulless nor conventional, but full of heartiness and truth. Long life to this noble characteristic of the generous west.

Colonel Grove was an admirable host—he exerted himself for our pleasure in a manner highly creditable to an elderly gentleman, somewhat inclined to indolence and corpulency. Every morning, when it was pleasant, he drove us out in his barouche, and by the information which he gave, his fine taste for the picturesque, and the dry humor and genuine good nature of his conversation, contributed much to our enjoyment. In the sunny afternoons, we usually scoured the country on horseback—Harry always rode with Kate and I with "the governor," who proved an interesting, though somewhat reserved companion. My Cousin Alice was unfortunately too much of an invalid for such exercises.

In our evenings we had music and dancing, and occasionally a quiet game of whist. Now and then we were wild and childish enough to amuse ourselves with such things as "Mr. Longfellow looking for his key-hole," "Homeopathic-bleeding," and the old stand-by, "Blind Man's Buff."

One rather chilly afternoon, about three weeks after our arrival, Alice Grove entered the chamber appropriated to Kate and myself, exclaiming, "Come, girls, put on some extra 'fixings' and come down, for you have a call from Miss Louisa Grant, the belle and beauty of W——, the fair lady we rally Harry so much about—you remember."

We found Miss Grant dressed most expensively, but not decidedly *à la mode*, or with much reference to the day or season. She was surprisingly beautiful, however—a blonde, but with no high expression; and then she was sadly destitute of manner. She seemed in as much doubt whether to sit, or rise, nod or courtesy, as the celebrated Toots, on that delicate point of propriety whether to turn his wristbands up, or down; and like that rare young gentleman, compromised the matter.

Miss Louisa talked but little, and that in the merest commonplaces; she had a certain curl of the lip, and toss of the head, meant for queenly hauteur, but which only expressed pert superciliousness; so, undazzled by her dress and beauty, I soon sounded her depth and measured her entire circumference. But Kate, who is a mad worshiper of beauty, sat silent and abstracted, gazing on her face with undisguised admiration.

When the call was over, we accompanied our guest to the door, and while we stood saying a few more last words, Harry came up, having just returned from hunting. At sight of his fowling-piece, Miss Louisa uttered a pretty infantine shriek, and hid her eyes with her small, plump hands. Harry, taking no notice of this charming outbreak of feminine timidity, greeted her with a frank, unembarrassed air, and throwing down his gun and game-bag, begged leave to attend her home. She assented with a blush and a simper, which left me in no doubt as to her sentiments toward my handsome cousin. Ah! how perilously beautiful she seemed to me then, while I watched her proud step as she walked slowly down the avenue, with a bitter feeling, for all the world as though I was jealous on my own account. I was somewhat pacified, however, by

Harry's returning soon, and bringing Kate a bouquet from Louisa's fine garden.

That evening we were honored by another call extraordinary, from a young merchant of the place—the village D'Orsay—by name, La Fayette Fogg, from which honorable appellation the gentleman, by the advice of friends, had lately dropped the "Marquis"—his parents, at his christening, having been disposed to go the whole figure. But he had a title which in our "sogering" republic would more than compensate for any of the mere accidental honors of rank—he had recently been appointed captain of a company of horse, in W——, and had already acquired a military bearing, which could not fail to impress the vulgar. A certain way he had of stepping and wheeling to the right and left, suggestive at once of both a proud steed and a firm rider—a sort of drawing-room centaur. But Captain Fogg was beyond all question strikingly handsome. I never saw so perfect a Grecian head on American shoulders. There was the low, broad forehead, the close, curling hair, the nose and brow in one beautiful, continuous line, the short upper lip, round chin, small ears, and thin nostrils. A classical costume would have made him quite statuesque; but, alas! he was dressed in the dandiacal extreme of modern fashion. His entire suit of superfine material, fitted to an exquisite nicety, and he revealed a consciousness of the fact more Toots-ish than Themistoclesian. He moved his Phidian head with slow dignity, so as not to disturb his pet curls, slumbering in all the softness of genuine Macassar. His whiskers and imperial were alarmingly pale and thin, but seemed making the most of themselves, in return for the captain's untiring devotion and prayerful solicitude.

The expression of this hero's face, *malgré* a Napoleonic frown which he was cultivating, and a Washingtonish compression of the lips, was soft, rather than stern—decidedly *soft*, I should say,—and there was about him a tender verdancy, an innocent ignorance of the world—all in despite of his best friends, the tailor, the artist in hair, and the artist in boots.

During the first half hour's conversation, I set the gallant captain down as uneducated, vain and supercilious; but I was vexed to see that Kate, dazzled by his beauty, regarded him more complacently. It was evident from the first, that Kate pleased him decidedly, and he "spread himself," to use a westernism, to make an impression on her heart, whose admiration for his *physique* spoke too plainly through her eyes. While he talked, Kate watched the play of his finely chiseled lips, and when he was silent, studied with the eye of an artist, the classic line of his nose. The attentive, upward look of her large, dark eyes, was most dangerous flattery—it loosened the tongue of our guest marvelously, till he talked quite freely, almost confidentially. Among other things, he informed us that he "was born in the chivalrous south," and had been "a *native* of W—— for only the five years past." I glanced mischievously at Kate, and she, to turn the tide of talk, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Fogg, we had a call from Miss Grant to-day! Exquisitively beautiful—is she not?"

"Why," drawled the captain, stroking his imperial affectionately, "she is rather pretty, but wants cultivation; I can't say I admire her greatly, though she is called the *Adonis* of this country."

Kate colored with suppressed laughter, bit her lip, and rising, opened the piano, saying—"Do you sing, Mr. Fogg?"

Fortunately, Mr. Fogg did sing, and that very well. He declined accompanying Kate in "Lucy Neal," saying that he "never learned them low things;" but on many of Russell's songs he was "some," and acquitted himself with much credit.

During all this time Harry had taken little part in the conversation, and when asked to sing, drily declined. I thought him jealous, and was not sorry to think so. I saw that Kate also perceived his altered mood, yet she showed, I regret to say, no Christian sympathy for his uneasiness, but chatted gayly, sung and played for all the world as though earth held neither aching hearts nor dissatisfied Harrys.

At last my cousin rose hastily and left the room. I said to myself, "He has gone out to cool his burning brow in the night air, and seek peace under the serene influences of the stars." But no, he crossed the hall, and entered the family sitting-room. Soon after I followed, and found him having a regular rough and tumble with Bruno, on the floor. He raised his head as I entered, and said with a yawn,

"Has that bore taken himself off?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, why the deuce do n't he go—who wants his company?"

"I don't know," said I, "Kate, perhaps."

"Very likely," growled Harry, "you intellectual women always prefer a brainless coxcomb to a sensible man.

"Yes, Cousin Harry, in return for the preference you men of genius give to pretty simpletons."

The captain's "smitation," as we called it, seemed a real one, and his sudden flame genuine—at least there was some fire, as well as a great deal of smoke. He laid resolute siege to Kate's heart, till his lover-like attentions and the manifestations of his preference were almost overwhelming. In a week or two Kate grew wearied to death of her conquest, and was not backward in showing her contemptuous indifference, when Harry Grove was not by. But, oh, the perverseness of woman! in the presence of my cousin, she was all smiles and condescension to his rival; and he, annoyed more than he would confess, would turn to Miss Louisa Grant with renewed devotion.

Yes, Harry was plainly ill at ease to mark another's attentions pleasantly received by my friend—that was something gained; but such jealousy of a mere tailor-shop-window-man, was unworthy my cousin, as well as a wrong to Kate; and for my part, I would not stoop to combat it.

In the captain's absence, however, all went admirably. Harry seemed to give himself up to the enjoyment of Kate's brilliant society, her cleverness,

her liveliness, her "infinite variety," with joyous abandon. They sung, read, danced, strolled, and rode together, always preserving the utmost harmony and good-will.

For Kate's success in the part I wished her to play, I had never any fear. Aside from her beauty, which is undeniable, though on the brunette order, and her accomplishments, which are many, she has a certain indescribable attractiveness of manner, an earnest, appealing, endearing way—a "*je-ne-sais-quoi-sity*," as a witty friend named it, which would be coquetry, were it not felt by all alike, men, women, and children, who find themselves in her presence. It is without effort, a perfectly unconscious power, I am sure.

Thus, I did not fear for Kate, provided Harry was heart-whole; but this fact I could not settle to my entire satisfaction. My Cousin Alice sometimes joked him about a certain fair maid he had known at New Haven, while in college, evidently wishing it to appear that she knew vastly more than she chose to reveal; and then Miss Grant was certainly a dangerous rival—far more beautiful, according to the common acceptation of the term, than my friend, with the advantage, if it be one, of a prior acquaintance.

One morning, as we were returning home, after having made a call on Miss Louisa, Harry, who once, for a wonder, was walking with me, began questioning me concerning my opinion of her. I evaded his question for awhile, but at length told him frankly that I could not speak freely and critically unless assured that I should give him no pain thereby.

"Oh, if that 's all," replied Harry, with a laugh, "go on, and 'free your mind, sister'—I shall be a most impartial auditor."

"Indeed, Harry!—has there, then, been no meaning to your attentions in that quarter?"

"Why, as to that," he replied, "I have always admired the girl's beauty, and have flirted with her too much, perhaps, but there is not enough in her to pin a genuine love to; I have found her utterly characterless; and then, she affects a ridiculous fear of fire-arms, and behaves like a sick baby on horseback."

"But, cousin," I rejoined, "you do not want a wife to hunt with you, and ride horseback; Miss Grant is a young lady of domestic virtues and refined tastes—is she not?"

"Yes, and no. I believe she is a good housekeeper; she takes pains to let one know that—a perfect walking cookery-book; but for her refinement! Have you never noticed her coarse voice, and how much use she makes of provincialisms? She might sing well, but always makes mistakes in the words. She professes a passion for flowers; but last spring, coz, I helped her make her garden, and heard her say '*piney*' and '*layloc*'—I never could marry a woman who said '*piney*' and '*layloc!*' and then she called pansies—'pansies, that 's for thoughts'—those flowers steeped in poetry as in their own dew—'Jonny-jump-ups!' Bah! and then, she vulgarizes her own pretty name into *Lo-izy!*"

Need I confess that I was far from displeased with this little speech of my cousin's. I was silent for a few moments, and then, with my head full of Kate and her fortunes, said, while pulling to pieces a wild-flower, which Harry had just gallantly presented to me,

"Well, then, cousin, you don't love any body in particular, just now, do you?"

I raised my eyes when I had said this, to meet Harry's fixed on my face, with a strange, indefinable expression—something of what is called a "killing look," so full of intense meaning was it; but around his mouth lurked a quiet drollery, which betrayed him, even while he replied to my singular question in a tone meant to *tell*,

"Why, my dearest cousin, at *this moment*, I cannot say that I do not."

I broke at once into a laugh of merry mockery, in which he joined at last, though not quite heartily; and we hastened to rejoin Ned, Kate and Alice, who were somewhat in advance.

On reaching our room I told Kate enough of my conversation with Harry to prove that he was really not the lover of Louisa Grant; and with a blush and a smile, she kissed and thanked me. Why should she thank me?

Thus matters went on—Captain Fogg's star declining visibly, and Harry Grove's evidently in the ascendant, until the last week of our stay, when a little incident occurred which had quite a disturbing influence on the pleasant current of my thoughts and Kate's. One afternoon, while Harry was out shooting woodcock, of which Kate was very fond, on going up to my room, I perceived the door of Harry's open, and saw his easil standing before the window, with a picture upon it. I could not resist the temptation of seeing what this might be, and entered the room. The picture was a small female head—the face rather fair, with dark blue eyes. It was probably a portrait, still unfinished. The likeness I did not recognize, though it looked like half a dozen pretty faces I had seen—Kate's and Miss Grant's among the number. To the bottom of the picture was attached a slip of paper, bearing these lines:

> "Glow on the canvas, face of my beloved!
> Smile out upon me, eyes of heavenly blue!
> Oh! be my soul's love by my pencil proved,
> And lips of rose, and locks of auburn hue,
> Come less obedient to the call of art,
> Than to the pleading voice of my adoring heart!"

When I had read this verse, I remained standing before the picture in a thoughtful trance. I was finally startled by a deep sigh, and turning, saw Kate just behind me. She had also seen the portrait of the unknown, and read those passionate lines. She turned immediately and passed into her room.

When I rejoined her, a few moments after, she was reading, apparently deep in "Martin Chuzzlewit," but tears were falling on the page before her.

"Martin's return to his grandfather is a very affecting scene," she observed.

I naturally glanced over her shoulder; the book was open at that "tempest-in-a-teapot" scene, the

memorable misunderstanding between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.

Oh, Kate, Kate! thy heart had gone many days' journey into the life and fortunes of quite another than Martin.

In the evening Captain Fogg honored us, and Kate was unusually affable and gay. She sung none but comic songs, and her merry laugh rang out like a peal of bells.

During the evening we played a game of forfeits, and it was once adjudged that the captain should relate a story, to redeem his turquoise breastpin. He told a late dream, which was, that once, on taking a morning walk to hear the birds sing, he found Miss Richmond completely *lost in a fog*, and refused to help her out!

Oh, how he sparkled, as he fairly got off his witticism, and saw that it took!

"Ah, captain," said I, "you must have a gift for punning."

"Something of one, Miss," he replied, with a complacent pull at his imperial. "I was into White's, the other day, buying some music, and White offered me a song called 'Mary's Tears,' which I told him must have a tremendous *run!* White laughed till he cried, and threatened to expose me in our paper! 'Pon honor, he did so!"

The captain informed us that the following would be a great day for the militia, as there was to be on the village-green of W——, a parade and review; and he gallantly begged the honor of our presence. We graciously testified our willingness to patronize the show, provided Harry would drive us into town for the purpose. On leaving, the captain requested the loan of Harry's noble horse, Saladin, which had been trained to the field, for the grand occasion. He would come for him in the morning, he said. Harry consented, with rather a bad grace, I thought. He is a perfect Arab in his loving care for his horse.

The next morning, about ten, the captain called and found us all ready—the barouche waiting at the door. Colonel Grove, who is a gentleman of the *ancien regimé*, invited the young officer, who was in complete uniform, to take wine with him. It was really laughable—the captain's affectation of a cool, *bon-vivantish* indifference, as he tossed off glass after glass of the sparkling champagne, showing himself to be far from familiar with that exhilarating and insidious beverage. He grew elevated momentarily; his very words soared majestically above mere common sense, and his eyes winked of strange mysteries, and flashed unutterable things.

At length were we civilians seated in the barouche and driving toward W——, at a brisk rate, the captain causing Saladin to wheel and caracole beside us in a most remarkable manner. Ah, how did the harmless lightning of his wit play around us! how were his compliments showered upon us like *bonbons* in carnival-time! How beautifully was he like the sparkling wine he had so lately quaffed—what was he but a human champagne-bottle, with the cork just drawn!

About half way to the village we saw before us an old Indian woman, well known in all the country round as a doctress, or witch, according to most people. She was bent almost double, and looked very feeble, though she was said to be still marvelously active and vigorous.

Suddenly the captain, who had galloped on a little to display his horsemanship, came dashing back, exclaiming—"Now, young ladies, for some glorious fun! Do you see that old squaw yonder?"

"Yes," said Alice Grove, "that is old Martha—what of her?"

"Why, I mean to have some rare sport. I'll invite her to take a ride behind me. I'll ride up to the fence for her to get on, and then, just as she makes her spring, spur Saladin, and let her land on the ground.

"Oh, don't! don't!" cried we all in chorus; but the captain was off and already speaking to old Martha. She evidently liked his proposition, for she quickly climbed the fence, preparatory to mounting. The captain wheeled his horse to within about two feet of her—she gave a spring—he spurred his steed, which leaped wildly forward—but *too late!* Old Martha was safe on Saladin's back, her long, bony arms clasped closely round the waist of his rider—and, hurrah, they were off at a dashing rate.

Harry whipped up his grays, and we presently overtook the equestrians. Captain Fogg had succeeded in checking Saladin, and was striving to persuade old Martha to dismount, but in vain; she would ride to the village, as he had invited her. He coaxed, threatened, and swore—but all to no purpose; she *would* go on to the village!

At last, in endeavoring forcibly to unclasp her arms, Fogg dropped the rein, and Saladin, worried and frightened, started off at a furious gallop, and tore down the street like mad. Oh, the rich, indescribable ludicrousness of the sight! Such a conspicuous figure was the captain, so splendidly mounted, with "sword and pistols by his side," and all his burnished buttons and buckles glistening in the morning sun; and then that ridiculous old woman, in her tattered Indian costume, seated behind him, clinging convulsively to his waist, and bounding up half a foot with every leap of the frantic steed. The ends of the captain's scarlet sash floated back over her short black petticoat, and the white horse-hair of his military plume mingled ingloriously with her long elf-locks streaming in the wind.

The dirty woollen blanket of old Martha became loose, and flew backward, held only by one corner, exposing her bright blue short-gown, trimmed with wampum, while her red leggings got up quite a little show on their own account.

As thus they dashed on, faster and faster, they spread astonishment and consternation as they went.

A farmer, who with his son was gathering apples from a tree near the road, saw the vision—dropped his basket, and knocked down his first born with an avalanche of pippins. An old lady, who was hanging out clothes in her yard, struck with sudden fright and sore dismay, fell backward into her clothes-

basket, as white as a sheet, and as limp as a wet towel.

Young urchins let go the strings of kites, leaving them to whirl dizzily and dive earthward—left "terrestrial pies" unfinished, and took to their heels! A red-haired damsel who was milking by the road-side, on beholding the dread apparition, turned pale, and ran, and the cow, following her example, also *turned pail* and ran!

But most excruciatingly and transcendentally ridiculous was the scene when Saladin, over whom the captain had lost all control, reached the parade-ground, and dashed in among the soldiers and spectators. Hats were tossed into the air, and shouts of laughter and derisive hooras resounded on every side. But fortunately for poor Fogg, Saladin suddenly perceived a part of the cavalry company, who, in the absence of their captain, were going through some informal and supererogatory exercises, and obedient to his military training, wheeled into line, and stood still, with head erect and nostrils distended.

"For Heaven's sake, boys," cried the captain, "haul off this old savage!"

But the worthy Martha, wisely declining such rough treatment, leaped to the ground like a cat—made a profound courtesy, and with a smile rather too sarcastic for so venerable a person, said,

"Me tank you, cap'en—old Martha no often have such fine ride, with such pretty man, all in *regiments!*"

After this rare comedy, the review was a matter of little moment, and we soon returned home, not even waiting for the tragedy of the sham-fight.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry invited Kate to take a horse-back ride—and the incidents of that ride, as I received them from my friend, I will relate to the best of my ability.

The equestrians took a route which was a favorite with both—up a glen, wild and unfrequented, through which ran a clear, silver stream. It happened that Harry was in one of his lawless, bantering moods, and teazed Kate unmercifully on the gallant part played by her lover, the captain, on the preceding day.

Kate, who was not in the most sunny humor, began to rally him about "*Lo-izy*" Grant, and the New Haven belle.

Suddenly Harry became grave, and said, in an earnest tone, "Shall I tell you, Kate, *just* the state of my heart?"

"Don't trouble yourself," she coolly replied, "it is a matter of no moment to me."

"There, now, you are insincere," said Harry, with a saucy smile, leaning forward to strike a fly from Saladin's neck, "it *is* a matter of some moment to you, for you know that I love you, and that you are not entirely indifferent to my love."

"Sir, you mistake in addressing such language to me—you are presuming," said Kate, with a petrifying hauteur; and giving her horse a smart cut with the whip, galloped on. Surprised, and somewhat angry, Harry checked his own horse, and gazed after her till she was lost in a bend of the winding road. As he stood by the side of the rivulet, Saladin reached down his head to drink. In his troubled abstraction, Harry let go the rein, which fell over the head of his horse. With a muttered something, which was not a benediction, Harry dismounted to regain it, when Saladin, in one of his mad freaks, gave a quick leap away and galloped up the glen after his mate. Harry was about to follow, but an odd thought coming into his brain, he threw himself on the turf instead, and lay perfectly still, with closed eyes, listening to the gallop of the two steeds, far up the glen. Presently he heard them stop—then turn, and come dashing down again with redoubled speed. Nearer and nearer came Kate. She was at his side—with a cry of alarm she threw herself from her horse and bent above him.

"Harry, dear Harry, were you thrown—are you injured?" she cried, raising the head of the apparently unconscious man, and supporting it on her knee. "Oh, Heaven! he is hurt—he does not hear me!" she murmured, laying back the hair from his forehead and pressing her lips upon it wildly and repeatedly. Harry's eye-lids remained hermetically sealed, but a queer, comical expression began to play around the corners of his mouth, and was about to betray him, when he suddenly opened his eyes, with a look of triumphant impudence, and broke into a peal of joyous laughter.

Kate dropped his head with a movement of indignation and dismay—sprung up—led her horse to the trunk of a fallen tree, just by, from which she leaped into her saddle, and was off almost as soon as Harry had regained his feet. Again the faithless Saladin left his master in the lurch, and followed Kate, who went at a furious rate, never pausing nor looking back; so the somewhat discomforted Harry was obliged to foot it home, a matter of "twa mile and a bittock," as they say in Scotland.

That night Kate had a headache, and did not appear at the tea-table, nor join the evening circle, where poor Harry was cross-questioned without mercy on the strange circumstance of having been left behind both by his horse and lady-fair.

"Ah, Kate," said I, as I joined her at the close of the evening, "I have something to tell you. While you were dressing for your ride to-day, Harry called me into his room to show me that picture—and will you believe, it is only a bad portrait of *yourself!* Harry sketched it long ago for Louisa Grant, but has lately been making some important alterations, and now he thinks it strikingly like you. I really wonder we did not see the resemblance; the poetry was meant for you alone."

"Oh, Grace, Grace!" murmured Kate, in a bitter tone, "if you had only told me this before I went to ride!"

At breakfast, the next morning, there was no Harry—two hours before he had whistled his dog and shouldered his gun, and set out on a crusade in turkey-land. But long before noon the young hunter returned, and inquiring for Kate, was directed to the library, where she sat, striving to drive away her sad mood, according to her own cheerful philosophy, by light reading. She had chosen "Hood's

Prose and Verse," instead of Miss Landon's Poems, which stood on the same shelf.

Again I must tell the story as it was told to me.

As Harry entered, Kate coloring deeply, started up—stood still a moment, and then sat down again, uttering not a word. Harry, seating himself near her, took off his hunting-cap, ran his fingers nervously through his hair, and in a tolerably steady voice began,

"I could have no peace, Miss Richmond, until I had begged your pardon for my unparalelled impertinence yesterday. I intreat you to believe that I had in my heart no intentional disrespect for you. I pray your forgiveness for my first rash words—what you called my *presumption*. For the other daring act, I am not so deeply repentant, for I would willingly have my head broken in reality, to have it lie for another moment where it laid yesterday; yet for that also I ask pardon. Do you grant it?"

"With all my heart," said Kate, smiling; but Harry continued—

"I have been, indeed, most presuming and conceited, in supposing for a moment that I could be any thing to you; and, perhaps," he continued, with a proud curl of the lip, "we have both been mistaken in according too much meaning to trifling words and acts—we two have flirted desperately, Kate,—have we not?"

Kate bit her lip in vexation, and a shade of disappointment passed over her face. Just then the eyes of the two met, for the first time for some minutes, and the ridiculousness, the utter absurdity of they two endeavoring to deceive one another—to conceal for a moment longer the blessed truth that they *loved one another*, broke upon them at once, and they burst into a long and merry laugh.

"Well," said Harry, at last, dashing the tears of mirth from his flashing eyes, and seating himself nearer Kate, "it is time I at least was serious, for the deepest and strongest feelings of my heart will make themselves heard. Kate, dear Kate, whether it gives you pleasure to know it, or not, I *must* tell you how truly, how devotedly, and, though you will scarce believe *that*, how *reverentially* I love you! I am a strange, wild fellow, Kate, somewhat rude and over-mirthful; but you, I am sure, can make me what you wish. Will you undertake the task?"

"With all my heart," she again replied, frankly extending her hand.

"Blessings on your sweet soul, Kate!—but—but—"

"But what, Harry?"

"Not much, only will you allow me to pay you back *that small coin* you bestowed on me yesterday, in your Christian charity?"

"Oh, I'll forgive you the debt," said Kate, laughing.

"No, dear, I'll not take advantage of your generosity, but pay you to the uttermost farthing."

"Ah, hold! that is all, now—a thousand times more than I gave you!"

Suddenly the happy lover darted out of the room, and presently returned, saying, "See, Kate! a portrait of you, from memory."

"Ah, indeed!" said Kate. "But, Harry, you have made my dark hair quite an auburn, and it has only the slightest golden hue when the sunlight falls upon it."

"Well," he replied, "to *my* eyes, there was *always* sunlight playing around you."

"Ah, thank you; but again, these eyes are dark *blue*, and mine are gray, or by complaisance, hazle."

"A very natural mistake, dearest," said Harry, with an arch smile, "I saw heaven in your eyes, and so came to paint them blue."

THE CORSAIR'S VICTIM.

(AN EXTRACT FROM "ZILLAH.")

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

When Night, upon her starry throne,
Held undisputed sway and lone,
And moonlight to the trembling wave
A soft but spectral radiance gave,
He seized, with iron grasp, his chain,
As if endued with giant strength,
And after many efforts vain,
While glowing madness fired his brain,
From bondage burst at length.
The cunning Corsair heard the sound
Of strong link breaking, with a clang,
And stealing lightly, with one bound,
Upon his frenzied victim sprang:
His right arm, used to felon deed,
The Corsair raised with ready skill—
One thrust of his stiletto freed
The crazed one from his load of ill.
The pleading look and wild appeal
Of Zillah could not stay the steel;
She saw him fall, and from his side
The red stream gush in bubbling tide,
Then fell herself, as *if the blade*
A sheath of her own breast had made;
While fearfully his spouting gore
The white robe reddened that she wore.
Her ear heard not the gurgling sound
Of hungry waters closing round,
As hastily the ruffian cast
His victim to the ocean vast,
Or marked the grim, exulting smile
That lighted up his face the while:
Extended on the deck she lay,
As if the war of life was over,
As if her soul had fled away
To realms of never-ending day,
To join the spirit of her lover.

She woke at last from her long swoon,
To hope that Death would triumph soon,
And the mad pulses of her frame,
With icy touch, forever tame:
She woke with features ashy white,
And wildly gazed upon the plank
That deeply, freely in the night
The crimson of his veins had drank:
Then raising heavenward her eye,
In still, expecting posture stood,
As if a troop from realms on high
Were coming down, with battle-songs,
To wash out sternly in the blood
Of coward-hearts her many wrongs:
No tear-drop came to her relief
In that wild, parching hour of grief,
The tender plant of love she knew
Would into verdure break no more—
The spot was *arid* where it grew
In green luxuriance before.
She knew henceforth her lot below
Would be to quaff the cup of pain—
On thing of Earth she could not throw
The sunlight of her smile again:
The voice was still whose melting tone
Had vied in sweetness with her own—
The hiding wave had closed above
The only object of her love:
And Rispah, as strict watch she kept,
While cold, like forms of Parian stone,
Her sons on gory couches slept,
Felt not more desolate and lone.

In many hearts the gloomy sway
Of sorrow lessens, day by day,
Until the charms of life at last
Blot out remembrance of the past:
As winds may kiss the trampled flower,
And lift again its bruiséd leaf,
So time, with his assuaging power,
May stay the wasting march of grief:
But hearts in *other* bosoms beat
Where anguish finds a *lasting seat*—
That heal not with the lapse of time—
Too delicately strung for earth,
Whose chords can never after chime
With peals of loud, unmeaninng mirth.
Weeks flew: but Zillah in their flight
Strove oft, but vainly, to forget
The horrors of that fatal night,
When her *beloved star*, whose light
Made bondage pleasant, set.
No murmur from the lip outbroke,
Though suddenly her cheek grew thin—
No quick, convulsive start bespoke
The desolating fire within.
Her dark eye rested on the wave
By day and in the hush of eve,
As if, ere long, the wet sea-cave
Her buried one would leave,
And, drifting suddenly to view,
His murderer with dread subdue.
Ah! I have said the stately mein
Of Zillah would befit a queen,
That lawless *crime* could ill withstand
Her innate bearing of command.
Alas! regality of soul
Gives agony supreme control,
And prompts the wretched one to hide
Consuming pangs from vulgar gaze—
To nurse, in uncomplaining pride,
The scorpion that preys.

A DIRGE FOR O'CONNELL.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THROW open once again
The portals of the tomb,
And give among the glorious dead
Another hero room!

Unclose your shadowy ranks,
Illustrious shades unclose!
The valiant Leader, crowned with years,
Goes down to his repose.

The champion of Peace
On many a well-fought field,
Whose bloodless victories left no stain
On his untarnished shield;

A king, though on his brow
No jeweled crown might shine,
A king, although his patriot blood
Glowed from no royal line;

A sovereign o'er a realm
No boundaries can confine.
Whose throne was in a Nation's heart,
Who reigned by right divine;

A priest at Freedom's shrine,
Whose kindling words he spoke,
Till the dumb millions from their sleep
To life and hope awoke;

A soldier of the Cross,
Who bore a stainless brand;
The Preacher of a new crusade
To rescue a lost land.

Rome! to thy care is given
The heart whose throbs are o'er;
Eternal City! to thy charge
Take this one relic more!

And Erin, sad and lorn,
Take thou thy sacred trust,
And let the soil he loved so well
Commingle with his dust!

And, Fame, take thou in charge
The patriot's renown,
And gather from your amaranth fields
Another fadeless crown.

THE ILLINOIS AND THE PRAIRIES.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF THE "DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

THAT gallant officer and enterprising traveler, Major Long, did the Illinois great injustice when he described it as "an extended pool of stagnant water," for it was, when I saw it, one of the prettiest streams to be found in this country of fine rivers. The width is such as to give a full view of objects on both sides in passing; the basin was full without overflowing; and though the current was gentle, its waters were neither muddy nor stagnant. It should, however, be observed, that my journey was in the season when the rivers of the great Mississippi valley, though beginning to subside, were still high, and that those who wish to see them to advantage should visit the South and West before the heats of summer. Else will they be assuredly disappointed, and accuse me of indulging in a favorite amusement of travelers.

The Illinois, until you approach the Rapids, seems made on purpose for steam navigation, which is seldom, if ever, molested either by winds or waves. With the exception of points where the prairies approach the borders, the river is every where skirted by those magnificent forests which constitute one of the most striking and beautiful features of this new world; and completely sheltered from the storm, seems to glide along unconscious of the uproar of the elements around. It flows through a region which, even in this land of milk and honey, is renowned far and near for its almost unequaled fertility, and the ease with which it may be brought to produce the rich rewards of labor. There is, perhaps, no part of the world where the husbandman labors less, and reaps more, than throughout a great portion of this fine state, on which nature has bestowed her most exuberant bounties.

But, strange to say, I found the good-hearted people, almost without exception, complaining of "hard times," not arising, however, from the usual sources of war, famine, or pestilence, but from actual abundance. They had more than they knew what to do with, and it was an apt, though melancholy commentary on the wisdom of man, as well as the providence of human legislation, that while the citizens of Illinois, and, indeed, the entire great western valley, were overburthened with all the necessaries of life, a large portion of the laboring poor of England were starving for want of them, simply because their rulers had virtually prohibited one country from relieving the necessities of the other. But for the high duties on flour, grain and provisions, the wants of the poor of England might and would be greatly relieved by the superabundance of the United States, and thus the blessings of Providence bestowed on one country be disseminated among others. But legislators, renowned for their far-reaching sagacity, have decreed otherwise; and the plenty which might become a universal blessing, is made a burthen to one country, while useless to all the rest of the world.

This noble state, as is well known, derives its name from a tribe of Indians, originally called the Illeni, which the French missionaries and explorers, who were the first white men that visited this region, changed into Illinois. They were neither warlike nor brave, and were held in great contempt by the invincible Iroquois and Outagamis, as appears from the following relation of an old traveler. "An Outagami," says Father Charleroix, "who was burnt by the Illinois, perceiving a Frenchman among the spectators, begged of him that he would help his enemies to torment him; and on being asked why he made this request, replied, 'because I should have the comfort of dying by the hands of men. My greatest grief is, that I never killed a man.' 'But,' said an Illinois, have you not killed such and such persons?' 'True; as for the Illinois, I have killed enough of them, but they are not men.'"

The character of the Indians, and the view of the savage state as found in North America, given by this writer, is so philosophical and just, that I am tempted to transcribe it for the instruction and amusement of the reader. It appears at least to be impartial, which is more than can be said of more recent writers, one class of whom can find nothing to praise, the other nothing to blame in our Indians.

"With a savage appearance, and manners, and customs, which are entirely barbarous, there is observable among them a social kindness, free from almost all the imperfections which so often disturb the peace of society among us. They appear to be without passion; but they do that in cold blood, and sometimes through principle, which the most violent and unbridled passion produces in those who give no ear to reason. They seem to lead the most wretched life in the world; and they were, perhaps, the only happy people on earth, before the knowledge of the objects which so much work upon and seduce us, had excited in them desires which ignorance kept in supineness, and which have not, as yet, made any great ravages among them. We discover in them a mixture of the fiercest and the most gentle manners; the imperfections of wild beasts, united with virtues and qualities of the mind and heart which do the greatest honor to human nature. One would think at first they had no form of government; that they acknowledge neither laws nor subordination; and that living in an entire independence, they suffer themselves to be solely guided by chance, and the wildest caprice. Nevertheless, they enjoy almost all the advantages that a well regulated authority can secure to the best governed nations. Born free and independent, they look with

horror on the very shadow of despotic power; but they seldom depart from certain principles and customs founded on good sense, which are to them instead of laws, and which in some measure supply the place of a lawful authority. They will not bear the least restraint; but reason alone keeps them in a kind of subordination, which, from being voluntary, is not less effectual to obtain the end intended."*

The Illinois has the same peculiarity I observed in all the rivers of the Mississippi valley. With the exception of here and there a solitary plantation, or a little embryo town, few traces of man appear on its borders until you arrive at the great prairie, above the head of steam navigation, which extends all the way to the lakes. At long distances we came upon one of those evidences of the busy body, man, in the shape of a little village, a clearing, or an establishment for putting up pork for exportation, where I was told, notwithstanding the "hard times," they throw the ears, feet, and often heads of the swine into the river, to feed the eels and catfish. Indeed, from what I observed throughout the whole extent of my journey, in this suffering region, there is almost as much wasted there as would serve to feed the starving manufacturers of England.

Most of the towns on the river, below the Rapids, have little worthy of attention, and all their glories are prospective; but there is one it would be unpardonable to pass by without a tribute to its surpassing beauties. I refer to Peoria, whose aspect is as soft and gentle as its name. Father Charleroix, I think, calls it Pimitavery, and it lies on the left bank of the Illinois, where it expands into a lake from one to three miles wide, and ten in length. Ascending the bank, you come upon a fine prairie, forming a crescent, of some twelve or fifteen miles, judging by the eye, whose arch is bounded by a bluff, as it is here usually called, but which represents a natural terrace of wonderful regularity, clothed with luxuriant grass, and crowned with open woods, affording as beautiful sites for country residences as can be imagined in dreams. It was Sunday, and in the afternoon, when the sun was low, I took a walk from the town to the terrace, about a mile distant, which is reached by a private road, leading among wheat and corn fields of the greatest luxuriance.

Nothing could be more soft, calm, and alluring than the weather and the scene. The smooth glassy lake lay directly before me, bordered on the farther side by a vast green meadow receding far away, and fringed in the vague distance by a dark barrier of forest, beyond which was nothing but the skies. Between the lake and the terrace on which I stood, lay the thrifty, gay-looking town; to the left, the crescent gracefully curved till it met the lake, while to the right it made a noble sweep, enclosing a level prairie, whose extent I did not pretend to determine; and which, though it had never been sowed or reaped, looked as smooth as a shaven lawn, as green as the most luxuriant meadow. Neither fence nor inclosure of any kind was seen in that quarter, and the cattle dispersed about in all directions, strayed wherever they pleased. While contemplating the scene, the setting sun gradually retired behind the wooded terrace, and the glowing, golden lustre gave place to those transitions of the summer twilight which are so exquisitely touching and beautiful. There was a silence, a repose and loveliness all around, in the earth, in the heavens above, and on the waters, whose effect, if I could only communicate it to my readers, they would thank me for; and never did the sun set on a more holy Sabbath, or one better calculated to call forth grateful homage to the Creator of such an enchanting world.

This little paradise was until recently possessed by the Peoria Indians, a small tribe, which has since receded; and tradition says there was once a considerable settlement of the French on the spot. I was informed there is an extensive old burial-place, not of Indian origin, somewhere on or near the terrace, and noticed that not a few of the names and physiognomies in this quarter were evidently French. There seems a chasm in the forest history of this region, between the relation of Charleroix, which refers to no later period than 1720, and the final cession of the French North American possessions to the English. A series of obscure and unrecorded incidents which have escaped the historian, led to results which for this reason appear unaccountable; and there is, I think, every reason to believe all those discoveries of iron and copper implements, and other evidences of mechanical skill, from which some ingenious writers have inferred that the Indians once possessed arts they have now lost, may be traced to this period, and to adventurous white men, long since forgotten.

Some eight or ten miles above Peoria, just at the point where this charming lake again becomes metamorphosed into its parent river, and in the midst of a solitude which requires only the presence and labors of man to make it one of the gayest as well as most fruitful districts in the world, are the ruins, or rather remains of the modern city of Rome, founded, not built, in the palmy days of speculation wild. These remains consist of the skeleton of a single house, which puts the passing traveler in mind of the voice of one crying in the wilderness of rich, waving prairie, blooming with flowers of every hue and odor. If there is not a city here now, there certainly will be in time; and the long-sighted speculator, whoever he was, only anticipated a generation or two in the march of population. This beautiful region only wants inhabitants, which, whatever people may say, are necessary to the prosperity of cities; and I think it by no means improbable that some hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years hence—which, after all, is nothing compared to eternity—when all the past, present and future glories of the ancient mistress of the world are buried in the bottomless pit of oblivion, the founder of this legitimate successor, though not suckled by a wolf, may take rank with Romulus and Remus, and be immortalized as the parent of a new and more illustrious Rome.

Sailing up the river, among the green meadows, and willows kissing the surface of the waters, amid

* Charleroix, vol. ii. p. 102, 103.

a silence broken only by the puffing of the steam-pipe, the next object which attracted my attention was a pretty little village pleasantly situated on the right bank, whose name commemorates the residence of old Father Hennepin, who, tradition says, once established a mission here. These early pioneers of the wilderness deserved and attained a great influence over the jealous, independent, impracticable red-man of the new world, and justly claim the respect of those who might never be incited to follow their example. They were unquestionably actuated by the purest, most elevated piety, in thus encountering and overcoming the dangers and privations of the untracked wilderness, and deserve to be respectfully remembered, if not for the success of their endeavors at least for the courage, zeal and perseverance with which they were prosecuted.

Among the earliest and most distinguished of these were Father Louis Hennepin and Joseph Marquette, the former of whom visited Canada somewhere about the year 1676. He remained some time at fort Frontenac, where he constructed a portable chapel, and whence he accompanied the celebrated Louis de La Salle, in a voyage of discovery on the Upper Mississippi, which had been discovered by Father Marquette, six years before. They visited the Falls of Niagara, of which he gives the earliest description on record. It is extremely accurate, as I ascertained by comparison on the spot, and shows what little change the incessant action of these mighty waters has produced in the lapse of almost two centuries. After establishing a post at Niagara, La Salle built the first schooner that ever sailed on the great lakes, and passing through Erie, St. Clair and Huron, entered Michigan, where he erected a fort at the mouth of the river St. Joseph. From thence they proceeded to explore the Mississippi, and it was probably on his return, that Father Hennepin erected his chapel on the spot where now stands the town bearing his name. According to his own account he first descended the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and returning, ascended that river as high as the Falls of St. Anthony, which are indebted to him for their name. He returned to France, published a relation of his discoveries, came back to this country, and I have not chanced to meet with any further account of him. Whether he ever visited France again, or whether he ended his days on the banks of the Illinois, I cannot say. I went on shore and visited the town, which stands on a high gravel bank—a great rarity in this region—and endeavored to ascertain the spot of the good father's residence. But there are no aged persons, no depositories of traditionary lore to be found here; and our people are too much taken up with anticipations of the future, to pay much attention to the past. I found no one who could give any precise information, though all were familiar with his name. Hennepin is the county-seat of Putnam; and as it does not, I believe, aspire to the dignity of a great city, like most of its neighbors, will probably flourish long and happily, a memorial of the good father whose name it bears.

Father Joseph Marquette, whose name is also intimately associated with the early discoveries in this region, was a kindred spirit. According to Charleroix, who belonged to the same order of missionary knights errant, "he was a native of Laon, in Picardy, where his family still holds a distinguished rank. He was one of the most illustrious missionaries of new France; he traveled over almost all parts of it, and made many discoveries, the last of which was the Mississippi, which he entered with the Sieur Joliet, in 1673. Two years after this discovery, of which he published an account, as he was going from Chicagou, which is at the bottom of Lake Michigan, to Michilimackinac, he entered the river I am now speaking of, the mouth of which was at the extremity of the low land which, as I have said, we leave to the right in entering. He set up an altar here and said mass. After this he went a little distance to return thanks, and prayed the two men who managed his canoe, to leave him alone for half an hour. This time being expired, they went to seek him, and were greatly surprised to find him dead; but they recollected he said he should finish his journey there. As it was too far from thence to Michilimackinac to carry his body thither, they buried him pretty near the side of the river, which from that time has retired, as if out of respect, to the cape, at the foot of which it now runs, and where it has made a new passage. The year following, one of the men who had performed the last duties to this servant of God, returned to the place where he had buried him, took up his remains, and carried them to Michilimackinac. I could not learn, or else I have forgot, what name this river had before, but at present the savages always call it the river of the Black Gown. The French have given it the name of Father Marquette, and never fail to invoke him when they find themselves in any danger on Lake Michigan."* The little river still bears the name, and the spot where he was buried is designated on the maps as Marquette's grave.

About the head of steam-navigation on the Illinois, and especially near the junction of the canal which will connect the lakes with the Mississippi, cities multiply prodigiously, and are called by the most prodigious names. Most assuredly my countrymen are great at christening places; but still I wish they would consult Tristram Shandy, where they will find a most edifying discussion on the subject. The race of antiquaries who grope their way backward through the obscure labyrinth of time by the clue of names, will assuredly be not a little puzzled, as children are wont to be, to find out who was the father of Zebedee's children. If they should follow the etymology of names, they will probably come to the conclusion that we derived our parentage from all the nations of the earth, ancient and modern, and had more fathers than children.

Nevertheless I have nothing to say against any of the thriving brood of young cities that multiplied so wonderfully in those happy days when swallows built in young men's whiskers, and the little hatchet became a great hammer before the iron grew cold.

* Charleroix, vol. ii. p. 73.

Those especially that have either houses or inhabitants, I wish all possible prosperity, and hope they will one day rival the great cities after which they are christened. But those which have nothing but a name and a lithographic map to demonstrate their existence, cannot expect to be recognized by any traveler of ordinary pretensions to veracity. The commencement of the canal to which allusion has just been made, was the signal for speculation in its immediate vicinity, and six cities were forthwith founded on the prairie between La Salle and Ottawa, a distance of some fourteen miles. As they may possibly perish in embryo before their birth, and thus dodge the antiquary who will be looking for them some centuries hence, I feel it a duty to do all I can to assist his inquiries, lest he should lose his wits in searching for them, as did the pedagogue in Le Sage, in looking for the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb.

The first of these, whose name I don't choose to remember, is very advantageously situated on a barren rock, at the head of the navigation of a stream which can neither be spelt nor pronounced, and which had no water in it when I passed over. But not to wrong the river, or the long-headed, long-sighted founder of the city, I acknowledge I was informed that sometimes during the melting of the snows on the Rocky Mountains, or after a heavy shower of rain, there was an ample sufficiency of water to float a chip—not a ship, gentle reader—of considerable burthen, into the Illinois. It was therefore the opinion of the unknown and illustrious founder, that nothing could prevent this place from becoming in good time a great commercial emporium; and I was told, but will not vouch for the fact, that he had actually organized a whaling company, and seriously talked of opening a direct trade with China. In short, he looked forward with all the faith of a speculator, which exceeds that of a martyr ten times over, to seeing his city, in a few years, smothered by a corporation, blessed with half a dozen broken banks, and loaded with debts and taxes, in humble emulation of its betters.

In the books of English tenures, there are some whimsical conditions of ownership and occupancy; but I recollect none similar to the city I am commemorating, which denounces a forfeiture of property on all those convicted of either drinking or bringing spirituous liquors therein. No one will question the morality of this regulation, though its prudence may not be so obvious, as many people might suppose that any future purchasers of lots, some of which I was told had been originally sold for two or three hundred dollars each, would require some powerful stimulant in addition to the excitement of speculation. It is doubtful whether any sober man would give such a price at this time. I had almost forgot to mention that this city has neither houses nor inhabitants.

The next *brevet* city we passed, is just at the foot of the lower rapids of the Illinois, and directly on the margin of the river. It promises rather better than the other, having one house actually built, and another in anticipation. It is really a delightful spot, on a strip of prairie looking like an immense shaven lawn, backed by a high terrace of grassy knobs and precipitous rocks, whose sides and summits are clothed with foliage, along which the gentle river meanders lazily until it comes to the rapids, which, having passed, it pursues its way rejoicing. It might have destroyed the balance of this portion of the new world, had these two great marts been placed on the same side of the river, and accordingly they are prudently located on the opposite shores, in order to preserve the equilibrium. I was told there was a desperate rivalry between them, and great apprehensions are entertained from their competition when they come to be inhabited.

Just above this last-mentioned metropolis, and on the same side of the river, is the Starvation Rock, so called from a tradition, not very ancient, I believe, which tells that a large party of Illinois having sought refuge from the pursuit of a superior force of hostile Indians, were blockaded, and all, save one, perished by famine. This place was visited by Charleroix, in 1720, who ascended the rock, where he found the remains of old palisades, originally created for defence, and the bodies of two Indians, half consumed by fire. He says nothing, however, of the incident from which the place derives its present name. It is one of the most beautiful rocks I ever saw, exhibiting a succession of ledges, displayed horizontally with wonderful regularity, but of an infinite variety of shades and colors, such as is generally observed in cliffs of limestone. At a little distance, beheld through the soft hazy atmosphere of the prairie, it resembles the ruins of a great castle, towering to the height of perhaps two hundred feet, garnished with trees, shrubs, flowers and clambering vines. The whole of this vast fruitful region, from the delta of the Mississippi to the Niagara Ridge, terminating at Lewistown, is, so far as I observed, based on a limestone formation, and the waters every where impregnated with lime. They are said to be wholesome when one is accustomed to their use; but, unfortunately, I never could get used to them, and finally came to the conclusion, that—to vary the old proverb a little to suit the occasion—though Heaven had created the land, the D—l had furnished the water.

The last city I shall commemorate is called after a famous stronghold in Europe, being seated on a ledge of rocks extending from the Illinois into the prairie, and apparently inaccessible on all sides. It is certainly a capital position in a military point of view, and would be invaluable on a frontier. People might live there in great security if they could find any thing to eat. At present the only enemy they would have to fear is famine. Luckily, however, there are no inhabitants, and one need be under no apprehensions on that score. It is a most picturesque spot, the mossy rocks every where interspersed with flowers and verdure, and the summit crowned with an open wood of lofty trees, under which the grass is as green and luxuriant as a lowland meadow. There are several other cities, lying dormant, be-

tween this and the town of Ottawa, and no one can predict their future destinies. When the canal connecting the Mississippi and the lakes comes to be finished, as I hope it soon will be, for it is a great national undertaking, and will form the last link to the most extensive inland navigation in the world, there can be little doubt, I think, that this will become a very busy and populous region. Towns will rise up as a matter of course; and, provided they do not ruin each other by their numbers and their rivalry, will flourish to a considerable extent. Those, therefore, who have the wealth of Crœsus, and the patience of Job, may, if they please, speculate in town-lots in these embryo cities, for the benefit of their posterity.

The gallant adventurer La Salle is worthily commemorated in this quarter, by a town and a county called after his name. Among all the hardy and daring pioneers, of the Mississippi valley and the lakes, he stands foremost, and best merits the remembrance and gratitude of the millions who are now enjoying the fruits of his enterprise and sufferings. He built the first vessel that ever floated on the lakes; he explored the Upper and Lower Mississippi, and perished at last by the hands of his companions, who finally shrunk from the perils and privations which he bore without flinching. Mr. Adams, when Secretary of State, in a correspondence with Don Leviz de Onis, the Spanish minister, on the subject of boundaries, pays a most eloquent, well deserved tribute to the genius, hardihood, courage and enterprise of Louis La Salle, but with this exception he has not met with that attention he so justly merits from my countrymen.

The little town of La Salle lies close to the junction of the canal with the Illinois, and was founded by a colony of the sons of old Erin, who were employed in that undertaking. It is a genuine, unadulterated Irish town; the cabins many of them of turf, and all thatched with straw. The number of pigs is only to be matched by that of children, and both are in a most flourishing condition, to judge from the portly dimensions of one and the rosy cheeks of the other. There is no place in the universe where the jolly, hard-working, warm-hearted Irishman can so gloriously luxuriate in the paradise of potatoes. The reader will please to understand that notwithstanding the number of great cities hereabouts, the entire prairie from Peru to Chicago, with here and there an occasional exception, is in a state of nature, although one of the fairest and richest portions of the earth. They began at the wrong end, or rather, they put the cart before the horse, and laid out towns instead of cultivating land. This is one of the prominent foibles of that sanguine, enterprising, anticipating and gallant race which is daily adventuring into the boundless region of the West. They are not content with land of inexhaustible fertility, but almost every tenth man aspires to be the founder of a city. Instead, therefore, of laying out his farm into fields, he lays it out into a town, which he calls after his own name, with a ville at the end of it; or he dams up the river, builds a mill, and lays the foundation of a series of bilious complaints, that descend to his posterity to the second or third generation. Hence the number of towns is out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. With very many of them, their generation is a mere spasmodic effort of speculation. They consequently exhibit an appearance of prosperity for a few years; are then suddenly arrested, and either never grow any more, or dwindle away to nothing. A despotic monarch like Peter the Great may create a city where he will, but with all his power he cannot perpetuate its existence beyond his own, unless it possesses natural advantages to attract voluntary settlers. Private persons should beware how they undertake to found cities. They may build houses, but they cannot fill them with people.

The town of La Salle, unlike some of it neighbors, was conceived and brought forth in the natural way, that is, the people preceded the houses. When the honest Irish laborers came to work on the canal, they according to custom built themselves cabins, about the spot where they commenced their labors. As the land was neither cultivated nor enclosed, they employed their leisure hours in digging ditches about a piece of prairie large enough for a potato-patch, and sometimes a small patch of wheat or corn. Here, with little labor, they raised as much as supplied them with bread, or a substitute; and though the canal has for some years been discontinued for lack of means, these people continue to cultivate their little fields, which are wonderfully productive, frequently making new enclosures, and sometimes erecting frame houses. If the land belonged to the United States they were protected by the right of preemption, and if to a private citizen, it was his interest to let them alone, as there was no danger of the soil being exhausted, and he was thus saved the labor of the first ploughing, which is the most expensive of all the process of cultivation here. Thus these honest, laborious people live quite comfortably, waiting the period of recommencing the canal, and some of them perhaps able to purchase the land on which they reside, provided it is not laid out in cities, which is very probable, for you can hardly put down your foot without crushing one of these mushrooms.

Ottawa, like La Salle, is a real *bona fide* town, with houses and inhabitants. Its age is some twelve or fifteen years, and the number of its people from twelve to fifteen hundred. I found the situation so peculiarly agreeable, and the hotel so comfortable, that I determined to remain awhile, and amuse myself with making little excursions about the neighborhood, than which nothing can be more beautiful. The town stands at the junction of the Fox River with the Illinois. They are both clear, limpid streams, and though coming from far distant lands, meet and mingle together as quietly as if they had been friends from their birth. The scenery is as gentle as the rivers, and as mild and mellow as one of Claude's pictures, that actually makes a real connoisseur yawn and stretch to look at it. In one direction the eye passes over a long narrow prairie, all one rich ex-

panse of grass and flowers, through which the Illinois sometimes hurries rapidly over a ledge of rocks, at others meanders lazily along. On either side of the river, the prairie is bounded by those remarkable terraces which form one of the more beautiful features of this region. They rise abruptly from the green level sward, to the height, I should imagine, of one hundred and fifty feet, in some places presenting a smooth grassy bank, whose ascent is dotted and their summits crowned with trees; in others, walls of perpendicular rocks disposed in regular strata, of varied tints, diversified with all sorts of verdure peeping from out the crevices. These terraces seem created on purpose for houses, from the porches or windows of which the proprietors of the rich fields and meadows beneath, might overlook their beautiful possessions, and thank a bounteous Providence for having cast their lot, not in Araby, but Illinois the blest.

Looking toward the north, from my window at the hotel, the great rolling prairie, extending from Ottawa to Chicago, presented itself in a succession of gentle risings and waving lines, all green, yet of such various shades, that there was nothing like sameness or dull insipidity. The Fox River approaches in this direction, and may be seen stealing its way with many windings of coy reluctance, toward that union with the Illinois where it is to lose its name and identity forever. Indeed, in all directions the views are almost unequaled for softness and delicacy, and I hope I may be pardoned for this vain attempt to communicate to my readers a portion of the pleasure I derived from their contemplation. Travelers have a right to such indulgence, since nothing can be more disinterested than for a man to undergo the fatigue of visiting distant places, merely for the gratification of making others as wise as himself.

Ottawa is a fine place for sportsmen, most especially those disciples of Job and St. Anthony who deal with the fishes. The traditionary fishing in the Illinois and Fox Rivers is capital, and there is scarcely a man to be met with, who has not at least once in his life been eminently successful. But it is certainly somewhat peculiar to the gentle science of angling, that the best fishing is always the greatest way off. It is never where you happen to be, but always somewhere else. It is never in the present tense, but always in the past or the future, However excellent it be on the spot, it is always better somewhere else: and the farther you go, the farther off, to the end of the chapter. Then, ten to one, it is too late, or too early; the sun shines too bright; the wind blows too hard, or does not blow at all. In short, there is ever some untoward circumstance in the way of success, and I know no school of patience and philosophy superior to the noble apprenticeship to angling.

The fishing is however good, both in the Fox River and the Illinois. There is a large species called trout, rather from its habits than appearance, which frequents the rapids, and is a noble subject for the angler; while the vulgar fisherman, who affects the still water, may now and then luxuriate in a cat-fish weighing ten or fifteen pounds, and ugly enough to frighten a member of a militia court-martial. There is also the gar-fish, of great size, whose pleasure it is to let you toss him up into the air, without ever catching him, and then see him plump down into the water with the bait, perhaps hook and all, in his jaws. On the whole, however, the sport is extremely agreeable, and the little excursions to the various points renowned for angling, present such a succession of charming scenes, that no one can complain he toiled all day long and caught no fish, who has preserved the happy faculty of enjoying the smiling earth and balmy air.

Add to this, the prairies abound in a species of grouse, affording equal sport to the fowler and the epicure. I am no shot, but my excellent host, who well deserves a passing notice, and who does credit to the Empire state, of which he is a native, was both a capital shot and a first rate angler. Indeed he could do almost any thing, and merited the title of an universal genius as much as any man I have met with. He would every morning rig out his little wagon, drawn by a rough uncivilized Indian pony, which, like old Virginia, "never tires," and followed by a couple of dogs, sally out on the prairie, whence he never returned without a supply of game. The summer climate is here by no means oppressive; the storms never last a whole day; and, in short, I know few places where a man fond of rural scenes, rural sports, and quiet enjoyments, might spend his time more pleasantly than at the comfortable quarters of mine host at Ottawa, whose name is Delano, and whose house is on the margin of Fox River. "May he live a thousand years, and his shadow never be less."

Leaving Ottawa, I embarked on the sea of the prairie, and after proceeding a few miles came to a settlement of Norwegians, consisting of a little straggling village, encompassed by luxuriant fields of wheat and corn, showing forth the rich rewards of industry operating in a fertile soil. The buildings and other appendages indicated not only comfort but competency, and I could not avoid being struck with the singularity of a community from the remote regions of Northern Europe planting itself in this secluded spot in the very bosom of the New World. Yet this is by no means a solitary example. Go where we will in the great region of the West, we perceive new evidence of the proud and happy destiny of our country, in being above all others on the face of the earth, the land toward which the eager and longing eye of hope is cast from every corner of Christendom: the land to which poverty turns for relief from its sufferings, and the oppressed for the enjoyment of the rights bestowed by God and filched away by man; the land which alone yields an adequate reward to labor, and gives to honest enterprise its fair field for exertion; the land where pining wretchedness never descends as an heir-loom from generation to generation, and want is not, like wealth, hereditary; the New World, which a gracious Providence seems to have reserved as a refuge and a home to the swarms of industrious bees driven from the

parent hive for want of room, want of employment, and want of bread.

This, after all, is the crowning chaplet that adorns the brow of our great republic, and long may it be before it withers. The triumphs of arms, art and literature fade in comparison with those of humanity, and that country which affords the greatest plenty of the necessaries and comforts of life to the greatest proportion of human beings, may justly challenge a pre-eminence over those which place their claims to that distinction merely on the ground of arts and refinements, whose influence is confined to a few, and contributes but little to the happiness, and less to the virtues even of those who make it the sole foundation of their assumptions of superiority. While our country continues to be the refuge of the honest, industrious poor of Europe, who cares for their boasts of those paltry refinements, those exquisite effeminacies, which in all past ages, and in every nation of the world, have been the sure precursors of decay and dissolution. When the descendants of those who were driven to the United States by the privations and discouragements they encountered at home, shall begin to leave the land of their refuge, and return to the bosom of the country of their forefathers in search of bread which they cannot procure here, then, and not till then, may the renovated Old World justly boast of that superiority which is now little more than a dream of long past times.

I have lately seen in some of the English papers exaggerated pictures of the condition of the United States, founded, probably, in the policy of encouraging emigration to her own possessions, or derived from the reports of some few disappointed emigrants who have returned home. It was proclaimed that the country was crushed with debts it never could repay without impoverishing the people by taxation; that labor could neither find employment nor receive adequate reward; that an universal blight had come over the land, and every where withered its prosperity; that the states were bankrupt and the people beggars. All this is sheer declamation. There never has been any thing like widely extended, much less general distress in the United States, arising from a deprivation or curtailment of the necessaries or comforts of life. There never was a time when any class, or any considerable proportion of a class, approached within a thousand degrees, that poverty and destitution which is the common lot of so large a portion of the laboring people of the Old World. The country has at all times been blessed with a plenty, a superfluity, an exuberance of every product essential to human existence, and those who could not obtain them, were either unwilling to make the necessary exertions, or unable to do so by sickness or some other untoward circumstance. The distress complained of is not positive, but comparative. We may be restricted in our luxuries, but the land, from one wide extreme to the other, is absolutely flowing with milk and honey, and it is little less than flying in the face of the bounties of Heaven to complain of hard times, which can only be traced to a superabundance of every thing, and shrink to the earth under the pressure of a debt, the whole of which could be paid in less time than it was contracted, without incurring one-fourth of the burden sustained by the people of England. But we have been spoiled by prosperity. *Fortuna nisirium quem foret stultum facit.* Fifty years of almost uninterrupted prosperity had turned our heads, and it is to be hoped a few years of wholesome reaction will restore us to reason. The sudden cessation of a favorable gale often saves the vessel from running on the rocks and being dashed to pieces.

The prairies have already been described as well perhaps as they ever will be, because they are a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and there is nothing with which to compare them. To tell of what ingredients they are composed is easy enough, but to give a just idea of the effects of their combination, requires analogies not to be found in the other productions of nature, nor in the imagery of the mind. Although substantial realities, they present nothing but deceptions, and I believe it is beyond the power of language, almost imagination, to exaggerate the strange and beautiful combination of what is, and what is not, sporting together in perfect harmony on these boundless plains. The eye becomes at length wearied with being thus perpetually the dupe of imaginary forms, and imaginary distances, while the mind involuntary revolts at the deceptions practiced on the senses. Mr. Bryant in poetry, and Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Catlin in prose, have done all that can be done to convey to those who have never seen them an impression of the effect of these happy eccentricities of nature, and the beautiful phantasmagoria they exhibit forth to the senses and the imagination.

If ever miser were pardoned for coveting his neighbors land, it might be such land as the prairies of Illinois, where man labors almost without the sweat of his brow, and the crops are so abundant that all I heard the good people complain of was having more than they knew what to do with. This is indeed a lamentable state of things, and it were I think much to be wished that some of our philosophical lecturers would discuss the relative advantages of having too much and too little of a good thing. The case of an individual being overburthened with superfluity, is easily disposed of, as he has only to turn it over to his neighbors who may be in want; but when entire communities, states and confederations of states, labor under this inconvenience, where nobody wants, and all have plenty to bestow; in other words, where all wish to sell and nobody cares to buy, it must be confessed there occurs a crisis of such deplorable difficulty, that I can conceive no effectual remedy except two or three years of famine like those which succeeded the seven years of plenty in Egypt. This would consume the mischievous surplus, and rid them of an evil which as it never before occurred, has never been provided against by the wisdom of legislation, which most people believe can perform impossibilities. But be this as it may, I passed over a vast region where the table of every man groaned under superfluities, and every brood of swine wasted more corn than would supply bread to a family of

English manufacturers. Yet I found all, without exception, in the last stage of hopeless despondency, until one day I entered the log-cabin of an old negro woman, a slave, who was enjoying her pipe at ease, and upon asking the usual commonplace question of "how times went with her," was answered with the most cheerful alacrity—"*O bravely, massa. Hens 'gin to lay finely.*" We hear of nations suffering from famine, but my unfortunate countrymen complain of nothing but plenty. Whence comes this strange paradox? Is it because men have sought to invent artificial means of prosperity which act in direct opposition to the great general laws of Providence, and are thus punished for their presumptuous folly by a new, unheard of infliction?

After riding a distance of some seventy or eighty miles on the prairie, over the best natural roads in the world, I halted at the house of a Dutch farmer from the banks of the Hudson, where I heard that old patriarchal language spoken for the first time in many years. There are several descendants of the ancient Hollanders settled in this quarter, to which they are tempted by the broad rich flats, and the easiness of their cultivation. I have observed that those who partake largely in this blood, though almost uniformly steady and industrious in their habits, don't much like hard, fatiguing work. They prefer labor where there is no violent exertion or straining, no heavy burthens to lift or carry, and no call for extraordinary efforts to achieve what may be accomplished in the ordinary way without them. Hence they are great amateurs in good land, easy to cultivate and yielding liberal returns. In this I think they are perfectly right. Without doubt, it is the destiny of civilized man to labor, that is in moderation. But to labor without the rewards of labor; to be for ever toiling, and panting, and sweating over a piece of rough, stony land, on which the malediction of eternal barrenness has been denounced ever since the creation of the world; to be ever sowing wheat and reaping nothing but tares, is in my opinion, utterly unphilosophical, and unworthy of all men who can go farther and fare better.

A particular occasion had drawn together at this spot a large cavalcade of both sexes, gayly caparisoned and well-mounted, many of the females being equipped in riding-habits, hats with feathers, and all more or less picturesque in their appearance. They chose to accompany the carriage to a little town about six or seven miles distant, over a beautiful expanse of prairie, or as it might be aptly termed, "faerie land," exhibiting a succession of grassy lawns and beds of flowers of hundreds of acres, marshaled under different colors, some were red, some blue, and others entirely yellow. It is difficult to imagine a more gay and beautiful spectacle than that presented on this occasion. The sky was sufficiently obscured to temper the glare of sunshine, which is sometimes here painful to the eye, and the playful cavalcade, consisting of perhaps an hundred, indulged in a thousand careless, graceful evolutions on the level greensward, that seemed without beginning or end, and offered no obstruction in any direction. Sometimes a pair of riders of both sexes would dash out from the throng, and scamper away until they appeared like shadows against the distant horizon; and at others, the whole mass would separate in different directions, skimming over the plain like Arabs on their winged steeds, their different colored dresses and picturesque costumes rendering the scene indescribably gay and animating. The females all without exception sat and managed their horses with that perfect skill and grace arising from constant habit, and upon the whole, I never witnessed any exhibition that could compare with this ride on the prairie of Illinois in romantic interest and novelty.

Thus, toward evening, I reached the pleasant town which was to be my resting-place for the night. By some strange perversion of ignorance, or freak of vanity, it is nicknamed Juliet, instead of *Joliet*, from the old pioneer of that name, who established his quarters here in olden time on a mount, which, fortunately, has escaped being travestied into Juliet, and still preserves his name. This mount is one of the most remarkable, as well as beautiful objects in nature. It rises directly from the prairie to the height, I should judge, of more than an hundred feet; is clothed with a rich velvet coat of grass on all sides, as well as at the summit; is entirely distinct from any other eminence; comprises an area of six or eight acres, and is as regular and perfect in construction, form, and outline, as any work of art I ever saw. It has been generally taken by travelers for a creation of those mysterious mound-builders, whose name and history have passed into oblivion, and who have left no memorials of their existence but such as render it only more inexplicable. It is, however, as I ascertained, a production of the cunning hand of Nature, who sometimes, it would seem, amuses herself by showing how much she can excel her illegitimate sister, Art, even in her most successful attempts at imitation. The canal connecting the Illinois with the lakes, runs directly at the foot of this mount, which with something like Gothic barbarity has been deeply excavated on one side, in order to form the outward bank. This process has disclosed a succession of different strata of earth, clay, and gravel, all regularly defined, and evidently not the work of man, but of the world of craters, which beyond doubt covered all the surrounding country, long posterior to the subsiding of the great deluge.

The Sieur Joliet, who tradition says, once resided on the top of this mount, which is flat and comprises several acres of rich meadow, was one of the adventurous heroes who first found their way from Canada to the Valley of the West. Little is known of him, except that he preceded or accompanied La Salle in some of his discoveries on the Mississippi, for which, says Charleroix, "he received a grant of the island of Anticosti, which extends about forty degrees northwest and south-east, and lies at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence. But they made him no great present; it is absolutely good for nothing. It is poorly wooded, its soil is barren, and it has not a single harbor where a ship can lie in safety." I regret to differ with the good father, whose description shows it to be emi-

nently calculated for the site of a great emporium, and am surprised that it has hitherto escaped the notice of our illustrious founders of cities in places where it is all rocks and no water. But be this as it may, the Sieur Joliet is particularly unfortunate in having been rewarded for his services by an island worth nothing, and defrauded by ignorance or vanity of the honor of giving his name to a beautiful and thriving town.

Some fifteen years ago the place occupied by the town of Joliet was the seat of Black Hawk's power. It now contains twelve or fifteen hundred white people, and is a busy, growing place, with reasonable anticipations of becoming considerably larger in good time. The frank, hospitable, spirited, and intelligent people of this noble region of the West, must not, however, calculate too confidently on all their towns becoming great cities because they grow with astonishing rapidity at the first starting. Great cities, like great men, do not spring up in all places and every where. A large portion of these towns, like children, will probably increase in size the first few years, more than in all their lives afterward. Many will stop short in their growth, and many will gradually be swallowed up by some neighboring rival, whose natural advantages, or some fortunate concurrence of circumstances, will enable it to secure the ascendancy, and render all the others tributary to its prosperity. When this ascendency is permanently acquired, nothing but inferior towns can flourish in its immediate vicinity, and like all great bodies, they will become the centre of attraction.

The canal connecting the Mississippi with the Lakes runs through the town, and is here finished in a most admirable and substantial manner. It is identified with the River Des Planes, which has been circumscribed by a wall to prevent its overflowing. There are here two locks, and a basin, equal to any I have ever seen, and indeed, all the permanent stonework of this canal appears to have been done in the most substantial and perfect style. A canal completing a line of inland water communication to the extent of from three to four thousand miles, by a cut of scarcely more than a hundred, through a region which is almost an apparent level, and presents perhaps fewer natural obstructions than any other of the same extent to be found elsewhere, is not only a noble, but a feasible undertaking. Its advantages are too obvious to require enumeration; it is in fact, essentially a national work, and stands a monument of rational foresight, among a thousand visionary schemes of sanguine folly, or selfish fraud. It is already more than two-thirds completed, and I conceive that New York is almost as deeply interested in the final issue as Illinois.

Leaving this fair and flourishing town, which still affords me many agreeable recollections of natural beauty and kind hospitality, I visited in my way to Chicago, the village of Lockport, which has grown up in anticipation of the completion of the canal. The descent of the River Des Planes is here sufficient to afford ample water-power for mills and manufactories, and this, in a country so level that the water half the time does not know which way to run, is quite enough to excite the sanguine adventurers to this promised land to a degree of delirium, and set them "kalkilating," as Sam Slick has it, a hundred degrees beyond the ratio of geometrical progression. There is little reason to doubt that Lockport will become a considerable manufacturing town in process of time, after the canal is finished; but the far-sighted seekers into futurity would perhaps do well to bear in mind, that there must be people before there are cities; that these latter are the children, not the parents of the country, and that it is not good policy to wait so long for the grass to grow that two or three generations of steeds starve in the meantime. It is well to look a little to the present as well as the future, and not be for ever gazing at the shadowy mountain in the distance, least we fall into the ditch directly under our noses.

A few hours ride in a delightful morning, partly over rich cultivated prairie lands, brought me to Chicago, at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. It is a fine town, and notwithstanding the blight of speculation which has swept the land from Dan to Beersheba, continues steadily on the increase. This is the best possible proof of innate constitutional vigor, and affords sufficient augury of its future growth and prosperity. To all these sanguine young cities and citizens, might I assume the universal privilege of giving advice, I would recommend the maxim of the wise Emperor Augustus, though I confess it is somewhat anti-republican to cite such an authority—*festina lente*—hasten slowly—be not in too great a hurry to grow big and to get rich, and do not crow before daylight, like ambitious young roosters, who aspire to be beforehand with the sun.

After remaining three or four days at Chicago, and making several agreeable acquaintances, among which was an enterprising old gentleman of four score, who had come there, as he said, "*to seek his fortune*," I bade farewell to the State of Illinois, bearing on my mind the impression that there was not in any country of the known world, a region of the same extent combining within itself a greater portion of the elements of substantial and enduring prosperity. At the same time, I could not help lamenting that blessed as it is in its soil, its climate, its geographical position, and its industrious population, it had been precipitated from the summit of hope to the lowest abyss of debt and depression, by turning its back on the advantages which nature had gratuitously bestowed, to snatch at others that Providence had withheld. Though the immediate source of these pressing difficulties of the state, is without doubt improvident legislation, yet let not the good people of Illinois lay all the blame on their law-makers and rulers. They were chosen by their own free voices, and in many cases, for the express purpose of carrying out those very projects which in their vast accumulation have created these embarrassments. It was the feverish anxiety, the headlong haste, the insatiable passion for growing rich in a hurry, independently of the exertions of labor and the savings of economy, that brought them and other states where they are

now standing shivering on the verge of bankruptcy.

In the United States the people are the sovereign, and all power either for good or evil emanates from them. If they allow their own passions, or the seductions of others, to lead them astray, it is but a weak evasion to cast the blame on those who were only enabled to perpetrate the offence by the power which they themselves delegated. Let them then set about retrieving the consequences of their adherence to mischievous maxims and habits, by returning to those which if firmly adopted and steadily pursued, will be speedily followed by returning prosperity. Let the contest be, not who is to blame for the evil, but who shall be foremost in proposing an effectual remedy and contributing all in his power to bring it about. In short, let them only save as much in the next, as they wasted in the last twenty years, instead of resorting for relief to the very measure which produced the disease, and place their affairs in the hands of clear-sighted honest men, instead of great financiers, whose only expedient for paying one debt is contracting another, and my life on it, they will redeem themselves in less time than it took to enthral them. But we who live in glass houses should never throw stones. *Illinois has enough of the sisterhood to keep her in countenance.*

A DREAM OF ITALY.

BY CHARLES ALLEN.

Land of Poets, Italy,
As the rivers seek the sea,
Floats my dreaming soul to thee;

And I stand upon the soil,
Where with never ceasing toil,
Careless of the midnight oil,

Poets say the noblest lays—
Artists wrought for Heaven's praise—
Marking time by deeds, not days.

And before my dreaming eyes,
Temples, palaces arise,
Less'ning, fading in the skies,

'Till upon their lifted spires,
Sit the stars, those spirit fires,
List'ning to thy minstrel lyres.

Hark! their music sweeps along—
Lightly dance the waves of song,
Through the air a happy throng;

Bearing on each foamy crest,
Thoughts that wrap the human breast;
Bidding care lie down to rest.

List'ning to each beauteous strain,
Ah! I am a child again,
Full of childish joy and pain;

All unwritten is life's tome,
And my spirit seeks its home,
More beloved than gilded dome,

And around the once loved stream,
Revels free in Music's dream—
Yet, alas! this does but seem.

Music! 't is the voice of Love,
Sweetly floating from above,
Winged like Noah's gentle dove;

Seeking, seeking wearily,
O'er life's deeply flooded sea,
To some higher heart, to flee.

'T is thy voice, thy language too,
Spoken by the Sainted Few,
Who still make thy wonders new.

Love, was exiled Dante's theme;
Love, was Buonaroti's dream—
Raphael took its sunny beam;

'T was the pencil with which he
Wrought for immortality—
Sweet Italia, wrought for thee.

And the chaste Madonna grew,
From that touch so pure and true,
Breathing life, and speaking too.

These are they who speak for thee,
Speak, though toiling silently—
Speak in love, fair Italy.

Thus in visions of the night,
Oft my spirit takes its flight,
Soaring to thy land of light;

But, alas! the op'ning day,
Finds me from thee, far away,
And no more thy minstrel lay,

Floats in sweetness over me;
But the bird sings on the tree,
'Neath the casement blithe and free.

Yes, 't has vanished into air,
And again comes heavy care—
Would, O, would, that I were there;

So my spirit whispers me,
Longing, mourning but to see,
Land of Poets, only thee;

For I 'm lonely, lonely here,
Falls for me no kindly tear—
Love itself has pressed the bier;

And in bitterness of soul,
As the racer to his goal,
Or the magnet to its pole,

So my spirit turns to thee,
Land of sweetest minstrelsy,
Land of Poets—Italy.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

A NEW CHAPTER OF MRS. ALLANBY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"My dear Mary—I know it will be a pleasure to you to become acquainted with my friends who will hand you this—Mrs. Dilberry and her two daughters. They are quite the aristocracy of our town, being very genteel, as you will find, and also independent as to property. They will be entire strangers in your city, and as they have made up their minds to take a trip there, (having the means, they intend to travel a great deal,) it is nothing but proper in me to give them this letter of introduction."

Such was the exordium of a letter signed "Catherine Conolly," and dated from "*Tarry-town*," which I found on the centre-table one morning, after having been down the street to attend to a little business—giving a small order to a confectioner. The writer was an old school-mate of mine, whom, indeed, I had not seen since our school-days. She was Kitty Colville then—a fair, fat, freckled, *squashy*-looking girl, who was a sort of common favorite from the good-nature with which she bore being the butt of our tricks, and the scape-goat of our trespasses. She afterward married a young country doctor, and, as I had learned, was settled in some out-of-the-way village of which I had never known the name until I saw it at the head of her letter. I caught myself smiling as I laid down the missive, it was so characteristic of poor Kitty. After telling about her children, four in number, who were called after their grandfathers and grandmothers, John and Jacob, and Ruth and Sophia; and her husband, who had so much practice that he wore out a pair of saddle-bags every two years, she had filled the remainder of her page with apologies for her pen, ink, and bad writing. The neat but constrained chirography, into which she had been drilled at school by a teacher standing over her, had deteriorated into a scrawl, cramped here and straggling there, and the orthography testified that she no longer wrote with a dictionary at her elbow. "To chronicle small-beer," it was very evident, had long been the extent of her literary efforts.

My heart always warms at the memory of my early days, and of those in any way pleasantly connected with them, and I felt glad to have an opportunity to prove to my old companion that I still remembered her with kindness. I took up the three cards which had been left with the letter. They had all been cut out of Bristol-board, and that not by square and rule. The first was inscribed with ink in a large, round hand, "*Mrs. Dilberry, Tarry-town*," with the addition, in pencil, of "*W—— Hotel.*" The second was got up in similar style, the name being "*Miss Esther Ann Dilberry*"—both having the down-strokes dotted and scalloped for ornament. The third was still more ambitious—"*Miss Jane Louisa Dilberry*" being encircled with a painted wreath of roses, torches, doves, and quivers, with other etceteras, the execution of which, on watch papers and other fancy wares, was once indispensable to the perfection of young-lady-craft. They were any thing but *comme-il-faut*, but recollecting that my future acquaintances were from a region where cards were by no means a necessary of life, I thought it unfair to make them the basis of any prejudications. To give my correspondent the due of prompt action upon her letter, I set off without delay for the W—— Hotel, though I could not well spare the time for a long walk and a visit, for I had invited a small party to tea, to meet an agreeable Englishman and his accomplished wife, to whom my husband owed the rights of hospitality, and my preparations were yet to be made. The ladies had not returned to the hotel when I reached it, and leaving my card with an invitation to tea penciled upon it, and the hour specified, I hastened home.

The hour for tea had arrived and my company had nearly all assembled, when I heard strange voices on the stairway, and presuming them to be those of the party from the W—— Hotel, I stepped out, to go through the ceremony of introduction with them, before presenting them to the rest of my guests. I was right in my conjecture, though their appearance was such as to take me aback considerably. Mrs. Dilberry was a short, coarse, oily-looking woman, with very light, round eyes, a low, slender nose, almost hidden between a pair of puffy, red cheeks, and a plump mouth, turned down at the corners. Though it was a warm summer evening, she was dressed in a heavy reddish brown silk, with a cape of the same. The remainder of her costume was a fine, though out-of-fashion French-work collar, a cap of coarsely-figured net, trimmed with thick cotton lace, intermixed with a quantity of common, deep-pink artificial flowers, of which the green leaves looked like plain glazed paper, and a very coarse pocket-handkerchief, with which she fanned herself incessantly. Her daughters, whose names she pronounced as Easter Ann and Jane Louyza, were quite as little prepossessing. The elder, who must have been thirty, was tall, spare and sour, with a sallow complexion, and a little turned up nose, quite out of proportion with her long upper lip, and the general dimensions of her face. The other, who looked ten years younger, was a youthful likeness of the mother, short, fat, and florid. From her manner it was apparent that she set up for a beauty. They both had on summer dresses—that of Miss Esther Ann having straight, perpendicular stripes, which made her look still taller, while the dumpiness of the sister seemed

to be increased by one of a horizontal or run-round pattern; and they both wore clumsy, high-colored head trimmings, which had been somewhat in vogue the winter of the preceding year.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, wiping her face with her handkerchief, "I am so flustered and fagged out!"

"We had such a time hunting up a cap for maw," rejoined Miss Jane Louisa.

"Not that she did not bring plenty along," corrected Miss Esther Ann, "but we thought that, as it was likely she would go out a great deal, she ought to have one of the newest fashion for evening dress."

But the tea-trays were going into the drawing-room, and I hurried my trio after them. Whilst I was providing them with seats and introducing them to their neighbors, I heard on different sides of me a strange, burring, ticking sound, for which I could not account, and which, I perceived, attracted the attention of others beside myself. During the course of the evening I discovered its cause. Each of the three had at her side a large gold repeater, which, having all been set by the same time, had simultaneously struck eight.

In a movement to make room for my new arrival, Mr. Aylmere, my husband's English friend—(Mr. Allanby, by the by, had that morning been called unexpectedly away for several days, and I was doing the honors alone)—had taken possession of a seat next to that of Miss Esther Ann. I had a misgiving as to the impression he was likely to receive, but did not therefore evade the civility of introducing her. A few minutes afterward I caught the thread of a dialogue between them.

"We intend to stay several weeks," said she, "and we expect to see a great deal of city society. We brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Allanby from one of her most particular friends, a physician's lady, and of course she will think it her duty to make her circle acquainted with us. I dare say this party is intended for that."

"Have you no older acquaintances in the city?" asked Mr. Aylmere.

"None that we shall claim. There are several persons from here that we were introduced to at different times in our own neighborhood, but we always found out afterward that they were not in the first circle, and we would not think it our place to keep up the acquaintance even if we should happen to fall in with them."

I acknowledge myself afflicted, in some degree, with what is called our "national thin-skinnedness" to the opinion of an intelligent and well-bred foreigner of any of my own countrymen or women; even such of them as I may despise myself; I, therefore, heartily wished my curious and quizzical-looking Englishman in the farthest corner of the room. I had not, however, at the moment, the ingenuity to send him there, and, instead, I made an effort to change the conversation. But my attention was called off directly, and I next heard him say—

"Then in your neighborhood you recognize various grades of society?"

"That we do. Our town has three or four classes. Our own set are very exclusive, having none but lawyers and doctors, and the most genteel of the storekeepers, and we are very particular what strangers we pay attention to. We never call on any, of late, unless we find out that they are number one at home."

"And I suppose it is somewhat difficult to ascertain that," rejoined Mr. Aylmere.

"Not at all, sir. We know the names of two or three of the most genteel families in each of the large cities, and if the strangers are city people, some one finds out whether they know any of those. If they do n't, we set them down for nobodies. If they are not from the cities, we find out what they do at home, and if they are professional, or live on their means, we know that they are exclusive; if not we keep clear of them. Tarry-town is considered a very proud place."

"Has your town a large population to select from?"

"Considerable—eight hundred or so. Though it is not a county-town, we have four lawyers, two of them, however, do n't practice, owning farms around the town; my brother is one of the two others. And we have three physicians, Mrs. Allanby's friend being the lady of one of them. The botanic doctor we do n't count."

"Do your rules of admission and rejection apply farther than to native Americans? If a foreigner, like myself for instance, were to go among you, how is it likely he would be received?"

"Of course according to his standing in his own country," replied Miss Esther Ann, with imperturbable self-importance; "we understand very well how people are divided off in foreign countries, for we read a great deal. There 's my sister, she positively swallows every novel she can lay her hands on, and it is surprising what a knowledge she has of the world and fashionable life. She says she would know a nobleman at a glance by his distingué air, (pronounced *a la Anglaise;*) maw does n't encourage her in it—like most elderly persons, maw has very old-fashioned notions; she tells her it teaches her to look too high."

"And I am to infer that, according to the code of Tarry-town, you would hesitate to admit foreigners, unless they should be noblemen?" persisted Mr. Aylmere.

"Certainly, or grandees, or gentry, I believe the English call them. We have it on the best authority that no others are noticed in the large cities—that is, by the first people—and what is not good enough for them is not good enough for us. We think ourselves on a par with any city people, and, when we go to a city, nothing ought to satisfy us but the first. Birds of a feather ought always to flock together, in my opinion, and I 'm sure, that after taking the lead in Tarry-town, if ever I went to Europe, I should make myself very choice of my associates. Europeans have the same right when they come here. Those that are aristocracy at home have a right to be aristocracy every where else, and no others, and those

that are not, and push themselves forward, are no better than impostors."

"Then I am afraid I should stand a chance to be *tabooed* at Tarry-town," said Mr. Aylmere, "for I am an English merchant."

During the progress of this conversation. Mrs. Dilberry, with a loud, though wheezing voice, was panting through a long harangue to Mrs. Aylmere, and two other ladies, in whose midst she had anchored herself.

"I expected a great deal of pleasure in shopping when I came to the city," said she, "but it 's precious little I 'm likely to have, for shopping without making bargains is but a dry business. We tried it yesterday and this morning, my daughters and me, and plague a thing could we find that was any thing to signify cheaper than in the stores at Tarry-town. I told the girls that I now believed what the man said in the newspapers, that people in the city all live by cheating one another. One would think that as they live at head-quarters, some of them could now and then pick up things for little or nothing and sell them at half-price, but it seems they are all leagued together to get whatever they can. We went from one end of a street to the other, and every place they had pretty much the same goods, and asked the same prices, unless it was here and there where they put up every thing monstrously high, just to come down little by little on being jewed, and then they never got lower than their next door neighbors. I was talking about it to one of the boarders at the hotel, old Mrs. Scrooge, a very sharp, sensible woman—some of you ladies know her, I dare say. She let me into a secret about shopping, that is well worth knowing. She says it is bad policy for people to go shopping with their best bib and tucker on, for if they look as if they are well off in the world, it 's a sure way to be taken advantage of, and that when she starts off among the stores, she always puts on a calico gown and a black straw bonnet which she keeps for that and for funerals."

"And does her plan work well?" asked one of the ladies, at length breaking in upon the monologue.

"Just wait, I am coming to it. She says that she had three nieces that came to the city to buy finery. They were very dressy women, and they wished to lay in a good supply. She told them her plan, but they hooted the thoughts of going into the street looking common, so they fixed themselves up, and went in their carriage, having made up their minds not to purchase at once, but to go every where first and get samples. Well, Mrs. Scrooge offered to assist them in gathering samples, but not a foot would she set in their carriage, but puts on her old things, and goes out after them, and sometimes into the very places where they were. When they all got back and compared samples, she showed the others that she could get many of the self-same things six or eight per cent. lower than they could. She says that she has crowed over them ever since. I 'm sure I 'm much obliged to her for giving me the hint, and I don't think any one will catch me shopping again with a silk dress on, and a four-dollar collar, and a gold watch at my side. I shall wear my old winter bonnet that I traveled in, and my faded mousseline de laine dress, and then they 'll have to put their goods down to suit my appearance. The girls say if I do I may go alone, for they have no notion to look common, and while they are in the city they mean to put the best foot foremost. Easter Ann says we should always stand upon our dignity—she 's very dignified herself. As to Jane Louyza, she says it looks mean and matter-of-fact to be always counting the cost, and that if I 'd let her, she would take every thing without asking the price, particularly when she is waited on by some of the spruce, handsome, fashionable young gentlemen that cut such a dash, showing off the goods to ladies. But they 'll learn better when they get older; indeed, Easter Ann is old enough now—she 's no chicken, though she do n't like me to tell her so, and I should n't wonder if they 'd learn to look after the main chance as well as their mother before them. If I had n't been uncommon keen in money matters their poor father would n't have died worth his twenty thousand cash, beside farms and stock, leaving them to sit up like ladies, with their hands in their laps."

Miss Jane Louisa was sitting close by, engaged in what she called a "desperate flirtation" with two astonished-looking young men, the only beaux in the room, whom she seemed determined to monopolize, one of them being my brother-in-law, George Allanby, a youth of eighteen. She discussed love and matrimony with much languishment of manner, and novelty of pronunciation, and criticised her favorite novels after the following fashion:

"Ain't the 'Bride of the Brier-field' beautiful? Do n't tell me you have not read it!—dear me!—I was perfectly on thorns till I got it. Araminta is so sweet, I almost cried my eyes out when she died. Of course you 've read the 'Pirate of Point Peepin?' Oh, how I do hate him! I declare I never see black whiskers on any of the gentlemen in the street that I a 'n't ready to scream, they put me so much in mind of Don Hildebrando."

Intent upon conquest as she was, the loud accents of her mother sometimes disturbed the tenor of her softer themes, and she showed her apprehension that the old lady's discourse might not be in unison with the general tone of the company, by occasionally interpolating, "Just listen to maw!—did you ever know any one so old-fashioned;" or, "maw will always talk so, but you city people will get used to her ways after a while;" or, "maw is so independent, she always says whatever comes into her head."

I thought it time to interpose between the loquacity of Mrs. Dilberry and the politeness of her listeners, and placing myself beside her, I made inquiries in a low voice about our friend in common, Mrs. Conolly. But she was one of those people who are always best satisfied with a numerous auditory; and punching the shoulder of Mrs. Aylmere, while she pushed the knee of another lady, she re-commenced in a still higher key.

"I believe I did n't tell you ladies how I happened to be in such good company. I brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Allanby from one of her most

particular friends, and that makes me feel quite at home with her, and almost as if she was a blood relation. You 'll really have to come to Tarry-town, Mrs. Allanby, to pay a visit to Mrs. Conolly. I 'm sure you 'll never repent the expense of the journey, for she is settled very comfortably, and will introduce you to nobody but the very top of the town. Like my young people, she 's mighty particular about her associates. She is changed a good deal though, for looks—more, I dare say, than you have, Mrs. Allanby; but considering the wear and tear of married life, and the way she has to expose herself, for help is scarce in our section; not more so, perhaps, than might be expected, particularly when she is fixed up—which, to be sure, might be oftener, for she began to be careless in her dress almost as soon as she was married, and, though she has four children running about—troublesome, dirty little limbs, I can't help saying—some of the wedding finery she brought out with her is quite good yet. She is a good deal more freckled, too, than she used to be, but that is no wonder, for I 've seen her, many a time, out in the broiling sun in the garden cutting lettuce, without any thing on her head—she never was proud—except, indeed, a black bobinet cap; they are very much worn with us, as they save washing and are economical. And she has lost her two front teeth; no, I believe it is a front and an eye-tooth, and that, you know, always makes people look older. Her figure, though, looks genteeler than ever, for she is not so fat. The doctor says she is getting as poor as Job's turkey. Did you never see the doctor, Mrs. Allanby? he is as thin as a weasel, himself, but a mighty money-making little man. I did a great deal to get him into business, and he now goes along swimmingly. He first bought the house they live in, and last year he put up a new kitchen, and this spring he bought a handsome sofa and marble-topped table for the parlors. I should n't wonder if in a year or two he 'd build an office, and have two parlors in his house, with folding-doors between them, as that is getting to be the fashion in Tarry-town. Some of us are pretty stylish."

My friends, at length, began to withdraw, and I was at last left alone with the Dilberrys. The three repeaters struck eleven, and their mistresses exchanged whispers, and said something about getting back to their hotel.

"You rode, I presume?" said I.

"Not we, indeed," returned Mrs. Dilberry; "I had enough of your hack-riding this morning. We did not know how to find the way here, so the landlord told us we had better take one of the hacks near the door. Well, we tried it, and, after we got back, though we had n't once got out, except to look at some balzarines and lawns at two or three stores, the impudent black fellow had the face to charge us a dollar. This evening we knew that we could find the place well enough, and we started as soon as we saw the gas lighted in some of the shops, for we had to stop by the way to buy me a cap—the girls having got a notion into their heads, I suppose from their novels, that things intended for evening dress ought always to be bought by candle-light. After trouble enough I found a cap—this I have on; and was asked a pretty price, two dollars, only I jewed the woman down to one and three-quarters. When we came to your street we took the omnibus, and were let out down here at the corner. We thought, that as you had invited young ladies, you would of course provide beaux to gallant them home."

"I can't say," observed Miss Esther Ann, waving her neck with much dignity, "that it was exactly treating strangers with politeness, in Miss Duncan and Miss Edwards to walk off with the only two beaux, and leave us without any."

"The young gentlemen escorted them here," said I, "and according to custom were privileged to see them home. If I had known however, ladies, that you were unprovided with an escort, I should have requested my brother-in-law to return for you. But I will see what can be done. I have no carriage to offer you, my husband having taken our little turnout to the country."

I went out to direct my man-servant to attend them, but was reminded that I had given him permission to go to his family, in which there was sickness, after the refreshments had been served. There was nothing now to be done but to ask my guests to remain over night. I did so, and the invitation was accepted with a hale-fellow-well-met jocularity quite uncalled for.

Dinner, the next day, found me still playing the hostess to my Tarry-town party, whose cool at-homeness seemed ominous of a still more protracted visit. After we had left the table, George Allanby, unsuspicious of my being so occupied, called in. He was saluted with a bantering familiarity by the old lady, and with the most frigid reserve by her daughters. Miss Jane Louisa walked to the front windows, upon which she drummed perseveringly with her fingers, while her sister slowly paced the floor with measured steps, her head elevated, and her nostrils turned up as if they were snuffing the ceiling. Mrs. Dilberry exchanged glances with them, and then addressed herself to my brother-in-law:

"I suppose, Mr. Allanby," said she, "you are very much taken by surprise to see us still spunging on your sister-in-law, but I must make free to tell you there 's nobody to be blamed for it but yourself. I can't say I would give you city young men the choice over our country beaux for good manners, for you took yourselves off last night, and left us three ladies in the lurch, without a single soul to see us safe back to our tavern. I told the girls I 'd speak my mind about it. I 'm one of that kind that make no bones about speaking what they think, and then it 's all over with me."

I hastened to interpose with an explanation to the disturbed-looking youth, who seemed quite unconscious of the nature of his offence, but the old lady interrupted me by continuing—

"Mrs. Allanby has done her best to make us comfortable, and, indeed, I think myself in such good quarters, that, for my own part, I do n't feel in any hurry to get away, but the girls have been in the

dumps ever since. Jane Louyza, as you may see, is on a pretty high horse, and Easter Ann is sky-high, as she always is when she thinks she should stand on her dignity," and she nodded and winked toward them.

"I exceedingly regret if I have failed in proper politeness," said George. "I am ready to offer a thousand apologies, or any *amendé* you may suggest."

"Well, now, that 's getting out of the scrape handsomely, after all," returned Mrs. Dilberry. "I knew from the way you and Jane Louyza got along last night that you could easily make it up, and would soon be as thick as two pick-pockets. Here, Jane Louyza, Mr. Allanby is ready to shake hands and be friends, and he says he is willing to make any amends you please for being impolite;" and as Miss Jane Louisa approached, simpering and holding out her large, red hand, her mother added: "There, now, you have him in your power. You know you always said you would jump out of your skin to see an opera, and now 's your time. I dare say he would think he was getting off very well to take you there to-night."

"Certainly, ma'am," said poor George, coloring and stammering with the embarrassment common to his years, and turning to the daughters, he blundered on—"I shall be happy if Miss Jane Ann—that is, if both the young ladies will honor me with their company."

"With the greatest of pleasure," curtseyed the ecstatic Jane Louisa.

"The favor is to us," rejoined the dignified Esther Ann.

"You are not to trick me that way, you young people," exclaimed Mrs. Dilberry. "I should like to go to the theatre as well as any of you, and if you a' n't civil enough to invite me, I 'll go whether or no. Let 's all go, Mrs. Allanby, and have a jolly time of it. You and I can beau each other."

I excused myself with rather more energy than was necessary.

"Well, I mean to go, anyhow," resumed the old lady, "though, of course, I 'll pay my own way. It would be imposing upon Mr. Allanby to make him go to the expense of paying for so many of us."

"Not at all, ma'am," said George, looking still redder and more frightened, "where shall I call for you?"

There was a pause, but as I had not the grace to break it by answering "here," Miss Esther Ann had to reply—

"We stop at the W—— Hotel," and the conscripted squire of dames made a precipitate retreat.

"We 'll have to go back to the hotel, maw, at once," said Miss Jane Louisa, "for you know ladies must always go to the opera in full-dress. I 'll have to press out my book-muslin dress, and take the wreath off my bonnet to wear on my head, and Easter Ann must fix something to put on."

"That will be quite unnecessary," said I, anticipating all sorts of mortifications for my inexperienced brother-in-law, "you may have seats where you will be able to see and hear every thing, without being so conspicuous as to make any material change in your dress necessary. Strangers, who neither know any one nor are known themselves, generally prefer being unobserved, and saving themselves the trouble of much dressing. You will all do very well just as you are."

"What do you say, girls," said Mrs. Dilberry; "that might do well enough for you and me, Mrs. Allanby," giving me a wink, "but I do n't know how these two would like to hide their light under a bushel. Girls like to give the beaux a chance to look at them wherever they can, and I must say it 's natural enough. As to the trouble of dressing, why we 've got nothing else to do here, and people that have the wherewith may as well put it on their backs.

The young ladies did not give their sentiments, but exchanged glances and whispered together, and Miss Esther Ann formally proposed going up for their bonnets. Reiterating their hopes of being able to catch an omnibus, to save them the fatigue of a long, warm walk, they took leave, not forgetting to volunteer abundant assurances that they would call every day and make themselves quite at home with me.

As soon as they were gone I wrote a note to George, instilling a little worldly wisdom by means of advising him to go late to the theatre, when the front seats would be filled, and to place his companions where they would attract as little notice as possible.

The next morning whilst I was at breakfast, the young man came in.

"Well, George, how did the opera come off?" asked I.

"You mean the by-play, in which I was concerned," said he, passing his hand over his face. "Do n't talk to me about chivalry toward all womankind again! But I 'll let you have it from the beginning. In the first place, I took your advice, and went to the W—— Hotel rather late. I was shown into what, I presume, was the ladies' saloon, for there were a couple of dozens of female faces, of all sorts, turned toward me, as if I were something anxiously expected, and very queer when I had come. I understood it all in a minute, though, for right in the middle of the room, parading between two tall glasses, in which they could see themselves back and front, were the Dilberrys, the objects of all the nodding and tittering I had observed before I came in for my share of attention. The old lady espied me first, and puffing out, loud enough to be heard all over the room, 'here he comes girls—here comes our beau at last,' she ran forward as if she were going to seize hold of me, the other two following with their arms, grace-like, twined about each other. 'La, Mr. Allanby, you have served us a pretty trick—keeping us waiting so long!' exclaimed Miss Esther Ann, 'I should n't wonder if we were not to get seats at all.' 'I 'm ready to pout at you, I wanted so to see every body come in,' said the other. 'We were almost ready to give you up, and had all these ladies com-

forting us,' said Mrs. Dilberry; 'here we've been, dressed from top to toe, for an hour or more, Jane Louyza walking and standing about, in broad daylight, with her arms and neck bare, for fear we should n't be ready in time, for we thought that as you had made up your mind to lay out your money, you 'd like us to get as much for it as possible.' I escorted them to the carriage, assuring them they would be in time enough."

"But what about their dress, George?" said I.

"You know I never can make any thing out of describing a lady's dress. Mrs. Dilberry looked very choked-up, and melting and greasy, and had on that abominable frizzly cap that struck us all so last night; and Miss Esther Ann had on a white frock with old dark kid-gloves, and three brown cockades stuck on top of her head that made her look full six feet high; but Jane Louyza, as they call her, was the beauty! Her dress was one of those stiff, thin ones, that stand out like hogsheads, and are nearly as hard to bend. Such a crushing and pushing as there was to get it into the carriage, and down between the seats! Her neck was—I can't tell you how bare, and her arms and hands ditto, only that on the latter she had little tight mitts, that looked like the skin tatooed. She had a wreath of artificial blue and purple roses on her head, and a quantity of ribbon flying in tags from each shoulder and from her back and front. But such arms and neck—so red and beefy!"

"And where did you get seats?"

"In one of the side boxes, three benches back—the very place I could have wished—but, as my luck would have it, a lady in the front row took sick, and her party left the theatre with her. Before I could have thought of such a thing, my fair charges pushed forward into the three vacant places, beckoning me to follow, and calling me by name loudly enough to be heard half over the house. Of course it drew all the eyes in the neighborhood upon them, and I observed that the Hallowells, and the Sewards, and the Wilkinses were in the next box; Joe Nicols was with them, and had the impudence to lean over and ask me, 'Who the mischief have you here, George? country cousins, hey?'—and there they sat chattering and laughing at full voice, evidently greatly flattered by being so much stared at."

"But of course, you had a respite when the opera commenced?"

"Just wait—as the old lady says. The curtain rose in a few minutes, and then each of them had to turn to me for explanations. 'Dear me! is that one of your brag singers, the great Mrs. S——!' said Miss Esther Ann, 'how affected she is! Did you ever see any body roll her eyes so!' 'And what a mouth she has!' said Jane Louisa, 'you could almost jump down her throat! I do n't see any sense in such singing—Sarah Tibbets in our choir can go far ahead of that!' 'And how scandalous it is for a married woman to be looking up that way in a young man's face,' put in the old lady, 'she surely must be painted up, such a color never was natural, and what loads of extravagant finery! I wonder what all her spangles cost?'

"At length there was a hiss beneath the box, and I directed their attention to it, informing them that it was meant to command silence, it being contrary to custom to talk during the performance. Mrs. Dilberry rolled up her eyes, and put her tongue into her cheek by way of being humorous, Miss Esther Ann screwed her shoulders and answered me huffishly that she supposed they should know how to behave, and Jane Louisa giggled, and kept her handkerchief to her mouth, every few moments looking back at me, as if it were an excellent joke.

"When the first act was over, a gentleman who sat between them and me, and who must have been exceedingly annoyed by their constantly leaning past him, proposed that I should exchange seats with him, which I could not refuse, though it made matters worse for me. 'Why do n't you admire my bouquet, Mr. Allanby?' said Jane Louisa, poking in my face a great clumsy bunch of larkspurs, ragged-robins, mallows, and those coarse, yellow lilies that shut up at night, garnished by a foliage of asparagus, 'I was in despair about a bouquet for my evening-dress, when, luckily, I came across this when we walked through the market-house on our way from your sister's. I do doat on bouquets.' 'Now do stop talking about that borquay,' interrupted the old lady, 'after such nonsensical extravagance as throwing away money for it. Why at home we could get a wheelbarrow full of such trash out of any body's garden for nothing. But it seems to me you city people would be for making money out of the very dirt in the gutters.' 'La, maw, they only cost a sixpence, but you are so matter-of-fact, you do n't love flowers; we do, though, do n't we, Mr. Allanby?' said Miss Jane Louisa.

"'If you had told Mr. Allanby you wanted a bouquet,' observed Esther Ann, 'I dare say he would have brought you one, for we've heard that city gentlemen make it a point to give bouquets to ladies they wish to be polite to, and do n't mind how much they have to pay for them.'

"When the curtain rose again, the eye of Jane Louisa was caught by one of the understrappers, a tall fellow with a huge false *moustache*. 'Who is that splendid looking young man!' exclaimed she—not one of them having discernment enough to make out a single performer or character from the bill and the play; 'is n't he beautiful! I'm quite in love with him, I declare; why do n't they applaud him, Mr. Allanby? he 's so elegant!' and greatly to my relief, she was so much taken up in looking at her new hero, and in watching for his appearance, that she withdrew her attention from me.

"At length, toward the finale, when S—— excelled himself in one of his master-pieces, two or three bouquets were thrown upon the stage at his feet. 'What was that for?—why are they throwing their flowers away?' asked Miss Esther Ann. I explained that it was an expression of admiration. 'Dear me!' said Jane Louisa, 'I'd be very sorry to pay such a compliment to such an ugly fellow—he 's not fit to hold a candle to my favorite.' The favorite immediately made his appearance in a

chorus, and took his place not far from the box in which we sat. Just as he opened his capacious mouth, Jane Louisa, with the confidence of a boy throwing stones, pitched her bouquet at him. The great clumsy thing came down *flop* against his face, breaking his *moustache* from its moorings, and sweeping it to the floor. The galleries clapped, the pit hissed, one or two of the minor actors laughed, and it was some moments before the singing could go on. I felt, as you ladies say, like sinking through the floor; and I believe I did crouch as low as possible among the people around me. How I got back to the hotel with my tormentors I can't tell, for it appears like a vexatious dream. I remember, however, that, while they were going up the steps, one of them said I should tell you they would call this morning to get you to go the rounds of the dressmakers with them."

This was a duty for which I had no inclination, and I concluded to dispose of myself by spending the day with a friend, knowing, from the specimens I had had of the familiarity of my new acquaintances, that the mere excuse of "very much engaged," delivered by a domestic, would be insufficient to protect me from their society. Accordingly I went out as soon as possible after breakfast, and did not return until evening. As I had anticipated, the "country ladies," as the servants called them, had inquired for me morning and afternoon, and had left a message purporting that they would come again next day.

The following morning I had some business which called me from home several hours. When I returned to dinner, I was surprised to find the entry lumbered full of furniture, evidently from an auction —a dozen of chairs, of the kind "made to sell," very loose-jointed, and with flabby seats of thin haircloth; a sofa to match; a centre-table, with its top, as large as a mill-wheel, turned up against the wall, and a piano, which must have had some pretensions fifteen or twenty years back, being much ornamented with tarnished brass or gilding, and supporting five or six disabled pedals.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, to the servant who let me in; "where did all these articles come from?"

"Did n't you send them, ma'am?"

"I!—what in the world should I want with such things?"

"So we thought, ma'am; but they came in two furniture carriages, and the man said the lady told him to bring them here—they had our number on a card."

"It is a stupid mistake—I know nothing about it; and upon my word, they have broken the walls in several places, bringing their lumber in."

"And that 's not all, ma'am—they threw over the hat-rack, turning up that monstrous table, and knocked out two of the pins, beside breaking the little looking-glass."

And so they had; but there was nothing else to be done than to wait patiently until the real proprietor appeared.

I had just finished my dinner when I heard a bustle in the hall, and hastened out, presuming that I was to be rid of my unwelcome storage, and desirous to superintend its removal. Who should I find but Mrs. Dilberry and her daughters. Miss Jane Louisa had already the lid of the piano thrown up, while her sister was trying the chairs, and the old lady sitting, or rather bouncing herself up and down on the sofa.

"Oh, Mrs. Allanby, we 've had the best luck this morning!" they all cried at once; "do tell us what you think of our bargains!"

"Stop, girls, and let me talk;" said Mrs. Dilberry, peremptorily. "Well, to begin at the beginning, Mrs. Allanby, we had laid out to buy two or three pieces of furniture, to set off our parlors—a pyanna, for one—ours, that the girls learnt on, that is Jane Louyza, being rather old-timey—(it was left to me by my Aunt Easter, in her will;) so Mrs. Scrooge, at the tavern—an uncommon sharp, sensible woman—told us we would be fools to pay shop prices for things when we could get them at auction, almost as good, for little or nothing. Well, this morning she hunted up a sale for us, and took us to it, and we 've had all these things knocked off to us for—now could you guess what, Mrs. Allanby?—upon my word, for what we had made up our minds to pay for a pyanna! and the best of it is, the chairs and sofa are new, spick and span. The auctioneer said that not a soul had ever sat on them before. They did n't belong to the furniture of the house at all, but to himself, and he had just brought them there to sell, for his own convenience. But the pyanna—just think of it!—I may as well tell you what it cost, Mrs. Allanby, though it would never do to let it be known in Tarry-town;" and she added in a whisper, "only sixty-one dollars!"

"Do try it, Mrs. Allanby," said Jane Louisa; "some of the strings are broken, to be sure, and the pedals don't seem to work, but when it is fixed up, it will be delightful."

I agreed that it must have been a fine affair in its day.

"And the centre-table," rejoined Esther Ann, "think of such a centre-table selling for fifteen dollars—pure mahogany! when it is varnished, and has a new castor, one being broken, it will be beautiful—or even if it were just rubbed up with oil and turpentine; indeed, for my part, I prefer second-hand furniture to new—it looks more respectable, as if we had it some time. Our old furniture at home I'm very proud of—no one that sees it can call us upstarts."

"Yes," added Mrs. Dilberry, "there 's the pyanna, and the book-case, and the pair of card-tables—"

"Do n't say upstarts, sister;" said Jane Louisa, hurrying to drown her mother's voice; "I 'm sure you know it is the fashion to call them *parvenues!*"

"Upon my word," resumed the old lady, still see-sawing up and down on the sofa, to enjoy its springs, "it will make talk enough in Tarry-town, when we get home with such lots of stylish things; they 'll call us prouder than ever; but when people

can be grand for quarter price, they 'd be gumpies to let the chance slip through their fingers."

Still the point that most concerned me, why they had been deposited in my charge, had not yet been broached, and I ventured to hint at it.

"Sure enough, we forgot to mention it;" said Mrs. Dilberry; "we could not take the things to the hotel, you know, so we told the men they might as well bring them here. I suppose they might be removed into the parlors at once."

I remarked that my parlors were already as full of furniture as was desirable, and that their best plan would have been to have had them removed—at once to some cabinet-makers shop to be repaired, and boxed for transportation.

"That was what Mrs. Scrooge thought," returned Mrs. Dilberry, "but we went to two or three shops and found they charged such different prices, that I made up my mind to wait, and go round to a dozen at least, till I could find out where the best bargain was to be made. So you may as well put them among your own things and have the credit of them till I can look about a little."

I had no resource now but to send the chairs to the third story, the table to the dining-room, and to leave the sofa and piano where they stood. Whilst her possessions were being moved by the servants, Mrs. Dilberry ran about the house giving orders as if quite at home.

"Now I must tell you about our tower among the mantua-makers," said she, at length settling herself in the drawing-room, and mopping her face with her handkerchief, after her exercise; "but, girls, why do n't you follow my example and take your bonnets off? Do n't wait to be coaxed—Mrs. Allanby do n't expect you to make strangers of yourselves with her; as we 've come to spend the afternoon, we may as well be comfortable first as last. But where was I about the mantua-makers? Oh, I believe I had n't began. Well, a lady at the tavern gave us the names of three of them, written on a card, with directions where they were to be found. So we got into an omnibus, in front of the hotel, and were let out at the corner next to the place that was nearest. We soon found the house—as I'm alive, a large three-story brick, with marble steps, and nothing like a sign about it. But the name was on the door-plate, and we rang the bell. A black boy took us into the parlors, and what should we see but Brussels carpets, and looking-glasses as tall as yours, and spring-seated chairs, and a pyanna, and every thing as fine as you please. 'Mercy on us, maw,' says Jane Louyza, 'there 's nothing looks like a mantua-maker's here!' I thought so myself, and told the girls we had better slip out before any body came; but Easter Ann would not hear to it—she said it would look undignified, and, says she, 'If we are mistaken, maw, let me make the apology.'

"In a few minutes a lady steps in, dressed in a handsome black silk wrapper, with a watch at her side, looking as stiff as a poker. 'We were told that we would find Mrs. N——, the mantua-maker, here, ma'am,' says I.

"'I am Mrs. N——,' says she, stiffer, if any thing, than before.

"'We have three dresses to make, ma'am,' says Easter Ann; 'perhaps it would n't be convenient for you to undertake them?'

"'I am always prepared to do any amount of work,' says she.

"'What may be your charges, ma'am?' says I.

"'That depends upon the material, and the style in which it is to be made,' says she.

"'One is a silk, and the other two are balzarines,' says I.

"'And we want them made fashionably,' put in Jane Louyza.

"'I make every thing fashionably,' says she, as high as if she was the president's lady.

"We had our bundles with us, and we opened them, and though our dresses are beautiful, considering how cheap we got them, she looked at them without saying a word, and did n't even deign to take them in her hands. 'I want mine made quite plain,' says I; 'but my daughters will expect to have theirs flounced off to the top of the mode—mine 's the silk one. But we 'll have to settle first what you 'll take to do the job—it 's a large one, remember, ma'am—three dresses—and it will be nothing but fair that you should make allowance for that.'

"'I never make abatement,' says she; 'my charge is three dollars for a plain silk dress, and four for such as the others, if full trimmed.'

"Eleven dollars for making three dresses—just think of it! the girls looked dumb-foundered, and so was I; but being in the scrape, we had to get out of it the best way we could. 'Very well, ma'am,' says I, making up our bundles again, and looking unconcerned, 'we 'll call again when we get the trimmings.'

"'As you please,' says she, more like Queen Victoria than a mantua-maker; and we walked out in double-quick time, my lady never condescending to step to the door. 'She may call us fools if she ever catches us again,' says I to the girls.

"Well, we went on to the next. The house looked pretty fine, too, this time; but under the name on the door was another plate with '*Fashionable Dress-making*' on it, and we thought it did n't look quite so stuck up. A girl let us in, and we did n't find the parlors quite so grand, though they were stylish enough, dear knows. This was Mrs. B——'s. She was down stairs herself, waiting for customers, we supposed, which looked as if she was not above her business, and she had a table beside her covered all over with fashion-plates and magazines, like yours, on the centre-table. She was a little, sharp-eyed, fidgetty-looking woman, with a very pointy nose. She sent away a girl she was fixing a sleeve for, and came forward to meet us, and gave us seats, and seemed very sociable.

"'We have some dresses to be made, ma'am,' says I; 'here 's three in our hands, and it 's likely we may have some more if we can make a good bargain about these.' I thought it best to hold out a large inducement to her.

"'And I suppose you will want the three without delay?' said she, talking very glib; 'dear me, how unfortunate just at this time! I have so much work on hand already. I keep twenty-two hands working night as well as day, and I don't see how I possibly can get through all that I have taken in. But, really, I should like to oblige you three ladies—I always do all in my power to accommodate strangers—you are from the country, I presume?'

"'From Tarry-town,' says Easter Ann.

"'Ah, indeed! I am very glad to have customers from Tarry-town; I have made dresses to be sent there several times.' We could not help looking at each other, for we had known every dress in Tarry-town for years, and not one of them had ever touched her hands. 'I make dresses for ladies in all parts of the country,' she kept on; 'my establishment is very popular with strangers, because it is known that I make it a point to accommodate them even at the risk of making sacrifices among my city customers. Of course, you ought to have your dresses in two or three days, and I'll try what can be done. The silk is for you, ma'am, I perceive,' and she tore open the bundles; 'very appropriate, indeed, for an elderly lady, and the balzarines will make up quite dressy for your daughters. Look at the plates, ladies—this will suit you, ma'am, quite plain, but very genteel; the sleeve is particularly proper for a stout lady; and you, ma'am,' to Easter Ann, 'would look best in this, with flounces pretty high up, as you are tall and not fleshy. You, miss,' to Jane Louyza, 'ought to have front trimming, as you are rather low;' and she actually slipped a tape measure round my waist. I was on thorns, for she had n't given us a word of satisfaction about her prices, and I told her we had n't made up our minds yet how we would have them made, 'and, beside,' says I, 'we must first know what they are to cost.'

"'Certainly, ma'am, that's all very reasonable,' says she; 'and I know you wont find fault with my charges—I can perceive at a glance that you are a lady of property; are you certain that you have enough of the material?—ladies of your size require a very full skirt;' and before I could have said 'no,' she had actually gathered up my silk and clipped a nick in it for a breadth of the skirt.

"'I don't think, ma'am, we have time to wait for the dresses to be cut out,' says I, 'we hav n't, neither, got the linings nor the sewing-silk, nor the other trimmings.'

"'It will take me but a few minutes,' says she, making another nick in the silk, 'for I cut by a patent measure; and I always find the trimmings myself—I can then have them to suit me, and, you know, it all amounts to the same thing in the end;' and she snatched up a piece of Holland from the table, and began measuring off a pair of backs. 'Stop, if you please, ma'am,' says I, 'we 've made no bargain yet, and its nothing but what I have a right to expect, to know what you are to charge me.'

"'It will be difficult to tell,' says she, 'before the dresses are finished—it is not our custom to settle the prices until we have seen how the work is done.'

"'But, ma'am,' says I, 'I insist upon a rough guess.'

"'Then let me see,' says she, 'supposing we say something like five or six dollars each, trimmings included, for the young ladies' dresses, and four for yours.'

"'Why, bless my soul!' says I, 'I could get cord, and hooks and eyes, and sewing-silk, and linings enough for all three, for a dollar; and as to paying five or six dollars for making a dress, I'll never do it in the world; it 's outrageous—it 's an imposition,' and I snatched my silk out of her hands in short order.

"'It 's too late, now,' says she, pert enough, 'to talk about that, as soon as the scissors are put in the work, it is considered as taken in.'

"'It 's we that are taken in, or we came pretty near it,' says I; and I bundled the silk under my arm, and the girls took up their balzarines; but such a tongue-lashing as we got, I never heard the like of it in my life before; and you may be sure I did n't take it all quietly—I 'm not very mealy-mouthed; and if it had n't been for Easter Ann telling me loud enough for her to hear, 'Come along, maw, it 's not dignified to be disputing with a mantua-maker,' she 'd likely have got the worst of it.

"The girls were so put out that they did n't want to try any more; but I 'm not one to be browbeat; I had got my spirit up, and I made them go on to the next. When we came to the house, there stood two splendid carriages, with black fellows about them that had gold bands on their hats, and velvet on their coats, and what not. 'Do n't let 's go in,' says Jane Louyza; 'I dare say the house is full of customers already;' and just then another coach and pair drives up, and two or three girls, dressed to death, jumps out, and orders their niggers to bring in their parcels—a whole carriage load, pretty near—so, thinks I, there 's not much encouragement for us to go in there, sure enough. We came away, and there has n't been a stitch put in our dresses yet."

I gave my visiters a very early tea, and having no excuse for billeting themselves on me for another night, they made their departure before dark. They did not, however, forget to invite themselves for the following day.

The next morning, greatly to my relief, proved to be very rainy, and feeling secure from the premeditated inroad, I seated myself cosily at my sewing. But, alas! a vehicle stopping at the door drew me to the front windows. I had some expectation of my husband's return, and instead of his carriage was a hackney-coach, which had already discharged its living cargo, and from which two large hair-trunks were unloading; at the same time the bell-wire cracked to the point of doom, and the Dilberrys rushed in.

"Here we come, bag and baggage, Mrs. Allanby, to make our home with you," cried the old lady, "we have had a grand blow up at the hotel, and I 'm determined, as long as I live, to keep exposing your city landlords for taking advantage of unprotected females."

"I hope nothing very unpleasant has happened?" said I, my heart sinking at the prospect before me.

"I wonder if their has n't! What do you think, Mrs. Allanby, of our being charged twelve dollars a piece for six day's board?"

"That, I believe, is the regular charge," said I.

"Well, they 're not coming their regular charges over me again, I can tell them. Last night we were talking our bargains over in bed, and we made up our minds that as we could get things so low at auction, we might as well keep on till we had furniture enough for the spare bed-room, as well as for the parlors—people in Tarry-town expect something a little extra from us. We calculated how far our money would go, and it struck us that we had never found out what we were living up to at the hotel. So the next morning I told the waiter to bring us our bill, and what should it be but thirty-six dollars—two dollars a piece a day, and no allowance for the four meals we had eaten with you, and the night we had slept here. I sent for the landlord, and spoke my mind about the bill pretty plainly, letting him know that charging us for what we had not got was downright imposition; and I told him he seemed to suppose we had no friends to see us righted, but that he was mistaken, for we had brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Allanby, and her husband would soon be at home to speak up for us. He cut me short by telling me that he made no deductions, and that as long as we had n't given up our rooms we must expect to pay as their occupants; and he walked off as cool as a cucumber. So I sent out for a hack, knowing you would be glad to have us with you for company, as Mr. Allanby is not at home, particularly as you have house-room plenty, and servants enough to wait on your friends. Six dollars a-day, indeed! why we did n't cost him one!"

"We are all very small eaters, as you may have observed, Mrs. Allanby," said Jane Louisa.

"And though they gave us two chambers with a door between them, we all slept in one of them," rejoined Esther Ann.

The visitation now began to have a serious aspect, but what was to be done? I could not, with truth, make any excuse to get rid of my obtrusive guests, except that of my want of inclination to entertain them, and to hint at that would have required more philosophy than I could command. My only hope now was in the speedy return of Mr. Allanby, on whose resolution or ingenuity I knew I might rely.

This was Saturday, and the weather remaining inclement, I had to endure for the rest of the day, and the whole of the next, the uninterrupted flow of their loquacity, which was a continuous exposition of ignorance, vulgarity, selfishness and meanness. On Monday morning the old lady, after some whispering and winking with her daughters, assailed me with,

"We told you, Mrs. Allanby, what a pucker we were in about getting our dresses made. Before we left the tavern, we went to Mrs. Scrooge's room—the old lady, you remember, that took us to the auction; and she let us know how we might snap our fingers at the mantua-makers. She said there were women that go out sewing by the day, and that by hiring one of them, and helping along with the easy parts ourselves, we might have our dresses made for little or nothing. At the hotel we could n't have done it, for paying board for a seamstress would have been but a poor speculation; but now that we are in a private family visiting, there would be some sense in it. I dare say she could sit in one of our sleeping-rooms, and the little one woman would eat could n't be of much consequence to you."

"I do not know where such a person could be found," said I.

"Oh, that is all settled already. Mrs. Scrooge is to call for us to go to a second-hand furniture store this morning, and she promised that she would take us to a seamstress that goes out for thirty-one cents a-day."

Again I succumbed to my inability to say "no." Mrs. Scrooge did call—a vinegar-faced old lady, with a voice sharp enough to have given one an ear-ache; and I learned that the seamstress was engaged, though she could not come until the latter end of the week. The next day Mrs. Scrooge came again, and my trio departed to a second auction. The result of this expedition was another load of furniture, driven up to the door in the middle of the day. The first article discharged was a sideboard, capacious enough, almost, to serve as a pantry, with broken locks and an impaired foot, which fell off in the difficult descent of the main body from the wagon; then came a dressing-bureau, of scarcely smaller dimensions, with defective knobs and a low, distorted glass; and, lastly, a wash-stand, with a cracked marble slab. Mrs. Dilberry stood on the front steps, superintending their passage into the house, and giving orders at the top of her voice, when I ran out to protest against their being carried up stairs, which she was directing—the broken wall of the entry serving as a warning to me—and to propose their being stored in the wash-house. Whilst I was endeavoring to make myself heard, my husband, with a wondering countenance, presented himself before me. In my joy I dragged him into the first room, and shut the door.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I was not right certain whether it was proper for me to come into my own house—what is the meaning of this commotion?"

I gave him a hurried narration of my trials, at which he laughed immoderately, as I thought, and at once he opened to me a prospect of relief. "I have made arrangements with one of my friends," said he, "to send you on an excursion of several weeks among the mountains, to matronize his daughters. The young ladies are now, I suppose, on their way to meet you with carriage and servants, and, as soon as possible, you must be off. I shall lose no time to make the announcement to your visiters. As they have attached themselves to you merely for their own convenience, there will be nothing unfair in getting rid of them for ours."

In half an hour my guests were on flatteringly familiar terms with Mr. Allanby, to whom they

confessed that they had dreaded his return, as they were afraid they could not feel so "free and easy" if there was a gentleman in the house. "Now that we have seen you," observed the old lady, "we would rather have you here than not; you appear to suit us exactly, and we will be all the better off for having some one to beau us about."

I own I could not myself have had courage to lower them from such a height of contentment, but my husband was less qualmish, and Mrs. Dilberry soon afforded him a desirable opportunity to approach the unexpected topic, by saying, "I suppose if you had known your wife had found such good company to cheer her up, you 'd have been in no hurry to come back."

"At least," returned Mr. Allanby, "I should not have made a positive promise to send her from home as soon as her trunk could be packed." He explained the arrangements he had made, and with all proper courtesy regretted that they should be peremptory.

"And what do you say, Mrs. Allanby, to your husband taking so much upon himself without leave or license from you?" asked the old lady, winking at me.

"That I always consider myself in duty bound to fulfill any engagement he may make for me, whether agreeable or not," replied I, taking courage.

"Indeed!" exclaimed both Mrs. Dilberry and Esther Ann, in a tone of surprise and pique.

"If I did not know how fastidious you ladies are upon such points," resumed Mr. Allanby, "I should beg you to share my bachelor establishment with me. As it is, I must be content to render myself as useful to you as possible. If you commission me, I shall make exertions to find a boarding-house where you can be accommodated as comfortably as with us."

"You need n't concern yourself," said Mrs. Dilberry, tartly; "if I had wanted to go to a boarding-house, I dare say I could have found one where we could have lived a great deal cheaper than at any you would be likely to pitch upon. I got enough of living on expense at the tavern, and I 've not made up my mind to pay boarding for the little pleasure we 're likely to have. We 've been to the theatre only once, and never were taken any where else, and there seems to be but precious little pains spent upon having attentions showed us. I 'm one of them that always speak their minds; and I must say I can't see where the politeness is in people, when they have company, running off and leaving them in the lurch, particularly when they have n't got their dresses made or any thing. I shall be careful who I take a letter of introduction to again."

The third day after this I was prepared to commence my trip, and my guests having taken passage for their homeward journey, were to leave the house at the same time, it having been decided that their furniture was to be boxed and sent after them. They had comported themselves, in the meantime, as if under a strong sense of injury, Miss Esther Ann being frigid and lofty, her sister sullen, and the old lady snappish and uncivil. The carriage was waiting for my conveyance, when the stage-coach, well-loaded with passengers, drove up to the door for them. I had wished them a safe and pleasant journey, offering them my hand, which they pretended not to observe, and was standing on the door-step to see them off, when Mrs. Dilberry paused, with one foot on the floor of the coach, as my husband was assisting her to climb in, and winking at her daughters, called back to me, "Good by to you, ma'am, and I hope you may have a merrier time of your trip than we have had of ours. I 'll not forget to give your love to the doctor's wife, and let her know how you honored her letter of introduction."

A chuckling laugh, which reached me in spite of the grinding of the wheels as they rolled away, was the last I heard of my wind-fall from Tarry-town.

DIRGE,

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.—*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

Thou art gone!
We shall miss thee when the flowers
Come again with vernal hours,
Brightly though thy roses bloom,
They will whisper of the tomb!
And thy voice will linger still
In the gurgle of the rill,
In the murmurs, low and sweet,
Where the silver waters meet,
In the summer even's gale,
Sporting with the violets pale.
Meekly will their blue eyes weep
O'er thy still and solemn sleep;
And the wild-bird's gentle moan
Murmur o'er thy slumbers lone,
Like a viewless spirit's lay,
Asking of thee Far Away!
Fare thee well!

Thou art gone!
On thy brow, so pale and fair,
On thy dark and glossy hair,
Wreathed in many a shining braid,
Sad, autumnal flowers were laid.
Slowly to thy tomb they bore thee,
Tender farewells murmured o'er thee,
Veiled thee in its silence deep,
In thy last and dreamless sleep.
Where thou liest, soft and low,
Winter spreads his sheet of snow,
Pure and spotless as thy form.
Thou hearest not the surly storm
Sweeping o'er the dazzling wold;
Stars are gleaming, pale and cold,
On thee from the vault above,
Like the watchful eyes of Love.
Fare thee well!

THE FUGITIVE.

BY THE VISCOUNTESS D'AULNAY.

[Most of our readers are familiar with "Claire d'Albe," the work spoken of in the following pages, either in the original or as translated, and will recollect the pleasure its perusal gave them. Its author is better known in America, however, by one of her subsequent works, which has been translated into almost every written language, admired wherever it has been read, and which has been justly ranked among the first productions in that department of French literature to which it belongs. We refer to that affecting story, over which so many tears have been shed, "Elizabeth, Or The Exiles of Siberia." In translating the following account we have been obliged, from its great length, to condense from the original—leaving out nothing, however, which was essential to the interest of the story. It will be recollected that the incidents of our tale took place in 1793, when France was convulsed by political revolutions.]

"MADAM, this is beautifully written," said an old nurse, looking up with the familiarity of an ancient and privileged servant.

The person thus addressed was a young woman, clothed in black, so small and so frail, that at first sight, without doubt, one would have taken her for a child. She was seated before a table of dark wood, drawn up in front of a good fire, upon which burned two wax candles, shining upon a heap of loose leaves, one of which she had just finished writing, and was then reading. Laughing at the admiration of her nurse, she asked,

"And do you, then, find it so beautiful?"

"Do I find it beautiful?" replied Marianne; "never since the world began have I read any thing so affecting. What an interesting creature that Claire was! and what a pity that she died! Ah, her death grieved me much; one might say that it frightened me; but that would not be astonishing in such a great lonely room as this. I hate these great rooms, I do;" added the nurse, looking cautiously around her, and gazing with a look of affright at the window the most distant from where she and her mistress were sitting.

"Oh how the curtain moves! did you not leave the shutters badly closed, madam?"

"It was not I who shut them," tranquilly replied Madam Cottin, for it was of her old Marianne asked the question.

"Not you?" cried Marianne, in a frightened voice. "Who then could have shut them?"

"You, most probably, Marianne."

"Me! I tell you, madam, I swear to you, as true as I am a good and sincere Christian, I swear to you, upon my soul—"

"Do not swear at all, Marianne; there is no one here but we two; if it were not me, it could have been no one else but you, and it was not me—"

"I am not a fool, out of my senses!" replied the Bordelaise. "I believe, rather," she added in a solemn tone, "that there is some mystery behind the curtain—"

"We will admit that it was I who closed the shutters," interrupted Madam Cottin, impatiently again taking up the papers, and reading them.

"But was it *really* you?" importuned the nurse.

"Why do you wish me to tell a lie? Shall I read you another page of my romance?"

"Oh yes, I love to hear you read," replied the old woman. "But what are you going to do with that romance, as you call it?"

"Ah, Marianne, if I dared, if I did not fear the ridicule attached to the name of a female author, I would have it published, and the money that it would bring would ameliorate our condition. I would buy some articles of furniture—a piano, for instance—lonely and sad as I now am, music would charm my retreat."

"Ah yes, Sophie, buy a piano; that will enliven you a little—may I call you Sophie?—for what else should I call you? It always seems as if I saw you as you looked when you were a child. I see now the house at Tonniens—the two steps you had to ascend on entering, then the little green gate, opening upon a lawn; then the garden to the right; upon the ground-floor was the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor; on the first floor, the chamber of your mother, Madame Ristaud, that of your father, and yours, which was also mine. O, yes, I see it all! and your little bed with the figured coverlet! And the day you were born, it seems to me as yesterday! It was the fifteenth of August, 1773—that was twenty years ago. And then the day of your wedding at Bordeaux, (we lived then at Bordeaux;) did n't your marriage make a noise?—you recollect it?—the little Ristaud, who married a rich banker of the capital, Monsieur Cottin. 'Well, what is there astonishing about that?' said I, 'the little Ristaud is worth a banker of the capital two or three times over!' I had only one fear, which I kept to myself, and that was, that when you should once be married and in Paris, you would not want your old nurse any longer. 'Leave my nurse!' you said, when you saw me weeping, and found why, 'leave my nurse! no, no, I could n't do without her; I should feel lost if I should lose her.' And you were right, my dear little one; your mother died, and your father, and then, in three years and six months after your wedding, your husband died; and now your fortune is gone, no one knows where, and not one is left but your nurse, your old nurse, who would give her blood, her life, every thing, that she might see you more happy. Yes, if you had a piano here, you could sing; you have such a sweet voice, and that would do well for us both. If by selling my cross of gold we might have one—what do you say?"

"It would need twelve hundred francs to purchase a piano, and the cross would not procure them; *these*," she added, striking her hand upon the papers scattered upon the table, "these would give them to me if I had the courage to go and sell them; but I dare not, I would only get a refusal."

"Do you wish me to go, Sophie?" replied the nurse, "only tell me where, and it shall he done quickly —there!—what was that? This chamber is very gloomy, and that curtain is always moving!"

"I will go myself to-morrow," said Madam Cottin, looking at her watch. "It is eleven o'clock —I must work a little longer; leave me, Marianne, and go to your rest."

"Ah! now you are quite sure it was you who closed the shutters and drew down the curtains?" asked Marianne, reluctantly complying with her mistress's command—"you are not afraid?"

"No!" answered Madam Cottin, who, as soon as she found herself alone, resumed her labor; but, whether it was the solitude and silence of the place, or because Marianne had really frightened her, she paused from her writing every few moments to look around her. By chance her eyes rested on the window-curtain, which, by the position of the lights, was thrown into the shade, and the words of Marianne recurred to her mind, "that, if she had left the window open on going out to walk, who could have shut it?" She thought, all at once, that she saw the cloth falling in numberless folds upon the floor, and moving in a most mysterious way. Fear bound her to the spot where she was standing, and for some moments she was unable to move; but at length, with a desperate effort, she advanced toward the curtain, and raised it up with a stifled cry. *A man was standing behind* with his back placed against the window-panes.



"Do not cry out, madam," he said, "or I am a dead man."

"What would you have me do?" said Madam Cottin, pale, but determined. "I am poor, and have nothing to tempt the cupidity of any one, nevertheless, if you are in want, here is a little money. But depart instantly, without approaching me; in Heaven's name, go—go instantly!"

To the great astonishment of Madam Cottin, in place of taking the silver which she had offered him, the man threw back his cloak, and in a trembling, broken voice, said to her,

"Pardon me, madam, for having frightened you; can it be that you have forgotten me?"

"I do not know you," replied Madam Cottin, scrutinizing the intruder, an old man, and whose disordered clothes, long, ragged beard, disheveled, gray hair, and the livid palor which overspread his features, prevented her from recognizing him.

"I am Monsieur de Fombelle," said he, "proscribed and pursued—"

"Ah, good heaven!" interrupted Madam Cottin, running to bolt the door, "ah, sir, what can I do to assist you?"

"Alas! nothing, madam," replied Monsieur de Fombelle, "for I have heard your conversation with your nurse, and can ask nothing of you."

"If it is money you want, alas! I have none, sir! but approach the fire, and pardon me for not having recognized you sooner."

Her visiter mechanically complied, while he abruptly addressed her.—

"Denounced by the law—pursued, tracked as a wild beast—finding no where an asylum, not even daring to seek one amongst my best friends, I wander in the streets of Paris—and—and—since yesterday I have not tasted food," speaking with the air of a man with whom hunger stifled the shame of avowing it.

Madam Cottin immediately brought from a cupboard some bread, a pot of preserves, and a bottle of wine, saying as she did so,

"Believe me, this is the best I have."

And she looked, with tears in her eyes, and a sad heart, upon that old man, whom she had known in better times, so polished, so dignified, so amiable, and so well beloved. He spoke not a word while eating, and when he looked up, at the end of his meal, he saw that she wept.

"Is it for me, or for yourself that you weep?" said he.

"For both of us," replied Madam Cottin; "for you, that you suffer so much in your old age, and for me, that I am unable to assist a sincere friend of my husband."

"Do you know no one?" he demanded.

"No one, sir; since my widowhood, I have seen no one."

"Alas!" said Monsieur de Fombelle, lifting his eyes despondingly toward the ceiling, "and when I saw into what company I was cast, I believed I had found some assistance."

"Was it not of your own accord that you came to me?"

"No, madam. A friend, who is actively endeavoring to assist me, but who scarcely has the means, for, like me, he is without money, appointed a place of rendezvous, after night-fall, in the open fields behind *la rue Ceruti*. I was returning from this rendezvous, when suddenly I found myself confronted face to face with my most mortal enemy—the same who had denounced me, and caused the decree against me. I endeavored to elude him, and had been running until almost exhausted, when a window, low and opened, attracted my attention. I obeyed my first impulse, made a spring, and found myself here. There was no one in the room, and, to guard against discovery, I closed the casement and the outer shutters; I lowered the curtains and concealed myself behind them. Scarcely had I done this, when you entered. As soon as you spoke, I recognized you, the wife of my best friend; I should certainly not have hesitated to have presented myself before you, but your good nurse was with you, and I believed it prudent to await her departure. In overhearing your conversation, I learned how your condition, once so happy, had changed since the sad events which have desolated our dear country, and I resolved to escape, if possible, without causing you fear or danger. Hence my immovability while you lifted the curtain; for I supposed that in the obscurity of the place you would not perceive me. But I ought not, madam, longer to interrupt your repose."

"No, do not go," replied Madam Cottin, "until you tell me if I can in any way assist you."

"In three days I am to quit France; all is arranged, and my flight is certain, if I can accomplish what seems to be an impossibility—I must raise twelve hundred francs."

"Twelve hundred francs," said Madam Cottin, thoughtfully.

"Otherwise, since I cannot hope always to elude my enemies, I shall be lost."

"Monsieur de Fombelle," said Madam Cottin, after a moment of silence, "I have but few means, yet I have such a desire to assist you, that perhaps God will aid me. Day after to-morrow, at this same hour, you will find my window open; enter, and perhaps I will then have some good news for you. And now, adieu, sir! be of good cheer;—stop, take under your cloak this bread, and this bottle of wine. Leave me to close the window—the street is deserted, and not a soul is passing. Remember, on the night of day after to-morrow, at eight o'clock, be under my window; strike three times on the glass. If I have succeeded, I will reply to you; if not, I will not have the courage to answer. Go, now, and be assured that I will do all in my power to assist you."

Too much moved to venture a single word in reply, M. de Fombelle pressed her hand, leaped out of the window, and disappeared at the corner of a street yet inhabited by the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

The next morning had scarcely dawned, when Madam Cottin importuned her nurse to get breakfast; as soon as it was over, she gave her no time to arrange the furniture of the room.

"Come with me," she said; "come with me, it is absolutely necessary that I sell *Claire d'Albe* this morning."

"Ah, these young women!" exclaimed the nurse, as she complied; "these young women! when they once take a fancy, they have neither quiet nor reason. If the bookseller is as impatient to buy, as you are to sell, we shall soon have a piano, I see."

From *la rue Chanteriene* to the quay, where, from time immemorial, the booksellers have had their shops, the walk was long, and Marianne harped upon the one idea of getting a piano, until they arrived at the place of their destination. After scrutinizing the long row of shops for a few moments, Madam Cottin selected one which had the most promising exterior.

"I can but fail," said she, as she crossed the threshold. But as soon as she entered, she stopped, and remained, blushing, and with downcast eyes, before the bookseller, who advanced toward her, asking her what work she wished to purchase?"

"It is not to purchase, but to sell, sir," said Marianne, replying for her mistress, who could not overcome her embarrassment. "We have written a romance, and we have come to see if you wish to buy it. It is superb! I assure you, you have nothing in your shop which can compare with it."

"Tut, tut, Marianne!" interrupted Madam Cottin, now sufficiently reassured to continue the negotiation. Do you never buy manuscripts, sir?"

"Yes—no—that is—what is the name of the author?"

"The name of the book, sir, you mean to say?" timidly observed the young woman.

"No, of the author, not having time to read our books ourselves, you understand, it is almost always the name of the author that we buy."

"But, sir, the work is written by me, and my name is not known," said Madam Cottin, almost dis-

couraged; "if you would take the trouble to read it," and she presented, hesitatingly, a little roll of papers.

"I have no doubt," replied the bookseller, blandly, "it is a master-piece; it would be useless for me to read it—I would find it perfect. But business is not profitable just at this time. Some other time, when you shall have become known—"

"If all booksellers were like you, we would never be known," impatiently interrupted Marianne. "Let us go, we have not got the piano yet."

"No," replied Madam Cottin, "but God always places good and bad fortune side by side; we will go in here; and she boldly crossed the threshold of a second shop.

The appearance of this bookseller was more engaging than that of his neighbor. On seeing a lady enter, he advanced courteously toward her.

"What can I do to serve you?" he asked; then offering a seat to Marianne, and one to Sophie, he remained standing before the latter, who said to him,

"I am afraid of a disappointment, sir, after one failure to-day. I have written a little story—"

"Which you wish to have printed?" asked the bookseller.

"If you think it worthy of it, sir."

"It will be necessary to see it, madam—have you the manuscript?"

Sophie's hand trembled as she presented it to him

"It is very small," said the bookseller, glancing at it; "it will make a very small volume. It is a romance, in letters. Will you allow me to look at it?"

"Certainly. I am ignorant of the value of the work; having written it within the last five days, I have not bestowed upon it either the time or labor of retouching it; but I am in need of twelve hundred francs. I need it by to-morrow evening; see, sir, if you can give them to me."

"Since you request so early a decision, I will ask only time to read three letters—one at the commencement, one in the middle, and one at the end of the book; and I will then be able to give you my opinion of the rest."

With these words the bookseller retired behind a railing, hung with green curtains, and applied himself to reading the manuscript. Meanwhile Madam Cottin remained seated with her old nurse, unable to conceal the anxiety which devoured her.

"You are afraid that you will not get your piano, are you not, madam?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, without knowing what she was saying.

"But why is it necessary for you to have the money to-morrow evening? Is it because the poor countess, who offers to sell you one, demands it immediately? Jean Paul, her porter, told me that she would give long time. You have spoken of it, then, to the countess?"

"Yes, yes, he seems satisfied!" exclaimed Sophie, anxiously scrutinizing the countenance of the bookseller.

At this moment the bookseller rose from his seat Sophie's heart beat as he approached.

"It is good, madam, very good! the conception is perfect; only one can see that you are not in the habit of writing, and it seems to me impossible to print it without corrections. As to the price, it is rather dear; but as you are in need of money, I will not deny it you. You will repay the difference in some other book which you will write for me, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, sir, yes!" eagerly replied Madam Cottin. "Give me the manuscript, sir; to-morrow, at six o'clock, you shall have it corrected."

"And to-morrow, at six o'clock, your money shall be ready. Shall I bring it to you, that you may avoid going out at that hour? Do you wish this little sum in paper, in gold, or in silver?"

"In gold, sir. Oh! you have saved more than my life!" said Madam Cottin, departing.

"At last we shall have the piano!" said Marianne, running by the side of her mistress, scarcely able to keep even with her rapid pace.

"Jean Paul," said she, when they had arrived opposite to the countess's residence, stopping a moment behind her mistress, "Jean Paul, you may tell the countess we will purchase the piano, and that we will pay her to-morrow evening—do you hear, Jean Paul?"

"What have you been doing this morning, that you have found so much money to-day?" replied the porter, with a sneer; "has your mistress found a treasure?"

"No, sir," replied Marianne, angrily, "it is in her mind that she has a treasure—it is in her head."

"A trifle, citizen Marianne—a trifle! You told me she wrote, did you not? Now look you, I'll put both of my hands into the fire, if your mistress is not a conspirator!"

"What!—a conspirator! Do you know what you are saying, Mr. Jean Paul?"

"Perfectly, citizen Marianne; and since your mistress loves ink, they are going to give her and her nurse some. Listen; I do not meddle—I say nothing, but I see all. This morning I had a little talk with the officer who lives near, and he is of my opinion concerning your mistress. She holds correspondence with the enemy—the English! Otherwise, why should she be writing all day? It is not natural for a woman to write so much. My wife never writes; it is true, she does not know how to write—but that makes no difference. Now I have an idea—I may have an idea, may I not?—well, I have an idea that she wishes to sell France; who knows but that she has already sold it, and that it is with some of the money she is going to buy the piano! O, my country—my poor country! into what hands have you fallen!"

"You are either a fool, or you don't love music, which is the same thing; for if I understand a word you say, I hope my head may be cut off!" With this retort, Marianne turned toward Madam Cottin's apartments.

"Madam Cottin did not go to bed that night, but labored without relaxation to have her book ready by the appointed hour, and to receive the twelve hundred francs, by which she was to aid the escape of her husband's friend. Morning and noon passed, the sun began to decline, and as the clock sounded five, she finished the last letter. The same moment the door of her chamber was opened with violence, and Marianne, weeping, rushed in, followed by a motley crowd of soldiers and "citizens," the porter at their head.

"In the name of the law, search every where," said a municipal officer; and in an instant they were ransacking every corner of the apartment. As soon as Madam Cottin could recover her self-possession, which had deserted her at first sight of these intruders, she demanded,

"What do you here—and what do you wish of me, sirs?"

Carrying his hand to his cap with a military air, the officer replied,

"Citizen, you are accused of holding correspondence with the enemies of France, and we are ordered to seize your papers."

"Me, sir, holding correspondence with the enemy!" cried Madam Cottin, in a tone of surprise; "me, a poor widow, without friends and without experience! Who has been so base as to invent this falsehood?"

"If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear," replied the officer, "and the examination of your papers will clear you without doubt."

"Take them, then," said Madam Cottin, assisting them in the search. The officer examined packages of letters from her husband, her mother, her school-mates, some large writing books in which were registered the fruits of her studies, and some loose papers in her port-folio, without finding any thing which could excite suspicion.

At length the manuscript of *Claire d'Albe*, lying on the table, attracted his eye, and approaching it, he laid his hand upon it. Madam Cottin could not refrain from a cry of affright.

"Oh, for pity! pity! do not touch that!"

"Ah! we have reached the hiding-place at last!" said the officer, beginning to collect the scattered leaves.

"Sir," said the lady, anxiously, "those papers do not endanger in any way the security of the state, I assure you; nay, I will most solemnly swear it!"

"Why then this fear?" said the officer, still gathering up the leaves.

"Because—because—they are invaluable to me, though they can be of little use to you. Oh! I am telling you the truth! Give them back, I beseech you!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Officer!" interposed Marianne, "that is nothing but a romance, which my mistress sold yesterday for twelve hundred francs, to buy a piano. This is all the mystery, and if I were to die to day, I have told you the exact truth. But if you do not believe what I have said, here comes the bookseller, and you can ask him yourselves."

As she spoke, this personage entered the apartment

"Speak, sir," cried Marianne, rushing toward the bookseller, "make clear the innocence of my mistress. Say to these gentlemen what these papers are."

The bookseller looking at the packet which the officer held in his hand, replied, "That is a romance which I bought yesterday of madam."

Madam Cottin, seemingly insensible to what was passing around her, followed with her eyes the minute-hand of the clock, which was approaching nearer and nearer to the eighth hour. There was a short interval of silence, when the officer replied,

"I am inclined to believe, sir, that this is, as you say, a romance; but what difference can it make to you or madam, if I carry it to the *Section?* I will return it in the morning."

Madam Cottin grew desperate. The hands on the dial-plate marked seven o'clock and five minutes.

"Let me read you one of the letters, sirs, and if you find in it a line to suspect, I will give the book into your hands."

"I see no objection," replied the the officer, and accordingly, Madam Cottin, taking up the first letter, commenced reading. As she proceeded, the attention of her audience became more and more profound; their countenances betrayed emotion; soon tears started from their eyes, and at length one of the auditors, interrupting the fair reader, threw himself upon his knees before her.

"I am a miserable wretch, madam, do what you please with me! It was I who denounced you—I who first suspected your daily habit of writing; no, there is no torture that I do not deserve! Oh! what you have written is beautiful! it is beautiful! I will buy the book when it is printed; I will learn to read—I, and my wife, and my children. Sir," he added, turning toward the bookseller, "I wish the first copy you send out of your shop, and I will pay you any price you ask. I am Jean Paul, porter of house number forty-six, in *la rue Chanteriene.* And now, madam, pardon me—will you say that you pardon me?"

Madam Cottin cast a look at the dial—*it wanted but five minutes of eight!* She rose hastily.

"Yes, yes, I pardon you. Sir Officer, you leave me my manuscript, do you not?" added she, turning to the officer, who wiped his eyes, while the porter remained sobbing in his place.

"Certainly, madam," replied he; "I leave you all your papers. I see that the republic of France has nothing to fear from you; and in taking my leave, I beg you to excuse our seeming rudeness."

At this moment three blows were struck upon the window. Madam Cottin turned pale as death—

"Not yet—not yet!" said she, recovering herself instantly, and intending the words to have a meaning which should apply to the person without, as well as to those within. As she turned toward her secretary, the bookseller, unobserved by the rest, slipped a small roleau of gold into her hand—the price of the romance.

"We fear we are abusing your politeness," said the officer, rising to leave. A second blow, stronger

than the first, rattled upon the glass. Sophie turned paler than before.

"I pray you remain," she replied, in a loud voice, adding, in a lower tone, "and you also, Jean Paul. Marianne, bring some of the wine of our country—Bordeaux. Gentlemen, you can not refuse to drink the prosperity of France? And now," added she, "the excitement I have undergone—this fire, which is so warm—you will excuse me, if I step to the window a moment for fresh air."

So saying, she went to the window, and opened the shutters, letting the curtains fall before her.

"Stop!" she said to M. de Fombelle, restraining him from entering the chamber, which he attempted, and handing him the rouleau of *louis-d'ors*—the price of her first book—"take this, and begone quickly; you are in danger if you remain. Adieu!"

Closing the shutters and the sash, she again appeared, smiling in the midst of the soldiers. Marianne returned the same moment with a salver covered with glasses, and bottles of wine.

"At last we shall have a piano, Sophie," said she, turning toward her mistress to drink.

"Not yet, my good Marianne," replied Sophie, with a joyful tone, which contradicted her reply.



Such was the *début* of the gifted woman who has written so many charming romances. Late in life she commenced a work on Education; but a cruel malady surprised her in the midst of her labor, and after three months of suffering, which were, however, alleviated by the tenderness of friends, and the consolations of religion, she died on the 25th of August, 1807, aged thirty-four years.

THE GENTLE STEP.

BY HARRIET J. MEEK.

Hearts somewhere beat, from which it cannot pass;
Earth has no sunshine left, nor time nor place,
But a new scene slides o'er the magic glass,
And *we* forget the space.

Light, and still lighter seemed that step to fall;
I scarce could tell you when it ceased, or how;
A breathing spirit walked the earth—'t is all—
That does not walk it now.

I think sometimes upon the sunny floor
I see the shadow of her golden hair;
And turn half-dreaming to the open door,
To look if she is there.

And then I mind. Life's rough and thorny round
Would long ere this have torn the folded wing
Whose downy waving glided over sound,
And left it slumbering.

Death came, when flowers were passing from the earth;
We thought to hear the clanking of his chain,
But the light step one evening left the hearth,
And came not back again.

BARBARA UTTMAN'S DREAM.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

In the little hamlet of Anneberg, far up among the Erzberges or Copper Mountains of Saxony, there dwelt, once upon a time, a gentle child named Barbara. She was so fair, with such soft blue eyes, such long golden curls, and withal wearing a look of such exceeding sweetness, that the people of the hamlet, who were all miners, or workers in metal, called her by a name that signified the "Lily of the Mines." Barbara was an orphan, a little lone creature, whom no one claimed, but whom every body loved. Her father had been a delver into the depths of the earth, and when she was only a tiny little baby, he had kissed her round cheek, and gone to his daily labor at early dawn; but ere the shadows of the dark trees fell toward the eastern slope of the hills, he was brought home mangled and lifeless. The "fire-damp" had seized him and his companions; or, as the simple peasants believed, the demon of the mine had arisen in his might, and torn to pieces the daring spoilers of his treasure-house. Barbara's mother did not long outlive the dreadful sight. She pined away, with a dull aching at her heart, and one morning a kind neighbor found the child sleeping calmly on the cold bosom of her dead mother.

From that moment the little Barbara became the nursling of the whole hamlet. The good women of the village remembered that she had been born on a Sunday morning, and according to their tender and beautiful faith, the "*Sabbath-child*" had received a peculiar blessing, which was shared, in some degree, by all who ministered to her wants. So Barbara was the foster-child of many mothers, and found heart-kindred in every cottage. But chiefly did she dwell, after she had grown beyond the swaddling-bands of infancy, in the house of the good Gottlieb, the pastor of this little mountain flock of Christians. Barbara grew up a gentle quiet child, rarely mingling in the noisy sports of the villagers, and loving nothing so well as to steal away to some forest nook, where she would sit for hours looking out upon the rugged face of nature, and weaving dreams, whose web, like that of the wood-spider, was broken by a breath.

Some said—"little Barbara is moping for the lack of kindred." Others said more truly—"Nay, is she not a blessed Sabbath-child? It may be that the spirit of her dead mother is with her in the lonely places where she loves to abide; hinder her not, therefore, lest ye break the unseen bond between the living and the dead." So Barbara was left to the guidance of her own sweet will, and long ere she had grown beyond childhood she was familiar with all the varied aspects of nature in the wild and beautiful country of her birth. It seemed as if some holy charm had indeed been bestowed on the little orphaned Sabbath-child, for every living thing seemed to recognize in her a gentle and loving companion. All the children of the hamlet loved her, and it was wonderful to see the little shy birds hopping about her feet to pick the crumbs which she always scattered for them in her wanderings.

But Barbara was not a merry, light-hearted maiden. Cheerful she was and gentle, but not gay, for a cloud had fallen upon her earliest years, and a shadow from Death's wing had thrown a gloom over her infant life, darkening those days which should have been all sunshine. True, she had found friends to shield her from want, but never did she see a child nestling upon its mother's bosom, without feeling a mournful loneliness of heart. Therefore it was that she loved to steal away to the green foldings of the hills, and hold companionship with the pleasant things of earth, where, in the quietude of her own pure nature, she could commune with herself. She had early learned to think of her mother as an angel in heaven, and, when she looked up to the blue sky, gorgeous in its drapery of gold and purple clouds, or shining with its uncounted multitude of stars, she never forgot that she was gazing upon the outer gates of that glorious home, where dwelt her long lost parents. Yet she was not an idle or listless dreamer in a world where all have their mission to fulfill, and where none are so desolate as to have no duties to perform. She learned all the book-lore that the good pastor chose to impart to the little maidens of the hamlet, and no hand was more skillful than hers with the knitting-needle and distaff. Thus she grew up, delicate and fair, with eyes as blue as summer skies, and long golden locks, hanging almost to her feet, for she was as tiny as a fairy in stature.

There came sometimes to the cottage of Father Gottlieb, a dark-browed man, whose towering form and heavily-built limbs gave him the semblance of some giant of the hills. His voice was loud and as clear as a trumpet-call, and his step was bold and firm, like that of a true-born mountaineer. He was the owner of vast tracts in the mine districts, and stores of untold wealth lay hidden for him in earth's deep caverns. Herr Uttman was stern of visage, and bold—it may be rough—in his bearing, but his heart was as gentle as a woman's. He loved to sit at Gottleib's board, and, while partaking of his simple fare, to drink in the wisdom which the good pastor had learned in far-off lands. The wonders of Nature—the mystic combinations that are ever going on in her subterranean laboratory—the secret virtues, or the equally secret venom, which is found in her humblest plants—the slow but unfailing process of her developments, by which the small and worthless acorn grows into the towering oak, and the winged seed lifts its broad pinions in the new form of leafy

branches toward the skies—all these things Herr Uttman loved to learn from the lips of the wise old man. Therefore did he seek the pastor's cottage whenever he had leisure to listen to his teachings.

Uttman's kindly heart had early warmed toward the orphan child of Gottlieb's adoption. He won her infantine love by telling her wild tales of the dark mines, and the fantastic spirits of the nether world. He had tales of the Fire-Demon, and the Water-Dragon, of the Mocking-Imp, who led poor miners to their destruction, by mimicking the voice of a companion, and of the dazzling Cavern-Queen, the flash of whose diamond crown, and the gleam of whose brighter eyes, lured the poor workman to a frightful death. To sit on his knee, twining her small fingers in the black curls which fell unshorn upon his shoulders—to look in his great dark eyes as they gleamed with the enthusiasm of that half-poetic nature which is the inheritance of a high-hearted mountaineer—to feel herself nestling like a dove on his broad breast, and clinging to him half in terror, half in delight, as his strong words brought all those fearful shapes vividly before her eyes—these had been Barbara's pleasures when a little child.

But Barbara could not always remain the petted child, and the time came when the budding maiden sat on a stool at Uttman's feet, and no longer leaned her head upon his bosom while she listened to his wild legends. At first Herr Uttman was troubled at the change in Barbara's manner, then he pondered over its meaning, and at last he seemed to awaken to a new perception of happiness. So he asked Barbara to be his wife, and though his years doubly numbered hers, she knew that she loved no one half so well, and, with the affection which a child might feel for a tender parent, she gave him the troth-pledge of her maiden faith. Nor was Barbara mistaken in her recognition of his real nature. A rough and stern man did he seem to many, but his heart was full of kindness, and his affections, though repressed and silent, yet, like a mountain stream, made for themselves only a deeper channel. He had an abiding love for Nature. He defaced not her fair bosom with the scars of the plough or the pick-axe, but following the course of the dark ravine, and entering into the yawning chasm, he opened his way into earth's treasure-house, leaving the trees to tower from the mountain's brow, the streams to leap down their rocky beds, and the green sward to stretch down the sunny slopes. Barbara was as a dove nestling in the branches of a stately tree. No wonder her husband worshiped her, for his affections were like a full, deep stream rushing through a mine, and she was like the star, which, even at noonday, may be seen reflected in its depths. She was the angel of his life, the bright and beautiful spirit of truth and love within his household.

Years passed on and Barbara had but one ungratified hope within her heart. God had given her no children, and the tenderness of her nature found no vent save in her kindly charities. To the poor, and needy, and sorrowful, she was the friend and benefactress, but her heart sometimes thrilled with a vain repining, and she felt a thirst for those pure waters which spring up only in a mother's pathway. One night she was oppressed with sadness, and ere she yielded herself up to sleep, she prayed that this vain longing within her heart might be quenched for ever, or find some solace in the duties which lay around her.

Scarcely had she closed her eyes in slumber, when her couch was visited by a wild and wonderful dream. She dreamed she was standing within the porch, when a lady clad in shining raiment, emerged from the foldings of the hills and slowly approached her. The lady's face was hidden beneath a snow-white veil of some transparent fabric, which though it seemed as translucent as water, yet, like water, gave an indistinctness to the object seen through it. But when the strange visitant spoke, her voice thrilled through Barbara's inmost heart, for it was the spirit-voice which she had so often heard in her childhood—the voice of her dead mother. It seemed to Barbara that the lady stood close beside her, and then, without fear Barbara laid her head on the stranger's bosom and clasped her arms around her tall form, while she rather *felt* than heard these words:

"Daughter lift up thine eyes, and behold the children which the Lord hath given unto thee."

Barbara raised her head and beheld a train of young maidens clad in the simple costume of the Saxon peasant, and linked together as it seemed by webs of the same transparent texture as that which veiled the lady's face. Slowly they passed before her wondering eyes, fading into thin air as they became lost in the distance, but still succeeded by others, similarly clad and holding webs of the same delicate fabric, until Barbara's brain grew giddy as the troop swept on and on unceasingly. Weary with gazing she closed her eyes, and when she re-opened them the maidens had vanished; only the strange lady in her shining garments was beside her, and she heard a low, silvery voice saying:

"They who are called to fulfill a mission among nations must find their sons and their daughters beneath the roof-tree of the poor and the oppressed. Childless art thou, Barbara, yet the maidens of Saxony through yet uncounted ages shall call thee mother."

Barbara awoke from her dream, but so strongly was it impressed upon her memory, that she could not banish it from her thoughts for many days. But it had done its work upon her gentle spirit, for from that hour she felt that Heaven had some recompense in store for her, and though utterly unable to interpret her vision, she endeavored by redoubling her charities to find for herself children among the needy and sorrowful.

But year after year fleeted on, and the Herr Uttman's coal-black locks had become almost silver-white, while Barbara's cheek had lost nothing of its smoothness, and her golden locks, though gathered beneath a matron's coif, were still as glossy and sunny as in her girlhood. (For time seemed to have spared her gentle beauty, as if in reverence for the gentle spirit which it had so long clothed in a fitting

garb.) She had long since forgotten her youthful repinings, for from every cottage in the hamlet had blessings gone up to heaven upon her who was the friend of the friendless, and, though her dream was still vivid in her remembrance, she fancied that she had already attained its fulfillment in the gratitude of the poor.

"Come with me, sweet wife, and I will show thee a new wonder in the mines," said the good Herr Uttman, one summer's morning.

Barbara looked up with a pleasant smile:

"Have I not threaded with thee all the mazes of the dark mountains, and gathered the glittering spar, the many-tinted stone, and the rough gem? Are there yet more marvels in thy dark domain?"

"Nay, don thy wimple and hood, and thou shalt see."

So Barbara went forth with her husband, and he led her to the yawning mouth of a dark cavern in the mountains. Carefully enfolding her in a thick cloak, to protect her from the jagged points of the rocks, he took her in his arms, (for he had lost none of his gigantic strength,) and bore her like a child, into the cavern. For a time they wended their way in what seemed to her total darkness, and she was only conscious of being carried along winding passages, where she felt the spray of a subterranean torrent, and heard the dash of its waters in some unfathomed chasm. At length her husband, setting her feet upon a broad ledge of rock, lifted the cloak from her face and bade her look upon the scene before her.

Barbara found herself at the entrance of a long gallery in the mine, in the roof of which an aperture had been made up to the outer surface of the mountain, and through which a flood of sunshine was pouring down into what seemed a glittering corridor, hung with festoons of the most exquisitely wrought tapestry. Never had Barbara beheld any thing so fantastically beautiful. The sides of the shaft were covered with a half transparent fabric, enwrought with patterns like rich embroidery, through which the gleam of the metal shone like gold, as the sunbeam danced into the cavern depths.

It was a gallery in the mine, which years before had been closed up and forgotten. The workmen, while digging an air-shaft, had struck into the disused chamber. Cut in the solid ore, the pillars which supported its roof were carved into grotesque shapes, as the whim of the old miners had directed the stroke of their tools. During the years that it had been closed, the spiders had taken possession of its walls, and their webs, spun over and over again, for more than half a century, had produced a tapestry richer in design, and more airy in fabric than ever came from the looms of Ispahan. It needed but little stretch of imagination to behold the vine with its tiny tendrils and drooping fruit, the rose with its buds and leaves, the fantastic arabesque border, and the quaint devices of ancient emblazoning in that many-tissued yet translucent web. No where else could the same humble material have worn the same magical beauty, for the mingled colors of the ore which formed the walls, and the golden sunshine pouring in through the roof, tinted the woven tracery with all the hues of the rainbow.

Barbara stood entranced before this strange spectacle, but while she gazed, dim and vague recollections came thronging upon her mind. At length all was clear to her. In the webs which adorned the walls of the mine, she recognized the beautiful drapery which had veiled the face of her dream-visitant, and had linked together the band of dream-children in former years. A cry of wild surprise broke from her lips, and from that moment she felt that there was a mysterious connection between her fate and this haunted chamber of the mine.

Now when Barbara returned to her home, and sat down amid her workwomen, she told of this wondrous fabric woven by the little fairy spinners in the mine. It happened that among the pensioners of her bounty was numbered a certain woman from Brabrant who had been driven from her home by the cruelties practiced by the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries. In her own country she had learned to weave a coarse kind of lace, and when she heard her lady describe the delicate texture of the spiders' webs, she drew forth some flaxen threads, and wove them into meshes resembling somewhat the drapery which Barbara had so admired. This was all that was wanting to give purpose and definiteness to Barbara's vague fancies.

They who look with most pleasure on a finished work, are oft-times most easily wearied with tracing the slow footsteps of the patient laborer. The reader would tire of this faithful chronicle if called to watch the gradual progress of Barbara Uttman's schemes of wide-spread good. By unwearied toil she made herself acquainted with the means of perfecting the new manufacture, which offered to her prophetic spirit a means of livelihood to the feebler portion of the poor. Going on from one improvement to another, she finally invented the cushion, the bobbins, and the pins, by which hand-woven lace is wrought with such perfect symmetry and regularity of fabric and design as make it, even now, the costliest of all the trappings of wealth. Then—when the invention was perfected—by offering premiums to those who would engage in the work, by establishing manufactories in her own domain, by precept and example, and all the varied means of influence which wealth and virtue had placed within her power, she established the weaving of lace as the especial employment of the women of Saxony. Thousands of maidens have found their sole support in this employment, and for nearly three hundred years the name of Barbara Uttman has been revered as the "mother" of many daughters, and the benefactress of the women of more than one nation in Europe.

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Gentle reader, I have beguiled you with no fictitious tale. In the church-yard of the little mountain hamlet of Anneberg lie the remains of Barbara Uttman, who was born in 1514, married in 1531 to Christopher Uttman, a rich mine-owner, and died a widow in 1575. A visit to a long-disused shaft in a mine, where the spiders' had woven their webs for fifty

years, gave her the first idea of that beautiful fabric, which, under the various names of Mechlen, Valenciennes, and Brussels lace, makes the choicest of all additions to a lady's toilet. It is said that since her establishment of its manufacture in 1560, upwards of a million of women are supposed to have obtained a comfortable livelihood by this species of employment. Notwithstanding the general introduction of a much inferior kind of lace, which is woven by machinery, at least twenty thousand women in Europe, annually obtain their support from the manufacture of hand-woven lace. With the far-seeing spirit of true philanthropy a woman thus solved for her country the problem which statesmen yet cavil over, and by affording the poor a means of humble independence, rescued the females of her own land from want and destitution. Yet how few of those who deck themselves with lace, only less costly than diamonds, have ever heard the name of Barbara Uttman!

SUNSET UPON "THE STEINE-KILL.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

[The Steine-Kill is one of the sparkling tributaries of our American Rhine, the Hudson, and signifies "Stony River."]

Our own bright "Steine-Kill!" once more, once more!
Thy wavelets steal the glowing hues of Heaven,
And now with stranger glory than before,
The gold-encrimsoned clouds melts into even.
One soft-veiled rose-cloud floateth slowly on,
Mirrored in thy calm bosom; rainbow-dyes
All radiant, vie with glowing hues like morn;
While far amid the deep'ning west, arise
Strange giant-forms, that seem to guard the skies.

Ay, giant-clouds!—from out the vestibule
Of Heaven's vast, dark'ning dome, what mighty train
Comes forth!—a cavalcade of kings—whose sceptered rule,
The whole broad realm of Heaven! Lo, again
Their host they marshal—where the God of Day
Sinks, like a wearied conqueror, to his rest,
They have usurped his throne; with proud array
Of gold and purple canopy o'er thy breast—
A gorgeous couch!—rest captive conqueror!
The orient guards thy bright triumphal car.

But, lo, another scene—a battle-plain—
The deep-toned roar of Heaven's artillery!
'Mid iron hail and lightning-flash, again
The shattered hosts rush fiercely to the fray!
'Mid foaming steed, and flashing shield and spear,
And waving oriflame, those warrior-clouds
Surge onward like the sea!—a mighty bier
Yawns to receive them—for the darkness shrouds
Them, as a tomb, and solemn twilight's reign
Broodeth o'er Heaven's ensanguined battle-plain.

Thus, change the scenes of thy great drama, Life!
Love, Hate, Pride—the fever-dreams
Of restless energies, warring with the strife
Of bigot Ignorance; while brightly gleams
The radiant light of Hope! Ah! are not all
These passions mirrored from our hearts, in those
We love and influence?—ever may their thrall
Be like the *secret fount* the lap-wing knows,*
E'er pure, and calm, and holy—as thy breast—
Oh, Steine-Kill! whereon the twilight rests.

* It is known that the "hud-hud," or lap-wing, possesses the instinct to discover subterranean springs.

A SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY GIFTIE.

Oft when the evening sun is low,
Along the billowing sea
Is heard the echoing sound of bells,
Ringing harmoniously.

Ringing the call to vesper prayer,
With muffled tone and low,
From the towers of that old "wonder-town,"
Submerged so long ago.

And as the billows dance and play
Beneath the lingering light,
The sailor sees far in the sea
A strange and fearful sight;

For temple, tower and palace gleam
I' the sunset's golden sheen;
And ghostly people walk the streets
Like a crowd of living men.

Oh, human heart! art thou not like
That city lost of old
With all thy glittering towers of pride,
And buried joys untold.

The tides of life rush over thee,
But cannot sweep away
The temples of thine early hopes—
Thine halls of imagery.

And from thy depths there comes a tone—
A music sad and low;
The requiem of thy buried loves,
That perished long ago.

And gloriously thy visions gleam
I' the light of memory;
Oh, human heart! art thou not like
That city of the sea.

THE OLD NEW HOUSE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

MANY a kind heart beats under a rough exterior. Such a heart was old Simon Gray's, and in appearance he was rude and uncourtly enough. People said he was crazed, but his madness never was exhibited in any unkindness, or in any injustice. Nor was he at all deficient in his business management, or incoherent in his conversation, when he chose to converse. Simon was a man of few words—to others—though his lips often moved, as if he talked to himself. When he did speak audibly there was good will even in his harshest tone; and the pale blue eyes, which were deep set under his bushy brows, beamed with kindness, when once you had passed their forbidding portals. Strange boys and chance comers were afraid of the old man, as he sat at the door of the *old new house* where he had dwelt for many, many years in bachelorhood; but those who knew him had always a kind word, and he had a cheerful answer. His especial pet was a little fair-haired girl, whom he seemed to love with the affection of a protector as well as parent. He tried to shield her that even the wind might not visit her too roughly; and she on her part looked up to him with a confidence, love, and trust, which would make it seem almost that she knew him to be more than human. Both are dead now, else might we not write this story, for it would have given the old man pain, and made a revelation to the young child of which she died happily ignorant. Nor, so far as we know are there any, who under our altered names of persons and places, and the absence of dates, will recognize the characters. If there are, they will admit that we do old Simon no more than justice; or if they knew him but slightly they will love a memory which has hitherto been to them only that of a bizarre old man.

We have called the house old and new. Old it certainly was, as the blackened boards and other marks of time showed—prematurely old, from neglect. And yet it appeared new too, in that the building was never entirely finished. Paint, plaster, and care have made a new place of it since the time of which we write, for it has passed into strange hands. Why it presented the appearance of which we have been speaking, will appear in our narrative.

Simon Gray's life opened happily. There was nothing which indicated for him a splendid destiny. The path which seemed open before him was obscure, and promised to embrace only the ordinary incidents of ninety-nine lives in a hundred; but it so befell that his experience showed that strange things may happen as well to the humble as to the exalted. The prince has gilded play-things, the peasant boy plain. Both are toys after all, and both the possessors are children. Both grow up to be men only, and in every man's heart the thoughts are mightier to himself than the marching of an army with banners.

Simon received the usual elements of a practical education in a New England public school. And what was more to his benefit, he was taught by parental admonition and example the way in which he should go; and was founded in true faith in the God whom he should love. And between himself and a young woman, his neighbor, Margaret Goodenow, there grew an attachment which strengthened with their years. Neither could go back and fix the date when the other was not a chosen companion. It was love, pure and unsophisticated; and it was only when they learned by observation that they were not and could not be brother and sister to each other, that the thought came into their heads that they might be something else, still nearer and dearer. Simon continued his attentions naturally, and Margaret as naturally accepted them as matters of course. There were no vows—no protestations—no jealous fits—no frantic passages—no prudery and no affectation of concealment. None of the romantic artillery which gives eclat to the pages of a fashionable novel marked their intercourse. All went quietly and happily, without any particularly definite thought of the future; until, about the same time, Simon's father asked him how he would like to build over against the big elm, (that same house of which we were speaking just now,) and Margaret's mother asked her why she did not put a web for herself in the loom.

That "set them to thinking," as the Yankee phrase is. Mag plied the distaff and shuttle as if at task-work—and a pleasant task too. Simon would not wait that spring, till the frost was out of the ground, before he tried some experimental blows with the pick, at the cellar; and as for the stone for cellar-wall and foundation, that was on the spot before sledding was over. And everybody looked forward to the completion of the house as a probable approximation to the date of the young couple's wedding. Margaret was daily at the building—her mother daily scolding her, good-humoredly, and telling her that Simon would certainly get his part done first; but then Margaret knew that Simon would rather the cloth should not be woven, than that she should not know every inch of the house's progress. So together they consulted, and together they planned all the details; and as the walking became "settled," it was not unfrequently the case that both families were collected there once a day, if not oftener. Every body had

some advice or suggestion, or incident from experience, how cellars should be kept dry, and rats and mice kept out; how room could be saved this way and that—how too many corners catch dirt, and above all, how a house is nothing without "cupboards" and closets. Manifold where the dark places which were economized into "stow-holes," and long and earnest the conferences between Simon and Margaret. They heard the others, and then did as they pleased—or rather as she pleased. A wise man will let woman have her way in such arrangements, provided that she does not wish to do any thing quite as *outre* as commencing the chimneys at the top, after the mode described in Gulliver's Travels.

Summer sometimes brought idlers and valetudinarians to Hill-side. It was not a regular summering resort; but those who really wish to enjoy country-life occasionally discover that the crowded watering-place is not the true scene of rural pleasures. A young man named Bernard came this summer to the village. Whether his pocket, his taste, or a mere whim brought him there; whether he sought retirement, or traveled for health, or what induced him to pitch upon this spot, nobody knew. Some letters he had, and what was a better introduction, he had a good address. He was young and pale, and of course, interesting. He had frequent letters and parcels at the post-office, and must therefore be a man of some note. He was extremely affable to all whom he met, old and young; and in a very little time every body at Hill-side felt an interest in the handsome stranger; and trusted that he would carry away such a report of the place, its advantages and hospitalities, as would induce other visiters.

The young people voted him an author—perhaps a poet—certainly a student; and Margaret's mother was not at all displeased when the young student applied to her for summer-quarters; for to tell the truth, she had already resolved such a possibility in her mind. He said he wished home comforts, which were not to be found at a country tavern, and delicately conveyed his firm impression that her house would be to him a perfect elysium. She was not prepared to take a stranger into the house, lived in a plain way, and all that. But he protested that these objections were precisely the advantages that he sought in a country visit—the absence of a mercenary calculation—a mouthful for each penny paid, and a set price for lodgings. Where one party is determined, and the other opposes only feigned resistance, the point at issue is soon determined, and Bernard was at once domiciliated at Chestnut-Farm.

Never was man so little trouble as he—never were family so much infatuated with a stranger. Margaret and all partook of the fascination. It seemed as if she never would tire of reciting his praises to Simon at their daily meetings. She was very anxious that the two young men should be intimate, and as she said, "like each other very much." She knew that they would do so if each could only know the good points of the other as well as she knew both. But neither of them could be inspired with any very warm attachment in the direction she desired. Bernard was civil and courteous to Simon, as he was to every body; but Margaret thought she could detect some appearance of undervaluing her lover on the part of the stranger. And he permitted this impression to be gathered in the most agreeable manner—that is to say, as if he accidentally betrayed his sense of her exceeding worth, and his sorrow that she was to be sacrificed to Simon. In no way did he attempt to derogate from that individual's good points in the abstract, or as plain Simon—but it was as Margaret's accepted that he fell below Bernard's standard. Margaret pleaded with Bernard for her lover, and that was dangerous business, because it was in some sort admitting what Bernard rather implied than alleged. It was reading his hieroglyphics, and that indicated a common understanding between them, and emboldened Bernard, while it threw Margaret in the way of temptation.

And she pleaded with Simon for Bernard. That was dangerous business too. The most unsuspecting heart is not proof against all misgivings—and Simon did not like that she should enter so warmly into advocacy for a man in whose behalf he saw no reason why she should be so deeply interested. The stranger was but a transient guest—never again to visit the vicinity Simon hoped; and he could not perceive that it was a matter of great consequence whether he ever learned to like him particularly or not. He soon ceased to argue the matter at all with her. He forced himself to listen; but it was with evident disrelish, and Margaret, finding the subject an unpalatable one, abandoned it. But this did not mend matters much, since Simon's uneasiness now took a positive character. He had disliked to hear Margaret continually talking of the stranger, but her evident reserve upon all that related to him was worse. And Margaret shared in his discontent; for it seemed to her, though she did not trust herself to say it, or even dare to think of it, that Simon was unkind. And, what was more unfortunate for her peace, she felt that Bernard was not.

The young stranger was by no means an indifferent observer of all this. Nay, it seemed wonderfully to fall in with his plans—perhaps with his expectations—certainly with his wishes. Margaret learned to be very much pleased with him, and fond of his conversation and society; and yet she felt a half-consciousness that she was doing her old friend a wrong. But why? she would ask herself. Is it esteeming Simon less, to do justice where he refuses it? It was too knotty a point in casuistry for her to solve; and things at Chestnut-Farm now began to go on strangely. Simon was spoken of in a tone in which he had never been mentioned before. Bernard was particular in his expressions of good opinion—too particular—patronizing. But there was, withal, a covert spice of detraction in it—as neatly contrived as Mark Antony's effort "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Bernard affected to praise Simon, not to detract from him; but the effect of all his conversation was precisely the opposite of his ostensible

design. After a time even Margaret could laugh heartily at a joke uttered at the expense of her lover in his absence. At first she was almost offended at any liberty taken with the character or person of Simon, however well it was gilded; but the polished wit of Bernard, and his apparently unassuming superiority, led her more and more to desire that her country lover could resemble her accomplished friend.

It would too much lengthen our sketch to describe the whole process and progress of the estrangement —for an estrangement it became. Bernard's discussions upon architecture quite ruined in the eyes of Margaret the humble dwelling which had once seemed to her a palace. As she suggested this and that and the other impossible change in the original plan, and treated poor Simon's cherished notions with ill-disguised superciliousness, he was grieved to perceive in all this, that he as well as the house, was daily growing less and less in her estimation. And the villagers began now to perceive the growing coolness. It made the judicious sad; the thoughtless sneered, the friends of Simon were angry. And at last he became angry himself; or at least his feelings approached as near to anger as the love he still felt would admit; and he looked anxiously forward to the time when the departure of the dangerous guest would release Margaret from her hallucination.

Summer passed away, and the foliage commenced to wear its autumn hue. Long before this Simon had taken it for granted that his house would have been finished and furnished, and that his wife would have been busy with him, perfecting their winter comforts. But now things began to wear the aspect of a house begun without counting the cost. There was a delay in the few finishing touches which alone remained to perfect the building. A step here, and a pale there were ready for their places, but still stood unadjusted. The gate which had been tacked up, waiting for bolts and hinges, still waited. Dust blew over the door-stone, and all looked like neglect. Simon Gray was no more seen daily at the building; indeed he was scarcely seen abroad at all, and when he did make his appearance, it was with an aspect so wan and woful, that men saw he had a broken-heart.

The student had gone from the village. Margaret, who had grieved the good people by a flirtation with him which had grown more and more open and unblushing, was now seldom met. The whole vicinage, so cheerful and pleasant in the spring, appeared to have had a spell cast over it; and the people—for in a village men sympathize with each other—looked as if a heavy secret lay at all their hearts; as if they knew more than they would speak, and feared more than they knew.

Winter came; and the deep snows of New England drifted over the paling of Simon Gray's new house, and filled the yard, where nobody broke a path. Winds blew, and scattered from the bared road side sand and gravel over the white mantle, and still it lay unbroken, and where the eaves dropped it froze. The threshhold was ice, and the roof and windows hung with icicles. Simon passed one day, and paused and looked at the place earnestly. A little boy who watched him, for Simon had now become an object of marvel to the little folk, said that Simon Gray drew his sleeve across his eyes. The lad wondered if it was not because his house was not finished before the snow set in. Poor Simon! He was no poet, but the sullied snow had given him other and more bitter thoughts than that!

Spring opened. The strengthening sun melted down the bank of snow before Simon Gray's new house, and the winter-hid shavings and bits of brick, and scraps of mortar, peeped out—last year's mementoes of the unfinished work, preserved beneath the bank to tell their story over again in the new year. And now a great surprise had taken the village; and the envious wondered how *that* family, meaning Margaret's poor mother, and her father, bowed with more than the weight of years, could have held up their heads as long as they did. The doctor, and the truly worthy and pious minister, vied with each other in the constancy and frequency with which they visited Chestnut Farm-house. Simon went at last also, for the minister took him there. If he went at all disposed to be unforgiving, he came away melted and subdued. His heart was lighter too; for he had performed a duty which all owe who dare to say in their prayers "forgive us—*as we forgive.*"

A long train wound one day, just as the violets were opening, into the village grave-yard. Simon Gray was there, and it was observed, as they passed his new house, for the train were all on foot, that his companion had much labor to bear him up. But he was not a mourner as one without hope; for his arms had supported Margaret when she resigned her soul to Him who forgiveth sin, and heareth those who call upon Him. He never spoke of her after while he lived; and he never would hear when her name was mentioned. Some people felt, and others affected surprise that he was present at all at the funeral—but Simon noticed neither. He was simply following the dictates of an affection too virtuous to have permitted him to sacrifice his self-respect had she lived—too charitable to permit one who was once loved to die unforgiven of man, since the Master received her—or to die unloved of a fellow-mortal, since while we were yet sinners Christ died for us; and greater love can none show than this.

Such is the story of the "Old New House." The child of whom we spoke at the opening was Margaret's grandchild. Her father grew in that house, lived there married and single, and died there. Simon never would suffer it to be finished further than absolute necessity required; and people, as we have already stated, said he was crazed. He was solitary and heart-broken; and if it were a strange fantasy that he should rear Margaret's child, there was a method in such madness, which we all would do well to imitate in behalf of the orphan and the destitute.

THE WOUNDED GUERILLA.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY MAYNE REID.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE city of Puebla lies in the centre of an immense *plateau*, seven thousand feet above sea level, and bordered by mountains of more than twice this altitude. Malinchi, rendered classic in the history of the first conquest, rises on the north; the Piñal bars up the eastern passes, while the great Cordillera of the Rio Frio forms its western boundary, thus separating the two great valleys of Puebla and Mexico by an almost impassible barrier. In this ridge lie the great snow mountains of Popocatepec and the "White Woman, (*la muger blanca*,) known poetically as the "Twin Sisters."

These mountains soar far above the regions of eternal snow. Popocatepec is a cone, and the gray fringe that marks the blending of the white glacier and the dark pines of the mountain forest, forms the circumference of a horizontal circle. On the White Woman this snow line is more irregular. On both mountains its altitude is variable, according to the season and the heat of the sun. Thus the melting of the snows in the sultry months of summer throws the gray fringe higher up the sides of Popocatepec and Ixtaihuath, and irrigates the broad plains of Puebla and Tlascalla.

But for these snow-crowned mountains the *plateau* of Puebla would be a barren desert. As it is, the western segment of this plain may be termed the garden spot of Mexico.

As the traveler emerges from the western gate of Puebla, he beholds one of the loveliest pictures in the world. The delighted eye roams over broad fields of corn and wheat, and "frijoles," bordered by fence rows of the picturesque maguey—here and there the cupolas of rich haciendas—the turrets of a flourishing village, and the spires of a rural church variegate the green landscape, while in the distance rises the dark Cordilleras of the Mexican Andes, over whose gloomy forests and frowning chasms the snowy crests of the "Twin Sisters" glisten with a dazzling whiteness.

This is, perhaps, the fairest picture in Mexico. Its beauty, however, did not protect it from the desolating influence of war, and during the occupation of Puebla by the American army, bands of robbers under the name of "guerilleros," alike hostile to Mexican and American, roamed over the fairest portions of this district, committing every species of outrage upon its peaceful inhabitants.

The American army entered Puebla in the month of May, 1847. The inhabitants, one hundred thousand in number, were struck with astonishment at the boldness of the act. They had been expecting an army of at least ten thousand men. Instead of this, ninety dragoons rode into the plazza alone, where they halted to await the advance of the army, in all, not numbering four thousand men. Hundreds of Mexicans counted our soldiers as they crossed the bridge of "Noche buena," and the feeling that existed in the breasts of the Poblanos, after our entry into their city, was one of shame, that they had permitted such a handful of men to take the old and warlike town of Puebla without a blow having been struck in its defense.

They might apparently *have stoned us to death*.

Santa Anna repulsed at Amozoc, had retreated upon San Martin, and now held that fair district with his rabble soldiery.

On finding that it was not in the power of the American commander to advance beyond Puebla for a time, the bright idea struck Santa Anna of rousing the national pride once more in defense of their capital. He consequently crossed the mountains at Rio Frio, and commenced fortifying the ancient city of the Aztecs, leaving however a large guerilla force, who roamed at will over the western plain of Puebla and occupied San Martin, Tlaxcalla, and Atlixco. These at first commenced hostilities by stopping the supplies of the Puebla market, which depends altogether upon the fertile districts of the west. Finding, however, that the American gold received in exchange for the fruits and vegetables of San Martin, served their purposes better than revenge, the guerillas at length permitted the produce to pass, levying a heavy contribution upon each article.

The hated "alcabala," was abolished at the city gates, and the Indians and rancheros of Chohula, San Pablo, and San Martin, flocked to the grand Plaza of Puebla.

It was a rare sight in the bright mornings of June, this Plazza of Puebla. Hundreds of Indian girls seated in groups under their awnings of "petates," gayly chatting with one another, or laughing with a clear ringing laugh at the bad Spanish of the American soldier. Who says that the Indians of Mexico are a dejected race? No such thing. We have seen more bright happy faces in the markets of Puebla than any where else. The slightest witticism—a mispronunciation of the names of any of their wares by a foreign tongue, will elicit peals of laughter from these merry market-girls, while the almost constant display of their small pearly teeth and sparkling eyes evinces the lightness of their hearts.

The remnants of several nations exist in the plains of Puebla. These may be easily distinguished in the

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streets of the city by a singular custom. A few strands of worsted thread, blue, crimson, or purple, are twisted into the plaits of their luxuriant black hair. The difference of color in this worsted marks the tribe or village to which the wearer belongs, so that at a glance you may tell an Indian girl from Tlaxcalla or San Pablo from one of the Cholultecas.

The Indians of the last mentioned tribe are perhaps the most interesting to be met with in Mexico. Living at the foot of the great pyramid, on "haunted holy ground," they are constantly reminded of the religion of their fathers, many of whose peculiar customs and habits they still preserve in all their pristine simplicity. The young girls of this tribe are strikingly handsome, and but for their malformation—the effect of early toil and careless rearing—the Cholultecas, with their dark Indian eyes and pearly teeth, would far eclipse with their beauty the daughters of the famed Castilian conquerors.

Of all the Indian maidens who visited the Plazza of Puebla, none attracted more admiration from the officer or soldier who thronged through this market than two sisters from Cholula. These girls were named Remedios and Dolores, after the appellations of two of the most popular saints in Mexico.

The elder, Remedios, was strikingly beautiful, and though admired by all, her dark Indian eye had made a deeper impression upon the heart of a young Ranger.

The occupation of these girls was that of weaving baskets from the fine fibres of the *palma redonda*, which wares, along with the flowers that grew in their little garden at Cholula, they brought once or twice a week to the city.

The young ranger spoken of, was frequently placed upon picket guard at a point on the Cholula road, and had thus become acquainted with the sisters, with whom he seemed to be on terms of friendly intercourse. He was frequently seen to accompany them beyond the confines of the city on their return homeward, and at parting the beautiful Remedios would linger behind her sister, and concealed by the friendly shelter of a maguey plantation, bid him farewell with a kiss. It was evident that the passion between the ranger and the fair Cholulteca was mutual.

Such was the state of affairs in the city. Let us follow the young girls to their native village at the foot of the far-famed pyramid.

Under the shade of a huge pepper-tree, stood a small but neat cottage of adobes. In front of this cottage was a little garden filled with bright flowers, and fenced in by a close wall of the octagonal columns of nopal. Outside of the little garden grew the giant maguey planted closely in rows, and running alongside pathways which led to other cottages similar to the one above mentioned. Such pathways form the lanes and streets of a Mexican-Indian village.

Over the cottage door is a little awning or shade formed by two or three poles and the broad leaves of the royal palm, and under this awning are seated the sisters Remedios and Dolores.

They have been silent for some time, each busily engaged with her work, which consists in weaving the beautiful palm-baskets, that meet with such ready sale in the plazza. Dolores is no doubt thinking upon the profits which her work will yield, and how she will rejoice the heart of her old and helpless father, who has no other support. Dolores is the old man's favorite, and returns his parental fondness with a heart full of filial love.

The thoughts of Remedios are dwelling upon a far different object, and two or three times she has become so absent as to make strange mistakes in her work. Presently the fibre of palm which she has been weaving becomes entangled, and suddenly breaks.

"What are you doing, Remedios?" asks her sister. Then adds with a somewhat malicious laugh. "Thinking of Don Santiago! But come, sister, see better to your work, or we will not have our baskets ready for to-morrow's market, and then how you would be disappointed!"

Remedios blushed, but made no other reply to the pleasantry of her sister.

Dolores looked in her face, and noticing the blush, said in a more serious tone.

"Ah, Remedios! if Pepe only knew."

"Knew what?"

"Of Don Santiago."

"And if he did?" exclaimed the elder sister, while her dark eyes flashed with indignation, "what is Pepe to me. I never loved him, and I never told him I did—he has no right to me more than another!"

At this moment a footstep reached the ears of the sisters, causing them to start and look up.

A young man of rather a forbidding appearance was coming up between the rows of magueys. He was dressed in the costume of an ordinary peasant, but the short carbine which he carried over his shoulder, and the belt and pouch slung across his breast, betokened that he was one of the enrolled guerillas, whose head-quarters were for the time in the village of Cholula.

The young man entered through the opening of the nopal fence, and striking the butt of his piece to the ground, stopped in front of the cottage, saluting the sisters with the usual exclamation for that hour "*buenos tardes!*" (good evening.)

The salutation was returned by both the sisters; but in such a manner by the elder, as showed that she felt a coldness, or rather a repugnance toward the object of it.

Pepe (the name of the intruder,) noticed this, and glared upon her with a scowl which bespoke a strange blending of fierce love with jealous anger. It was evident that he was now before them with some sinister design, and the sisters sat without speaking, but both trembling under the influence of his evil eye.

"So, Remedios, I have found out the reason why you rejected me so scornfully, but I will be revenged."

"What mean you, Pepe?" asked the girl in a conciliatory tone.

"You know what I mean.—I have heard and know well, too, of your partings on the road by the garita. I have been told all—but trust me you will take no more of these affectionate farewells, for this night I will have my revenge. We have laid our plans, and this night your Yankee lover will die—and if by to-morrow at noon you have not promised to be mine, you may dread the vengeance of my comrades, for they shall know all.

"Remember, to-morrow I return."

So saying, the guerilla flung his carbine over his shoulder, and with an angry look strode from the cottage.

The young girls watched for a moment in silence his retreating form. When he had passed from their sight Remedios bent toward her sister, and in a half whisper asked.

"What does he mean when he says that he must die to night? Do you think he has some plot laid to assassinate Don Santiago?"

"No, to-night they are to attack the picket at the garita. You know that this is the day of Don Santiago's guard. I overheard one of the guerillus talk of their plan as I came from the church."

All that night Remedios was unhappy. She slept but little, thinking of the threat which had been uttered by the jealous Pepe, and with painful suspense she awaited the approach of day.

At an early hour the sisters, with their basket filled with the work of yesterday, and a profusion of beautiful flowers, started for Puebla.

Shortly after leaving the village they met an Indian woman coming from the direction of the city, driving an ass. This woman informed the sisters that there had been a severe skirmish near the garita between the guerillus and the guard, in which the former had been defeated and scattered. The guard had got information by some means of the intended attack, and had sent to Puebla for a reinforcement of mounted men, which had arrived just in time and by a circuitous route, and had attacked the guerillus in the rear, so that only a few of them escaped from either death or capture.

The sisters had scarcely bid adieu to the Indian woman, when on reaching a turn in the road they came upon one of the guerillus, seated upon a stone. A handkerchief was bound around his head—his face, pale and haggard, was spotted with blood, and there was a look of wild revenge in his eye as he recognized the approach of the two girls.

They were at first alarmed on perceiving whom they had encountered, for it was Pepe who was before them, but when they saw that the guerilla was wounded, and apparently suffering, in the true spirit of womanly compassion both the young girls ran up to him and inquired what they could do to assist him.

This appeared for a moment to soften the bitter spirit of the wounded man, and in a manner of more tenderness than he usually exhibited, he requested one of them to bring him a draught of water, while the other rebound the handkerchief upon his wound.

The elder sister immediately ran to fulfill his request, while Dolores remained alone with the guerilla.

She unbound the handkerchief with tender care, and had commenced readjusting it, when the sudden trampling of horses' hoofs was heard, and before the wounded man had time to escape, half a dozen rangers came galloping up the road.

The guerilla had seized his carbine, and was making for the chapparal, when one of his pursuers called at him to halt and they would spare him. Seeing the impossibility of escape, the man turned suddenly round and doggedly approached the party of rangers, who had halted upon the road.

At this moment Remedios returned, and recognizing one of the rangers, with an exclamation of delight called out—

"Don Santiago!"

"Ha!" cried the guerilla, "it is he!" And throwing up his carbine he fired at the young ranger, who had leaped from his horse, and was approaching the girl.

The ball took effect, passing through the fleshy part of the ranger's arm. The shock, brought him to the ground, and the wild laugh of the guerilla told that he believed his vengeance had been complete.

The quick successive reports of half a dozen rifles for a moment drowned this laugh, and when they ceased it was heard no more. He that had uttered it lay by the road a bleeding corpse.

LINES

TO MRS. G. R. GRAHAM.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

May not, in this sweet season, my meek prayer
Rise near thine own? It is a prayer for thee,
Gentle and pure, affectionate and fair,
God guard thee ever! and around thee be
Blessings like rays! Thine is a heart to throw
A noble reflex from a manly mate,
To give his loftiest pulse a loftier glow,
And shed o'er all his path a purer fate.
Gentle as thou art may thy summers be!
Sweet as thy voice and gentle as thy smile!
And hopes that know no winter give to thee
All that is sweetest, surest! all that, while
The clouded earth obscures, has power to light
The soul upon that path that never knows a night.

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"GRACIOUS, girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindley, thrown suddenly off of her guard, and turning, with a frown, upon a young lady who had accidentally trodden upon her dress as she was almost forced down the stairs of the Musical Fund Hall, at the breaking up of a crowded concert.

"I am sorry, ma'am," said the young lady, gently; "it was entirely an accident."

"People ought to look where they put their feet!" muttered Mrs. Lindley, frowning another reproof upon the blushing girl; and then, with a dignified toss of the head, resuming her march down the stairs, letting the crowd, that had been momentarily checked in its downward tendency, move on again more freely.

"I should call that a poor specimen of a refined lady," remarked the gentleman upon whose arm the girl so rudely addressed was leaning, as they gained the street. "I hope we shall not find her a representative of Philadelphia good breeding."

"Oh, no! I presume not," was the answer. "New York has plenty just like her; and I would be very sorry if strangers were to estimate all by the standard they afford."

"Very true! How weak and foolish it is," remarked the young man, "for people to lose temper at every trifle. If the person who gave us so fine a specimen of amiability to-night, has any right feelings about her, she was not ten steps from the door of the concert-room before a feeling of shame took the place of anger. But, whether this be so or not, I would much rather have your feelings than hers on the occasion."

"So would I. And yet an incident like this cannot but disturb the feelings. To be spoken to insultingly, in the midst of strangers, is far from being pleasant."

"It is. But no one suffers in the estimation of those who happen to be present when such things occur, but the individual who so far outrages all good breeding as to resent a trifling accident with ill nature."

"True. And yet I feel hurt about the incident which has just transpired. It leaves a weight upon my feelings, that such thoughts as you suggest will not throw off. My self-love is perhaps wounded. In other words, I feel insulted."

"And you have reason to feel so, for you were insulted."

"Still, I must not permit myself to think unkindly of the person who so far lost her self-control as to wound my feelings. She may be a woman of many good qualities, yet hasty in her temper. This may have only been the exhibition of a prominent weakness, and she may now be suffering severe mortification in consequence."

"More probably she is, at this present moment, animadverting upon the rudeness of people in public assemblies—herself of course not included."

"Do'nt think so unkindly of any one. Rather look at the brighter side."

"I'm not as charitable as you are. People show us, in unguarded moments, the true features of their character. Judging from the glance we had to-night, I should pronounce the individual who got into such a pet for a trifle, to be no lady, notwithstanding she was well dressed and seemed to be in good company. A true lady is one who thinks of others more than of herself, when she is in society; and—one who does this is never thrown off of her guard—never speaks unkindly to others—never insults those who happen, by accident, to step upon a corner of her dress."

The subject of this conversation was a Mrs. Lindley. The remarks her conduct elicited from the companion of the young lady who had, by stepping upon her dress, caused her to lose her temper, were rather severe. But few of her intimate friends, had they heard them, could possibly have believed that she was meant, for they only knew her as a lady of polished and amiable manners. But Mrs Lindley had her weaknesses. She was naturally of a hasty temper, though her regard for the good opinion of others caused her to keep it under control while in society, and her reason prompted her to put a check upon it, under all circumstances. Still, occasions would come when she would forget herself.

On the occasion of her attending the concert at the Musical Fund Hall, she wore a new and elegant dress. The fabric was very delicate, as was also the color. In descending the stairs, at the close of the concert, she felt herself suddenly drawn back, and on turning around quickly, saw that a young woman, a stranger, had stepped upon this dress. Her first thought was, that it was both torn and soiled, and the exclamation, "Gracious, girl!" dropped from her lips as an expression of surprise at the carelessness of the strangers. The annoyance she felt prevented her from accepting the apology that was instantly offered, and caused her to reject it in the ungracious manner we have seen. But a few minutes only elapsed before a better state of mind came, and then she was deeply mortified at her unlady-like conduct, and would have given almost anything could she have recalled the hasty words that had fallen from her lips.

"It will be a lesson to me," she said to herself, as she sat brooding over the incident, after her return home that evening. "I am too apt to speak from the impulse of the moment, and too prone to speak unkindly on slight provocation."

On the next day, Mrs. Lindley received a letter

from a very particular friend in New York, in which was mentioned the fact that a highly accomplished young lady, belonging to one of the best families in the city, was then on a visit to Philadelphia.

"Miss Herbert," said the letter, "is a sweet girl, and I number her among my choicest friends. I have frequently spoken to her of you, and she has expressed a wish to make your acquaintance. She will remain at Jones's Hotel for a week. Will you not call upon her, and show her some attentions, for my sake? I know you will like her very much; she is the favorite of every one. Among all my friends here, I know of no one to whom I am more attached. She is so kind, so gentle, so unselfish, so wise for one of her age. Make her acquaintance, by all means."

"For your sake, if for no other, I will do so," said Mrs. Lindley, as she closed the letter. "And as Miss Herbert is only going to spend a few days in Philadelphia, I will call upon her at once."

And so Mrs. Lindley dressed herself that very morning, and called at Jones's, to see her friend's particular friend. She found her quite a young lady, simple in her style of dressing, slightly reserved at first, yet easy in her manners. Five minutes had passed before Mrs. Lindley was entirely at home with her.

"When did you arrive in our city?" inquired Mrs. Lindley, soon after they met.

"I came on day before yesterday," was replied.

"Will your stay be short?"

"I shall leave in a few days, for the South, where I intend spending the winter."

"My friend, Mrs. D—— is, I suppose, very well?"

"Oh, yes! I never saw her look better in my life. She speaks of you very often, and promises herself great pleasure from your contemplated visit to New York."

"Not more than I do myself. She is a lovely-minded woman."

"She is, truly, and the favorite of every circle wherein she moves."

"There is something familiar in your face, Miss Herbert," said Mrs. Lindley, during a slight pause in the conversation, looking earnestly at the young lady as she spoke. "It seems as if we must have met before."

"And your face made the same impression upon me," returned Miss Herbert, smiling.

"This is a little singular, is it not?" remarked Mrs. Lindley. "We never met before, and yet both recognize something familiar."

"At first thought it seems so. But it is a fact, that we rarely, if ever, see a new face which has not in it something familiar."

"True. But the likeness belongs to a class, and generally has in itself a peculiarity essentially its own, that marks its individuality. Not such a likeness do I see in your face. It seems to me as if we must have met before."

"And I cannot get away from the same impression, in regard to you," said Miss Herbert.

"It is a little singular," returned Mrs. Lindley, sinking for a few moments into a musing state.

"Have you been out much since you arrived in the city?" she inquired, as she came out of this slight abstraction of mind.

"I have been around a good deal, for the short time I have been here. Last night I attended the concert at your fine Musical Fund Hall. For musical purposes, it is one of the best rooms I have ever been in."

"Were you pleased with the concert?" inquired Mrs. Lindley—her thoughts reverting, as she spoke, to the unpleasant incident we have mentioned, and a vague, yet deeply mortifying suspicion, stealing through her mind. Her eyes, which were upon the face of Miss Herbert, drooped, and a slight flush warmed her cheeks.

"Very much pleased with the concert," replied the young lady, "but not quite so well pleased with some of the people who were there."

"Ah! What displeased you in the people?"

"I should have spoken rather in the singular number," said Miss Herbert, smiling. "At the close of the concert, and while descending the steps, I was so unfortunate as to tread upon the dress of a lady, who became offended thereat, and spoke to me, I thought, with extreme rudeness. I felt hurt at the moment, but soon got over it."

"Mrs. Lindley tried to look calmly at the young lady, while she spoke, and to assume an expression of countenance different from her real feelings. But the effort was not entirely successful. Miss Herbert saw that there was a change, and, for a few moments, wondered at its meaning. Then the truth flashed upon her mind, and she understood why the face of Mrs. Lindley was so familiar. She had met her before, and she remembered where!

To both, this was a painful and an embarrassing discovery. But each felt that self-possession, and a seeming unconsciousness of the mortifying fact was of all things necessary. As quickly as Mrs. Lindley was sure that she could command her voice, she said—

"I am sorry that any one should have so far forgotten what was due from a lady as to utter an unkind word to a stranger, in a public assembly, and on so slight a provocation. But you must try and forgive the indignity."

"That I have already done," said Miss Herbert, making every effort in her power to seem unconcerned. "I know that the very best people may sometimes, in a moment of weakness, be thrown off of their guard, and say or do things entirely at variance with their real character, and for which, afterward, they feel the sincerest regret."

"It is best always," replied Mrs. Lindley, whose feelings no one need envy, "to judge thus kindly of others, even under marked provocation. But I cannot so readily excuse the person who, from so slight a cause, could be led into a gross violation of one of the commonest proprieties of life. Ah, me! How watchful we should all be, for we cannot tell at what moment we may be thrown off of our guard.

and say or do something that will cost us unavailing regret."

This was as much as Mrs. Lindley felt that she dared say upon the subject; and, as Miss Herbert's reply did not lead to its continuance, the theme of conversation took another direction.

During the young lady's stay in Philadelphia, Mrs. Lindley paid her every attention; but never in her presence did she feel at ease, for she had an instinctive assurance that she was known to Miss Herbert, as the person who had offered her, on slight provocation, a most gross indignity.

For all the kindness and attention of Mrs. Lindley to Miss Herbert, during her brief stay in Philadelphia, the latter could not forget the night of the concert. Reason the matter as she would, she could not force from her mind the natural conclusion that, when off their guard, people spoke as they felt. The anger of Mrs. Lindley's voice, her impatient and insulting language, and particularly the expression of her face, were constantly presenting themselves to her mind.

"She may be a woman of many excellent qualities," she said to herself, as she mused upon the unpleasant incident connected with their first meeting; "but I would not choose her as an intimate friend."

On her return from the South, Miss Herbert passed through Philadelphia without calling upon Mrs. Lindley. She thought of doing so, and even debated the matter seriously, but the repugnance she felt prevented a renewal of the acquaintance. Reason with herself as she would, afterward, she found it impossible to think well of Mrs. Lindley, and though she has been in Philadelphia frequently since, has not visited her. Yet, for all this, Mrs. Lindley is a woman of excellent qualities, and much beloved among all her friends. In a moment of weakness she was thrown off of her guard, and betrayed into the utterance of unkind words; and that single phase of her character, presented to the eyes of a stranger, made an unfavorable impression that could not afterward be effaced.

MARIE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

When we bore thee to thy grave, Marie,
The flowers were springing fair,
And violets, like azure gems,
Were scattered every where.
The blossoms of the trees, Marie,
In perfumed showers fell fast,
The incense of their dying breath
Each light breeze floated past.

For the sweet spring-tide had come, Marie,
When we laid thee to thy rest,
With the lily and forget-me-not,
And the rose-bud on thy breast.
These were thy favorite flowers, beloved,
And our tears fell on them, then,
For we thought that nevermore with thee
Should we gather them again.

Soft clouds were in the sky, Marie,
Soft summer-clouds were they,
They wept a few bright drops for thee,
So early past away.
They floated swiftly by, beloved,
Half sunshine, and half tears,
Like the checkered light and shade of life,
In thine own vanished years.

The ever-wandering winds, Marie,
That went and came at will,
Brought whispered tones of love from thee,
As thou wert with us still.
And I almost saw thy seraph form
Hovering above us there,
And felt thy spirit-wing, beloved,
Fanning the viewless air.

We stood around thy grave, Marie,
Where thy gentle form was laid;
It is a pleasant place of rest
Beneath the greenwood shade;
The wind-flower blooms there earliest,
When the earth wakes from her sleep,
But the spring will come and go, beloved,
Nor break thy slumber deep.

Our tears fall fast for thee, Marie,
Young mother and young wife,
But not thine infant's pleading tones
Could call thee back to life;
The soft smile lingered on thy lip,
Lending its quiet grace,
And the dark fringe of thy snowy lids
Shadowed thy pale, calm face.

We knew 't was but thy form, Marie,
We placed beneath the mould,
We knew thy spirit laid it off
As a garment's cumbrous fold.
But beautiful to us, beloved,
Had thy spirit's dwelling been,
And 't was hard to see the cold, cold grave
So darkly close it in.

Thou art nearer to us now, Marie,
Thy vision is more clear,
Thou speakest with a seraph's voice
In that celestial sphere.
Oh, pray the Lord of Life, beloved,
That unto us be given,
To cheer the darkness of our path,
Some glimpses of thy heaven.

LOVE, DUTY AND HOPE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind." WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a romance and interest in the simple unadorned recital of any woman's life, no matter how confined may have been her sphere of action. When I look around a circle of elderly ladies, whose countenances, so quiet and calm, tell the victory they have gained over "the weary strife of frail humanity." I think, ye were once young and full of hope, love and enthusiasm, and ye have passed through scenes of romance unconsciously. Each wrinkle, each line on their aged faces seem glorified to me, for they are records of woman's trials—evidences of the earnest struggle of each fond, enduring woman's heart.

Years, many and trying have passed since I was a child. The days of my girlhood I recall with but little pleasure, for the recollection is associated with remembrances of dependence, loneliness, and ill-health. My parents died while I was yet quite young. Of my father I have no recollection—of my mother a faint memory, which may be but fancy after all. A girl always imagines she recollects her mother, and with the fancied memory she blends all that is lovely and beautiful.

My relatives were kind-hearted, but plain matter-of-fact people. They were mostly well to do in the world, but they had families of their own to forward in life, and the poor weakly girl was but a burthen to them. As I grew larger and stronger in health, they all agreed that something must be done to make me independent when I should grow to woman's estate. Very properly they argued "she may never marry, and although a woman, she must have some means of support to free her from the humbling feeling of dependence." My weakly constitution had made me shy and reserved. A mother's watchful, fearful love would have overcome this tendency, but I shrank from the abrupt kindnesses of my plain, homely friends, and in secret, with a sort of "sorrowing luxury" pined for the gentle hand of a mother to smooth the pillow for my constant aching brow, and listen to, and soothe my childish complainings. I loved to be alone, and fortunately I early imbibed a love for reading. In books I forgot the sensation of loneliness that weighed down my young spirits. The bustling, busy natures of those amongst whom the death of my parents had thrown me, caused them to look upon this very natural tendency of mine as something quite remarkable. They thought I must surely be uncommonly clever, uncommonly intelligent to display, thus early, a love for books; their own memories told a different story—study and reading had been irksome to their restless minds—minds which found food enough in every-day worldly pursuits. My vocation was decided upon—I was fond of study, therefore I would surely make a good teacher, and to fit me for this trying office, they all resolved that I should have an excellent education, cost what it might. As I grew older, I fully appreciated their judicious kindness, and prayed Heaven might bless such single-hearted people—for although I had not received from my homely, matter-of-fact relatives, the gentle caresses, and persuasive, patient endurance of parents, for which I pined in childhood, yet they freely gave of their store to me, and provided me with the resources, which in womanhood fortified my mind, and enabled me to bear with sore trials.

An old established prosperous school was selected, where, under the supervision of a highly accomplished and superior mind, my early days were passed. I improved rapidly. Each session at its conclusion gave a most satisfactory report of my progress; and when I reached the age of fifteen I had obtained such a position as to entitle me to a vacant subordinate teachership in the school, the duties of which were but light, and left me sufficient time to pursue the higher branches of study. My position as half-teacher, half-pupil, caused a slight barrier to be raised between my fellow scholars and myself, but amongst them I had many dear friends, who disregarded this fancied difference, and loved me as one of themselves. My most intimate school-girl friend was Clara Neale. So different were we in every respect, that even as a girl I used to wonder at our in

timacy. She was beautiful, rich, and surrounded by a troop of loving and admiring friends. I poor, not absolutely ugly, yet plain, and almost if not quite alone in the school world. How I worshiped her beauty—I was always strangely affected and influenced by personal appearance. Beauty, particularly in a woman, attracted me—it was a weakness, but still I acknowledge its power. The blue of Clara's eyes was so deep, so dark—I can see their melting, bewitching softness of expression even now, though many, many years have passed away, and those eyes are closed in death.

Her hair was of the purest shade of chestnut brown; and many an hour have I hung over her as if under the influence of a beautiful dream, listening to her sweetly modulated voice reading some impassioned tale; her graceful form thrown carelessly in a lovely attitude, and every movement beaming with beauty. She was my idol, I confess, but the idol also of many. My enthusiastic love pleased her, for I was cold to others, being as in childhood, quiet and reserved, and seldom giving evidence of any emotion. In the school I ranked high as a scholar, and on account of my incessant, ambitious application, received from my principals more credit for superiority of mind, than I fear I really deserved; which, although it caused me to be an object of envy to many, yet by girls possessing the associations and independence of position which Clara did, I was regarded with respect and admiration. Therefore did my romantic love flatter her. She was my first infatuation. I clothed her with every virtue under the sun—I endowed her with every mental gift in my fancy. As I look upon the ideal being created by my girlish fascination, I can scarcely refrain from smiling, though in sadness. Beautiful, she truly was, "as a poet's or a painter's dream"—but she was little else. Clever enough, but not superior. She was romantic, easily influenced, and gentle—but I loved her passionately, and I love her memory now, even though she caused me great suffering.

My vacations were generally spent at the school, for it was situated in a very healthy section of country, and there were always many of the boarding scholars that different circumstances compelled to remain. But the summer of my sixteenth year, my health gave evidences of failing. The preceding winter had been a trying one, both out of doors and in—bleak and stormy had been the weather—the studies had likewise been arduous and severe for me. The class of younger girls, my charges, had been uncommonly large, consequently my duties increased, which caused me to take from my sleeping hours the time necessary for accomplishing my other studies. I felt that my reputation as the leading scholar in the establishment was all I had to depend upon, therefore I could not permit any thing to deprive me of that which I knew was my only capital. But, ah! how wretchedly I felt at the close of the session; all the old pining sadness of my childhood returned to me—I sickened for a tender mother's gentle soothings, a father's looks of anxious pride—but these were not for me, poor lone hearted girl, and "the future rose only as a wall of darkness before me." No longer did my heart beat with pride when the principal prizes were unanimously awarded to me; and the directors of the school looked compassionately on me, as they marked my thin form, hollow cheeks, and dim eyes. A change of scene was necessary, so all said, and I received from a distant relative an invitation to spend the weeks of my vacation in his family. Passively I accepted the kind offer, for so despondent was I, that all places seemed alike to me; but I little expected the happiness that awaited me. They were relatives I had never met with before; the husband was kind, intelligent, and pleasant—the wife was still handsome, though no longer young—in my eyes a great virtue—had known and loved my mother, and was gentle and affectionate. They had many children, all married, and young grandchildren shouted merrily through the house. It was a beautiful country place where they lived, high mountains surrounded them, and thick forests, such as I had never seen but in pictures and dreams The glow of health soon bloomed once more upon my cheeks; the dark cloud of the Future was no longer regarded by me, for the bright sunny light of the Present, blinded me to its shadows and I again rejoiced in life.

When my visit was about half over, a ward of my cousin's came to pay them a visit. Does not my reader see already that I am approaching the history of my second infatuation? How my heart beats even now, old as I am, when I recall the image of Walter Grey. He was also beautiful, or my heart would never have been enchained. A miniature of him lies beside me as I write, and I fancy I am a girl again, as I look in those liquid dark eyes and dwell on the lovely lines of the countenance—massive and rich are the dark clusters of the wavy hair; beautiful is the face, and deeply, devotedly, did I love the original.

The last weeks of my sojourn in that blessed region floated as on dream-wings. Walter was my constant companion. We wandered through the forests—by the gushing, dancing, Undine streams, and he imagined, while listening to my girlish rhapsodies, that I was the realization of an intellectual perfection he had created in his fancy. We parted in the fall, promising to meet again. My cousin's family had become much attached to me, and they insisted on parting, that every vacation should be spent with them. Gladly I consented, and with a heart beating as it never before had beat, with feelings of rapture and hope, I returned to school. Clara was my confidante, and yet I had nothing to confide, as she with more worldly wisdom said. She looked disappointed when I told her Walter had made no offer, and my sensitive spirit felt shocked that she should think it a necessary attendant upon our intercourse. He had talked of love, but not particularly of loving me. We had roamed together by the banks of the mountain streamlets, watching the moon-beams glistening on the tiny white-crested wavelets, listening to the chiming of their ringing foam bells, as they sprang aloft to kiss the overhanging branches of the osier

willows that hung as in "love-sick langor" o'er the banks of the faëry waters. Hand clasped in hand, we had talked of nature, of spiritual love and beauty—earthly every day matters were unthought of by us, we were dreamers, and happy in our visions.

A winter vacation came, and again I visited my cousin's beautiful home—again met with Walter. I saw those magnificent forests clothed in snow—a glittering mantle enveloped all nature; but still the dancing streamlet leaped, dashing and sparkling along its mountain path, unbound by the icy chains that held captive other streams; it seemed as an emblem of my own joyous nature. I was so happy. Another summer came, and I revisited the lovely place; but that summer I had indeed much to confide to Clara. Walter and I were betrothed, with the willing, joyful consent of my relatives. We were to be married at some future time, when he should have accomplished his studies. Two or three years might elapse, but then we could meet frequently at my cousin's, and we could write, oh! such eloquent letters to each other. I yielded myself up heart and soul to this infatuation, with an earnestness that surprised me, for I had been so accustomed to control my feelings from childhood, that I was almost ignorant of the depth of feeling I possessed.

Walter was wealthy, and every one congratulated me on my good fortune. Little I cared for his worldly goods, and with all the romance of a young disinterested spirit, I sighed that he was not poor—but he rejoiced over his wealth for my sake, he said, and longed with impatience to release me from what he deemed degrading thraldom. He implored that I should no more return to Penley-Hill—that I should remain with my cousins—they united their entreaties, but I refused; no, until our marriage, I preferred my residence at the school. I represented to him that it was not disagreeable to me, my pursuits were intellectual, and it was better for me to continue my studies. This was the only cause for dispute between us, and I felt more pained than I was willing to confess when I discovered that he rather looked down on my position in life; but his love, freely and fervently expressed, for my own self, soothed my wounded feelings, and we again parted—I for Penley-Hill, he for the gay metropolis, where he was to commence the study of a profession, which would occupy two years—two long years—at the expiration of which we were to be married.

That winter was a long one to me, for Clara had left the school at the close of the preceding session—her education completed, she was to make her debut that season in society. But her letters and Walter's, cheered the hours which would have otherwise hung heavily. I was exceedingly anxious they should meet, and looked forward with delight to Walter's residence in the city where Clara's parent's resided. They did meet—in the same circle of fashionable, wealthy families did they mingle, and I was charmed at the rapturous description my friend and my lover gave me of each other. How could they fail being pleased, one with the other I said, and I pressed their letters with transport to my bosom. That either should prove false, never entered my mind, and long, long was it before I opened my eyes with fearful certainty to the truth fatal to my happiness. The constrained, short letters I received from both, I attributed to every cause but the right one. Clara was so occupied in a whirl of dissipation I thought, as to be unable to write differently. Walter was hurried in his studies, I said self-consolingly; he was vainly endeavoring to shorten by intense application the tedious two years probation.

The winter's vacation I spent at Penley—for Walter wrote that his studies would detain him in the city. The next vacation was indeed passed at my cousin's mountain-home—but in such wretchedness, that my heart aches as I recall that sad time. The lovely place had lost all beauty in my eyes. Long before the spring flowers had drooped, I became convinced of my friend's perfidy—my lover's infidelity; and I was nearer death than life when my tender relatives bore me from Penley to their home, vainly endeavoring to soothe and comfort my outraged spirits. Long and severe was the illness which held me helpless as an infant to my bed. Those who still loved me watched with painful anxiety, scarcely hoping for my recovery, for they felt that returning health would only restore me to a miserable, forsaken existence. But I did recover, and quietly and calmly resolved to bend to the burden imposed upon me. But a greater trial came. My dangerous illness had awakened feelings of remorse in both Clara and Walter. She wrote wild, self-reproaching letters, begging my forgiveness, and yielding up all claim to Walter; whilst he renewed his protestations of love, imploring me to pardon his wandering; but the same spirit which made me return to Penley the preceding summer, caused me to reject firmly these weak overtures. But I wrote with earnest affection to both, communicating my firm determination. They both sought to see me, but I steadily refused all interviews, and assured them if they really wished my future quiet and rest, they must love each other as I had loved them, but not harass my wounded heart by useless scenes and letters. Some of my friends commended my course, others attributed it to a natural coldness of disposition, and felt a sympathy for the two who had so deeply injured me; but I was alike deaf to commendation or censure. I acted as my heart and spirit impelled me, and felt a cold indifference to the remarks or opinions of any one.

I heard from Walter and Clara no more for years. Before the two years necessary for the completion of his studies had passed around, they were married; but I was far distant at the time, and did not hear of it until some months after. After my health was established my devoted application to my duties was the remark of every one, and I soon rose in the school to one of the head teacherships. I gave myself up heart and spirit to my business, and it was regarded as a wonder that I so young, should display such endurance and strength. They knew not how I suffered in secret—they knew not of the moments when my overtaxed heart could bear up no longer—

when I trembled before the wailings of my inner spirit. I felt that I had

> "Poured out my soul's full tide
> Of hope and trust,
> Prayer, tear, devotedness;
> 'T was but to write with the heart's fiery rain,
> Wild words on dust."

The habit of self-control which I had early acquired, enabled me, however, to struggle against such feelings of sorrowful, hopeless despondency, and I would rouse myself, seeking constant, unceasing occupation in my daily duties, that I might strengthen my fainting spirit.

Amongst my pupils was one whose situation had always endeared her to me. Lucy Hill was a delicate, weakly orphan girl. She reminded me of myself in my early days; but, unlike me, though dependent, it was on an affectionate, wealthy uncle, who, being unmarried, had no one to care for but her. He watched anxiously every breath, and anticipated every wish of this idolized niece. A fall in her infancy had increased a debility natural to her, and the fear of personal deformity at last became realized. As she passed the age of early childhood, her physicians thought that to place her at Penley Hill would be of benefit to her, bodily as well as mentally; and she had resided there for three or four years, as half pupil, half boarder. She loved me as she would have loved an elder sister; and I taught her, nursed her, and after my great sorrow, tried to forget my own griefs in the interest I felt for her. Symptoms of the disease which had swept off her family displaying themselves in her, a milder climate than her bleak northern home was deemed necessary—and her uncle resolved to take her to the South of Europe. She insisted upon my accompanying her—urged how necessary I was to her health and happiness. Her uncle joined his entreaties, and even the principals of Penley urged me to accept the offer, though at the same time, with kind, flattering words, assured me that on my return they would gladly again receive me in their establishment, from which they said they could illy spare me. But in truth they feared that I, as well as poor Lucy, needed the change of scene and climate. Though quiet and resigned, my health was gradually sinking under the burden pride imposed upon my suffering spirit, and my friends began to tremble for my life.

I accepted the munificent offers Lucy and her uncle made to me. Money was of no consequence to him compared to the gratification of that loved girl; and we set sail for Europe. A year and more passed delightfully to me. Lucy's health seemed, indeed, benefited by the change. We traveled leisurely through the classic scenes of Europe—lingering where we wished, and roaming where fancy led us; and I almost forgot—yes, quite forgot—my sorrows in the intellectual gratification I was enjoying. But a new cause of annoyance sprung up; Mr. Hill became, to my surprise, my lover, and Lucy added her entreaties to his. I shrank from the idea of marrying. No, I had loved once, I never could again—and I would never marry without love. Mr. Hill was much older than I—many years my senior, but pleasant, intelligent and gentlemanly. He knew of my unfortunate connection with Walter, and was one of those who had looked with respect upon the course I had pursued; this sympathy and respect had deepened into love. I liked him—respected him—had even a warm friendship for him—but marry him! oh, no—that I could never do; and when he found that his offers pained me, he and Lucy, with kind consideration, desisted from their entreaties. But I could see in his countenance and manner that great was the struggle he endured; and I had resolved upon returning home, when an alarming change took place in Lucy, which forbade my leaving her. A few weeks of violent, intense suffering to her ensued, which ended in her death. On her death-bed I yielded to her request—I became the wife of her uncle. She dreaded to leave him alone in life, and her parting breath was calmed with the certainty that I was, indeed, her aunt, by the ceremony which was performed sadly, at her bed-side a few hours previous to her death.

We remained abroad many years, and I was quietly happy. I at last fancied I loved my husband; not as I had loved Walter, it is true; but the many excellent qualities which my husband possessed, won upon me. His kindness, his attention to my unexpressed wishes, could not but be appreciated—and I valued him as he deserved to be valued. We had troubles in our married life, however; our three lovely children were laid, one after another, beside dear Lucy, in the beautiful Neapolitan burial-place; and when, after ten years of quiet, calm happiness, my husband died, he left me a childless widow. We had returned to our native country a year or so before his death, and he had taken great pleasure the last few months of his existence, in beautifying in every possible manner, our country residence, which was my favorite abode. One could scarcely imagine a more lovely spot; nature had been lavish in its bounties, and my husband added every thing that wealth could purchase to adorn its exterior and interior. It reminded me of the beautiful villa belonging to the Italian, Paul Jovius; and I wish for his glowing words, that, like him, I could paint with rapture "the gardens bathed by the waters of the lake—the shade and freshness of the woods—the green slopes, sparkling fountains—the deep silence and calm of solitude."

My husband, in adorning this place, followed out with loving precision, the classic description given of the Italian eulogist's beautiful residence. Like the villa of Jovius, "a statue was raised in the gardens to Nature. In the hall stood a fine statue of Apollo and the Muses around, with their attributes. The library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment, adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects dedicated to the Graces."

The loss of such a husband could not but be deeply felt by me, and though young, wealthy, and more comely than I had been in youth, I shut myself up from society, long after the period of mourning had

elapsed. I became resigned at last, and in intellectual pursuits was tranquilly happy. Being surrounded by images of beauty—the works of masters glowing on my walls—exquisite and costly pieces of sculpture around me—my library almost a fairy spot—my days passing in luxurious quiet—the recollection of past sorrow became subdued and softened, and I breathed with calm tranquillity the delicious atmosphere of the present.

One summer, some four or five years after my husband's death, I ventured to visit the mountain region where my dear cousins had resided. They were dead—kind creatures—but their youngest child, a married daughter, of whom I was fond, resided there with a lovely family of children. They were such romping, blessed little ones, I envied her the possession of these darlings. One lovely child, which bore the name of my mother and hers—Mary—I quietly resolved to adopt and coax away from her parents, when she should become sufficiently fond of me. The days passed delightfully to me, although that lovely place was connected with the most bitter recollections of my past life. Again I roamed through the deep forests—along the mountain paths, and traced the course of the stream as it dashed over its rocky bed as I had in girlish days with Walter, and at last found myself recalling his beautiful face to my memory. One day, on my return from my ramblings, I was told that he—Walter—the long parted one—had arrived. He was, like myself, alone in life—a childless widower. Clara was dead. How my heart sprung—and then sunk; recollections of bitter agony came with his presence—and I was chilled. We met—and days did we spend together. I knew that the meeting and intercourse had been planned by my kindly meaning friends; they thought we would renew our love—how little they knew of woman's heart. Again we visited our old haunts; again Walter addressed words of passionate love to me, and for a while I fancied the influence of the old dream hung over me. I returned abruptly to my home, and spent weeks in its quiet, calm seclusion; severely and earnestly questioning my heart, my first conclusion remained; the recollection of past love was mingled too deeply with the remembrance of those bitter moments of heart-breaking agony, when I had dared, in my sufficiency, to question the justice of Providence. Walter's desertion had taught me to still and calm my feelings—to coldly reason on heart-throbbings; now he was the sufferer by the lesson—and again we parted, never more to meet. I was firm—he said, heartless—and it may be I was; if so, his early faithlessness had caused that heartlessness.

Life passed quietly around. I succeeded in persuading the little Mary to love me as she loved her mother—and her merry voice and light footstep cheered my residence. I saw her married to one she loved; and my former quiet, solitary home has rung with the joyous laughter of her children, who troop around me daily. I have known great sorrow, but also much happiness, and have contributed to lighten the griefs of many. I am now old, but I am surrounded with dear, loving friends; and when I would sigh over the past, I look on these happy faces around me, and raise my heart in grateful thoughts to the Power that guided me through a painful childhood—a bitter womanhood—and led me at last to the quiet waters of peaceful prosperity, where I may lay down my spirit to rest.

DO I LOVE THEE?

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If it love the pearly tear
That, at evening's quiet hour,
Falleth soft and clear,
Its gentle form to bless?
If, perchance, it answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly!

Do I love thee? Ask the child,
If it love its mother dear?
If it love her accents mild?
Love her fond, sincere,
Tender and warm caress?
If, perchance, it answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly!

Do I love thee? Ay! I love thee
Better far than words can tell;
All around and all above me
Lives a charmed spell,
My spirit sad to bless!
Then I fondly answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
That I love with earnestness,
That I love thee dearly!

ODE TO SHELLEY.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Why art thou dead? Upon the hills once more
 The golden mist of waning Autumn lies;
The slow-pulsed billows wash along the shore,
 And phantom isles are floating in the skies.
They wait for thee: a spirit in the sand
 Hushes, expectant, for thy lingering tread;
The light wind pants to lift thy trembling hair;
 Inward, the silent land
 Lies with its mournful woods—why art thou dead,
When Earth demands that thou shalt call her fair?

Why art thou dead? O, glorious Child of Song,
 Whose brother-spirit ever dwells with mine,
Feeling, twin-doomed, the burning hate of Wrong,
 And Beauty's worship, deathless and divine!
Thou art afar—wilt thou not soon return,
 To tell me that which thou hast never told?
To grasp my throbbing hand, and by the shore
 Or dewy mountain-fern,
 Pour out thy heart as to a friend of old,
Tearful with twilight sorrow? Nevermore.

Why art thou dead? My years are full of pain—
 The pain sublime of thought that has no word;
And Truth and Beauty sing within my brain
 Diviner songs than men have ever heard.
Wert thou but here, thine eye might read the strife—
 The solemn burthen of immortal song—
And hear the music, that can find no lyre;
 For thou hast known a life,
 Lonely, amid the Poets' mountain-throng—
Whose cloudy snows concealed eternal fire!

I could have told thee all the sylvan joy
 Of trackless woods; the meadows, far apart,
Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely boy,
 I thought of God; the trumpet at my heart,
When on bleak mountains roared the midnight storm
 And I was bathed in lightning, broad and grand:—
Oh, more than all, with low and sacred breath
 And forehead flushing warm,
 I would have led thee through the summer land
Of my young love, and past my dreams of Death!

In thee, immortal Brother! had I found
 That voice of Earth for which my spirit pines;
The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral ground,
 The dusky hymn of Vallambrosa's pines!
From thee the noise of ocean would have taken
 A grand defiance round the moveless shores,
And vocal grown the mountain's silent head.
 Canst thou not still awaken
 Beneath the funeral cypress? Earth implores
Thy presence for her son—why art thou dead?

I do but rave—for it is better thus:
 Were once thy starry heart revealed to mine,
In the twin-life which would encircle us,
 My soul would melt, my voice be lost in thine!
Better to mask the agony of thought
 Which through weak human lips would make its way,
'Neath lone endurance, such as men must learn:
 The Poet's soul is fraught
 With mightiest speech, when loneliest the day;
And fires are brightest, that in midnight burn.

MARION'S SONG IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Away with you, ye musty tomes!
 I 'll read no more this morning!
The wildwood rose unlessoned grows—
 I 'm off—your sermons scorning!

I found a problem, yester eve,
 In wondering where the brook led,
More pleasant far for me to solve
 Than any one in Euclid.

I heard a bird sing, sweet and low,
 A truer lay than Tasso—
A lay of love—ah! let me go,
 And fly from Learning's lasso!

I saw a golden missal, too,
 'T was writ in ancient ages,
And stars—immortal words of light—
 Illumined all its pages!

The hand of God unclasped the book,
 And oped its leaves of glory;
I read, with awed and reverent look,
 Creation's wondrous story.

I will not waste these summer hours,
 The gift that He has given;
I 'll find philosophy in flowers,
 Astronomy in heaven!

Yon morning-glory shuts its leaves,
 A worm creeps out from under;
Ye volumes, take the hint she gives,
 And let the book-worm wander!

I 'll scan no more old Virgil's verse,
 I 'd rather scan the heavens;
I 'll leave the puzzling Rule-of-Three
 At sixes and at sevens;

The only sum I 'll cipher out
 Shall be the "*summum bonum*;"
My only *lines*—shall fish for trout,
 Till Virgil would n't own 'em!

A costly cover has my book,
 Rich blue, where light is winding;
How poor, beside its beauty, look
 Your calf and cotton binding.

Away! the balmy air—the birds—
 Can teach me music better
Than all your hard, high-sounding words,
 That still my fancy fetter.

The waves will tell me how to play
 That waltz of Weber's rightly;
And I shall learn, from every spray,
 To dance, with grace and lightly.

Hush! hark! I heard a far-off bird,
 I 'll read no more this morning;
The jasmine glows—the woodbine blows!
 I 'm off—your sermons scorning!

ALL ABOUT "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

BY CAROLINE C——.

'T is folly to think of life's troubles, yet they have the most inconvenient faculty of forcing themselves on the minds of men! *An. Phi.*

PROPRIETOR of the visual organs now scanning this page, which the publisher, with the still but potent voice of print, proclaimeth henceforth and forever mine, *do* you love music? rejoice you in the melody of singing voices? If you reply in the affirmative, then most heartily do I wish that you occupied my place at this present moment; for over the way —oh, most uncomfortable proximity!—there is a "Hall," where regularly meet a number of *vocalists*, whose chief object in life, for all I can discover, seems to be to ascertain to a certainty the exact power of their individual lungs—perhaps a secondary intent may be to edify this usually calm neighborhood; in case this latter should be at all an influential motive, I hereby proclaim that I, being the neighbor most concerned, am fully satisfied, and far from following the pernicious example of the world-renowned Oliver, I will not cry for "more," on the contrary, I would much rather stoop to compromise; and if they will but cessate, I will henceforth and forever maintain a most unbreakable silence on all musical subjects, though in doing so, you can hardly conceive what a *sacrifice* I would be making.

Oh, could you but hear them shout "I *will* praise the Lord!" perhaps if you are a good Christian you might put up with the nuisance, after having given utterance to only a *partial* sigh; but possessing as *I* do so small a share of the Christian graces, I can only say in answer, though with all reverence, "if you call *this* praise, beseech you, expedite your glorifyings, and have done."

Perhaps I owe an apology, at least a reason, for opening this chapter in such an exceedingly unamiable style: here it is then. I came into my "*sanctum*" with the express purpose of thinking of one I would fain tell you all about, but with thoughts so distracted as mine are at present, I fear I shall hardly do justice to any body in giving them utterance to night, and yet I feel constrained so to do; remember, in mercy, how I have been outraged by the explosion in yonder "Hall," and so proceed.

My heroine lived and *lives* in this most beautiful of all villages in the Empire State, which, as perhaps you know, is *footed* by the most charming of lakes imaginable, and is, though a "sleeping beauty," (the village I mean,) when taken all together quite perfect in its way.

To avoid being convicted of speaking of *any body in particular*, I shall treat of this lady as though she were one of the has beens; perhaps afterward I may tell you what she *is*.

Well, then, in her *young* days she *was* a maiden very much like other maidens, (American, of course,) pretty, graceful, intelligent, and interesting. No one ever thought her a great beauty, but the expression of her countenance was decidedly good. She was very fair, indeed, *so* fair that her face seemed pale, in contrast with the glossy black hair which was not usually arranged with very great regard for effect. Her eyes also were black—not the detestable, twinkling, beady, black orb, nor the very opposite, dull, heavy black; but a soft, spiritual eye, filled with mild, cheerful light, quite pleasing to behold; and yet I have seen them glowing actually with what might be called the *fire of determination*, which was quite astonishing to see in one most every body took to be the most placid, and amiable, and soft-hearted creature in the world.

In a crowd of brilliants, or of ordinary fashionable people even, this little lady would have been in her earlier days hopelessly lost to all observation. It was amid the fire-side circle she was calculated preeminently to shine. In her own home, among familiar friends, what an affectionate child she was; the arms of her spirit seemed to be continually outstretched, seeking and asking for love and kindness and sympathy; it was a craving of her nature, a necessity to her happiness, that all should love and esteem her.

A pale-faced, quiet girl, whom, because of her goodness and gentleness, every body liked—there, you have her. You have seen hundreds such, but in all your promiscuous travels, I will guaranty, not many of you have met with one of whom you have such a tale to tell as I am going to unfold.

In order that I may continue this story with any degree of satisfaction to you, patient (?) bearer with my many digressions, or with any comfort or propriety to myself, it is absolutely necessary that I should give this amiable and loveable maiden "a name," as I have already given her a "local habitation." I have not delayed doing this for so long without reason, so far from that, it is with inexpressible reluctance that I proclaim to you the cognomen of *this* friend of mine. I have tried to get up a little interest in her on your part before mentioning her title, the world is so cold-hearted, and possesses so little power of *appreciation*, that I fear me it will imagine no manner of interest could attach itself to the owner of *such* a name.

Poor dear, (do not look at me so earnestly, my tongue falters while I speak,) poor, dear Delleparetta Hogg, all honor to thee for bearing the burden of *such* a nomenclature so meekly and so well! Let me tell you all about her, (for really I am coming to the point,) and you will see what other burdens she bore nobly, beside that odious appendage to her identity.

Her childhood passed much in the manner of the childhood of other people. From the time when she was a little wee thing till she was twelve years old,

Delleparetta, or Delle, as we used to call her, went with all the rest of the village children to the village-school; she played with us, and rode, and walked, and went nutting with us, and was in all respects as we, only a great deal better, and more obliging, till, as I have said, she approached *'teen hood*. Then "trouble came down upon" the young child.

One day the sun, which had always shone so cheerfully upon her, went behind a dark and hateful cloud, and an evil genius passing by her home, stamped upon the door the cross of poverty. From that day there was a sad change in little Delle; her voice became more hushed than ever in its tone, she rarely came to join us in our merry-makings—and there spread a thoughtful, sad expression over the face of the gentle child, which told she had heard unpleasant changes in the aforetime harmony of her life.

The father of Delle had started in life with a purse alarmingly full of nothingness, but by slow and patient toil and care, he had worked himself into the possession of a comfortable living. Not content with this, one ever-to-be-lamented day he entered into a wild speculation, which, instead of at once doubling his fortune, left him in a far worse predicament than he was placed in at the beginning of life forty years before, when he had played a bare-footed boy in the streets, with scarcely a home to boast of. Yes, he was a great deal worse off than he was *then*, despite his present respectability, and his fine noble wife, and five children; because *then* he was but a boy, brimful of hope, eager to enter into the contest of life, fearful of no failure, feeling he had "little to lose, and all to win." Now his habits of ease and quiet had been so long fastening upon him, it really required no little strength of mind and purpose to rouse and labor as he had done in the days of his youth; his eagerness and hopefulness of spirit were gone—his ambition was departed; and when he looked on his five helpless little ones, the eldest but twelve years old, he felt as though the weight of a mountain were on his hands.

Temptation comes well armed to such a mind, and not with unheard footsteps, or disregarded smile drew she nigh to him. She held the wine-cup to his lips—his eyes grew red with looking on the burning poison, and he tasted, and was lost! Not a hand lifted he to avert the dread calamity which he alone *could* avert; not an effort did he make to re-establish once more the happiness of that household, when smiles and kind words were all the little group cared to have. About this time Sickness passed on heavy wing by this home of our little friend; she saw the cross her sister Poverty had marked upon the lintel, and she knew where she might rest. The *poor* have no power to shut out the dark angel, when she pauseth before their open door.

The mother, who, during one of the longest and hardest of winters had exerted herself daily and nightly far beyond her strength to provide for the wants of her children, who had in reality no other support but her, drooped when the "life-inspiring" spring came round again. The health which was so shattered by the struggles and heart-sorrows of the winter, was not restored again when the sunlight streamed so richly through her cheerless home. With the blossoming trees, and the violets, her hope did not strongly revive. The voices of the returning birds did not bring to her the lightness and happiness of spirit she had known in other days—for every day the brand of drunkenness was graven deeper and deeper on the forehead of the lover of her youth. Long, long after all her natural strength had failed, the mother's love, and the wife's devotion sustained, supported her. Long after her voice was faltering with weakness, did she supplicate that husband to rouse him to his former manliness, to exert himself once more. Long after her hands were trembling with disease, did she continue to ply the needle, whose labor was to bring them their daily food.

And heavy debts hung over them. Then the creditors, who saw no probability of these being ever satisfied, determined to liquidate them by selling off the little farm and residence of Mr. Hogg. And so they were sold. With the miserable remnant of their household goods which was left them, they removed to a smaller and less comfortable home. Then, as if evil days had not dawned on them already, one morning found the toiling mother laid on the bed of sickness and of death. To leave those helpless children *thus!* oh, it had been hard to part with those little ones, when around each one her heart-strings clung, even had their future been very bright, but to leave them when darkness and dreariness of life was before them, when a path so beset with sorrow and trial was all that she could see in store for them! bitter, bitter it was, indeed! Pass we over the sacredness of that hour, when the dying mother breathing the few faint parting words in the ear of her eldest child, left them to struggle on in their hard road alone. Words fail me to tell her anguish, who, in the last moments of her life, was racked by the thought of *all* that *they* might be called on to endure. No living voice *should* essay to speak of all that was in her heart, when she clasped the youngest, a bright-eyed boy, to her bosom, while his gay voice broke forth in laughter, and he flung his arms about her neck, and hid his face, all radiant with smiles, in her bosom. I am powerless when I attempt to tell you of the girl who stood shuddering with agony beside that bed, while the shadows of the coming night were fast filling the little room, when, after a long, and to her terrible silence, with trembling hands she lifted the boy from his mother's arms, and felt as her fingers loosened the parent's grasp, that the thin hands were icy cold, when she fell almost lifeless to the floor with the little one in her arms, feeling that those children had no mother or protector but her. *I* cannot tell you as should be told, if told, indeed, at all, of the terrible sorrow that filled her soul, when the little one said to her, "put me back with mamma, she is sleeping!"

From that day Delle went with us no more to the village school, neither joined us in our hours of gayety. While she was so young, the cares and anxieties of a woman had overtaken her, and trials which older heads and hearts find it hard to bear,

were thick in her path, all that delights the young and excitable, did she most cheerfully forego; I never heard a murmur from her lips. The living witnesses of her mother's love and life-devotion surrounded her; they forbade every expression, every feeling of impatience, or envious regard of the happiness of others, no worthier than herself.

It was a heart-cheering sight, the firmness and perseverance of that strong-minded girl, when the first wildness of her sorrow was passed, and she stood amid that family group, a support, and a counsellor, and guide, plying her little hands on the coarse work with which the neighbors had supplied her. All the counsel and advice of the dead mother she kept most religiously. Never for a moment did she falter in her duty, but no one knows how much of sadness there was in her heart.

At the time of his wife's death, the father seemed to pause for a little in his downward course, for he had loved her once, and remembered well that happy time, and perhaps, but no, I cannot dignify the affection with which still, in his sober hours, he thought of her, with the name of *love*. No, he did not *love* her in her better days, because love would have prompted him to deeds commensurate with so ennobling and exalting a faculty. Yet when she died, the husband sorrowed for her, and conscience reproached him, too, when he looked for the last time on the careworn, faded countenance of his departed wife, who had always been his good angel. Still it was not with such sorrow as he should have sorrowed for her, that he followed her to the grave, and then led his little ones back to his home; had it been, he would have sought then, in a better life, to pay a fitting homage to her memory.

For a few weeks he did labor with what little skill was left him, at his old trade; but his was not the will, nor the mind, nor the heart to pursue the good because it was right, and just, and his duty. His recent excesses had shattered his constitution—his hands trembled, and his feet went tottering, and ere long these evil inclinations quite overcame him again. Poor Delle! she had no more hope for him when she saw that the death of her mother was a thing so feebly remembered and cared for by him. How strange it seemed to her that he could *ever* forget the words of entreaty the dying woman addressed to him. To the mind of the innocent child it was wonderful that he should ever seek to drown those words of pleading and warning that *she* had spoken to him in the horrible forgetfulness that is bought by intoxication.

But aside from this great sorrow, there was another and a different kind of care that weighed heavily on Delle's mind. Her only sister was ten years old at the time of her mother's death. She had been always a puny, sickly little thing—the object of that mother's unceasing and peculiar care. It is said that the heart of the parent is always filled with a deeper and tenderer sympathy and love for an unfortunate child. Most true was this in the case of Jane. She had never been much at school, and rarely had left her mother's side. A sober little creature she was, always seeking to make herself useful, and quite unlike in all respects the romping boys who filled the house with their noise. When Mrs. Hogg died, Jane, to use Mrs. Jones' expressive words, "wilted right down, just like a cabbage-leaf;" and the scrofula, which had afflicted her for many years, manifested itself in a fearful form. It seemed to Delle that the cup of bitterness was running over when the village doctor, who was called to the child's aid, told her, for she *would* know the truth, that he could do nothing for her—that her spine would be inevitably curved. It might be, he said, that constant care and watching would in a measure restore her health, and her life *might* be spared for years, but she could never wholly recover.

All the tenderness and affection her mother had borne toward little Jane, seemed to have centered itself in the bosom of Delle. A most patient and untiring nurse was she, doing every thing so cheerfully, sacrificing all her own wants that she might procure comforts for the invalid, and never giving the child reason to suppose for a moment that her, I mean Delle's, constitution was not made of iron. Often and often, after a day of exertion, would she sit for half the night by the side of the little sufferer, who was writhing in agony, watching her and supporting her with the fondest care; and to all poor Jane's anxious fears that she would weary out, the gentle voice of Delle assured her it was not possible to weary in doing for *her*.

Three years from the spring when the weeping children had gathered around their mother's grave, they stood together in the church-yard again, and saw the dust and the sod heaped over the dead body of their father. I would not say that it was not with much sorrowing, with many tears, that Delle had nursed him through his death-sickness; that it was not with love and a martyr's patient endurance she had ministered to his numberless wants; but I should be *far* wrong (and you will not impute it to her sin) were I to say that it was the same great sorrow which had bowed and well-nigh crushed her gentle spirit when her mother died, that brought forth those tears when she stood by her father's death-bed. He was her father; she remembered with affectionate gratitude the days of old, when he was to his children a parent indeed, when he had been the tender and devoted husband of his wife; but even *that* remembrance was not strong enough to obliterate all recollection of the recent past; and I say it was not in her nature, nor, indeed, in human nature at all, to mourn *very* deeply over *such* a man. It was *not* with such a dreadful sense of bereavement that she followed him to the grave, as had once before swept over her. The "cloud had spent its fury" upon her, the bolt had fallen the day her worshiped mother died.

The children returned to their home, orphaned—four of them dependent on the exertions of that frail young creature on whom only the sun of sixteen years was beaming. There were no friends on whom they might depend, for their mother's relatives lived somewhere in the far South; and had Delle even known *where* they lived, there was far too much

independence and self-reliance in her nature to impose on them the maintenance of five strange children, which she felt could not be a very agreeable accession to any family; and her heart was so filled with almost *parental* affection for those young beings, that she could not bear to think of subjecting them to the possible hard treatment of unsympathizing relatives.

Delle's next-door neighbor was an old woman, who, though poor as the children themselves, and dependent upon her own feeble exertions for support, had taken the deepest interest in this parentless family. She it was who proposed to Delle that she should go to her father's brother, who lived in a town further to the west, and pray that he would help them in their need. This was the day after Mr. Hogg's funeral, and the old "lady" had dropped in to console the children, bringing with her provisions for them which she could ill spare from her own little store. I was gone from home that year, but many times since I have heard Delle speak with tears of gratitude of the kindness of the good old Mrs. Jones at that crisis of their lives. She came to advise with Delle, as I have said, and even went so far in her Christian charity (by the way, though in the very act of constructing a fit and proper sentence, I must pause to say the ever-to-be-lamented Hood erred when he wrote so musically,

> "Alas! for the rarity
> Of Christian Charity
> Under the sun;"

because there *is* plenty of charity and sympathy in the world, if people were only so wise as to know where to look for it. Do you think to find fragrance in the dahlia, and the bright-hued tulip-flowers? Vain will be your seeking. Go into the woods and fields, along the banks of the little stream—search in *such* places, you will not return successless, you will come back with your hands *filled* with fragrant violets and wild-roses!) as to offer to take charge of the younger member of the family during her necessary absence, and also to endeavor to gather from the neighbors sufficient funds to carry her to those friends. But to all these kind proposals, greatly astonished was the good woman by Delle's firm refusal.

"No," said she, "Mrs. Jones, I remember when our misfortunes overtook us three years ago; father wrote to uncle, and told him of our necessities, begging him to assist us, but uncle made such answer, that *I* will never repeat those requests; no, Mrs. Jones, though I should starve! But we shall not starve, neither shall my little ones come on the town. You know that after I left school, for some time I taught Charley and Georgy, and Jane, and I have learned them a great deal, beside improving myself, and this is what I'll do. I'll open a small school for children, and the neighbors—will they patronize me for my poor dear mother's sake—oh, I will try, and teach so well!"

Poor Delle's voice was not quite firm as she disclosed these projects to the kind-hearted old woman, but she did not cry; there was not a tear in her soft, down-cast eyes—but Mrs. Jones did weep outright when she looked on the excited young girl, and saw the flashes of color which betrayed her emotion, deeply tinging her cheek one moment, and the next leaving it colorless. *She* did weep, I say, and for some minutes made no answer to Delle's inquiry; this sympathy which the old woman evinced, emboldened the maiden to speak again, for she felt *she* had no time to weep then—she must *act*.

"Do you think, dear Mrs. Jones, I shall succeed? Will the people be afraid to send their children to me because I am so young? Oh, if you will but speak to a few, just a few people, and tell them how I will try to do justice to their little ones. And tell them, yes, tell them, Mrs. Jones, that I do it to give bread to *my* children; they have always known me, they need not fear I will neglect theirs."

"Yes, yes," cried the old woman, hurriedly, starting up and wiping her eyes, "I'll go this minute; bless your noble heart! they *shall* send their children to your school. I'll be bound you'll do justice to 'em—when shall I tell 'em you'll open?"

"To-day—to-morrow—any day; let them come here, I shall be ready for them, I have no time to wait or to waste."

And in a moment old Mrs. Jones (blessed be her memory!) was gone on her errand of mercy; and then, yes, as a true historian, I *must* say, Delle's tears did burst forth, resisted no longer. The children left their broken toys and their play, when they saw their sister weeping, and came softly and stood beside her—every little face that had a moment before been covered with smiles, wore a most touching, solemn expression, when they saw how grieved she was; Jane laid her head on Delle's knee and wept too, scarcely knowing why; and little Willy crept into her arms, and while he nestled there so lovingly, he brushed away her tears with his tiny hand, saying, "Dear, dear Delle, don't cry, we all love you so dearly."

But the words and sympathy of the children only brought the tears faster to her eyes, even while they fell like balm on her heart. Was she not *rich* in the love of those children? What a pleasure would it be to labor for them, and to see them guided by her hand, growing up in goodness and knowledge; and again, in that home, before God she vowed she would be unceasingly faithful to her dead mother's charge.

Two years passed away, and Delle's school was continued with the greatest success; indeed, it had become *the* child's school of our village. You should have seen her in the school-room of her now comfortable home, amid the multitudes of youth who gathered around her, whose "young ideas" she was teaching to "shoot" in the right direction. You should have seen her in the hours when she was alone in her home with her brothers and invalid sister. How unabated was her tender and watchful care of the fragile Jane; how unceasing her efforts to secure the comfort and happiness of the poor girl; how happy she herself was when a smile and visible contentment on the part of the sufferer was returned for all her pains. You should have seen her en-

couraging, or mildly reproving, or joining the three light-hearted boys in their sports, who regarded her with the deference and affection they would have shown toward a parent. You should have seen her on the Sabbaths when she went with the children, whom *her* diligence and perseverence fed and clothed, to the village church, teaching them by her example to "remember their Creator in their youth." You should have watched her when she went with them to the church-yard, to the place where their parents were buried—a little spot which their hands had made beautiful as a garden. You should have seen Delle at such times to have rightly and fully estimated her worth. Those only who saw her and knew her in all these lights, *could* know her truly; for as she grew nigh to womanhood, there was a dignity and reserve in her manners, resulting from the manifold trials to which she had been exposed, which made her not readily understandable to those who had not known her from childhood.

Do you abominate parties? So do I. But follow me this once, 't is a beautiful moonlight night, to yonder well-lighted mansion. I have trod through it oftentimes, and with me for your guide, there is no possible danger of losing your way. Here we are in the midst of the gay assemblage; what profusion of flowers, what pleasant voices and bright smiles, and happy hearts; and, hark! there are sounds of music and of dancing feet. Let us wander, now, through the rooms, *in spirit*, and amuse ourselves for a moment with "seeing what is to be seen," and hearing what is to be heard; and if there be any malice in our remarks, we can keep our own secret, and not expose those "modern belles" to more ridicule than very naturally they draw forth from common, ordinary observers; nor will we say any thing *aloud* about that nondescript sort of personage yclept a fashionable beau, whose culminated faculties emerge before the public in the shape of unmitigated *non*sense.

Ah, what an unexpected relief—the belabored piano is resting now; the incessant battering and twisting of the keys, which, alas! rarely open the real gates of glorious music, is stilled—the harp is twanged no more—the guitar is silenced, yet the music-room is filled, and every sound is hushed, and they await in expectancy a somewhat—there it is! Heard you ever the like. That *is music!* keep silent, it will not do to criticise *such* singing. How melodiously the words gush forth; they are new, but how distinctly they are pronounced! The song is finished. What, not one concluding, prolonged trill of approved flourish? No—for it is finished.

See how they crowd round the pale, sweet-faced girl who has filled the room with such melody, and all, excepting the performers who have so prodigiously exerted themselves on the musical instruments, entreat for *one* more song. And while she stands silently for a moment, see the delighted countenance of the tall, well-formed gentleman who stands near her; listen, he is saying in the lowest possible tone, "pray, lady, sing once more." And the lady heard his words, and as she raises her eyes to the stranger, a scarcely perceptible flush is on her pale face. Again her eyes are drooping, and the rich voice is doing ample justice to Mrs. Heman's splendid poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Is not the wild, drear scene before you—can you not see it all as she sings, how

> "The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast,
> And the woods against a stormy sky,
> Their giant branches tossed."

And again they are beseeching for but one more song; but see how mildly, yet so firmly, that they cannot doubt she means to sing no more, does she decline. No one essays to charm the ear now after *such* singing—and already they are beginning to pour out of the music-room, whither *her* voice had drawn them. But, see! there is one who remains standing, as spell-bound, beside the lady. Who is this stranger? A city gent, but to-day arrived from the East, at the residence of his relative, *our* hostess. How refined he is in manner and dress, and apparently not tinged with coxcombry at all, yet this may be the effect of an education conducted solely with the intent to please and catch the world's eye, as well as of good sound common sense. At all events, if he *is* puffed up with inordinate vanity because Heaven has suffered him to attain the ordinary stature of manhood, in the possession of a fine, intelligent face, he conceals it with consummate skill, does he not? That is one thing in his favor, for a proper appreciation of the rarity of such an instance *vide* the Book of Human Life. They are in the midst of a most agreeable conversation; happily, the gentleman touches on the right topics to interest the maiden; you can tell that by her manifest attention, and pleasure, as well as by the spirit with which she carries on her part of the conversation. Suddenly and abruptly he has left her. Ah! the hostess has entered the room, and he is speaking with her rapidly. Now, leaning on his arm, she approaches the pale little lady standing beside the piano, and makes Mr. Alfred Livingstone, whose most unreserved admiration she had won, acquainted with Miss Delleparetta Hogg! Do but see that sudden lifting of the gentleman's eyebrows, the half frown on his forehead, and the ill-concealed smile of his lips, which even his "good breeding" cannot wholly banish, as he listens to her name; fortunate for Delle is it that her eyes are just now cast down; but never seemed she more fair, graceful and lovable than now, while she stands confessing to that outrageous name!

Despite this little drawback, the city gentleman seems in a fair way of falling desperately in love with Delle. Not for a moment since her first song has he left her side; and now she has gone so early from the gay company, because she thinks of the dear ones at home, waiting to hear all about the party—and he accompanies her. Delle seldom appears in such scenes—but the heart beating beneath those eyes which never shone so brightly before is not weary; she feels no fatigue because of the unwonted excitement. And to-morrow, when she sits in her pleasant school-room again, initiating her pupils in

the mysteries of common-sense, which no teacher ever knew how to teach more successfully, *perhaps* those words which Alfred Livingstone has spoken to her, will not be *quite* forgotten.

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A fortnight passed away, and three weeks, and a month, still young Livingstone tarried in our dull village; and every night his tall figure might be seen wending its way up our beautiful street to the tasteful, cheerful home of Delle. And it grew at last to be not the most wonderful sight in the world to see the poor school-teacher taking the walk she so much needed, after the close confinement of the day, not with her usual companion, her oldest brother, but with the stately youth already named. It was a happy month to Delle, if we might judge from appearance. One could not but see there was a certain lightness in her step, and a general joyousness in her whole appearance, that was alone wanting in former times to make her beautiful. But at the end of the month it became necessary that Livingstone should return to his city home; and the last we to the opposite saw of him, he was emerging from the cottage-home of Delle, as the whistle of the approaching cars was heard—and he was gone; and the children had a holyday!

They who prided themselves on being learned in such matters, said that every week brought with it regularly a letter from —— to Delle, and that *very* often the western mail bore a most lady-like (in its outward garb) epistle to the eastern city. Then, when all this was currently reported and believed, some wise head, judging from appearances, added to the story the information, that early in the spring Delle was to discontinue her school altogether.

How near "they" came to the right of the story, let us try and find out, which I think having earnestly set ourselves about it, we shall do suddenly.

Just imagine Alfred Livingstone, two or three months after his return from his country sojourning, seated, alone, in his exquisitely furnished apartment at the Astor, before a table covered with writing materials. The paper over which his pen is hovering is unstained yet by the ink—for he is arrested by voices speaking in the adjoining room, which are neither hushed nor moderate, they are speaking with all the fredom of tone one is wont to indulge in at home. Do but hear them and watch him!

"Where in all the world did you hear that?" asked one.

"What?" responded the other, carelessly.

"That you were speaking about at Howard's, that Fred Livingstone, prince of beaux and gentlemen, is going to marry a dowdy little country Miss?"

"Hear it!" ejaculated the other, "why it's the town talk."

"But who is she—is she rich, or beautiful? Something she must be beyond the common to win him. Who are her relations? What—"

"Stop, stop—how shall I wade through all these questions. What an inquisitor you'd make! but I acknowledge that for once your curiosity is laudable. First, as to *who* she is? She is the daughter of some miserable low family, remarkable for nothing but their poverty. Second, *what* is she? A country school-teacher, who spends her days in teaching a set of insufferable children their ab-abs. Is she a beauty? Don't know, deponent saith not. She sings well though, and you know music was always Fred's hobby—he says he abominates this fashionable singing."

"Well, but you haven't told me her name."

"Ah, that's the horrible part of the thing. Listen while I try to pronounce it, and then say wonders will never cease. The name of this captivator, this charmer of 'the greatest match in town,' is—Delleparet Hogg! Do but think of *his* asking, in his bland voice, *Miss Hogg*, to favor him with a song!"

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed the other, after a moment's silence, for he had seemed struck dumb with amazement; and then the hopeful conversationists burst into such a roar of laughter as quite drowned the noise of the crash with which Alfred Livingstone's hand was brought down on his writing-desk, making in its descending progress the most dreadful marks on his paper, which, in their confusion and blackness, perhaps resembled closely the color and confusion of his thoughts at that present moment.

Now be it known that this unfortunate name of his lady-love had been the sorest of all points with Alfred Livingstone, Esq. Indeed, it had instituted a series of doubts in his mind which were there agitated for a long time, before he arrived at the brave conclusion that he *would* marry her, name and all—that is, supposing he could win her consent. But to be jested with by his city friends, and in *his* circle, on *such* a subject, the very thought was insupportable. He had hoped with all his heart that her name would never elapse till he introduced her, to the envy of all the town, as Mrs. Livingstone.

But now it was all over; his love was not proof against such a trial—such a mortification *he* thought it—for her name was a most indisputable fact, a tangible thing on which his friends and enemies might harp to his continual agony. There was but one remedy—a desperate one it was—but there was *no other* remedy, or way of escape. It took him not long to concoct and despatch that letter which he had *meant* to fill with kind and loving words. Poor Delle, she never quite understood that cruel epistle; but there was one thing about it she could sufficiently comprehend, that all was passed that ever could pass between her and Alfred Livingstone.

The next moring the elegant Mr. Livingstone laid his hand, and *heart*, (?) and fortune, and *name*, at the feet of the most accomplished and brilliant "belle of the season," which, I scarcely need say, when it was held in consideration, that he was "the greatest match in town," was without hesitation accepted.

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Delle's school was carried on as usual; there was no cessation or holyday when that letter of renouncement came to her. She had lived through and borne nobly sharper griefs than was hers when she read *his* strange, cold words. With renewed diligence she

turned to her occupation—that was not "gone"—but it was a hope that struggled long in her heart, that the recreant would at least write to explain—that he would tell her *there was no meaning to his words.* Such an explanation never came, however. The school continued, I said, and it continues still; and one would scarcely think, to look on the self-possessed, noble young lady at its head, that she had had *such* an experience in love matters.

There is another report circulating extensively in our neighborhood just now, relative to Delle's movements in the coming spring. I will not vouch for its truth. I have not dared ask *her* if it be true; but people *do* say that a rich bachelor in our neighborhood, is then to relieve her of that odious name which is now so indisputably hers; and that at that happy time she will take up her abode, with the children who are her constant care, in his beautiful mansion. If this be true, it is hardly necessary for me to ask what kind of wife you think she 'll make. I *know* your thoughts already on this subject; and if you be a gentleman, I fancy that I hear you "heaving a sigh," and longing for just such a wife, because *you* are, of course, far too sensible to think *there 's any thing in a name!*

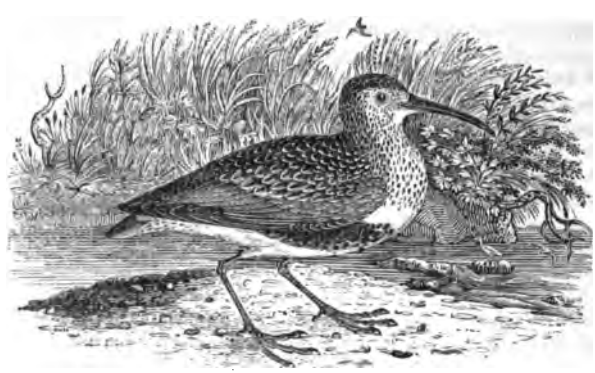
Some say this is no love match—that Delle will only marry this bridegroom elect for the purpose of ridding herself of the fatigues of school-teaching, arguing from the fact, I suppose, that he is so *un*like Alfred Livingstone in all respects; and that he is so much older than she—and his hair is already tinged with gray; beside he is an odd sort of man, as is usually the case with old bachelors. Be this as it may, whether Delle is so foolish as to marry for love (which generally turns out to be such a delusion) or not, of this thing be convinced, reader, the marriage will be a happy one, for everybody knows he is as "kind as kind can be;" and she—but I 've already said enough about her; and after all, if she derives but one benefit from the union, it will not be a small one—for will not that name, that horrid name of hers, be merged in partial forgetfulness? Do n't call names *trifles!* By hers she lost him whom she did truly love, and who, perhaps, was not, strange as it may seem that I should say so, wholly unworthy of her love; for in very deed and truth, he had but one weak side, and that was most mortally pierced by the sharp arrow pointed with *her name.*

If there be one whose eyes have followed the jottings of my pen thus far, let me say to such an one another word about *proper nouns in particular.* If with most philosophic indifference you have, after mighty struggles, brought yourself to repeat with the chiefest of bards, on thinking of your own high-sounding misfortune,

"What 's in a name?"

please let me advise you "lay your mouth in the dust," remembering, my word for it, that there is something "considerable, if not more," in a name—especially in such an one as Miss Delleparetta Hogg—poets and philosophers "to the contrary notwithstanding," which I hope and pray for your edification and enlightenment I have satisfactorily proved.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. XII.



THE DUNLIN. (*Tringa Variabilis.* TEMMINCK.)

THE Dunlin, or Ox-bird, or Purre, is well entitled to the epithet "*variabilis*," from the great difference between its summer and winter plumage. It is the Purre in summer and the Dunlin in winter in England, while in the United States it is called most commonly the Red-backed Sandpiper. In winter these birds assemble in small parties, following the tide on the oozy shores and estuaries near the sea. When undisturbed they run rather swiftly, and utter a sort of murmuring note, but when they are alarmed and forced to take wing, they utter a querulous and wailing scream. In the autumn they are seen around Vera Cruz, and may be bought in the markets of Mexico, while many, in their winter dress, remain throughout the winter within the limits of the Union. At times they frequent the coast of the Carolinas in

great numbers about February, leading a vagabond life, and swayed hither and thither by every change in the temperature.

In the Middle States, the Dunlins arrive on their way to the North in April and May, and in September and October they are again seen pursuing the route to their hybernal retreat in the South. At these times, according to Nuttall, they mingle with the flocks of other strand birds, from which they are distinguishable by the rufous color of their upper plumage. They frequent the muddy flats and shores of the salt marshes, at the recess of the tide, feeding on the worms, insects and minute shell-fish which such places generally afford. They are very nimble on the strand, frequenting the sandy beaches which bound the ocean, running and gleaning up their prey with great activity on the reflux of the waves. When, says Nuttall, in their hybernal dress they are collected in flocks, so as to seem at a distance like a moving cloud, performing their circuitous waving and whirling evolutions along the shores with great rapidity, alternately bringing its dark and white plumage into view, it forms a very grand and imposing spectacle of the sublime instinct and power of Nature. At such times, however, the keen gunner, without losing much time in contemplation, makes prodigious slaughter in the timid ranks of the Purres, while, as the showers of their companions fall, the whole body often alight, or descend to the surface with them, until the greedy sportsman becomes satiated with destruction.

Length of the Dunlin is eight inches and a half; extent, fifteen inches; bill black, longer than the head, which would seem to rank it with the snipes, slightly bent, grooved on the upper mandible, and wrinkled at the base; crown, back, and scapulars bright reddish rust, spotted with black; wing coverts pale olive; quills darker; the first tipped, the latter crossed with white; front cheeks, hind head, and sides of the neck quite round; also the breast, grayish white, marked with small specks of black; belly white, marked with a small crescent of black; tail pale olive, the two middle feathers centered with black; legs and feet ashy black; toes divided to their origin, and bordered with a slightly scolloped membrane; irides very black.

The males and females are nearly alike in one respect, both differing greatly in color, even at the same season, probably owing to difference of age; some being of a much brighter red than others, and the plumage dotted with white. In the month of September many are found destitute of the black crescent on the belly; these have been conjectured to be young birds.



SEMIPALMATED SNIPE, OR WILLET. (*Scolopax Semipalmata.*)

Willets breed in great numbers along the shores of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, and afford the sportsman an easy prey and excellent eating. The experienced gunners always select the young birds, which are recognized by the grayness of their plumage, in preference to the older and darker birds, which are not so tender and well flavored. In the month of October they generally pass on to their winter-quarters in the warmer parts of the continent. Their food consists chiefly of small shell-fish, aquatic insects, their larvæ and mollusca, searching for which they may be found on the muddy shores and estuaries at low water. The Willet is peculiarly an American bird, its appearance in the north of Europe being merely accidental, as is also that of the Ruff in America. The Willets wade more than most of their tribe, and when disabled by a wound they take to the water without hesitation, and swim with apparent ease.

The length of the Willet is about fifteen and a half inches; length of the bill to the rictus two and a half inches, much shorter in the young bird of the season; tarsus two inches eight lines. In the summer plumage, according to Nuttall, the general color above is brownish gray, striped faintly on the neck, more conspicuously on the head and back, with blackish brown; the scapulars, tertiaries and their coverts irregularly barred with the same; tail coverts white, tail even, whitish, thickly mottled with pale ashy brown, that color forming the ground of the central

feathers, which are barred with dusky brown toward their extremities; spurious wing, primary coverts, a great portion of the anterior extremities of the primaries, the axillary feathers, and under-wing coverts black, with a shade of brown; the remaining lower and longer portion of the primaries, and the upper row of under-wing coverts white; the posterior primaries tipt with the same; secondaries and the outer webs of their greater coverts white, marbled with dusky; wings rather longer than the tail, the lower with a spotted liver-brown streak, bounded above by a spotted white one; eyelids, chin, belly and vent white; the rest of the under plumage brownish w streaked on the throat and transversely barre waved on the breast, shoulders, flanks, and u tail coverts with clove-brown, the bars point the middle. Female colored like male, but an longer. Legs and feet dark lead color, the sol clining to olive, the toes broadly margined w sort of continuation of the web; iris hazel. W dress with fainter spots on the upper plumage without the dark waving transverse bars below, the fore part of the neck and breast of a cine tint, marked with small brown streaks.

VISITANTS FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The loved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more. LONGFELLOW.

THEY are ever hovering round us,
A mysterious, shadowy band,
Singing songs, low, soft and plaintive
They have learned in Spirit-Land.
Bright their wings as hues elysian,
Blended on the sunset sky,
By unseen, but angel-artists,
That concealed behind it lie.

Sweet their soft and gentle voices
Mingle with each passing breeze,
And the sorrowing heart rejoices,
As amid the leafy trees
In the green and verdant summer,
Tones long-hushed are heard again,
And the quick ear some new-comer
Catches joining in their strain.

Sceptics say 't is but the breezes
Wandering on their wayward way—
That the souls of the departed
Rest in peace and bliss for aye.
But I know the fond, the loved ones,
Cleansed from every earthly stain,
Who have passed away before us,
Come to visit us again!

True, our eyes may not behold them,
Nor the glittering robes they wear,
True, our arms may not enfold them,
Radiant phantoms formed of air!
But I often hear them round me,
And each gentle voice is known,
When some dreamy spell hath bound me,
As I sit at eve alone!

Playmates of my joyous childhood,
Wont to laugh the hours away,
As they roamed with me the wildwood,
In life's beauteous break-of-day;
They are spirits now, but hover
On bright pinions round me still,
Tender as some doting lover,
Warning me of every ill.

And among them comes one, brighter,
Fonder far than all beside,
Sunlight of my young existence,
Who in life's green springtime died.
Music from her lips is gushing,
Like the wind-harps plaintive tune,
When the breeze with soft wing brushes
O'er its strings in flowery June.

O, thou white-browed peerless maiden,
Holiest star that beams for me!
Thou didst little dream how laden
Was this heart with love for thee!
Once fair garlands thou didst weave me,
But to gem EMANUEL'S throne
Thou didst soar away and leave me
In this weary world alone!

But in dreams thou comest often,
Hovering saint-like round my bed,
Telling me in gentle whispers
Of the loved and early dead!
Once, methought, thou didst a letter
Bring from one remembered well,
Who has left this world of sorrow,
In the Spirit-Land to dwell!

Strange the seal, and when 't was broken,
Strange the characters within,
For 't was penned in language spoken
In a world devoid of SIN;
Told, no doubt, of joys that wait them
Who shall enter spotless there,
But before I could translate them
I awoke, and found them air!

Deem not that the soul reposes
In its radiant home for aye,
On the fragrant summer roses
Sunset beams may sadly play;
But they whisper "banish sorrow,
And from bitter thoughts refrain,
On the bright and glorious morrow
We will gild your leaves again!"

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

People grieve about the departure of the good old times, and prate of the days of chivalry, which Mr. Burke sixty years ago said were gone. That they are gone the world may well rejoice at, not only because they were times of ignorance and cruelty, but also of discomfort and inconvenience. In the diary of a court-officer of the days of Henry VII. is the note of a charge for cutting rushes, to strew on the floor of the Queen-closets; and another one mentions the number of under-garments belonging to Henri III. of France as considerably less than any one of the better orders in our own time would require. In those days, the downy couch meant a bed of goose-wing feathers; gloves were not; and when a gentleman needed a new doublet or head-piece, he went not to a tailor or the hatter of the day, but to a blacksmith. Let the lovers of romance talk as they please, there was little true poetry, and less feeling, in the minds of the heroes they wish to extol, than of the veriest apostles of commerce of our own age. Rightly enough do we date civilization from the times when men laid aside the rugged manners of old with the bronze and iron armor, and doffing the hammered helmet, assumed the cap of velvet and the hat of plush; when they laid aside the iron gauntlet for the chamois glove, and assumed the Cordovan boot in place of the leg-pieces of steel.

The feelings of chivalry yet lingered as late as the days of the English Charles I. and the French Louis XIII. in the minds of the nobility. A new series of ideas, however, had arisen in the breasts of the people at a date long previous to this. Printing had become general, and the learning previously the property of the priests had become the heir-loom of humanity: As a natural consequence, new ideas and new wants were unfolded, and these same ideas had become more general. At this crisis France took the lead, and not only in philosophy but in the minor things of life, French manners and habits were copied. Consequently, in describing costume, Paris will be perpetually referred to, from the fact that from that great city emanated the fashions which controlled the costume of the world.

It is true that other nations had their peculiar costume, handed down and preserved by the tradition of courts, as the Norman dress continues even now the court uniform of the state officials of the British kingdom; Spain had her peculiar doublet, hose and cloak, and Holland her own court apparel. If, however, we look nearer and closer, we shall discover each of these were dresses imported from France at some particular crisis, and retaining position and importance in their new home, when they were forgotten in the land whence they were adopted.

The most highly civilized of all the nations of Europe at the time that this supremacy over the costume of the world was exerted by France, it might have been expected that its selection would have been guided by good taste and propriety. This was not however the case, for in spite of the progress the world has made, the women of France and our own country, and the men also, are not to be compared to the members of the most savage tribes, either in gracefulness of form or propriety of dress. If the Chinese distort the foot, or the Indians of the North West Coast of America the forehead, the civilized women of to-day compress the waist, and men commit not less enormities.

These matters are, however, incontestible; and though we might regret we cannot prevent them. They simply therefore give us a clue in treating our subject, of which we will avail ourselves. They teach us, that to Paris belongs the incontestible empire of that mysterious power known in France as *la mode*, and in our own land as Fashion. Possibly this may be a remnant, the sole *vestige*, of that tone of pretension which led France in other days to aspire to universal empire. If so, the pride of other nations which led them elsewhere to resist French assumption here has been silent. Though not the rulers of the world by the power of the sword; though the French idiom be not so universal as the English, even the denizens of "*Albion perfide*" submit to the behests of the controlling powers of the French *mode*. Let the French language be universal or not, is to us now of no importance; that French fleets will drive English and American squadrons from the seas, is doubtful, but it is very certain Englishmen and Americans for all time to come will wear French waistcoats, and Germans both in London and Philadelphia will call themselves French bootmakers. How fond soever a people may be of its national garb, ultimately it must submit to the trammels devised in Paris. Ultimately all men will wear that most inconvenient article called a hat, will insert their extremities into pantaloons, and put their arms into the sleeves of the garment, so short before and so long behind, they are pleased to call a coat. When all nations shall have come to this state of subserviency, the end of the world will certainly be at hand, whether because the *ultima perfectio* has been reached, or because God, who created man after his own likeness, will be angry at the ridiculous figure they have made of his features, better theologians than I must decide. We certainly are not very near this crisis, for hundreds of yellow-skinned gentlemen are yet ignorant of the art and mystery of tying a cravat, and never saw a patent leather boot.

Like great epidemics, the passion for dress often leaps over territorial boundaries, and ships not unfrequently carry with the cholera and *vomito* bales of articles destined to spread this infection among lands as yet ignorant of it; so that some day we may live to hear of Oakford sending a case of hats to the Feejees, and of Watson making an uniform for the general-in-chief of the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Possibly this passion for our costumes is to be attributed to the deterioration of the morals of the

savages, and if so, even dress has its historical importance and significance, and is the true reflection of *morals*. It may be that the days of the iron garb were days of iron manners, and also of iron virtue, and that in adopting a silken costume we have put on, and they may be about to adopt a silken laxity of virtue and honor.

We will begin to treat of costume as it was in the days of Louis XIV., the solemn mood and ideas of whom exerted their influence even on dress, and the era which saw all other arts become pompous and labored, also saw costume assume the most complicated character. Costume naturally during this reign was permanent in its character, and when Louis XV. succeeded to the throne he found his courtiers dressed entirely as their fathers had done, and the young king, five years of age, dressed precisely like his great-grandfather, with peruke, cane and breeches. When he had reached the years of discretion, Louis XV. continued to devote himself more to the trifles of the court than to affairs of state.

The following engraving is an illustration taken from a portrait of a celebrated marquis of that day.



This, it will be remembered, was the era when women wore whalebone frame-works to their dresses and caps, or a kind of defensive armor over the chest and body. The fine gentlemen also encased themselves in wires, to distend the hips of their *culottes* or breeches. This was the costume of the fine gentlemen, and in it kings and heroes appeared on the stage almost without interruption until the days of Talma, if we except the brief and unsuccessful attempt at reform, as far as theatres were concerned, by Le Kain and Mademoiselle Clairon.

The foregoing was the prevailing court costume, the next is the military garb of the day, recalling the costume of Charles XII. of Sweden, and not unlike that of our own Putnam or Mad Anthony Wayne. Thus the lowland gentlemen who fought in '45, dressed after this mode, were the opposing parties of the armies at Ramilies. As a whole it is not *mal-apropos*, and altogether more suitable and proper than the uniforms of our own day. The following is the portrait of a mousquetaire just one century after the time of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artignan, whom Dumas made illustrious.



MAPLE SUGAR.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Oh, the rich, dark maple sugar! how it tells me of the woods,
Of bland south winds and melting snows, and budding solitudes!
Oh, the melting maple sugar! as I taste its luscious sweets,
Remembrance in my raptured ear her witching song repeats;
Once more my heart is young and pure! once more my footsteps stray
Amid the scenes, the lovely scenes, of childhood's opening day.

A frosty night! the searching air made hearth-fires a delight,
Stern Winter seemed as if again to rally in his might;
But, oh, how pure and beautiful the morning has arisen!
What glorious floods of sunshine! off! the dwelling is a prison!
Off, off! run, leap, and drink the air! off! leave man's roofs behind!
Nature has more of pleasure now than haunts of human kind.

How free the blood is bounding! how soft the sunny glow!
And, hearken! fairy tones are ringing underneath the snow!
Slump, slump! the gauzy masses glide from hemlock, fence and rock,
And yon low, marshy meadow seems as spotted with a flock;
Drip, drip, the icicle sends its tears from its sparkling tip, and still
With tinkle, tinkle, beneath the snow rings many a viewless rill.

We cross the upland pasture, robed with a brown and sodden pall,
The maple ridge heaves up before—a sloping Titan wall!
The maple ridge! how gloriously, in summer it pitches tent;
Beneath, what a mossy floor is spread! above, what a roof is bent!
What lofty pillars of fluted bark! what magical changeful tints
As the leaves turn over and back again to the breeze's flying prints.

Up, up, the beaten path I climb, with bosom of blithesome cheer,
For the song, oft varied with whistle shrill of the woodsman Keene, I hear;
The bold and hardy woodsman, whose rifle is certain death,
Whose axe, when it rings in the wilderness, makes its glory depart like breath,
Whose cabin is built in the neighboring dell, whose dress is the skin of the doe,
And who tells long tales of his hunting deeds by the hearth-fire's cheerful glow.

The summit I gain—what soaring trunks—what spreading balloon-like tops!
And see! from the barks of each, the sap, slow welling and limpid, drops;
A thicket I turn—the gleam of a fire strikes sudden upon my view,
And in the midst of the ruddy blaze two kettles of sooty hue,
Whilst bending above, with his sinewy frame, and wielding with ready skill
His ladle amidst the amber depths, proud king of the scene is Will.

The boiling, bubbling liquid! it thickens each moment there,
He stirs it to a whirlpool now, now draws thin threads in air;
From kettle to kettle he ladles it to granulate rich and slow,
Then fashions the mass in a hundred shapes, congealing them in the snow,
While the blue-bird strikes a sudden joy through the branches gaunt and dumb,
As he seems to ask in his merry strain if the violet yet has come.

The rich, dark maple sugar! thus it brings to me the joy,
The dear warm joy of my heart, when I was a careless, happy boy;
When pleasures so scorned in after life, like flowers, then strewed my way,
And no dark sad experience breathed "doomed sufferer be not gay!"
When Life like a summer ocean spread before me with golden glow,
And soft with the azure of Hope, but concealing the wrecks that lay below.

TO MY LOVE.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

Dewy buds of Paphian myrtle
Strew, ye virgins, as I sing;
Chaplets weave from Love's bright fountain—
O'er my lyre their fragrance fling.
What—what is gay Pieria's rose,
What is Paphos' blushing flower,
Whilst Beauty doth my spirit thrall,
Whilst all my pulses feel thy power?

With Cyprian fire thine eye is sparkling,
Like the morning's tender light;
Through thy silken lashes straying,
Shafts resistless wing their flight:
O! the time I first beheld thee,
Blushing in thy early teens,
Rose nor lily ne'er excelled thee,
Though the garden's rival queens.

SOFTLY O'ER MY MEMORY STEALING.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,"

BY PROFESSOR JOHN A. JANKE, Jr.

WORDS BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.





SECOND VERSE.

Time has spod with ceaseless motion;
Chance and change have wrought their will—
But my heart, with fond devotion,
Clings to thee, belov'd one, still.
Nor can life yield richer pleasure,
Or a brighter gift impart,
Than the pure and priceless treasure,
Of thy fond and faithful heart.

CATHARA.

BY WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

CATHARA had that pure Ionian face,
Which melts its way in music to the heart;
Each look and line betrayed that breathing grace,
Which Genius has embalmed in classic art,
Or sculptured in the Aphrodite—where glows
Immortal life, in marble's still repose.

Her presence on your love and wonder stole
With such an atmosphere of softened light,
It seemed as some Aurora of the Pole,
Were melting down the starry depths of night;
Or Dian had her glowing form unrolled
From out her floating orb of liquid gold.

Her features were most delicately moulded,
And so transparent shone her dimpled cheek,
That when her large black eyes their rays unfolded.
Its bloom was lighted like some Alpine peak,
When zephyrs roll the circling mists away,
And on its summit breaks the blush of day.

Her raven hair in showering ringlets fell,
That veiled her sylph-like form from human vision;
Her step was light as that of the gazelle,
And yet its airy motions had precision;
The circling air displayed, where'er she went,
A wave of light in rainbow beauty bent.

Her voice was sweet as warble of a bird;
The accent flowed so softly through the tone,
It seemed as 't were the *thought* itself you heard—
Like music, which the summer's breeze hath thr
O'er silent waters, from some woodland lyre,
Or humming stream, or old cathedral quire.

Her beauty broke not on a sudden glance,
But if you watched its soft progressive ray,
Some hidden charm of form, or countenance,
Like silver planets at the close of day—
Would cast its slender veil of shadows by,
And timidly advance upon the eye.

Her heart was that from which her features took
The tender tone their aspect ever wore;
The pensive thoughts which saddened in her look,
Were what you feel upon a lonely shore,
Where not a sound is heard except the surge,
In which some billow hymns its dying dirge.

Her eyes would swim, her bosom heave with grie
When pale misfortune poured its tragic theme;
As in the quick wind shakes the forest leaf,
An orphan's wo would tremble in her dream;
The tears despair had hardened into stone,
Would melt to dew, when mingled with her own.

You deemed that such an one, if death were nigh,
Might cheer and soothe you, tho' she might not sa
You thought how sweetly on your closing eye
Would fall each glance her tender spirit gave;
While meekness showed where guilt might be forgive
And mercy plumed the parting soul for Heaven.

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

BID sorrow cease; she rests in peace—
Her task, at last, is done;
And decked with youth, and bright with truth,
Cold lies thy martyred one.
But thine the crime, and through all time,
Remorse shall follow thee,
With phantom form, through calm and storm,
On land and on the sea.

Her shadowy hair, her bosom fair,
So often heaving sighs;
Her smile so bland, her lily hand,
Her mildly mournful eyes—
Which long did weep—in troubled sleep,
How lovely will they come,
All fresh with life, and free from strife,
From out the marble tomb.

Her voice of love, all price above,
Shall speak, as once it spoke,
With gushing flow of tender wo,
The while her heart was broke;
When thy distrust had bowed to dust
Her bosom's modest pride,
Ere like a flower, beneath the shower
Too rude, she meekly died.

'T will whisper soft, "Beloved, how oft
Thy brow grows dark and stern;
I know not why, yet in thy eye
Strange coldness I discern;
A heavy blight, the spirit's night,
Falls darkly on my soul;
This inward grief, without relief,
Thou only canst control!"

These accents clear, thy waking ear
Shall lose in silence dread;
But from thy heart shall ne'er depart,
The wailing of the dead;
Her wasted bloom, her early doom,
Shall haunt thee evermore!
While she, at rest, with spirits blest,
Lives on the better shore.

THE DEAD.

BY "AN AULD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOUTHERS."

Dead! dead! they are dying—dying!
Oh! for the hands that were clasping ours!
Passed like a breeze in its own sad sighing,
Falling like leaves from the wasted flowers,
Dropping away, so still—so still!
Call them again, so cold and chill!

Dead? dead? Oh! *how could* they die?
Laughed they not, sang they not joyfully?
Were they not with us—and now are they gone?
Why have they left us, and where have they flown?
Spake they not oft of a deathless tie?
Are they not sleeping? Oh! where do they lie?

Here! not here! 't is a fearful place—
Were they not gentle, with steps of grace?
Were they not glad as the birds in June?
With hearts like a fountain of joyful tune?
They were with us at morn, and with us at night,
Their locks were of gold, and their eyes of light!

Yet—yet, ye say they are dead;
Tell us the land where their footsteps tread!
Oh! there is *one* who hath sought its shore,
Never to smile with us, weep with us more;
Soon, *too* soon; 't is a mournful thing
To pass with the bier o'er the flowers of spring!

List! list! she is coming now!
Twine ye the wreath for her gladsome brow,
Gather the buds, ay, the buds that keep
Such trembling dreams in their breasts, asleep,
Beauteous types of her heart are they;
Cull them from streamlet and glen away!

Here, here, when the sun is low,
We shall sit again, when the shadows throw
Their dusky wings o'er mount and sea,
And speak of the past, and the time to be!
Counting the links that have broken away
From each chain at the fount, where the heart-streams play!

Hist! hist! did you hear her pass,
The ringing laugh on her lip? Alas!
Say ye again that she slumbers low?
Mourner, why art thou shaken so?
Death is the veil that the spirit takes,
When the light of God on its sorrowing breaks!

Then, then, thou'lt murmur *no more!*
Peace to the weary who travel before!
Blessèd are they He hath chosen and tried,
Blessèd are they in His love that have died;
Heart! let thy throbbings be constant to prayer,
So thou wouldst dwell where thy cherished ones are!

Turn! turn, look down through the vale
Stretching before thee, where, saddened and pale,
Sorrow is beck'ning thee—sorrow and wrong—
Weak though thine arm may be, feeble thy song,
God smileth aye, on the small "precious seed,"
Making the harvest-time golden indeed!

Thou hast been sleeping; wake from thy dreams!
Wo for that waking till God o'er it gleams!
Better the sleeper were locked in his rest,
Better the sun had gone down in his west!
Yet if thy path windeth *up* through thy fears,
Hope's resurrection shall dawn on thy tears!

Hope! Hope! transfigured and bright,
Walking with Faith on the mountains of light!
Bidding thee weep the departed no more,
Angels await at the sepulchre door!
Bidding thee take up thy cross, for the day
Soon from thy vision will vanish away!

THE HOMESTEAD OF BEAUTY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

There 's a homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream,
And the sweet tones of children are ringing all day,
While the voice of the mother is blithesome and glad,
As the notes of the song-bird that warbles in May.
The Angel of Peace to the hearth-stone has come,
With a message of mercy to brighten each dream,
And as glad to the heart, as 't is pure to the eye,
Is that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

The woodbine has curtained the threshold with flowers,
And the half-shaded sunbeams fall soft on the floor;
While the white-sanded streamlet is singing as sweet
As the echoes of music, when music is o'er.
The dew on each snow-drop is gem-like and bright,
And the lily is bathed in morn's earliest beam,
While the zephyrs are whispering their matins of praise,
Round that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

The wings of the evening come loaded with bliss,
When the toil and the trouble of daylight is past,
And the coolness and calm of the star-lighted hours,
O'er the dwellers in hall and in cottage is cast,
The sun-browned cheek of the father is kissed;
With tears the full eye of the parent will gleam
As he presses those loved ones more near to his heart,
In that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

And then from that cottage the hymn and the prayer
Uprose, when the hour of reposing had come;
And each sent an offering of thanksgiving up
To *Him* who had blessed them with quiet at home.
Oh! who has not wished, when the cold world has chilled
Each flow'ret that blossomed in life's morning dream,
To find out some refuge from sorrow and care,
Like that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

We always fail when we judge of the fate of others. Life is double—an internal and an external life; the latter often open to the eyes of all, the former only seen by the eye of God. Nor is it alone those material things which we conceal from the eyes of others, which often make the apparently splendid lot in reality a dark one, or that which seems sad or solitary, cheerful and light within. Our characters, our spirits operate upon all that fate or accident subjects to them. We transform the events of life for our own uses, be those uses bitter or sweet; and as a piece of gold loses its form and solidity when dropped into a certain acid, so the hard things of life are resolved by the operations of our own minds into things the least resembling themselves. True, a life of study and of thought may seem to most men a calm and tranquil state of existence. Such pursuits gently excite, and exercise softly and peacefully the highest faculties of the intellectual soul; but age brings with it indifference even to these enjoyments—nay, it does more, it teaches us the vanity and emptiness of all man's knowledge. We reach the bounds and barriers which God has placed across our path in every branch of science, and we find, with bitter disappointment, at life's extreme close, that when we know all, we know nothing. This I have learned, and it is all that I *have* learned in eighty years, that the only knowledge really worth pursuing is the knowledge of God in his word and his works—the only practical application of that high science, to do good to all God's creatures.

—

The operation of man's mind and of his heart are as yet mysteries. We talk of eager love; we speak of the warm blood of the South; we name certain classes of our fellow beings excitable, and others phlegmatic; but we ourselves little understand what we mean when we apply such terms, and never try to dive into the sources of the qualities or the emotions we indicate We ask not how much is due to education, how much to nature; and never think of the immense sum of co-operating causes which go to form that which is really education. Is man or woman merely educated by the lessons of a master, or the instructions and exhortations of a parent? Are not the acts we witness, the words we hear, the scenes with which we are familiar, parts of our education? Is not the Swiss, or the Highlander, of every land, educated in part by his mountains, his valleys, his lakes, his torrents? Is not the inhabitant of cities subjected to certain permanent impressions, by the constant presence of crowds, and the everlasting pressure of his fellow men? Does not the burning sun, the arid desert, the hot blast, teach lessons never forgotten, and which become part of nature to one class of men; and frozen plains, and lengthened winters, and long nights, other lessons to the natives of a different region? Give man what instruction you will, by spoken words or written signs, there is another education going on forever, not only for individuals but for nations, in the works of God around them, and in the circumstances with which his will has encompassed their destiny.

—

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band—
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth;
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine—
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sun-shine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As in a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

The sky it is a temple's arch—
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven!

—

BY MISS PARDOE.

There is always something sad, if not revolting, in the visit of those unsympathizing servitors of dissolution who first break upon the stillness of the house of death. The very nature of their errand is fearful—they come to claim all that is left of what was once life, and will, and action—to tread heavily over the floor where others have previously moved with a noiseless step—to talk in hoarse, although suppressed voices, where the dull echoes have latterly been hushed—and coldly to pursue their avocation in the very presence of eternity. Perhaps it is well that there is no possibility of delaying this first trial, for where the ties of love have been rent asunder, who would have courage to sanction so unhallowed an intrusion? Who could summon to the bedside, so lately the scene of agony and prayer, the unsympathizing eyes and hands of mercenary strangers? Human nature is ever prone to resist where resistance is possible, and suffering certain; happy is it, therefore, that it is taught, in so solemn a moment, to feel its own impotence, and to submit.

—

The tiger gives no warning before he springs—it is for the traveler to be wary. The serpent utters no threatening before he stings—the intended victim must defend himself against the venomed tongue. And thus, in like manner, the woman who sees only the gorgeous skin or the gleaming scales of vice, and wilfully closes her eyes against the poison to which they lend a mocking and a worthless charm, finds little pity, and excites no sympathy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.—Holding continual intercourse through the press with so many thousands scattered over this country, and other countries, we feel an enlarged sympathy with our fellow beings, and use suitable occasions to give utterance to hopes and wishes in another form than that of the essays, stories and poetry of the stated columns of this Magazine. We set forth our humble "table," and while we invite all to a seat, we bid all welcome to the viands; nay, we make the little festival with a particular and special view—to express to our readers our hearty wishes for "a happy New-Year." May they all be happy, all enjoy the year upon which we now enter, all be freed from care and troublesome anxiety, and all have enough for their own enjoyment and the gratification of liberal feelings.

Now we are as sensible as any can be that the above wish is extended to the readers of Graham—"And so we are selfish, sordid, can only wish well to those who *do* well to us." That is the charge which will be made by some good-natured body that has not had her feelings refined by a constant perusal of this Magazine. She curls her thin lip in scorn at our narrow feeling, and quotes scripture and poetry against the contracted philanthropy which does good in such a limited circle. We shall not quote scripture back to her, but content ourselves with a simple remark that we adhere to our form of expression, and shall prove it to be sufficiently inclusive for all the New-Year wishes which we are bound to entertain and utter.

In the first place, we wish the readers of Graham a happy New-Year—health, peace, comforts—rational enjoyment and pleasures that will please on reflection.

Can peace, comfort and enjoyment be had by the readers of this Magazine, when those who are related with them are deprived of such gratifications? Should we not offend by gross injustice if we should imagine the readers of Graham capable of high enjoyments when others were in distress? How numerous and extensive are the ramifications of social life! Not a blow is struck on the remote verge of society but some sympathetic nerve carries it to the heart—friend—relative—associate—give interest to events; and such links in the chain of social existence bind man to man, and make of human society one common body. We wish you happy! then wealth, health, peace and quiet to all with whom you stand related. Can you be happy and your brother, your friend, your relative miserable? It is not possible. And when we wish a happy New Year to the thirty or forty thousand who take, and the four hundred thousand who read Graham, we wish a general happiness.

We enter upon a new year with the fullness of hopes that are only enlarged by the fruition of former hopes. Our hopes are not hopeless. Our desires to be rewarded have kept pace with our desires and efforts to please. We believe the latter desires have contributed to the gratification of the former; and it is therefore in a spirit of hopeful gratitude that we wish *our* friends and *their* friends a happy New-Year.

To the old we wish the ease which belongs to the dignity of years, and that degree of health which makes the twilight of life delightful.

To the middle-aged we wish the maturity of intellect which secures wisdom to plans, and success to efforts.

To youth a consciousness that very many of the promises of life are so deceptive, that they must learn to rely more upon their own exertions than upon those promises. We wish to them well regulated minds, well controlled passions—we do not expect, we do not wish for the stately dignity of age in the lively and stimulated feelings of youth: enjoyment—and enjoyment of something of which age calls the vanity of life—is permitted to youth. So that in all their rejoicings, in all the cheerfulness of their hearts, in all the wanderings which they make by the light of their eyes, (alas! how much has the lustre of even one pair of woman's eyes led us astray,) and in the understanding of their hearts, (and how much do we all suffer by overrating that understanding!) all these things may be endured—may be encouraged indeed—if indulged in with that kind of reflection which keeps in view accountability for it all.

Some have desired that at the foot of Janus, who guards the closing portal of the past and the opening door of the coming year, there might flow a rill from the river of Lethe, that we might drink in oblivion to the past. How narrow, how contracted must be the mould of such wishes. Let us take with us into the new year a full remembrance of the past. Let the events which have cast a gloom over a portion of our experience be recollected, that we may feel for others, that we may have in view that great fact, that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

The heartiness of our wishes for the good of the readers of this Magazine will be found in our efforts to make its pages interesting and instructive. We have adopted measures, and shall carry them out, to maintain the preeminence of position which our Magazine has acquired. And while we look to the increased patronage of the public, we shall continue to hold at a proper elevation the standard of Literature, Morals and Truth.

A NUT TO CRACK FOR '49.—With, we think, a very just estimate of the position of Graham's Magazine, in the eye of the American public, we *do* flatter ourselves that the January number, will in no degree be equaled by any cotemporary, or that we will in the least lesson our own dignity, if we boast a little about it. There has been so much talking on the part of our would-be rivals about their books, and an effort so manifestly strained to catch our tone and look, that we shall let out a link or two—or, as the horsemen say, "shake out a step faster, if the mettle is in the other nag."

The truth is, that there is a very great mistake made in efforts to assimilate to Graham's Magazine—for, in the first place, all competition must be distanced by our superior facilities, derived from circulation; and in the next, the effort ends in playing second fiddle, to the great loss of reputation and time. There is—there *ought to be* at least—some unexplored field in which these rivals of ours may try their unfledged wing, where our own magnificent flight may not be seen in humiliating contrast, by these gentlemen and their friends.

Suppose now, for instance—having tried a magazine *after* Graham—they confess the "*distance*," and give us a touch at a magazine made up exclusively of translations from the French, with such copies of the illustrations as may be picked up in Paris, or can be done here. We really think something could be done with this hint profitably, but this blundering and dodging along after another magazine, which crowds every avenue, and presents

itself for contrast at every turn, must be most humiliating and vexatious, and cannot but be a losing concern in shoe-leather and temper. The stereotype promises of our friends, which appear with the "snow-birds" every January, have lost their value, and as a standing joke might be relished well enough, but it strikes us that it is a sort of eccentricity in amusement, harmless *only* because nobody is deluded.

It is unfortunate that one half the world takes its notions of business, as it does its opinions, from the other half, and vainly supposes that the high road to success is a beaten track. Nothing can be more absurd; and the history of the leading penny commercial and weekly papers in large cities attests this. In magazines the world does *not* take unfledged genius and untried promises *at par*. The magazine world—by which we mean that part of the world that reads magazines—has grown cautious, cute, shrewd, or whatever may happen to be the choicest phrase to designate a careful squint into the "bag" before "buying the pig." It will not do, therefore, to attempt to *gull* the good folks, with a supposed rivalry between your buzzard and our hawk—they know the difference, and although "*Hail to the chief who in triumph advances*," may charm the ear as Graham for January flutters its golden wings before the bright eyes of *all* the cherry-cheeked damsels, in *all* the post-towns, when on his annual visit—his New-Year's call—to his fifty thousand friends—the tatterdemalion who, *under cover*, attempts to follow, will assuredly be greeted with the "Rogue's March," and achieve disgrace if not the whipping-post. It *will* not do, this sort of living by wit—this throwing out of a magnificent prospectus like Graham's, and then following it up with a specimen number in the way of "*inducement*," as if the world were one vast fish-pool, and people—who are not gudgeons—were to be jerked out, dollars and all, with an adroit fling of the fly, (going a *flyer* with a prospectus.) The game has been played to every variety of tune—we *think*—and the gamut—we had like to have said *gammon*—is exhausted, and with it the public patience.

G.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My dear Jeremy,—The coming of the year 1849 must present reflections of a mixed character to "THE TRIO." *Our* memories do not stretch back to "thirty years since," but fifteen years ago at "BAMFORD'S," how vividly fresh in memory, to "YOU AND JOE AND I!" Those years of fun, frolic, literature in the bud, (poetic,) *and* extravagant expenditure of sixpences. Which of us troubled our brains about *current rates*, while we passed "*currant*" at "BAMFORD'S?" What cared we about the opinion of the world? *Our* "*mead* of praise" was in bottles. "*Imperial!*" did you say? You are right there. "Three bottles of it!" *Did* we ever reach that sublime of extravagant dissipation in those *imperial days?* I think not. It would have been a sort of royal expenditure, that must have drained the treasury, and rendered us unfit for the grave studies of the afternoon.

Ah! there was a foam, a sparkle, a sort of frost-work fizzling upon those mead-glasses, which we shall never see again, Jeremy!—NEVER! Champaigne, bubble it ever so brightly, pales in its ineffectual rivalry with the memory of the snowy effervescence, which crowned the goblet at "BAMFORD'S!" With the freshness of life's morning, has "BAMFORD" and his "*imperial*" melted away! and the place which knew them and us is known no more. The old blue frame, with an attic in its *first* story, and its *window* all awry, is gone!—as if to join those bright dreams which have floated into the unattainable. The very dew of the heart of each of *us* has been exhaled, and with those laughing hours has gone, upward we trust, to enjoy sunshine and smiles with the angels.

Do you know that I cannot look upon the staring brick edifice which covers that hallowed ground, without thinking it a desecration? and feeling a sort of unbidden wish for a circumscribed earthquake! Is it not enough that the heart shrivels and grows cold in its calloused casement, under the blighting influences of the god of this world—that Mammon must bridge over and entomb the small spot that memory has consecrated to truth; so that the seared conscience shall be watered no more at the fountain at which in youth the heart's secrets of each of us were mirrored. Must even the green places which we remember in the past be obliterated forever?—the points from which, with imprisoned impulses and high hopes, we started into that untried and beckoning world, which, as a prism to the young eye, varied its fanciful and attractive colors as we advanced, forever changing, forever deceptive, until the heart, jaded and wearied with the cheat, started from its dreams of bliss, to dream—to hope—no more.

It *is* enough that the heart changes—that all that we looked forward to in youth, hopefully and trustfully, fades as we advance. That the path which before us was verdant and full of flowers, is sterile and strewn with ashes, as we tread it now; and instead of the songs of birds, which filled the grove and made the air vocal, and the heart happy, we have but the melancholy dirge—the funeral wail of autumn—sweeping with mourning sound through the unleafed trees—a sad sky above our heads—and withered leaves beneath our feet!

Ah! how *sadly* have *we* changed!—"WE THERE!" What bitter heart experiences have we treasured up! How many of "the world's" dark lessons do we know! Would not either of us give all that we have learned for one hour of the unshadowed happiness of those young days? Could we but go back again to taste it—did you ever muse on this?—would we change as we have, or remain as we were, think you? With but a slice of a year's experience—as years roll by us *now*—to start with as a capital, would we be as wordly-wise—in any way as worldly—as we are? I think not. We should quaff its knowledgee more sparingly, believe me, in a Bamford-reminiscence, vividly intermiugled with that slight appreciation of men as we know them! We should treasure those heart bubbles, which the world has blown into air! *Should we not, Jeremy?*

G. R. G.

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.—The power of these two qualities to overcome almost every difficulty is well exemplified in the case of Bulwer, the novelist. When he first commenced writing, he found it to be very hard work. Bently says he worked his way to eminence through failure and ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master his stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day—from ten in the morning till one—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging 20 pages a day of novel print.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lays and Ballads. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. 12mo. pp. 140.

We confess that we have little sympathy with the mass of cream and tea-colored books which have invaded our land, with the apparent intention of benefitting none but printers. It is therefore with heartfelt satisfaction that we now and then glean from amid this host of versified rubbish a volume like the one before us.

To the numerous admirers of Mr. Read's former collection the present volume will afford peculiar pleasure, fulfilling as it does the predicted progressive spirit which was everywhere manifest in his earlier production, which is evident here, and which still points to something better to come. We know of no surer test of true poetical greatness than this evidence of a power of development, which has always shown itself in the earlier verses of men possessing the highest order of genius.

The volume before us, as the title imports, is chiefly composed of lyrical poems; but there are also two or three articles in blank verse, whose exceeding merit awaken a desire to see a further exertion of the author's talents in this unfettered mode of versification. The power which he evinces in "the Alchemist's Daughter" and "A Vision of Death," prove the existence of resources for which the friends of his former volume scarcely gave him credit. We own ourselves astonished at the versatility of Mr. Read's genius, at the ease with which he passes from lyrical to the highest order of poetry, with the scope of thought which is shown in his unveilings of man's inner nature, and with the dramatic variety and intensity of his diction. We scarcely recognize the same hand in the lyrical and dramatic poems; both are beautiful, but of widely different orders of beauty. The former are characterized by a purity of thought and sentiment, a delicate refinement and nicety in the choice of phrases, a brilliant and constant play of fancy in figures the most apt and glowing, a striking spirit of individuality, and a versification the most varied and harmonious. The transition from the lyrical to the dramatic pieces is at the same time both delightful and startling. The style changes at once, the author vanishes from sight, and is lost in our sympathy for the imaginary creatures of his mind. In the dramatic compositions the language is vigorous, passionate and condensed, dealing rather in the bold metaphor than in the more ornate but less difficult simile, and seeking effect rather by force and earnestness than by beauty and delicacy of expression. This is as it should be, and proves our author the possessor of powers which must eventually place him in the very first rank of poets. But we must leave general criticism, and proceed to substantiate our high opinions by the text before us.

The volume opens with a poem replete with the most picturesque and striking imagery. There is a beautiful contrast between the desolate, frozen appearance of nature—

> "When old Winter, through his fingers numb,
> Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;
> And when the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb
> Within the neighboring stream;"

and the fervent feeling which appears to have dictated this friendly tribute to one whose presence can at all seasons make

> "A summer in the heart."

Passing some half dozen poems, every way worthy of special notice, but omitted on account of our confined space, we come to "The Beggar of Naples." This is one of the longest and most striking poems in the book; in a versification the most irregular but the most harmonious, indulging in the wildest flights of fancy, but never soaring beyond the common ken. The story is simple, and turns on the power with which a virtuous love may shape the destiny of the meanest. The picture of the beggars hanging round the sunny corners of the streets, tells with a few skillful touches more than a whole library of statistics.

> "Avoiding every wintry shade,
> The lazzaroni crawled to sunny spots;
> At every corner miserable knots
> Pursued their miserable trade,
> *And held the sunshine in their asking palms,*
> *Which gave unthanked its glowing alms,*
> Thawing the blood until it ran
> As wine within a vintage runs."

The italicized lines are eminently suggestive; and in the contemplative mind, awaken a long train of the most solemn thoughts—thoughts of Heaven's indiscriminate bounty, and man's unthankful forgetfulness, of the beggar's hands overflowing with the gifts of nature, but all empty of the gifts of churlish human charity. The listlessness of the beggar's life, the vacant sense and brain of the purposeless idler, is admirably portrayed in the following lines:—

> "Upon the beggar's heart the matin hymn
> Fell faint and dim;
> As when upon some margin of the sea
> The fisher breathes the briny air,
> And hears the far waves symphony,
> But hears it unaware.
> The music from the lofty aisle,
> And all the splendor of the sacred pile—
> The pictures hung at intervals
> Like windows, giving from the walls
> Clear glimpses of the days agone.
>
> All were unheeded,
> And came but as his breath;
> Or if there came a thought, that thought unheeded
> Even in its birth met death."

The awakening from this lethargy, at the first touch of love, is unrivaled:—

> "At once upstarting from his knees,
> He watched her as she went;
> The blood awakened from its slothful ease,
> Through all his frame a flaming flood was sent;
> *He stood as with a statue's fixed surprise,*
> *Great wonder making marble in his eyes!*"

What can surpass the simple grandeur of the concluding lines of this passage? The new light which at once bursts on his aroused senses is thus happily described:—

> "All things at once became a glorious show;
> Now could he see the sainted pictures glow;
> And instantly unto his lips
> Rolled fragments of old song—
> Fragments which had been thrown
> Into his heart unknown." &c.

His shame at his tattered appearance, at his companions, and at his base mode of life, are singularly beautiful and truthful strokes. That a soul so aroused should struggle for and reach the first ranks of fame is nothing strange, and that he should wed his deliverer is strict poetical justice. From "The Deserted Road" we clip the following felicitous local touches:—

> "Here I stroll along the village,
> As in youth's departed morn,

But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn;

"Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters,
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells."

"The Alchemist's Daughter," amid a host of stirring lines, contains the following beautiful passages. Lorenzo, speaking of the marriage of his young mistress—

"Her mother died long years ago, and took
One half the blessed sunshine from our house,
The other half was married off last night."

This is genuine poetry, and we recognize it at once. Again, describing the rising moon,—

"Mark how the moon, as by some unseen arm,
Is thrust toward heaven like a bloody shield."

The following noble burst should go far to cheer those whose labors appear to produce no immediate results:—

"Are there no wrongs but what a nation feels—
No heroes but among the martial throng?
Nay, there are patriot souls who never grasped
A sword, or heard a crowd applaud their names—
Who lived and labored, died, and were forgot;
And after them the world came out and reapt
The field, and never questioned who had sown."

From this garden of dainty devices let us, before leaving, cull a few choice flowers. From "The New Village" we would fain extract the whole stanza, describing the forest-life of the Indian maids, which concludes thus—

"The daisies kiss their foot-falls in the grass,
And little streams stand still to paint them in their glass."

In "A Vision of Death," the flowers over the grave of a beautiful maiden, are thus invoked:—

"Bloom, bloom,
Ye little blossoms! *and if beauty can,*
Like other purest essences, exhale
And penetrate the mould, your flowers shall be
Of rarest hue and perfume."

From "The Realm of Dreams," we extract this exquisite couplet:

"And where the spring-time sun had longest shone
And violet looked up, *and found itself alone.*"

The above has a positive fragrance, that unexplainable odor which at once distinguishes genuine poetry, however disguised, from all imitations, however ingenious. No one but a true poet could have written this passage, which, for its suggestive delicacy, is scarcely rivaled in our language. From the same poem we extract this simile, describing the unruffled quiet of a small mountain lake:—

"Through underwood of laurel, and across
A little lawn, *shoe-deep with sweetest moss,*
I passed, and found the lake, *which, like a shield*
Some giant long had ceased to wield,
Lay with its edges sunk in sand and stone,
With ancient roots and grasses overgrown."

The descent of the mystic spirit of the lake is thus pictured:

"Then noiselessly as moonshine falls
Adown the ocean's crystal walls,
And with no stir or wave attended,
Slowly through the lake descended;
Till from her hidden form below
The waters took a golden glow,
As if the star which made her forehead bright
Had burst and filled the lake with light."

Observe the beautiful melancholy, and the slow, swaying versification of the following description of a deserted quay:—

"The old, old sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with his foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for his long-lost multitude of ships."

We would gladly extend this imperfect notice to twice its prescribed length; for we are aware that in our limited bounds we can do but partial justice to merits so conspicuous; and, perhaps, in our bungling haste to pluck that which caught our fancy, we have passed by beauties which would have arrested the eyes of others. We are conscious of having bestowed on this volume the most unmixed praises; and the censorious may ask us, what has become of our critical gall? The province of criticism is two-fold—to cheer with praise, or to correct with censure; and we belong to that good-natured portion who exercise the former calling. What is deliberately done can be followed by no apology. Whatever we have said, has been supported with solid material from the work before us; and our readers may judge by the extracts, whether we have done our author that worst of all injustice which arises from over commendation.

Poems. By Oliver Wendall Holmes. A New Edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the appearance of a new and revised edition of Dr. Holmes's poems, printed in a style of simplicity and elegance creditable to the publishers and appropriate to him. It contains a large number of pieces which have never before appeared in any collection of his poems, and also a number which are now printed for the first time. A volume which is so emphatically "a nest of spicery," which sparkles on every page with wit, fancy, and imagination, and which contains some of the most perfect specimens of versification and true poetical expression ever produced in the country, will be sure of a rapid and a large circulation. The author has been literally mobbed for many years to prepare an edition of his poems, and we now have one which fairly reflects his character and powers.

In criticising a poet, the too common method pursued by the craft is to fix upon him some time-honored and time-worn phrases and epithets, which apply to him only as they apply to all poets, and to avoid that task of analysis which would bring out the peculiarities of his genius. Holmes has especially suffered from this mode of criticism; and thus one of the most singular and individual of our poets, a man who, whatever may be thought of the scope and domain of his genius, is still a strictly original writer, is described in terms which are as applicable to Longfellow and Bryant as to him.

The great mental peculiarity of Holmes is fineness of intellect—subtilty in the perception of resemblances, subtilty in the perception of differences, and subtilty in the conception of remote and filmy shades of thought. He has a most acute and inevitable perception of the ludicrous, but it is ever passed through his intellect before it is expressed; and, accordingly, his wit and humor have the certainty of demonstration, and never miss their mark. He has a no less acute perception of the pathetic, the beautiful, and the grand, but he never hazards their expression from the simple impulse of enthusiasm, but passes them also through his intelligence, scrutinizes them as they lie mirrored on his imagination, and gives them utterance only when he is satisfied intellectually and consciously of their validity and excellence. Such a man would naturally be accused of lacking sensibility, sensitiveness to impressions; but no careful reader of his writings, who considers their singular wealth and variety of sensuous imagery, of niceties and felicities of description, can fail to discern the intense sensibility to external objects they continually imply, however much he may be puzzled to account for the form in which it is expressed. The truth is, we should judge, that Holmes's extreme

sensitiveness made him skeptical, or fearful of the quality, and that he arraigned his impressions, his spontaneous combinations and strange freaks of juxtaposition, his teeming throng of fanciful images, his impatient, voluble, and affluent verbal extravagances, before the tribunal of his intellect, to see if they would bear the tests by which the bizarre is discriminated from the picturesque, levity from wit, drollery from humor, sentimentality from pathos, flightiness from ideality. Were it not for his detecting, exacting, sure and fine intellect, there would be no rein on his wild colt of a fancy, and the result would be more portentous freaks of deviltry and mischievousness, and perhaps more direct expression of impatient passion and tender feeling, but the whole would be but splendid disorder and aimless brilliancy. It is thus from the very fulness and fierce pressure of his sensitive nature for expression, that Holmes has become so eminently an intellectual poet, and that all his writings indicate an intense working of faculties rather than a heedless expression of affinities. Take up any one of his poems, witty or serious, subject it to the chemical processes of criticism, and it is surprising what seemingly untameable elements of thought and emotion are revealed. This mastery of his impulses, as seen in the intellectual form of their expression, is the peculiarity of Holmes, and gives to his poems that character of certainty, decision, and restrained exuberance, which constitutes so much of their charm. Such a man must have rejected more brilliancies and grotesque strokes of fanciful wit, than most men have ever conceived. Nothing which his fancy or his wit, his Ariel or his Puck, pitches into his mind, can pass muster, unless it can bear the sharp, close, microscopic glance of his sure and subtle intellect.

In respect to the intellectuality of his processes, Holmes bears some resemblance to Tennyson, with the exception that Tennyson's mind pierces patiently into a different and more mysterious domain of spiritual phenomena, and bears the marks of a slower reduction of film to form. The mind of Holmes acts with the rapidity of lightning. It examines and dissects as instantaneously as it feels and conceives. There is no patient contemplation of the object of his thought, but a quick, brisk, almost nervous seizure of it. His mind works with such intensity, all its faculties are so perfectly under his control, that what it grasps it grasps at once with the celerity of intuition. Nothing comes to him by degrees and slow steps. He does not wait for the Muse to turn her countenance gradually upon him, unfolding feature after feature, but he impatiently seizes her by the shoulders, twirls her round, and looks her right in the face. He is not abashed by her reproof, and disregards all her airs and assumptions of dignity. He seems plainly to tell her that he will stand none of her nonsense—that he knows her secret—that she cannot impose upon him—that if she do not choose to smile he can sail along very well without her assistance. Such spiteful treatment from any body else, would draw down her wrath; but Holmes seems a favorite, and has his mischievous ways indulged.

There is observable in Homes's long poems one defect which springs from the refinement of his perceptions. Though his writings evince no lack of vivid and palpable imagery, the curious subtilty of his mind leads him often into a remoteness of allusion whose pertinence and beauty are not apprehended by the ordinary reader. The leading idea of some of his poems, though obvious enough if sharply scrutinized, is still not prominent enough to enforce attention of itself. The result is that "Poetry" and "Urania," appear at first like aggregates of brilliant parts rather than as vital wholes. The unity of each is perceived only on an after examination. This is an artistical defect which mars their excellence and effectiveness.

The present edition of Holmes, while it contains a complete collection of his published pieces, is enriched with some after dinner poems, which were not intended for the public eye. These seem to have been thrown off extempore, but they teem with brilliancies of wit and fancy, and are full of fine audacities of expression. Of these the best are "Terpsichore," "A Modest Request," and "Nux Postcœnatica," which contain enough spirit and poetry to make a reputation, and which almost add to that which Holmes has already made. The drinking song, slily called "A Song of Other Days," is almost unmatched for the grandeur and splendor of its imagery, and the heartiness of its tone. The "Sentiment" which follows this right royal Anacreontic, is as glorious a tribute to water as the other is to wine—thus satisfactorily proving that Holmes is indebted to neither for inspiration. One of the most beautiful and brilliant of the poems added in this edition, is that on the Ancient Punch Bowl, and the mode in which sentiment and wit are made to shake hands, and dwell cosily together, is grandly humorous. "Urania," we suppose, must be considered on the whole, the best production in the volume. It has touches of sentiment and pathos, so graceful, so pure, and so elusive—not to speak of its satirical and witty portions—that it would be in vain to place any other poem of the author before it.

We have only space to refer to one more admirable peculiarity of Holmes, a natural consequence of the vigor, affluence and fineness of his intellect, and that is the *re-readableness* of his productions. There is a perpetual stimulant in them which we cannot drain dry. On a fourth or fifth perusal some refinement of allusion or analogy, some delicacy of thought or expression, some demure stroke of humor, which did not at first fix the attention, repays the diligent reader. Indeed to read one of his poems for the purpose of taking in its whole meaning at once, would require the mind to be as thoroughly awake and active as if it were engaged on Hume or Butler. The very gladness and briskness with which his verse moves, the flood of radiance poured out upon it, the distinctness of much of the imagery, interfere, on the first perusal, with the perception of his minor felicities and remote combinations of fancy and wit. Holmes, indeed, is a poet to have constantly on the parlor-table, not one to be consigned to a shelf in the library; for there is hardly a page not brightened by those fine fancies which age does not dim, and which "sparkle like salt in fire."

United States Fiscal Department.

In a republican government entire simplicity in all that relates to public affairs, is not only convenient to the officers, but is a duty to the public, every man of whom is a party in the business. We are reminded of the value of simplicity and order by two quarto volumes now before us, which point out the order, and show how simplicity is to be attained in whatever relates to the fiscal department of the government of the United States.

The title of these volumes is expressive of their valuable contents. "A Synopsis of the Commercial and Revenue System of the United States, as Developed by Instructions and Decisions of the Treasury Department, for the Administration of the Revenue Laws: Accompanied with a Supplement of Historical and Tabular Illustrations of the Origin, Organization and Practical Operations of the Treasury Department and its various Bureaus, in Fulfillment of that System: In Eight Chapters, with an Appendix. By Robert Mayo, M.D. 2 vols. 4to."

We have not space to enter into details of this truly

great work. All that is set forth in the promises of the title page is amply sustained by the body of the work, and an amount of information is given, truly astonishing to those who have not had experience in the numerous ramifications of the overgrown department. While there is scarcely a relation which any citizen could occupy with regard to the treasury department, in all its forms, and while the duty of every officer connected with that branch of government, whatever may be his grade, is amply set forth, it seems as a matter of course that at least one in every hundred of the citizens of this country should have a copy of this instructive work, for the benefit of himself and of the others to whom he is the *centurion*. And while these various kinds of information are given, the work incidentally contains a history of the department.

Loan holders, applicants for remuneration, and all who have any connection or business with the tresury department, are instructed by these volumes how to proceed—how they ought to proceed—and how others have proceeded. Dr. Mayo has done a public service by preparing these volume. We hope the public will remember him and his work.

The Women of the Bible; Delineated in a series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by eighteen characteristic engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. Phila: Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street.

This book is as remarkable for the felicity of its design as for the beauty of its execution. The plates which adorn it are eighteen in number, and they are among the best and most exquisite specimens of the engraver's art that it has ever been our good fortune to examine. The articles have been written by clergymen of the United States, distinguished for their talents, and eminent for their piety; and they have truly rendered a meet offering for those to whom it is appropriately dedicated, "thoughtful readers, men as well as women, the one being interested equally with the other, in what constitutes the character of mother, wife, daughter, sister." As the inside of the book is rich and attractive, so the skill and taste of the binder have made its exterior truly magnificent. The style is new in this country, being a rich, massive arabesque, and its execution reflects the highest credit upon Mr. J. T. ALTEMUS, of this city, under whose supervisory direction the work was accomplished.

The Republic of the United States of America; Its Duties to Itself, and its Responsible Relations to other Countries. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume the author enters upon an elaborate defense of the democratic party of the union, the administration of President Polk, and the Mexican War. As a partisan production it may be considered able and moderate. The writer, however, in his remarks on war in general, and the Mexican war in particular, falls into some offensive cant of his own, in attempting to upset some popular cant of another kind.

Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.

Carey & Hart have published, in one beautiful volume, uniform with their editions of Longfellow, Bryant and Willis, the Poems of Lydia H. Sigourney, a lady who has been long before the public as a writer, and whose fine powers have ever been devoted to good objects. She richly deserves the compliment of such an edition, and we have no doubt that its success will be triumphant. The volume contains many poems which have never before been included in a collection of her works, and many which are now published for the first time. The illustrations by Darley are the best, both in respect to design and execution, which have appeared in Carey & Hart's editions of the American poets. They all exhibit Darley's singular power of making the countenance physiognomical of the mind, even of the most elusive qualities of thought and emotion, and of bringing out character distinctly and decisively.

Notes of a Military Reconnoisance of the Route to California with the advanced Guard of the Army of the West, Commanded by General S. W. Kearney. By W. H. Emory, U. S. A.

This public document, printed by order of Congress, and vastly different from the usual verbose *farragos*, in printing which public money is expended, is a most valuable work. Mr. Emory has traveled with the eye of a scholar as well as soldier, and while he has amassed a valuable collection of military *data*, he has added scarcely less to our stock of Ethnological and antiquarian information. Well written, truthful, because it is an official report, recording many incidents of peril by flood and field, it should find a place in every library, as a memorial of the toil and sufferings of that gallant little band which, under the guidance of the late General Kearney, won that beautiful country for the United States. The battle of San Pasqual and the subsequent operations on the San Francisco, (where the gallant Captain Moore Johnstone, Lieut. Hammond, and so large a portion of the command were killed,) are graphically told, and add to the interest of the book, which is richly illustrated by engravings of ruined buildings, plants, scenery, etc.

The Opal.—Our amiable and highly gifted friend, Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, has presented to the public, in "The Opal" just published, one of the best and most beautiful Annuals we have ever seen. Her superior taste as Editress, has enabled her to collect a number of articles of unquestionable merit, which, together, form a most delightful volume. We do not wonder at "The *Opal's*" popularity, especially since the care of its preparation has devolved upon Mrs. Hale, who is so eminently fitted for the performance of that duty. Its pages are pure and bright, and the gems which adorn them, from the rich treasures of the minds of Grace Greenwood, N. P. Willis, and other equally popular authors, serve to render it in truth, a neat and appropriate offering for all seasons.

Thirty Years Since, or the Ruined Family.—The indefatigable G. P. R. JAMES, has written another novel, which bears this title. It is remarkable with what facility works of fiction emanate from his pen, and it is not the less astonishing that they should be so generally readable. "Thirty Years Since" is fully equal to any of its author's recent productions, and will doubtless find many readers and admirers.

The Rival Beauties.—This is the title of a new novel written by Miss PARDOE, author of "The City of the Sultan," &c. Gertrude and Sybil, the Rival Beauties, are as dissimilar in their natures as light is the opposite of darkness, and the character of each has been portrayed in an admirable manner by the writer. Miss Pardoe's works are usually interesting—the one before us will, we think, compare advantageously with any that have preceded it.

Hand-Book of the Toilette and *Hand-Book of Conversation and Table Talk*, are the titles of two *bijou* volumes published by G. S. Appleton. They are beautifully gotten up, and contain many valuable suggestions.



UNIV. OF MICH.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1849. No. 2.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

BY JOHN TODD.

IN one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeeded the log-houses in Vermont as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice, like those of the dying swan, were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionate leave of all her children, in faith and hope, save one—her eldest son—a mother's boy and a mother's pride. By great economy and unwearied industry this son had been sent to college. He was a mild, inoffensive, pale-faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home till the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew of his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long and tearful was their conversation. Sweet and tender was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my most earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the gospel, and thus a benefactor to the souls of men. In choosing the law, you are aware, you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done it, not because I like the law so much, but because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious as I am that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. If I dared do it, for *your* sake, if for no other reason, I would do it."

"In God's time, my dear son, in God's time, I trust you will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But promise me now, that you will never undertake any cause which you think is unjust, and that you will never aid in screening wrong from coming to light and punishment."

The son said something about every man's having the right to have his case presented in the best light he could.

"I know what you mean," said she; "but I know that if a man has violated the laws of God and man, he has no *moral* right to be shielded from punishment If he has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But for you to take his side, and for money, to shield him from the laws, seems to me no better than if, for money, you concealed him from the officers of justice, under the plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if he could. But I am weak and cannot talk, my son; and yet *if* you will give me the solemn promise, it seems as if I should die easier. But you must do as you think best."

The young man bent over his dying mother, and with much emotion, gave her the solemn promise which she desired. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the thanks which she expressed, and sweet the smile which she wore, and which was left on her countenance after her spirit had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeemer.

Some months after the death of his mother, the young man left the shadows of the Green Mountains, and toward a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty village, he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under it, the words, "Attorney at Law." There he was found early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for his black wood-sawyer, and for that he conscientiously charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of him, and admired the young man, but still no business came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart sick," one bright morning a coarse-looking, knock-down sort of a young man was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his first client!

What success, and cases, and fees danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that 's my business. What can I do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." And he took out a five dollar bill, and laid it on the table. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge—what do you call it?"

"Retention-fee, I presume you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention-fee."

The coarse fellow stared.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Maj. Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

"Very well—what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where 's the trouble?"

"Why, they say, that as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Maj. Farnsworth the note, and therefore, *in law*, the note is good for nothing—that 's all!"

"And was it really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Maj. Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected that I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they were noble fellows!"

"And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human imperfection, gives you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up your retention-fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you—if I wanted to help you to go to the state's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly and live and act on the principle, that let what will come, you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and muttering something about seeing Squire Snapall, left the office.

So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right, my son, right." The next day he was in old Maj. Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of bills lying upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he expected to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's voice seemed to come again, "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"They accuse me of stealing a bee-hive."

"A bee-hive!—surely that could not be worth much!"

"No, but the bees and the honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"'Squire are you alone here—nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets of your clients?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey. There was more than seventy pounds! But you can clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Hazen has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squanicook Pond that night."

"So, by perjury, you hope to escape punishment. What can you afford to pay a lawyer who will do his best?"

The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment—but only for a moment.

"No, sir, I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the punishment which he deserves. I will starve first."

The man with an oath bolted out of the office, and made his way to Snapall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left to him in the world, and what to do when they were gone, he knew not. In a few moments the flush and burning of the face was gone, as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own mother's voice, "Right, my son, right."

Days and even weeks passed away, and no new client made his appearance. The story of his having refused to take fees and defend his clients got abroad, and many were the gibes concerning his folly. Lawyer Snapall declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the young man found a note lying on his table. It read thus,

"Mrs. Henshaw's compliments to Mr. Loudon,

and requests, if it be not too much trouble, that he would call on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to consult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may be.

Rose Cottage, June 25th.

How his hand trembled while he read the note. It might lead to business—it might be the first fruits of an honorable life. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately arrived on a visit to the family who resided in that cottage. "At his earliest convenience." If he should go at once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure? If he delayed, would it not be a dishonesty which he had vowed never to practice? He whistled a moment, took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reaching the house, he was received by a young lady of modest, yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and the young lady said,

"My mother is not well, but I will call her. Shall I carry your name, sir?"

"Loudon, if you please."

The young lady cast a searching, surprised look at him, and left the room. In a few moments the mother, a graceful, well-bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost started in his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. Loudon, the lawyer, I suppose," said she.

"At your service, madam."

"Is there any other gentleman at the Bar of your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?"

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a man of *principle*, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me—but—I expected to see an older man."

"If you will admit me," said Loudon, who began to grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as to state the case, I think I can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no good. And if on the whole, you think it best to commit it to older and abler hands, I will charge you nothing and engage not to be offended."

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like. As they went along, Loudon took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes every thing for granted and unquestioned; and though I don't design to mislead him, yet it seems to me, as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell him so. He will never do;" and she felt that she had wasted her time and strength. How great then was her surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of papers, and looking at his notes, again went over the whole ground, sifting and scanning every point, weighing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and fell. After he had laid it open to her, he added, with unconscious dignity,

"Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a cause of right and justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a jury so that law would decide in your favor, there are so many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that justice will be with you. If you please to entrust it to me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the opposite side."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. Loudon?"

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have ever talked with."

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but for some reason or other, hers were cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair to you. If you succeed we shall be able to reward you; and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have been."

For weeks and months Loudon studied his case. He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable—the mother and the daughter—aside from the law-suit, and I am not sure that he did not find occasion to ask questions oftener than he would have done, had it been otherwise.

The case, briefly was this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent and high-minded man of business. He had dealt in iron, had large furnaces at different places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had dealings with a man by the name of Brown—a plausible, keen, and as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times—such as occur once in about ten years, let who will be President—their affairs became embarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown. There he died—leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition as bad as need be. By the kindness of the creditors their beautiful home called Elm Glen, was left to Mrs. Henshaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debts. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes in perfect order, and everybody said "it did n't look like a widow's house." But within four years of the death of Mr. Henshaw, Brown returned. He had been detained by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim for Elm Glen, as his pro-

perty! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said—he had been with him in sickness and in death; and the high-minded Henshaw had made his will on his death-bed, and bequeathed Elm Glen to Brown, as a payment for debts. The will was duly drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own signature, and also by two competent witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim—at the will—at every thing pertaining to it. It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of every thing. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and taking her child, left the village and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had Brown enjoyed Elm Glen. No, not enjoyed it, for he enjoyed nothing. He lived in it; but the haggard look—the frequent appeal to the bottle—the jealous feelings which were ever uppermost—and his coarse, profane conversation, showed that he was wretched. People talked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his clenching his fist in his dreams, and defying "all hell" to prove it, and the like.

Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and swore, but he also laid aside his cups, and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding, posting and sending writs—for both sides had much at stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for young Loudon. It was victory or state's prison for Brown. The community, one and all took sides with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bias *could* reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Mr. Snapall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy" to contend with; and the good public felt sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said, "women will have their own way."

The day of trial came on. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will case," and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the court-house.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was embarrassed; but modesty always meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that it was deserved. In a clear, concise, and masterly manner, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be a forgery. It was easy to show the character of Brown to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this was only in keeping with that general character. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of its witnesses on his death-bed had *confessed* that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness, taken in full before James Johnson, Esq. Justice of the Peace, and acknowledged by him. So far all was clear, and when the testimony closed it seemed clear that the case was won. But when it came Mr. Snapall's turn, he demolished all these hopes by proving that though James Johnson, Esq. had signed himself Justice of the Peace, yet he was no magistrate, inasmuch as his commission had expired the very day before he signed the paper, and although he had been re-appointed, yet he had not been legally *qualified* to act as a magistrate—that he might or might not have supposed himself to be qualified to take an affidavit; and that the law, for very wise reasons, demanded that an affidavit should be taken only by a sworn magistrate. He was most happy, he said, to acknowledge the cool assurance of his young brother in the law; and the only difficulty was that he had proved nothing, except that his tender conscience permitted him to offer as an affidavit a paper that was in law not worth a straw, if any better than a forgery itself.

There was much sympathy felt for poor Loudon, but he took it very coolly and seemed no way cast down. Mr. Snapall then brought forward his other surviving witness—a gallows-looking fellow, but his testimony was clear, decided and consistent. If he was committing perjury, it was plain that he had been well-drilled by Snapall. Loudon kept his eye upon him with the keenness of the lynx. And while Snapall was commenting upon the case with great power, and while Mrs. Henshaw and Mary gave up all for lost, it was plain that Loudon, as he turned over the will, and looked at it again and again, was thinking of something else besides what Snapall was saying. He acted something as a dog does when he feels sure he is near the right track of the game, though he dare not yet bark.

When Snapall was through, Loudon requested that the witness might again be called to the stand. But he was so mild, and kind, and timid, that it seemed as if he was the one about to commit perjury.

"You take your oath that this instrument, purporting to be the will of Henry Henshaw, was signed by him in your presence?"

"I do."

"And you signed it with your own hand as witness at the time?"

"I did."

"What is the date of the will?"

"June 18, 1830."

"When did Henshaw die?"

"June 22, 1830."

"Were you living in the village where he died at the time?"

"I was."

"How long had you lived there?"

"About four years, I believe, or somewhere thereabouts."

Here Loudon handed the judge a paper, which the judge unfolded and laid before him on the bench.

"Was that village a large or a small one?"

"Not very large—perhaps fifty houses."

"You knew all these houses well, I presume?"

"I did."

"Was the house in which Mr. Henshaw died, one story or two?"

"Two, I believe."

"But you *know*, don't you? Was he in the lower story or in the chamber when you went to witness the deed?"

Here the witness tried to catch the eye of Snapall, but Loudon very civilly held him to the point. At length he said, "In the chamber."

"Will you inform the court what was the color of the house?"

"I think, feel sure, it was n't painted, but did n't take particular notice."

"But you saw it every day for four years, and don't you know?"

"It was not painted."

"Which side of the street did it stand?"

"I can't remember."

"Can you remember which way the street ran?"

"It ran east and west."

"The street ran east and west—the house two story, and unpainted, and Mr. Henshaw was in the chamber when you witnessed the will. Well, I have but two things more which I will request you to do. The first is to take that pen and write your name on that piece of paper on the table."

The witness demurred, and so did Snapall. But Loudon insisted upon it.

"I can't, my hand trembles so," said the witness.

"Indeed! but you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you signed that will. Come, you *must* try, just to oblige us."

After much haggling and some bravado, it came out that he could n't write, and never learned, and that he had requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him!

"Oh, ho!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that *you* signed it yourself. Now one thing more, and *I* have done with you. Just let me take the pocket-book in your pocket. I will open it here before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper."

Again the witness refused, and appealed to Snapall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth and muttering something about the witness going to the devil!

The pocket-book came out, and in it was a regular discharge of the bearer, John Ordin, from four years imprisonment in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and dated June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the worthy warden.

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury, that the house in which Mr. Henshaw died was situated in a street running north and south—that it was a one-story house—that it was *red*, the only red house in the village, and moreover, that he died in a front room of the lower story.

There was a moment's silence, and then a stifled murmur of joy all over the room. Brown's eyes looked blood-shot; the witness looked sullen and dogged, and Mr. Snapall tried to look very indifferent. He made no defence. The work was done. A very brief, decided charge was given by the judge, and, without leaving their seats, the jury convicted Brown of forgery!

"That young dog is keen, any how!" said Snapall.

"When his conscience tells him he is on the side of justice," said Loudon, overhearing the remark.

It was rather late in the evening before Loudon called on his clients to congratulate them on the termination of their suit, and the recovery of Elm Glen. He was met by Mary, who frankly gave him her hand, and with tears thanked and praised him, and felt sure they could never sufficiently reward him. Loudon colored, and seemed more troubled than when in the court. At length he said abruptly, "Miss Henshaw, you and your mother can *now* aid me. There is a friend of yours—a young lady, whose hand I wish to obtain. I am alone in the world, poor, and unknown. This is my first law-case, and when I may have another is more than I know."

Mary turned pale, and faintly promised that she and her mother would aid him to the extent of their power. Then there was a pause, and she felt as if she, the only one who was supposed to be unagitated and cool, must speak.

"Who is the fortunate friend of mine?"

"Don't you suspect?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Well, here is her portrait," handing her a miniature case. She touched a spring and it flew open, and in a little mirror, *she saw her own face!* Now the crimson came over her beautiful face, and the tears came thick and fast, and she trembled; but I believe she survived the shock; for the last time I was that way, I saw the conscientious young lawyer and his charming wife living at Elm Glen; and I heard them speak of *his first law-suit!*

THE WORLD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

WHAT wiser is the world in this bright age—
What better than in the darkened days of old?
Survey the Past, its blotted scroll unfold;
Compare it with the Present's golden page—
It is no worse; the world was cruel then,
And hearts were trampled on, and spirits bled,
And tears and blood like summer rain were shed,
And men were what they always will be—Men!
Experience teaches naught, man will not heed
And profit by the lessons. Fools can read;
The task is said by rote; we do not learn,
But live in ancient ignorance and crime.
There is no hope—the Future will but turn
The old sands in the failing glass of Time!

CHRISTINE.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Bright dreams were mine in life's young day,
Too bright, too fair to last,
Fresh flow'rets sprung beside my way,
And fragrance round it cast;
And hopes as radiant as the dyes
That angel-artists spread,
Upon the western sunset skies,
To my young heart were wed.

Bright days, sweet days, forever gone!
Ye can return no more,
I 'm doomed to tread the sands alone
That skirt life's desert shore!
Afar, upon the ocean wide,
My bark of hope went down,
I saw the angel leave my side,
And all things on me frown.

But there are paintings hanging yet
In memory's ghostly halls,
And bright young faces looking down
Upon me from the walls.
The gentle smile that thrilled my soul,
In life's young break-of-day,
The small white hands once clasped in mine,
Are pictured there for aye.

There is a form, I see it now,
More radiant far than all,
The full, dark eye, the snowy brow
That held my heart in thrall.
But, O, that voice, so low and sweet!
I ne'er shall hear it more;
The fond, warm heart hath ceased to beat—
My dream of bliss is o'er.

And still another picture there—
A being young and bright;
The captive sunbeams in her hair,
A form of love and light;
The deep blue tints that stain the sky,
When summer bids it gleam,
Are mirrored in her laughing eye,
Like violets in the stream.

I deemed those forms forever fled
From time's bleak desert shore,
And that the light upon me shed,
Could visit me no more.
But late I saw a vision bright,
And fair as those of old,
That taught to me this lesson trite—
The heart can ne'er grow cold!

O, charming, charming young Christine!
Long years may pass away,
But cannot seize the love I ween,
Of young life's joyous day!
O, would some gem like thee were mine,
Upon my breast to wear,
Through Sorrow's dreary hour to shine,
And light the night of Care;

My glance upon mankind should fall
Contented, happy, free,
And I should richer feel than all,
My only treasure *thee!*
But, O, my lot is wild and drear,
And sad the night-winds moan;
Upon life's tree the leaves are sear,
And I am all alone.

THE ENNUYEE.

BY MRS. S. A. LEWIS.

It hath been said, "for all who die,
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh,
O'er every bier;"
But in that hour of pain and dread,
Who will draw near,
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear?

Who watch life's last dim parting ray,
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way,
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come,
In weeds of wo,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep?
And by the moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'T would mitigate the pangs of death,
And light the tomb.

Yes! in that hour, if I could feel,
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence, one would steal
In secresy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon;
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
A deeper wo;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Drawn round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A TRUE STORY.

(DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND MARTHA W. B——.)

BY CAROLINE C——.

Away with weary cares and themes!
Luring wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!

I know that *thou* wilt judge aright
Of all that makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy! J. G. WHITTIER.

I FANCY, my good reader, that you are about as familiar with the physical appearance of this exalted personage, the far-famed Man in the Moon, as is your most obedient. That you have gazed upon him with love-kindled eyes many and many a witching summer night, I have not the shadow of a doubt—that you have often lamented the provoking imperfectness of your vision, which presents such insurmountable difficulties and obstructions in the way to your beholding clearly what manner of man he truly is, I cannot have much hesitation in believing; reasoning as I do, from my extensive knowledge of what passes in the minds of other people, and from the thoughts and feelings I have had myself in regard to the peculiar personalities of this mysterious gentleman.

Until recently I never indulged in the hope of being counted among the benefactors of my race, but, my fair country women, I hope I do not presume too much, when I say that I shall hereafter merit this honor at your hands, for am I not going to speak to you of events which, wonderful as they are, have hitherto never come to the knowledge of our present generation? I cannot conscientiously make known to you the mysterious means by which I became cognizant of the following events, yet do I hold myself clear of any breach of confidence when I lay before you these wondrous facts, upon the truth of which you may rely, on my veracity as a story-teller!

Long, long ago there lived in a far country, among the mountains, which towered to heaven much in the manner of mountains now, a young maiden, who must certainly have been one of the progenitors of "The Sinless Child;" for in personal beauty, and in excellence and purity of mind, this girl was unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled in her day. A "rare and radiant maiden" was she, albeit unaccomplished and unlearned.

Kind, generous and affectionate was Rose May, having withal such a reasonable amount of spirited independence in her nature, as a child born and bred among the mountain wilds would be like to have.

It was a glorious dwelling-place, that of my heroine! Grant May, her father, was a shepherd, a rugged man of middle age, whose furrowed face bore testimony to the fact, that he had encountered and weathered many a hard storm in the course of his life. A true son of the mountains was he; for three or four generations back his fathers had lived, shepherds, in these same wild heights, and I doubt much if *this* son of his father could ever have breathed the warmer and gentler air of a less elevated home. Occasionally, but at long intervals, he had wandered away to the world below him, but, like the eagle, his eyry and his affections were fixed amid the towering heights, the rugged scenes and bracing air of the mountains—there was the home for which Nature and a forty years' residence had fitted him.

The shepherd's house was built in what, to an eye unaccustomed to such scenes, would seem a most dangerous situation. But it was just to the contrary. Erected on the side of a deep ravine at the bend of the stream, it was sheltered on three sides from the rough, wild winds of winter; and in summer it seemed half buried in the vegetation, which was nowhere on the mountains so abundant as about this place. Above, beneath, and around the cottage there were hardy bushes and flowering shrubs, and towering high above them the pine-trees and the strong-limbed offspring of that rugged clime; and higher still above the flowers, and bushes, and pines, spread the bright deep blue sky, which seemed to rest its mighty arches on the peaks and crags of those great heights.

Yes, it was a glorious home, a noble dwelling-place, that of young Rose May! The voice of the southern wind, when it crept so softly up the mountain, and through the branches of the pines, to kiss her brow, and tell her of the wild beauty of the land from which it wandered, that voice was sweet and welcome music to her ear; but no less loved and welcome was the trumpet-blast of the storm, when it came rushing like a fiend's voice past her home, or like the challenge of a giant fresh from the strong fortress where the soldiery of Winter were garrisoned. Rose loved the flowers, the gay bright blossoms which in midsummer bloomed about her home, but more keen was her delight in the grandeur which made her heart to thrill, and her blood to leap wildly through its veins, when on awakening some dreary

mornings of winter, she saw the pine-trees loaded with the wealth of glittering icicles, which glowed and blazed with a splendor greater than if the treasuries of all the kings and princes of earth had been melted and poured over those same stately scions of the soil.

Nature in all her phases was beautiful, and welcome to Rose May; but there was something in the heart of the girl which made her sympathize with, and rejoice more keenly in the grand and terrible shapes the great Queen chose during more than eight months of the year to appear in. Therefore Rose May was most truly a daughter, a bright, strong-hearted, noble daughter of the mountains.

They had aptly named this maiden after the queen of the flowers. For though there were many sons in Grant May's household, Rose was the only daughter, and she was like a rose indeed, the fairest as well as tenderest bud opening beneath the family roof-tree. The bloom of health was on the maiden's cheek—the glow of health was in her veins and in the calm beating of her heart, which told so steadily "all 's well."

While Grant May and his sons were absent from their home all day, tending to their many flocks, Rose remained with her mother at home, assisting her with willing hand in the domestic toils; and a steady and invaluable helpmate was she, spinning yarn from the sheep her father called her own, and then knitting the proceeds into stout socks and mittens for them who labored out of doors; and ingeniously contriving numerous garments, whereby to keep the ears, necks and feet of her wild, light-hearted brothers warm in the dreadful winter weather. Rose was, in fact, quite a pattern maid; never complaining, or caring to rest herself even when she was aweary, while there was any work left for her mother to do—and the last thing she ever would have thought to boast of was ignorance of any part of the book of domestic economy—which volume, if you, my dear reader, have had any occasion to thumb, you know very well is not printed with the most readable or understandable type.

Rose May had not many companions. There were, it is true, other families, and numbers of them, scattered among the mountains, but these lived at long distances from each other, and were so circumstanced as to preclude the possibility of frequent visitings. But when these far-off neighbors *did* meet, it was with the warm and earnest good feeling which people so situated would be likely to entertain for each other. Perhaps their mutual interest was even more sincere and honest, their friendship more generous and truthful, than if they had been able to hold more frequent and familiar communication with each other, partaking, as necessarily they did, each and all, of the mundane nature, for they had scarcely time to discover one another's particular failings and short-comings.

There were two families, however, whose members maintained a more familiar intimacy with the household of Grant May than the other mountaineers. And for this reason. In both these families there was a son—each, only sons, too, who regarded Rose May with fonder eyes than mere friendly interest would warrant; they both loved her with all the devotion their wild, earnest spirits were capable of—both acknowledged her the queen of the mountain flowers, and the object of their supreme regard.

One of these youths was named Joseph Rancy; his father was the wealthiest of the shepherds—the son would be the old man's sole heir. This fact alone was one calculated to greatly enhance the merits of the young man—to make him a favored guest—a much sought for friend—and an acceptable suitor, especially in the eyes of parents who had a double eye to their daughter's happiness and good fortune.

Joseph was a tall, robust, free-spoken youth, with a heart whose honesty forbade his lips ever speaking a word which could not safely be echoed in its recesses. But his very bluntness, though it arose from his honesty of purpose, was not perhaps calculated to make him a great favorite with that class of people *said* to be lovers of soft words and honied speeches. Joseph was a great favorite with Grant May and with the young brethren of Rose. They liked him for his generosity and daring, and for many noble traits of character he evinced, which I will not now stop to enumerate. The young man knew he stood well in their eyes—but about her whose favor he cared for more than all the rest, he was as yet in a state of doubt and perplexity.

The other youth who visited so frequently Grant May's cottage was Rob Horn. To say Rob was handsome as a picture would be rather a doubtful compliment; but handsome he was, tall and straight as an Indian, with a bright, smiling face—which (but for a treacherous expression sometimes seen lurking about the mouth) seemed to hail every man a brother and friend; then his hair was black as a raven's wing, eyes ditto—a becoming bloom on his brown cheeks, graceful, light-hearted, cheerful and companionable—there, you have Rob Horn—is he one you would suppose Rose May might love?

Rob also was an only son—but the great difference between him and Joseph Rancy was, that his father was far from wealthy, having only managed to keep partially "above board," during all the long years of his earthly pilgrimage.

More than once Rob had roved away from his mountain home to the low-land villages, for his was a restless spirit, and his were roving eyes, that grew weary at times of looking always on the same grand scenes; but still he seemed to retain an unextinguishable affection for his native home, for after a short absence he always returned to his father's humble cot, with his head full of the scenes he had looked upon in the busy world, but with his curiosity satisfied, and his heart all right toward home. The reason, however, of his invariable return was, that up in the old eagle's eyry (that is in Grant May's cottage) there was the little bird whose wild, free-gushing songs was the attractive power which always called him back.

And among the fairer faced damsels who lived in

cities, were there none whom Rob thought comparable with the unfettered-by-fashion Rose May? Was there none whose smile made his heart thrill with rapture. Was there not one whose voice was sweeter than an angel's to his ear, whose words were dearly remembered, and treasured long after they were uttered? Let us see.

Sitting by the blazing fire in Grant May's kitchen during the long, pleasant winter evenings, and telling to the gathered family the strange fashions and habits of the people with whom he had occasionally mingled—describing to the wondering children modes of life which they in their simplicity had never dreamed of, and to the father the changes which had occurred in public affairs, and to the mother, of the women, whose acquaintance he had made, and of the friends she had known in her girlhood whom he had chanced to meet, it is not to be supposed that he neglected all this while, and thought not at all of the fair young listener, to please whom he would have talked on forever, had that been necessary—no, indeed, she was not forgotten, for during many years Rob had been incessantly at work, forming a telegraph route between his heart and her own; he was even then, during those winter evenings, busy in that great work of his life, and ere long he was determined to prove if the work was perfect—but he delayed sending the first real dispatch—he feared lest it should be uncomprehended and unanswered.

To Rose, Rob had always *seemed* kind, and noble, and honest—in short, all that man *ought* to be—all that Joseph Rancy *was*. And a keener insight than she possessed, or many mortals on earth possess, would have been requisite in this case to detect the true gold from the glittering dross. Even when the maiden's father discovered how all the inclination and affection of his child chose Rob instead of Joseph, he did not see any insurmountable objection lying in the way to the child's union with the former—and it was only with a sigh for the fortune which might have been his daughter's, that he gave up all idea of her ever wedding Joseph Rancy.

These two boys had always been the most intimate and best of friends. In earlier days the visits which they planned together to make their young friend, Rose, were unmarred by jealous thoughts, they were marked as the best of their weekly holydays. No matter how deep the snow might lie on their path toward Grant May's cot, these appointments, which they made between themselves, were ever regularly kept; for the thought of the bright faces which always gave them such a hearty welcome, and made for them a place by the warm fire with such ready zeal, was a sufficient inducement for them to brave the coldest weather, and the stormiest day.

But as the two grew older, and learned to distinguish between friendliness and love, they did, sorry am I to tell, grow jealous of one another, and at last, before they had concluded it were better to make these visits to Rose alone, each by himself, when Rose had unwittingly spoken in a tone more kindly to one of them, and evinced in any way an innocent and thoughtless preference, the other walked homeward with closed lips and aching heart, and in most unsocial mood.

Joseph Rancy had never dared to speak openly to Rose May of *love*. It was strange that one so stout-hearted as he, with all the advantages of wealth, beside possessing much personal beauty, should falter as he tried to tell a simple mountain maid he loved her! But so it was. The words refused to obey his bidding when he tried to utter them. He had not lived even in those busy places where men and women congregate, yet he *did* know that "faint heart never won fair lady," and the very knowledge of that truth but increased his fears. Poor fellow! he doubted his own powers to please, and he knew that Rob Horn was a powerful and much to be feared rival. But Joseph was one who could not easily give up a thought he had cherished for so long. It was a hope it would have been hard for him to relinquish; he could never forget that he had loved Rose May, even though she turned a relentlessly deaf ear to his suit; his heart would never be satisfied with the affection of another woman. And I say but the truth, when I tell you he was worthy of her love—more worthy, if a less dashing lover than Rob Horn. There was less glitter in him, far more real worth, less of admiration, and passion, than deep and earnest love in his thoughts of Rose.

He had placed his hopes upon her returning affection; and it is not agreeable with the natural order of things, to suppose that he would for ever continue irresolute in a case momentous as this; and so, once again, with the express desire to hear his fate decided by her lips, he set out on a summer morning, determined that his resolution *should* hold out till he had heard his doom from her own voice.

The day was favorable; oh! if the event might only prove so, too! The time also seemed propitious, for before Joseph had half way reached her father's house, he met Rose May. She was gathering wild-flowers, and when she saw him coming toward her, she gayly bade him assist her in the pleasant work. I know not if those simple people ever studied the "language of flowers;" perhaps, however, the *science* is a *natural* one, but this I know, that there was a great preponderance of mountain-roses, buds, and half-opened blossoms, in the flowers Joseph gathered for the little lady. Ah, what a lucky wight! the beautiful summer morning—the silent wood—the naturalness of the offer of his heart with the flowers he gave her! Surely Fate, for once, was propitious! But notwithstanding the chances were with him, and the hour was one of a thousand, Joseph still hesitated and delayed; and it was not till all the flowers were gathered, and Rose had actually set out on her homeward path, that Joseph nerved himself to the pitch requisite.

And, indeed, it was quite a point in his destiny he had reached; the next step you plainly see *was* an important, an all important one to him. It had been the hope of years that he might win, and one day wed, Rose May; he had lived in that hope; its working out had been one of the most blessed of his thoughts; and

now, in five short minutes (perhaps less) he would know if this dear dream were to have fruition, or was it to pass away like the morning dew, leaving him no possibility of ever indulging in it again, that is, with reason—and Joseph was a reasonable youth.

As I have stated, he was an uneducated youth, that is, uneducated in the schools, and ignorant and innocent of polite learning, therefore he knew but one way of discovering a fact, and that was by asking a question point-blank. When Rose was about emerging from the wood, from whence a little path led down the ravine to her father's house, he paused in the walk, and said quite distinctly,

"Wait a moment, Rose May. I came to ask you a question I have thought to ask you this long time—will you love me—will you be my wife?"

"Yours, Joseph," replied Rose, as honestly and unreservedly as the question had been put; "Yours—how can you think of such a thing?"

"I *have* thought of it for years, Rose. You have so many brothers and friends, like enough you have considered me as one of them; but I, I have no sister, Rose, no friend I hold half so dear as you. It does not strike me as such a very strange thing to ask you; if you will only think of it, I do not ask you to answer me to-day. Perhaps when you think it all over, the matter will not seem so strange; and I would not have you answer me in haste, dear Rose."

"Never, Joseph Rancy," answered Rose, speaking rapidly, but kindly, though so firm. "I *have* always thought of you as a dear friend, that is true, but I can never be any more than that."

"Will you not say any thing more, Rose? Think again; you call me your dear friend, oh, be my wife, my best and dearest friend. Your home is so happy, think of mine, lonely and dreary as it is now; what a paradise it *might* be were you there! Rose, dear Rose May, I pray you only to think again."

"I have thought, Joseph; do not speak to me so any more, it pains me; there are many others who might make your home as happy, far happier than I; forget that you have had such thoughts about me, my friend."

"How can I forget," said Joseph, sadly, while for a moment longer he retained her to hear his words, for she was hastening away. "Tell me, Rose," he said, falteringly, "is there any other—do you love any body better than me?"

"Yes, my father and mother."

"Not them—I don't mean them; the love I ask is not the kind you give to them—but is there another—"

"It is not right in you to ask me such questions, you know it is not. Don't make me think the less of you as a friend by going too far now."

"Forgive me dear, dear Rose—I'm going. Don't let what I've said trouble you; I'd let my tongue be burned with hot iron before speaking what I have to you to-day, if I thought 't would make you less happy."

"Good-by, Joseph, now you are what you always have been, generous and good; and if I don't love you as you could wish, I honor you from my heart—good-by."

There was a lingering sadness in the maiden's voice as she spoke, that convinced Joseph she was honest in her words, and that she did sincerely grieve to have been the cause of disappointment to him; yet that knowledge did not soothe nor allay the heart-wound she had given him; and he went back to his home, feeling, as I suppose many a poor mortal has felt before, disconsolate and unhappy. Still Joseph was a young man of sound mind, and he loved Rose May even better than ever he had before; her very firmness made him respect her for it, though that firmness was all directed against his suit.

Often as he thought over the unmeasurable distance there must forever be, even in thought, between them, so often came the soothing remembrance that it was not lack of worth on his part that made her reject him. Had she not said she honored him? And was not such respect and kindly feeling, indeed, the highest and the purest kind of love? Might he not some day convince her that it was also the best love, and the one most conducive to happiness in wedded life? But, alas! close upon this thought came the death-blow to all hope, for Joseph was convinced that she would wed another.

Yes, and there *was* one she had promised to wed—one for whom she had more than respect—one whom she more than honored—and he none other than Rob Horn! He was the fortunate youth whose telegraph-dispatch was successful in receiving a speedy and satisfactory reply. Fortune favored him; does she favor only the good, and the deserving, and true?

The home of one of the most powerful of the spirits was in these mountains—a spirit loving justice and equity, who watched the scales wherein the good and evil were weighed with jealous eye. This being of power took much interest in the affairs of the shepherds; sometimes she had even deigned to speak with them in her quiet, unostentatious way; and when she taught them, it was generally on some subject of domestic good or household economy. Almost all her instructions had been of this nature, for they were a quiet, religious people among whom she lived, giving away very rarely to the temptations of vice; but once or twice the spirit had spoken in rather strong and understandable language, to an offender who rarely in his sinful life had any "compunctious visitings." No one had ever seen her bodily, and yet there was but one person who dared to disbelieve in the spirit's existence, but one who would not recognize her power; and who should this reckless one be but the wild youth, Rob Horn? *He* dared to say, and say openly, too, that there was never any such being in existence, and that from the very nature of things there never could be. Some people will never believe in any thing out of the ordinary range of facts, more especially if they be in a state of partial ignorance—and of this very class of persons was Rob; the spirit had never manifested herself in any shape to him, and he, poor mortal! fancied she never could.

It was the only point in her lover's nature that Rose May feared—this skepticism; for Rose was a

firm believer in all spiritual existences; and often, but unavailingly, she had besought Rob to at least speak in a manner more respectful of the powerful agent, who would, she knew, work him wo if he continued obdurate in his unbelief. But there was nothing in the natural world the young man feared, there was no danger he dared not brave—why then tremble at the unseen, unknown, unheard? Why give heed to the superstitious fears of old women and maidens? Instead of being able in this case to convince her lover, Rose, after all, was herself almost persuaded by his jests and ridicule to doubt the existence of the power, which she also had never seen or heard. She began to give place in her mind to Rob's words, that it was the idlest thing in the world to believe in such romantic impossible existences. But as yet Rose had kept her growing infidelity to herself; she would not have dared to breathe to her mother even, who was firm in the faith, her strengthening doubts; perhaps it was well for her she did not dare.

It was night—the night previous to his bridal day—and at a late hour Rob left the home of Rose, and bent his steps through the rough path that led to his own dwelling-place. The happy fellow, if we may judge from facts, was in a most delightful state of mind, well-pleased with himself and his bride-to-be, and with all the world beside. "To-morrow" was his wedding-day, and ever thereafter Rose May, the brightest flower of the mountains, was his own! And well might he rejoice.

Grant May had yielded to the youth's solicitations with a good grace when he found his child's hope and love were directed toward Rob; and it was no difficult thing to win the consent of the mother, for he had always been in high favor with her, since he brought her from his wanderings in the valley, the inestimable gift of a few bright pieces of useful furniture, which occupied the most honorable places and positions in her household.

In a few days after the festivities following the great occasion were over, Rob, with his bride, were to make the journey to the nearest large town, which plan was of itself half enough to make young Rose wild with joy, for the greatest multitude she had ever seen gathered, was on the Sabbath days, when twenty or thirty of the mountain people met in the little church to worship.

It was a bright moonlit night, the soft light streamed over the path he was to tread, as Rob returned home. The parting kiss of Rose was warm on his forehead; he fancied she was beside him, walking in the same path, and nearly all the way he talked soft words of love as though she were by to hear. When the young man had nearly reached his home, he encountered Joseph Rancy. These two had been far from cordial in their greetings of late, and with good reason, for Rob's manner to Joseph had been that of triumph, and Joseph's that of a man heart-sore and jealous of the success of his rival.

This night, however, Joseph Rancy had come out with the express purpose of meeting his friend of other days, and to speak with him in the manner of by-gone time, as kindly and as generously. When he had come up directly in front of Rob, he was still unobserved; he paused then, and holding out his hand, said.

"I came out on purpose to meet you, Rob."

Horn took the proffered hand in his own, and said,

"I am glad to see you, truly, Rancy; we have not met of late."

"No; we have n't been the friends we once were, Rob. I have shunned you because—because you seemed to triumph over me, my old friend. You who have been so successful where I failed so bitterly."

"Was it my *fault* that I succeeded in winning Rose May, tell me that," replied Horn, sharply. "Where 's the blame, then, if I did rejoice?"

"No *blame*, none, none," said Joseph, mildly, "you have been fortunate indeed, I wish you and yours much joy Rob, now and ever."

"Hold," cried Rob as Joseph turned away, "you will come to the church to-morrow, will you not. You will wish to see Rose married?"

"Rob!" exclaimed Joseph, in a tone of deep reproach, "no—I can bear to know you are going to marry her—I can hope for you, and pray for you both—but to see her married to another! You will not need me there."

When he finished speaking Joseph went off quickly on his way, and Rob Horn pursued his path home; the only answer he returned to Joseph's grief was a smothered laugh, which stifled as it was in the stillness of the night, the disappointed seeker of peace heard distinctly.

All that night Joseph Rancy sat on the opposite bank of the ravine where he might look on the dwelling-place of Rose May, and all that night he prayed for her happiness, and strove hard to banish all unfriendly thoughts toward Rob Horn from his mind. But when the morning came, long before the sun rose he wandered away among the mountains, that he might be far off from the place where *she* would be given to another.

Rob went on to his home—the cot was still as sleep, for his father and mother had hours before retired to their rest. He went to his chamber, and soon upon the easy couch he slept. And then Rob dreamed; of course there was but one he could dream of all that night, his young and beautiful bride, the girl he would be so proud to hear the old priest pronounce his wife. But though he could only dream of *her*, it does not follow that his night visions were pleasant—far enough from pleasant was the truth in this case.

He fancied that the spirit of the mountain, (the same in whose existence he had doubted for so long,) came to him with an angry frown on her spirit countenance. He trembled, yes he, the strong iron-willed youth trembled when he looked on her; he had never feared or quailed before. When she had come quite close to his bedside, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, where it lay like lead, and gazed so sternly upon him, Rob said to her:

"Why dost thou come here to disturb me, and trouble my dreams, thou terrible shape?"

And the spirit answered:

"Tell me instead, what is it thou art about to do?"

"That is quickly told," said Horn, "to-morrow I shall marry Rose May, the loveliest maid the sun ever shone upon."

"Ah, Rob Horn, Rob Horn," said the spirit sternly, interrupting him, "bethink thee what it is thou wilt do! bethink thee what has become of thy betrothed in the distant village? does she wear thy ring? does she remember thy kiss, and thy love vows? what of *her* Rob Horn?"

When the spirit spoke thus Rob was amazed, and he could not hide his amazement; his face became suddenly very red—was it the confusion of guilt? and for a moment he was completely abashed. But soon he rallied again, and said,

"I cannot marry two wives. I have loved Rose May all my life—I *must* marry her; the maiden in the village can find another bridegroom."

"Thou art not worthy to wed one like Rose May, but there *is* one worthy of her whom thou hast triumphed over many a time, and even this very night, because thou hast been more successful than he—beware, thou may'st go too far."

"Too far! She will be mine to-morrow—what power in heaven or earth can separate us? She is mine—mine—mine!"

"Thou mayest deceive thyself. I ask thee, wilt thou not give up Rose May and betake thee to the pale and sorrowing maid who has awaited thy coming so long?"

"Give her up? My Rose! never! Thou fool to ask it of me!"

"And yet I do ask thee again, wilt thou not be just? Do that which thine honor and truth require of thee—the girl thou hast deserted will die."

"Be death her bridegroom then! Who art thou to take my Rose from me? She is mine, I will wed no other?"

"Why so sure? Did ever such wickedness as is in thee prosper? Thou hast a bad heart Rob Horn, and a thousand things may come between thee and her, even after the priest proclaims her thine. There is nothing sure or stable for one like thee! give her up now, or beware—a fate more terrible than thou canst think may be in store for thee."

"Begone thou prating fool! rather will I give my life up than my Rose, my bride, my beautiful!"

So firmly was this third repetition of his determination spoken that Rob awoke, and as might be supposed he found himself alone, and the sunlight streaming brightly through his little window. Heartily congratulating himself that it was all a dream, the young man arose, and ere long had tastefully adorned himself with the new raiment prepared for the momentous occasion.

The morning was verging toward noon, when in the simple church the wedding party gathered before the altar.

There was beautiful Rose May and her handsome bridegroom, and after the manner of things, of necessity, the twain never in their lives looked so charmingly as then. And there were the parents of the bridegroom and the bride, happy as parents might be, who believed they were about to witness the consummation of their children's joy. And there also were all the young brothers of Rose, bright and smiling, as such little folks on such occasions invariably are. These were all gathered about the altar; the body of the church was nearly filled with the young friends of the to-be-married ones, and the sturdy old mountaineers with their wives.

It would not be strictly cleaving to truth to say that Rob Horn was wholly at ease that morning—far otherwise, for that strange dream of his tormented him. It was foremost in his mind, claiming even in that holy hour more of his thought than the gentle, excited girl who leaned in trusting fondness on his arm. Why should a merely ugly dream annoy him so? Was the young skeptic's disbelief in spirits shaken? Had he in reality a promised bride awaiting him in the far-off village? Have patience with me, by the *dénoument* you will know it all.

They were kneeling before the altar. The consecrated hands of the old priest were raised in blessing above them, he was about pronouncing the uniting words, and Rob, the bridegroom, was thinking even then if there were in reality spirits he had overpowered his visitant, at least, by his boldness and firmness, when suddenly there came a shape of light floating through the open door of the church. It moved on noiselessly through the holy edifice above the heads of the astonished and alarmed congregation, until it came to the altar, and there it paused. And then a voice soft and thrilling as the voice of the summer breeze, yet distinctly audible to every soul gathered there, said—

"Rise, Robert Horn, thou *shalt not* speak the marriage vows!"

And pale as death, Rob, unable to resist these words, lifted up himself.

Then distinctly as before, the voice said—

"Did I not tell thee to beware? Did I not forbid thee to wed this maid, thou, who hast another plighted to thee, one who waits and watches for thee, wondering at thy long delay? Did I not bid beware—didst thou not laugh at my words? Answer me, Robert Horn?"

The bridegroom lifted up his eyes to the shape before him and said, but with a voice that trembled—

"Thou didst bid me beware, but I *am* here notwithstanding—here to take this woman for my wife, and Rose is here, she is mine, and thou, whatsoever thou art, canst not and shalt not part us."

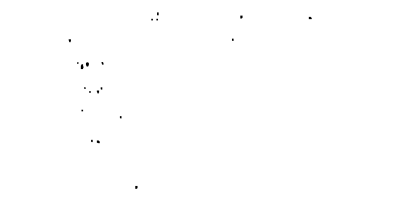
"Thou hast sealed thy fate," answered the Spirit of the Mountain, "for thy wickedness, thy falseness, and thy unbelief, thou shalt be banished away from the earth for ever! And it shall be a part of the misery of thy banishment, that once in every month from thy prison-house thou shalt look down upon this lower world. Thou shalt see, and know, and feel, all the pangs, and the bliss, and the glory of love, and yet hereafter never share it with any mortal! The water-brooks, the oceans, and the seas, shall reflect thy image, and thou shalt know the bitterness of seeing even these unconscious soulless things unknowing thee, uncaring for thee. Thou shalt live on for



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ears till they are counted by centuries, long after he thou hast so shamefully deserted sleeps the quiet,

win woman's love, and then fling it away as ye would cast aside the flower of lost fragrance, but be



SWEET child, whose gentle eyes upon
The mirror's polished surface rest,
Thy heart no grief has ever known,
No anxious care disturbs thy breast.

Calm as the present ever prove;
And she who guards thy infancy
Live years of rapture in thy love. ANNA



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years till they are counted by centuries, long after she thou hast so shamefully deserted sleeps the quiet, blessed sleep of death; thou shalt live to mourn and to lament over a fate thou canst not change. Thy doom is more dreadful than thou canst yet conceive of! Come, wait not even for *her* last embrace, come—come—come!"

Swiftly away they passed, the spirit and the wifeless bridegroom, without one parting look, or kiss, or word with the trembling girl forever separated from the forever exiled youth. In an instant the little church was vacant, and without its walls might be seen gathered a group of terrified people, and foremost among them the widowed Rose, gazing on the far upper flight of poor Rob Horn.

The new moon that night came up in all her glorious beauty, and sailed on calmly as she was wont to do over the broad blue upper sea; and night after night she glided over the vast expanse, unfurling gradually wider and wider her sails, till in full and perfect splendor she at last appeared. And then, yes then Rose May beheld her lover once more; but oh that shadowy glimpse she caught of him was worse to her than had she looked on utter vacancy. She *knew* that he was gazing on her home, that he looked in despair on her, but, alas! she saw no more the tender light that filled once his beautiful, dark eyes; she heard no words from his silenced lips, and it was like a torturing dream to her to look upon him thus, and fancy all the horrors of his banishment.

And what of Rob? He dwells in moon-land yet! among the elevated "mountains of the moon," instead of those dear, wild heights his dwelling place on earth. Who ever could have dreamed that the wretched Wandering Jew had an unknown companion in yon bright sphere, whose lot was yet more miserable than his own? Who ever thought a "breach of promise" might be visited on unfaithful man, in quite another and more effectual way, than by laying strong hold on his most precious purse-strings?"

Oh, ye soft-hearted maidens, I pray you henceforth bear in mind *who* is the captive knight to whom so oft your fond eyes are directed, "oft in the stilly night," when he doth stand on the brink of the "moon mountains" and gazeth down so sadly on the world, remember ye this story I have told, and turn away and leave him quite alone. Sing not in pensive strains the praise he loves to hear, laud not the beauty of the exile's home, for oh his strained ear is strong to catch your words, his eye is quick to note your admiration. Let him not gladden in one word from thee.

And ye, gay-hearted knights, so strong to promise, and so slow to do; ye who do count it pastime to win woman's love, and then fling it away as ye would cast aside the flower of lost fragrance, but be ye warned in time, for spirits *are*, and moon-land yet may find room in its borders for thy feet!

And now what more remains for me to tell. You have guessed, I know, how the warm-hearted spirit taught Rose May that Joseph Rancy possessed all the good and attractive qualities of the lost lover, with none of his sins and follies! You have guessed that one gay morning the old church doors were opened for another bridal party—that young Rose stood again in marriage garments before the altar, and Joseph by her side. You have guessed how the Spirit once more glided through the "place of prayer," to add her blessing to that which the priest pronounced over the bridegroom and the bride.

Why speak of the happy home where Joseph Rancy dwelt with his beautiful lady-love? Why tell of all that wedded bliss which people for the most part in our world have heard of already, or else desire in an especial manner to hear of, and to know. And why say that all the teachings and advice which the Spirit deigned to administer to these two blest mortals, was ever received and heeded by them with the utmost care and gratitude?

Do you believe in dreams? No! Why not? Have you, indeed, yet to learn, that through them the good spirits whisper to us advice, and peace, and warning, and consolation! Are you so cold and dull as to believe there are no ministering spirits, no guiding guardian angels? Do you, *can* you scornfully repel the idea that the forests and mountains, the oceans and the plains, have their myriad viewless *intellectual* inhabitants? Ah, foolishly unwise, may these powerful agents have mercy on you, and charitably bear with your shameful, willful blindness!

What then—must I set you down as more ignorant and unlearned than even simple Joseph Rancy? Fling all your book-learning aside and be a very child in all knowledge, I beseech you, if that will give you faith in these surrounding millions, to believe in them, and a keen mental eyesight to behold them. And do not, above all things, dare to brave the possible malignance of Rob Horn, that is, if you regard the preservation of your worldly wealth. Gather not in your harvests, and your winter stores, while he is gazing full upon you, rather follow honest Joseph's example, shear all shearable sheep, reap in the wealth of your apple-trees, and massacre your swine while Rob is sleeping in the shade of the mountains, just before he awakens from his slumber to gaze openly upon your doings. And if you manifest your faith in my story in no other way than in doing this, I shall be satisfied, and feel, whether you admit it or not, that I have for once "well done."

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

SWEET child, whose gentle eyes upon
The mirror's polished surface rest,
Thy heart no grief has ever known,
No anxious care disturbs thy breast.

O, may the coming time, to thee
Calm as the present ever prove;
And she who guards thy infancy
Live years of rapture in thy love. ANNA.

TO THE THAMES, AT NORWICH, CONN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Hail, Father Thames! 'T is joy to me
Once more thy face and haunts to see;
For lingering verdure, soft and rare,
Makes thine autumnal carpet fair;
And 'mid thy bordering heights is seen
The strong and patient evergreen,
While checkering sunbeams gild thy way,
And lightly with thy ripples play.
Spare not to give me smile of cheer,
And kindly bid me welcome here;
For some, who erst my hand would take,
And love me for affection's sake,
Sleep the cold sleep that may not break;
And though to fill their vacant place
Are blooming brows and forms of grace,
Who still a favoring glance extend,
And greet their parent's cherished friend,
Yet mingling with that welcome dear,
Are voices that they may not hear;
For visioned forms around me glide,
And tender memories throng my side,
Till tears, like pearl-drops, all apart,
Swell in the silence of the heart.

—

Methinks thou speak'st of change. 'T is true;
What hand may hold the morning dew
All unexhaled through lengthened day,
To sparkle 'neath the westering ray?
Who dreams his flowing curls to keep,
While years roll on, in eddies deep?
The elastic feet, that sprang untired,
Where cliffs o'er towering cliffs aspired;
The heart, untaught a pang to bear,
The cheek that ne'er had paled with care,
The eye, undimmed by sorrow's rain—
How could I bring these back again?
Change hath a part in every loan
And gift that youth doth call its own,
Nor grants old Earth a bond or claim,
Without the endorsement of his name;
So, that 's the tenure, father dear,
By which we hold possession here,
And be not strict to mark with shame,
Unless thyself wert free from blame,
For, in thy presence be it told,
That even thou art changed and old.
Methinks, with wild resentment's flash,
I hear thy rising currents dash—
But still my charge I 'll deftly prove;
Where are the healthful flowers that wove
Fresh garlands here, in copse and grove?
The golden-rod, of sunny hue,
Heart's-ease and violets deeply blue,
The lustrous laurel, richly drest,
That through the sober alders prest;
These blossomed when I saw thee last,
Yet now, dismantled branches cast
Keen challenge to the mocking blast,
And fallen leaves, in eddies dank,
Reproachful strew thy mottled bank.
Thy shrouded dells, where lovers stole,
Or poets mused with raptured soul—
Where are they now? I ask in vain;
Strange iron steeds that scorn the rein,
With shriek, and tramp, and nostrils bright,
The herds amid thy pastures fright;
And clashing wheel, and spindle's force,
Oft drain thy faithful allies' source,
Shetucket, with his roughened breast,
And Yantic, that I love the best;
While granite walls, and roofs of grace,
Usurp the moping owlet's place.
Yes, thou art changed, the world hath made
High inroad on thy hermit shade.
But, say'st thou, that with spirit true
Thou keep'st a glorious goal in view;
Heaven speed thee on, with feet of glee,
And bless thy bridal with the sea;
Dear River! that doth lingering stay,
Laving the sandals, on thy way,
Of the fair city of my birth,
Perchance, the loveliest spot on earth.
Be thou our guide. Thy steadfast eye
Might teach us our own goal to spy;
For to that goal, through smile and tear,
Each winged moment brings us near;
Oh! may it be that blissful shore,
Where chance and change are known no more.

THE SONG OF THE AXE.

BY C. L. WHELER.

Let the poet-lord bepraise the sword
That gleams on Conquest's track;
Be 't mine to prolong a humbler song—
The song of the woodman's axe!
'T is meet to sing of th' lowliest thing
That graces the reign of Peace,
And add our praise, in hearty lays,
Or prayers for bright increase.

In the ruddy flood of battle's blood
Its splendor ne'er was dimmed,
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than e'er the soldier hymned.
Like a pioneer, with voice of cheer,
It breaks the forest's gloom,
And maketh the earth give joyous birth,
And like a garden bloom!

And the palace dome, or peasant's home,
It rears with brave command;
For no towering oak its lusty stroke
Could ever yet withstand.
Ho! the axe is king of the wildwood ring,
And of the lordly trees,
For before his blow they bow them low
That laugh at the mountain breeze.

And his trophies bright are truth and light,
And Plenty's golden store;
For no drop of teen e'er dims the sheen
That flashed in days of yore!
Then praise to the king of the wildwood ring,
The woodman's shining axe;
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than the sword or Conquest's tracks.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

A TALE OF THE FEUDAL AGES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE analysis of the dreaming faculty has never yet been made. The nearest approach to it is in our own time, and by the doctors of Phrenology. The suggestion of a plurality of mental attributes, and of their independence, one of the other, affords a key to some of the difficulties of the subject, without altogether enabling us to penetrate the sanctuary. Many difficulties remain to be overcome, if we rely upon the ordinary modes of thinking. My own notion is, simply, that the condition of sleep is one which by no means affects the mental nature. I think it probable that the mind, accustomed to exercise, thinks *on*, however deep may be the sleep of the physical man; that the highest exercise of the thinking faculty—that which involves the imagination—is, perhaps, never more acutely free to work out its problems, than when unembarrassed by the cares and anxieties of the temperament and form; and that dreaming is neither more nor less than habitual thought, apart from the ordinary restraints of humanity, of which the memory, at waking, retains a more or less distinct consciousness. This thought may or may not have been engendered by the topics which have impressed or interested us during the day; but this is not necessary, nor is it inevitable. We dream precisely as we think, with suggestions arising to the mind in sleep, spontaneously, as they do continually when awake, without any special provocation; and our dreams, in all probability, did not our memory fail us at awaking, would possess that coherence, proportion and mutual relation of parts, which the ordinary use of the ratiocinative faculties requires. I have no sort of doubt that the sleep of the physical man may be perfect, even while the mind is at work, in a high state of activity, and even excitement in its mighty store-house. The eye may be shut, the ear closed, the tongue sealed, the taste inappreciative, and the nerves of touch locked up in the fast embrace of unconsciousness, while thought, fancy, imagination, comparison and causality, are all busy in the most keen inquiries, and in the most wonderful creations. But my purpose is not now to insist upon these phenomena, and my speculations are only meant properly to introduce a vision of my own; one of those wild, strange, foreign fancies which sometimes so unexpectedly people and employ our slumbers—coherent, seemingly, in all its parts, yet as utterly remote as can well be imagined from the topics of daily experience and customary reflection.

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I had probably been asleep a couple of hours, when I was awakened with some oppressive mental sensation. I was conscious that I had been dreaming, and that I had seen a crowd of persons, either in long procession, or engaged in some great state ceremonial. But of the particulars—the place, the parties, the purpose, or the period, I had not the most distant recollection. I was conscious, however, of an excited pulse, and of a feeling so restless, as made me, for a moment, fancy that I had fever. Such, however, was not the case. I rose, threw on my *robe de chambre*, and went to the window. The moon was in her meridian; the whole landscape was flickering with the light silvery haze with which she carpeted her pathway. From the glossy surface of the orange leaves immediately beneath the window, glinted a thousand diamond-like points of inexpressible brightness; while over all the fields was spread a fleecy softness, that was doubly pure and delicate in contact with the sombre foliage of the great forest, to the very foot of which it stretched. There was nothing in the scene before me that was not at once gentle and beautiful; nothing which, by the most remote connection, could possibly suggest an idea of darkness or of terror. I gazed upon the scene only for a few moments. The night was cold, and a sudden shivering chillness which it sent through all my frame, counseled me to get back to bed with all possible expedition. I did so, but was not successful in wooing the return of those slumbers which had been so unusually banished from mine eyes. For more than an hour I lay tossing and dissatisfied, with my thoughts flitting from subject to subject with all the caprice of an April butterfly. When I again slept, however, I was again conscious of a crowd. A multitude of objects passed in prolonged bodies before my sight. Troops of glittering forms then occupied the canvas, one succeeding to the other regularly, but without any individuality of object or distinct feature. But I could catch at intervals a bright flash, as of a plume or jewel, of particular size and splendor, leading me to the conviction that what I beheld was the progress of some great state ceremonial, or the triumphal march of some well-appointed army. But whether the procession moved under the eagles of the Roman, the horse-tails of the Ottoman, or the lion banner of England, it was impossible to ascertain. I could distinguish none of the ensigns of battle. The movements were all slow and regular. There was nothing of strife or hurry—none of the clamor of invasion or exultation of victory. The spectacle passed on with a measured pomp, as if it belonged to some sad and gloomy rite, where the splendor rather increased the solemnity to which it was simply tributary.

"Tell me instead, what is it thou art about to do?"

"That is quickly told," said Horn, "to-morrow I shall marry Rose May, the loveliest maid the sun ever shone upon."

"Ah, Rob Horn, Rob Horn," said the spirit sternly, interrupting him, "bethink thee what it is thou wilt do! bethink thee what has become of thy betrothed in the distant village? does she wear thy ring? does she remember thy kiss, and thy love vows? what of *her* Rob Horn?"

When the spirit spoke thus Rob was amazed, and he could not hide his amazement; his face became suddenly very red—was it the confusion of guilt? and for a moment he was completely abashed. But soon he rallied again, and said,

"I cannot marry two wives. I have loved Rose May all my life—I *must* marry her; the maiden in the village can find another bridegroom."

"Thou art not worthy to wed one like Rose May, but there *is* one worthy of her whom thou hast triumphed over many a time, and even this very night, because thou hast been more successful than he—beware, thou may'st go too far."

"Too far! She will be mine to-morrow—what power in heaven or earth can separate us? She is mine—mine—mine!"

"Thou mayest deceive thyself. I ask thee, wilt thou not give up Rose May and betake thee to the pale and sorrowing maid who has awaited thy coming so long?"

"Give her up? My Rose! never! Thou fool to ask it of me!"

"And yet I do ask thee again, wilt thou not be just? Do that which thine honor and truth require of thee—the girl thou hast deserted will die."

"Be death her bridegroom then! Who art thou to take my Rose from me? She is mine, I will wed no other?"

"Why so sure? Did ever such wickedness as is in thee prosper? Thou hast a bad heart Rob Horn, and a thousand things may come between thee and her, even after the priest proclaims her thine. There is nothing sure or stable for one like thee! give her up now, or beware—a fate more terrible than thou canst think may be in store for thee."

"Begone thou prating fool! rather will I give my life up than my Rose, my bride, my beautiful!"

So firmly was this third repetition of his determination spoken that Rob awoke, and as might be supposed he found himself alone, and the sunlight streaming brightly through his little window. Heartily congratulating himself that it was all a dream, the young man arose, and ere long had tastefully adorned himself with the new raiment prepared for the momentous occasion.

The morning was verging toward noon, when in the simple church the wedding party gathered before the altar.

There was beautiful Rose May and her handsome bridegroom, and after the manner of things, of necessity, the twain never in their lives looked so charmingly as then. And there were the parents of the bridegroom and the bride, happy as parents might be, who believed they were about to witness the consummation of their children's joy. And there also were all the young brothers of Rose, bright and smiling, as such little folks on such occasions invariably are. These were all gathered about the altar; the body of the church was nearly filled with the young friends of the to-be-married ones, and the sturdy old mountaineers with their wives.

It would not be strictly cleaving to truth to say that Rob Horn was wholly at ease that morning—far otherwise, for that strange dream of his tormented him. It was foremost in his mind, claiming even in that holy hour more of his thought than the gentle, excited girl who leaned in trusting fondness on his arm. Why should a merely ugly dream annoy him so? Was the young skeptic's disbelief in spirits shaken? Had he in reality a promised bride awaiting him in the far-off village? Have patience with me, by the *dénouement* you will know it all.

They were kneeling before the altar. The consecrated hands of the old priest were raised in blessing above them, he was about pronouncing the uniting words, and Rob, the bridegroom, was thinking even then if there were in reality spirits he had overpowered his visitant, at least, by his boldness and firmness, when suddenly there came a shape of light floating through the open door of the church. It moved on noiselessly through the holy edifice above the heads of the astonished and alarmed congregation, until it came to the altar, and there it paused. And then a voice soft and thrilling as the voice of the summer breeze, yet distinctly audible to every soul gathered there, said—

"Rise, Robert Horn, thou *shalt not* speak the marriage vows!"

And pale as death, Rob, unable to resist these words, lifted up himself.

Then distinctly as before, the voice said—

"Did I not tell thee to beware? Did I not forbid thee to wed this maid, thou, who hast another plighted to thee, one who waits and watches for thee, wondering at thy long delay? Did I not bid beware—didst thou not laugh at my words? Answer me, Robert Horn?"

The bridegroom lifted up his eyes to the shape before him and said, but with a voice that trembled—

"Thou didst bid me beware, but I *am* here notwithstanding—here to take this woman for my wife, and Rose is here, she is mine, and thou, whatsoever thou art, canst not and shalt not part us."

"Thou hast sealed thy fate," answered the Spirit of the Mountain, "for thy wickedness, thy falseness, and thy unbelief, thou shalt be banished away from the earth for ever! And it shall be a part of the misery of thy banishment, that once in every month from thy prison-house thou shalt look down upon this lower world. Thou shalt see, and know, and feel, all the pangs, and the bliss, and the glory of love, and yet hereafter never share it with any mortal! The water-brooks, the oceans, and the seas, shall reflect thy image, and thou shalt know the bitterness of seeing even these unconscious soulless things unknowing thee, uncaring for thee. Thou shalt live on for



THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

BY W. A. WILMER FROM A PICTURE BY W. A. CONGDON.

UNIV. OF MICH.

same person. But the import might be divined by the answer of the accused.

"And I say, your majesty, that what he hath alleged is false—all a false and bitter falsehood, devised by cunning and malice to work out the purposes of hate. My word against his—my gauntlet against the world. I defy him to the proof! I defy all my accusers!"

"And he shall have the truth, your majesty;" was the firm, clear answer with which the venerable man responded to this defiance. His tones rang through the assembly like those of a sweet bell in the wilderness.—"My life, Sire, is sworn to the truth! I can speak no other language! That I have said nothing falsely of this lord, I invoke the attestation of the Lord of all. I have had his sacred volume brought into this presence. You shall know, Sire, what I believe, by what I swear!"

He made a sign, even while he spoke, to a little girl whom I had not before seen, but who had evidently followed him into the assembly. She now approached, bearing in her hands one of those finely illuminated manuscripts of an early day of Christian history in Europe, which are now worth their weight in gold. I could just perceive, as he opened the massive volume, by its heavy metallic clasps, that the characters were strange, and readiy conjectured them to be Hebrew. The work, from what he said, and the use to which he applied it, I assumed to be the Holy Scriptures. He received it reverently from the child, placed it deliberately upon one of the steps of the *dais*, then knelt before it, his venerable head for a moment, being bowed to the very floor. Then raising his eyes, but without rising from his position, he placed one hand upon this volume, raised the other to heaven, and, with a deep and solemn voice, called upon God and the Holy Evangelists, to witness that what he had spoken, and was about to speak, was "the truth, and the truth only—spoken with no malice—no wicked or evil intent—and rather to defeat and prevent the evil designs of the person he accused." In this posture, and thus affirming, he proceeded to declare that "the accused had applied to him for a potent poison which should have the power of usurping life slowly, and without producing any of those striking effects upon the outward man, as would induce suspicion of criminal practice." He added, with other particulars, that "the accused had invited him, under certain temptations, which had been succeeded by threats, to become one of a party to his designs, the victim of which was to be his majesty then sitting upon the throne."

CHAPTER V.

Such was the tenor of the asseverations which he made, fortified by numerous details, all tending strongly to confirm the truth of his accusations, his own testimony once being relied on. There was something so noble in this man's action, so delicate, so impressive, so simple, yet so grand; and the particulars which he gave were all so probably arrayed, so well put together, and so seemingly in confirmation of other circumstances drawn from the testimony of other parties, that all around appeared fully impressed with the most perfect conviction that his accusation was justly made. A short but painful silence followed his narration, which seemed, for an instant, to confound the guilty noble. The sad countenance of the monarch deepened to severity, while a smile of triumph and exultation rose to that of the favorite behind his throne. At this sight the accused person recovered all his audacity. With half-choking utterance, and features kindling with fury rather than faltering with fear, he demanded,

"Am I to be heard, your majesty?"

A wave of the monarch's hand gave him the desired permission, and his reply burst forth like a torrent. He gave the lie to his accuser, whom he denounced as an impostor, as one who was the creature of his and the king's enemies, and tampering, himself, with the sovereign's life while pretending to minister to his ailments. He ridiculed, with bitterness and scorn, the notion that any faith should be given to the statements, though even offered on oath, of one whom he affirmed to be an unbeliever and a Jew; and, as if to crown his defense with a seal no less impressive than that of his accuser, he advanced to the foot of the throne, grasped the sacred volume from the hands by which it was upheld, and kneeling, with his lips pressed upon the opened pages, he imprecated upon himself, if his denial were not the truth, all the treasured wrath and thunder in the stores of Heaven!

The accuser heard, with uplifted hands and looks of holy horror, the wild and terrible invocation. Almost unconsciously his lips parted with the comment,

"God have mercy upon your soul, my lord, for you have spoken a most awful perjury!"

The king looked bewildered, the favorite behind him dissatisfied, and the whole audience apparently stunned by equal incertitude and excitement. The eyes of all parties fluctuated between the accused and the accuser. They stood but a few paces asunder. The former looked like a man who only with a great struggle succeeded in controlling his fury. The latter stood sorrowful, but calm. The little girl who had brought in the holy volume stood before him, with one of his hands resting upon her head. Her features greatly resembled his own. She looked terrified; her eyes fastened ever upon the face of her father's enemy with a countenance of equal curiosity and suspicion. Some conversation, the sense of which did not reach me, now ensued between the king and two of his counselors, to which his favorite was a party. The former again addressed the accuser.

"Have you any other testimony but that which you yourself offer of the truth of your accusation.

"None, your majesty. I have no witness of my truth but God, and it is not for vain man to prescribe to him at what seasons his testimony should be given. In bringing this accusation, my purpose was not the destruction of the criminal, but the safety of my sovereign; and I am the more happy that no conviction can now follow from my charge, as from the dreadful oath which he has just taken, he places

it out of the power of human tribunal to resolve between us. For the same reason, sire, he is in no condition to suffer death! Let him live! It is enough for me that your majesty is safe from the present, and has been warned against all future danger at his hands."

"But not enough for me!" cried the accused, breaking in impetuously. "I have been charged with a foul crime; I must free my scutcheon from the shame. I will not rest beneath it. If this Jewish sorcerer hath no better proof than his own false tongue, I demand from your majesty the wager of battle! I, too, invoke God and the blessed Jesu, in testimony of my innocence. This enemy hath slandered me; I will wash out the slander with his blood! I demand the trial, sire, his arm against mine, according to the laws and custom of this realm."

"It cannot be denied!" was the cry from many voices. The favorite looked grave and troubled. The eyes of the king were fixed sadly upon the venerable accuser. The latter seemed to understand the expression.

"I am not a man of blood, your majesty. Strife hath long been banished from this bosom; carnal weapons have long been discarded from these hands."

"Let him find a champion!" was the fierce answer of the accused.

"And of what avail to me," returned the accuser, "the brute valor of the hireling who sells for wages the strength of his manhood, and perils for gain the safety of his life. Little should I hope from the skill of such as he, opposed in combat to one of the greatest warriors of the realm."

"Ah, sorcerer! thou fearest!" was the exulting cry of the accused; "but, if thy cause be that of truth, as thou hast challenged the Most High to witness, what hast thou to fear? The stars which thou searchest nightly, will they not do battle in thy behalf?"

"Methinks," said the favorite, who now advanced from behind the throne, "methinks, old man, thou hast but too little reliance on the will and power of God to assist thee in this matter. It is for him to strengthen the feeblest, where he is innocent, and in the ranks of war to do successful battle with the best and bravest. Is it not written, 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the triumph to the strong?'"

"Ah! do I not know this, my lord. Do not think that I question the power of the Lord to do marvels, whenever it becomes his will to do so; but who is it, believing in God's might and mercy, flings himself idly from the steep, with the hope that an angel's wings shall be sent to bear him up. I have been taught by the faith which I profess, to honor the Lord our God, and not to tempt him; and I do not readily believe that we may command the extraordinary manifestations of his power by any such vain and uncertain issue as that which you would now institute. I believe not the truth is inevitably sure to follow the wager and trial of battle, nor will I lean on the succor of any hireling weapon to avouch for mine."

"It need be no hireling sword, old man. The brave and the noble love adventure, for its own sake, in the paths of danger; and it may be that thou shalt find some one, even in this assembly, noble as him thou accusest, and not less valiant with his weapon, who, believing in thy truth, shall be willing to do battle in thy behalf."

"Thyself, perchance!" cried the accused, impetuously, and turning a fiery glance upon the speaker. In this glance it seemed to me that I could discover a far greater degree of bitterness and hate than in any which he had shown to his accuser. "It is thyself that would do this battle? Ha! thou art he, then, equally noble and not less valiant art thou! Be it so! It will rejoice me shouldst thou venture thy body in this quarrel. But I know thee—thou lovest it too well—thou durst not."

"Choose me for thy champion, old man," was the further speech of the favorite, with a difficult effort to be calm. "I will do battle for thee, and with God's mercy, sustain the right in thy behalf."

"Thou shalt not!" exclaimed the king, vehemently, but feebly, half rising as he spoke, and turning to the favorite. "Thou shalt not! I command thee mix not in this matter."

More was said, but in such a feeble tone that they failed to reach my senses. When the king grew silent, the favorite bowed with submissive deference, and sunk again behind the throne. A scornful smile passed over the lips of the accused, who looked, with a bitter intelligence of gaze, upon a little group, seemingly his friends and supporters, who had partly grouped themselves around him. Following his glance, a moment after, toward the royal person, I was attracted by a movement, though for a single instant only, of the uplifted hand of the favorite. It was a sign to the accused, the former withdrawing the glove from his right hand, a moment after, and flinging it, with a significant action, to the floor behind him. The accused whispered a page in waiting, who immediately stole away and disappeared from sight. But a little while elapsed when I beheld him approach the spot where the glove had fallen, recover it adroitly, and convey it, unperceived, into his bosom. All this by-play, though no doubt apparent to many in the assembly, was evidently unseen and unsuspected by the king. I inferred the rank luxuriance of the practice of chivalry in this region, from the nicety with which the affair was conducted, and the forbearance of all those by whom it had been witnessed, to make any report of what they had beheld. The discussion was resumed by the accuser.

"I am aware, your majesty, that by the laws and practice of your realm, the wager of battle is one that may be freely challenged by any one accused of treason, or other crime against the state, against whom there shall be no witness but the accuser. It is not the fear of danger which makes me unwilling to seek this conflict; it is the fear of doing wrong. Though the issues of battle are in the hands of the Lord, yet who shall persuade me that he has decreed the combat to take place. Now I do confess that I regard it as unholy, any invocation of the God of Peace, to be a witness in a strife which his better

lessons teach us to abhor—a strife grossly at variance with his most settled and divine ordinances."

"I am grieved, old man, to hear you speak this language," was the grave censure of one who, from his garments, seemed to be very high in authority, and the church. "What thou sayest is in direct reproach of holy church, which has frequently called in the assistance of mortal force and human weapons to put down the infidel, to crush the wrong-doer, and to restore that peace which can only owe her continued existence to the presence ever of a just readiness for war. Methinks thou hast scarcely shown thyself enough reverent in this, thy bold opinion."

"Holy father, I mean not offence! I do not doubt that war, with short-sightedness of human wisdom, has appeared to secure the advantages of peace. I believe that God has endowed us with a strength for the struggle, and with a wisdom that will enable us to pursue it with success. These we are to employ when necessary for the protection of the innocent, and the rescue and safety of those who are themselves unwilling to do harm. But I am unwilling to believe that immortal principles—the truth of man, and the value of his assurances—are to depend upon the weight of his own blows, or the address with which he can ward off the assaults of another. Were this the case, then would the strong-limbed and brutal soldier be always the sole arbiter of truth, and wisdom, and all moral government."

We need not pursue the argument. It has long since been settled, though with partial results only to humanity, as well by the Pagan as the Christian philosopher. But, however ingenious, true, or eloquent, was the venerable speaker, on this occasion, his arguments were entirely lost upon that assembly. He himself soon perceived that the effect was unfavorable to his cause, and exposed his veracity to question. With a proper wisdom, therefore, he yielded promptly to the current. But first he asked:—

"And what, may it please your majesty, if I decline this ordeal?"

"Death!" was the reply of more than one stern voice in the assembly. "Death by fire, by the burning pincers, by the tortures of the screw and rack."

The venerable man replied calmly.

"Life is a duty! Life is precious!" he spoke musingly, looking down as he spoke, upon the little girl who stood before him, while the big tears gathered in his eyes as he gazed.

"Do you demand a champion?" was the inquiry of the king.

"No, Sire! If, in behalf of my truth, this battle must be fought, its dangers must be mine only."

"Thine!" exclaimed the favorite.

"Ay, my lord, mine. None other than myself must encounter this peril."

A murmur of ridicule passed through the assembly. The accused laughed outright, as the exulting warrior laughs, with his captive naked beneath his weapon. A brief pause followed, and a visible anxiety prevailed among the audience. Their ridicule afforded to the accuser sufficient occasion for reply:

"This murmur of surprise and ridicule that I hear on every hand, is, of itself, a sufficient commentary upon this trial of truth by the wager of battle. It seems to all little less than madness, that a feeble old man, like myself, even though in the cause of right, should oppose himself to the most valiant warrior in the kingdom. Yet, if it be true that God will make himself manifest in the issue, what matters it whether I be old or young, strong or weak, well-skilled or ignorant in arms? If there be a just wisdom in this mode of trial, the feeblest rush, in maintenance of the truth, were mighty against the steel-clad bosom of the bravest. I take the peril. I will meet this bold criminal, nothing fearing, and will, in my own person, engage in the battle which is thus forced upon me. But I know not the use of lance, or sword, or battle-axe. These weapons are foreign to my hands. Is it permitted me to use such implements of defense as my own skill and understanding may invent, and I may think proper to employ?"

"Thou shalt use no evil arts, old man," exclaimed the Churchman who had before spoken, anticipating the answer of the monarch. "No sorcery, no charms, no spells,—no accursed devices of Satan. I warn thee, if thou art found guilty of arts like these thou shalt surely perish by fire."

"None of these, Holy Father, shall I employ. My arts shall be those only, the principles of which I shall proclaim to thyself, or to any noble gentleman of the king's household. My weapons shall be those only which a human intelligence may prepare. They belong to the studies which I pursue—to the same studies which have enabled me to arrive at truths, some of which thou thyself hast been pleased to acknowledge, and which, until I had discovered them, had been hidden from the experience of men. It cannot be held unreasonable and unrighteous that I employ the weapons the virtues of which I know, when my enemy uses those for which he is renowned?"

Some discussion followed, the demand of the accuser being strenuously resisted by the friends of the accused.

"The weapons for knightly encounter," said they, "have long since been acknowledged. These are sword, and battle-axe, and spear."

"But I am no knight," was the reply; "and as it is permitted to the citizen to do battle with staff and cudgel, which are his wonted weapons, so may it be permitted to me to make use of those which are agreeable to my strength, experience, and the genius of my profession."

Some demur followed from the churchman.

"Holy father," replied the accuser, "the sacred volume should be your guide as it is mine. My claim is such as seems already in one famous instance, to have met the most decisive sanction of God himself."

Here he unfolded the pages of the Holy Scriptures.

"Goliah," said he, "was a Philistine knight, who came into battle with the panoply of his order. David appeared with staff, and sling, and stone, as was proper to the shepherd. He rejected the armor

with which Saul would have arrayed him for the combat. The reproach of the Philistine knight comprises the objection which is offered here—'Am I a dog,' said Goliah, 'that thou comest to me with staves?' The answer of David, O king! shall be mine: 'And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.'—Such were his words—they are mine. God will deliver me from the rage of mine enemy. I will smite him through all his panoply, and in spite of shield and spear."

He spoke with a momentary kindling of his eyes, which was soon succeeded by an expression of sadness.

"And yet, O king! I would be spared this trial. My heart loves not strife. My soul shrinks in horror from the shedding of human blood. Require not this last proof at my hands. Suffer me to keep my conscience white, and clear of this sacrifice. Let this unhappy man live; for as surely as we strive together, so surely must he perish."

"Now this passeth all belief, as it passeth all human endurance!" exclaimed the accused with irrepressible indignation. "I claim the combat, O king, on any condition. Let him come as he will, with what weapons he may, though forged in the very armory of Satan. My talisman is in the holy cross, and the good sword buckled at my thigh by the holiest prince in Christendom, will not fail me against the devil and all his works. I demand the combat!"

"Be ye both ready within three days!" said the king.

"I submit," replied the aged man. "I trust in the mercy of God to sustain me against this trial, and to acquit me of its awful consequences."

"Ready, ay, ready!" was the answer of the accused, as with his hand he clutched fiercely the handle of his sword, until the steel rung again in the iron scabbard.

CHAPTER VII.

The scene underwent a sudden change, and I now found myself in a small and dimly-lighted apartment, which seemed designed equally for a studio and a laboratory of art. The walls were surrounded by enormous cases, on the shelves of which were massive scrolls of vellum, huge parchment manuscripts, and volumes fastened with clasps of brass and silver. Some of these lay open. Charts hung wide marked with strange characters. Frames of ebony were thus suspended also bearing the signs of the zodiac. Other furniture, of quaint and strange fashion, seemed to show conclusively that the possessor pursued the seductive science of astrology. He had other pursuits—a small furnace, the coals of which were ignited, occupied one corner of the chamber, near which stood a table covered with retorts and receivers, cylinders and guaging-glasses, and all the other paraphernalia which usually belong to the analytic worker in chemistry. The old man, and the young girl described in the previous scene, were, at first, the only occupants of the apartment. But a few moments elapsed, however, when an inner door was thrown open, and a third party appeared, closely enveloped in a cloak of sable. This he threw aside, and I discovered him to be the same person who had been the chief counselor of the king, and whom I supposed to be his favorite. At his entrance the damsel disappeared. The stranger then, somewhat abruptly, began in the following manner:

"Why, O why did you not choose me for your champion?"

"And why, my lord, expose you to a conflict with one of the bravest warriors in all the realm?"

"He is brave, but I fear him not; besides, he who fights against guilt hath a strength of arm which supplies all deficiencies. But it is not too late. I may still supply your place."

"Forgive me, dear lord, but I have made my election."

"Alas! old man, why are you thus obstinate? He will slay you at the first encounter."

"And if he does, what matter! I have but a brief space to live, according to the common allotment. He hath many, which were well employed devoted to repentance. It were terrible, indeed, that he should be hurried before the awful tribunal of Heaven with all the blackness in his soul, with all his sins unpurged, upon his conscience."

"Why, this is veriest madness. Think you what will follow your submission and defeat? He will pursue his conspiracy. Others will do what you have refused. He will drag other and bitter spirits into his scheme. He will bring murder into our palaces, and desolation into our cities. Know you not the man as I know him? Shall he be suffered to escape, when the hand of God has clearly shown you that his purposes are to be overthrown, and his crime to be punished through your agency."

"And it shall be so, my dear lord. It is not my purpose to submit. The traitor shall be met in battle."

"But by thyself. Why not a champion? I am ready."

"Greatly, indeed, do I thank and honor thee, my lord; but it cannot be!"

"Methinks there is some touch of insanity about thee, old man, in spite of all thy wisdom. Thou canst not hope to contend, in sooth, against this powerful warrior. He will hurl thee to the earth with the first thrust of his heavy lance; or smite thee down to death with a single blow of battle-axe or dagger."

"Hear me, my lord, and have no fear. Thou knowest not the terrible powers which I possess, nor should any know, but that this necessity compels me to employ them. I will slay my enemy and thine. He cannot harm me. He will perish helplessly ere his weapon shall be twice lifted to affront me."

"Thou meanest not to employ sorcery?"

"Be assured, my lord, I shall use a carnal agent only. The instrument which I shall take with me to battle, though of terrible and destructive power, shall be as fully blessed of Heaven, as any in your mortal armory."

"Be it so! I glad that thou art so confident; and yet, let me entreat thee to trust thy battle to my hands."

"No, my dear lord, no! To thee there would be danger—to me, none. I thank thee for thy goodness, and will name thee in my prayers to Heaven."

We need not pursue their dialogue, which was greatly prolonged, and included much other matter which did not concern the event before us. When the nobleman took his departure, the damsel reappeared. The old man took her in his embrace, and while the tears glistened upon his snowy beard, he thus addressed her:

"But for thee—for thee, chiefly—daughter of the beloved and sainted child in Heaven, I had spared myself this trial. This wretched man should live wert thou not present, making it needful that I should still prolong to the last possible moment, the remnant of my days Were I to perish, where wert thou? What would be the safety of the sweet one and the desolate. The insect would descend upon the bud, and it would lose scent and freshness. The worm would fasten upon the flower, and a poison worse than death would prey upon its core. No! my poor Lucilla, I must live for thee, though I live not for myself. I must shed the blood of mine enemy, and spare mine own, that thou mayest not be desolate."

CHAPTER VIII.

While the tears of the two were yet mingling, the scene underwent a change corresponding with my anxiety for the *denouément*. A vast area opened before me, surrounded by the seats and scaffolding as for a tourney, and the space was filling fast with spectators. I will not attempt to describe the splendor of the scene. Lords and ladies, in their most gorgeous attire, occupied the high places; princes were conspicuous; the people were assembled in thousands. At the sound of trumpets the king made his appearance. A grand burst of music announced that he was on his throne. Among the knights and nobles by whom he was attended, I readily distinguished "the Favorite." He was in armor, but it was of an exceedingly simple pattern, and seemed designed for service rather than display. He looked grave and apprehensive, and his eyes were frequently turned upon the barriers, as if in anxious waiting for the champions.

The accused was the first to appear. He was soon followed, however, by the accuser, and both made their way through the crowd to the foot of the throne. As the old man approached, the favorite drew nigh, and addressed him in subdued, but earnest accents.

"It is not yet too late! Call upon me as thy champion. The king dare not refuse thee, and as I live, I will avenge mine own and thy wrongs together."

"It cannot be, my lord," was the reply, with a sad shake of the head. "Besides," he continued, "I have no wrongs to avenge. I seek for safety only. It is only as my life is pledged equally to the living and the dead, that I care to struggle for it, and to save."

The face of the favorite was clouded with chagrin. He led the way in silence to the foot of the throne, followed by the venerable man. There, the latter made obeisance, and encountered the hostile and fierce glance of his enemy, whom he regarded only with looks of sorrow and commisseration. A breathless silence pervaded the vast assembly as they beheld the white locks, the simple majesty of his face and air, and the costume—singular for such an occasion—which he wore. This did not in any degree differ from that in which he had always appeared habited before. It consisted of a loose, flowing robe of the purest white, most like, but more copious than the priestly cassock. His opponent, in complete steel, shining like the sun, with helmeted head and gauntleted hand, afforded to the spectators a most astonishing difference between the combatants. The wonder increased with their speculations. The surprise extended itself to the king, who proffered, as Saul had done to David, the proper armor of a warrior to the defenseless man. But this he steadily refused. The king, himself, condescended to remonstrate.

"This is sheer madness, old man. Would'st thou run upon thy death with uncovered head and bosom?"

"Oh! Sire, I fear not death, and feel that I am not now to die. Yet would I still implore that I may be spared this trial. Once more, I lay myself at the foot of the throne, to supplicate its mercy."

"For thyself!" cried his enemy, with a scornful taunt.

"For myself and for thee!"—was the firm reply—"that I may be spared the pang of sending thee before the Eternal Judge, with all thy unatoned crimes upon thy head."

The voice and words of the venerable speaker, deep and solemn, thrilled, with a sensible effect, throughout the assembly. Whence should he derive this confidence? From heaven or from hell. The conclusion to which they came, more than ever confirmed their belief in his reputed sorceries; and his words inspired a deep and silent terror among the crowd. But the accused, strong in his skill, courage and panoply of steel, if not in the justice of his cause, mocked scornfully, and defied the doom which was threatened. Some of his friends, however, shared strongly in the apprehensions of the vulgar.

"He hath no visible armor," was their cry; "with what would he defend himself? How know we that he hath not magic arts, and devices of hell, with which he secretly arms himself?"

"Thou hast weapons—visible weapons, as I hear"—remarked the King.

"They are at hand, Sire;—they are here."

"Thou hast dealt in no forbidden practice?"

"None, Sire, as I stand uncovered in the sight of heaven. The reverend father in God, to whom thou did'st give in charge this inquiry, is here, and will answer to your majesty. He hath heard and seen the secret of my strength—that strength which I know and declare is powerful to destroy my foe. He knows it to be a secret of mortal wisdom only, as patiently wrought out by human art and labor, as were the sword and axe of him who now seeks my

destruction. I have warned him already of the fearful power which they impart. I would still have him live, unharmed by me."

"Peace, insolent!" cried the accused; "I am here, your majesty, to fight, not to prate!—to chastise, not to hearken to the speeches of this pagan sorcerer. Let his power be what he esteems it: I trust to my good sword, and to the favor of the Mother of God,—and I doubt not of this good steel, which hath been crowned with a three-fold conquest, on the plains of Saracem. I entreat that your majesty will give command for the combat,"

CHAPTER IX.

The eye of the venerable accuser, regarded the face of the speaker with a sad and touching solemnity; but at this moment, the little girl who had before accompanied him, was conducted into the foreground by the Archbishop. She bore in her hand a sarbacane,—seemingly of brass, long and narrow like a wand, and crowned, at the extremity, by a small globe or bulb of the same material. The length of this instrument was fully six feet or more. The old man took it into his hands, and having unscrewed a part of the bulb—which seemed a mere sheathing of brass, he discovered beneath it another globe, similar, in shape and size, to that which had been removed; but the inner bulb was manufactured of glass, of a whiteness equally chrystallic and beautiful. He then took from beneath his robes a little box of ebony, which he unlocked, and from which he produced a head-piece, the face of which, instead of being hard steel or iron, was of glass also, very thin, and quite transparent, through which every muscle and motion of the features might be seen with the greatest distinctness. To the thoughtless vulgar, such a shield seemed only a mockery of that more solid furniture of metal, which, in those days, thoroughly encased the warrior for battle. The inference, accordingly, was very general, that if by any possibility, the accuser succeeded in the combat, he would be indebted solely to supernatural agency for his good fortune. His wand of brass, with its chrystal bulb—his glassy vizor and helmet,—were only regarded as designed to divert the scrutiny from the more secret agency which he employed.

"I am ready," said the accuser.

"Hast thou prayed?" demanded his enemy in a mocking fashion. "If thou hast not, get thee to thy knees quickly, and renounce the devil whom thou servest. Verily, but little time is left thee."

"I have prayed and confessed to the Holy Father. Do thou likewise, and make thyself humble and contrite. Repent thee,—for, of a truth, my lord, if the King forbid not this combat, thou art doomed this day, to go to judgment."

The heart of the accused was hardened within him. He replied with a hiss of defiance and contempt to this last appeal; at the same moment he declared himself in readiness also. They were then withdrawn from the presence for a brief space, and were severally approached by their friends and attendants. The Archbishop, and the King's favorite went aside with the accuser, and when the latter returned to the arena, in order to the combat, the Archbishop led away with him the little girl, upon whom, at parting, the old man bestowed many caresses, accompanied by many tears. The spectators were all very much moved by this tenderness, and now began to regard him as one set apart for sacrifice—doomed to be separated forever, and by a violent death, from the object of his affections. And when the opponents stood, at length, confronting each other—with none to go between—awaiting only the word for the combat *à l'outrance*;—when they regarded the strong soldier-like frame, and the warlike bearing of the accused—beheld the ease with which he strode the lists, and displayed his weapon;—and contrasted this image of dire necessity and war, with the feeble, though erect form of his venerable accuser,—habited in vestments like a priest or woman—with the simple unmeaning wand within his grasp, and the frail mask of brittle chrystal upon his face—a loud murmur of regret and commisseration prevailed among the multitude. But this murmur was soon quieted by the cry of the master of the tourney—

"Laissez aller!"

Then followed a painful silence.

"Now, sorcerer," cried the knight, raising his glittering sword, and advancing as deliberately and with the confident manner of the executioner. The aged accuser simply presented the bulbous extremity of his wand, and before the accused could smite, the frail glass was shivered against the bars of his enemy's mouth-piece. At this moment the knight was seen slightly to recoil; but it was for a moment only, in the next instant he darted forward, and with a fierce cry, seemed about to strike. The old man, in the meantime, had suffered his wand to fall upon the ground. He made no further effort—offered no show of fear or fly, but with arms folded, seemed in resignation to await the death-stroke of his enemy. But while the weapon of the man of war was in air, and seemingly about to descend, he was seen to pause, while his form suddenly became rigid. A quick and awful shudder seemed to pass through his whole frame. Thus, for a second, he stood paralyzed, and then a thin, mis-like vapor, which might be called smoke, was seen to creep out from various parts of his frame, followed by a thin but oily liquor, that now appeared oozing through all the crevices of his armor. His arm dropped nervelessly by his side; the sword fell from the incapable grasp of his gauntleted hands, and in an inconceivable fraction of time, he himself, with all his bulk, sunk down upon the earth—falling, not at length, prostrate, either backward or forward, but in a heap, even upon the spot which he had occupied when standing; and as if every bone had suddenly been withdrawn which had sustained them, the several parts of his armor became detached, and rolled away—his helmet, his gorget, his cuirass, his greaves, his gloves—disclosing beneath a dark, discolored mass—a mere jellied substance, in which bones and muscles were already decomposed and resolved into something less than flesh. Above this heap might be seen a

still bright and shining eye, which, for a single second, seemed to retain consciousness and life, as if the soul of the immortal being had lingered in this beautiful and perfect orb, reluctant to the last. But in a moment it, too, had disappeared—all the brightness swallowed up and stifled in the little cloud of vapor which now trembled, heaving up from the mass which but a moment before had been a breathing, a burning, an exulting spirit. A cold horror overspread the field, followed by a husky and convulsive cry, as from a drowning multitude. The people gazed upon each other and upon the awful heap in unspeakable terror. It was annihilation which had taken place before them. Awful was the silence that prevailed for several minutes; a vacant consternation freezing up the very souls of the spectators. But the reaction was tremendous.

"Seize upon the sorcerer! Tear him in pieces!" was the cry from a thousand voices. This was followed by a wild rush, like that of an incoming sea struggling to overwhelm the headlands. The barriers were broken down, the cries swelled into a very tempest, and the mammoth multitude rolled onward, with souls on fire, eyes glaring with tiger fury, and hands outstretched, clutching spasmodically at their victim. Their course had but one centre, where the old man calmly stood. There he kept his immovable station, calm, firm, subdued, but stately. How will he avert his fate—how stay this ocean of souls, resolute to overwhelm him. I trembled—I gasped with doubt and apprehension. But I was spared the further contemplation of horrors which I could no longer bear to witness, by the very intensity of the interest which my imagination had conceived in the subject. There is a point beyond which the mortal nature cannot endure. I had reached that point, and was relieved. I awakened, and started into living consciousness, my face covered with clammy dews, my hair upright and wet, my whole frame agitated with the terrors which were due wholly to the imagination.

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It would be easy, perhaps, to account for such a dream, assuming, as we did at the outset, that the mental faculties never know abeyance—that the thought never sleeps. Any speculation in regard to the transition periods in English history, would give the requisite material. From a survey of the powers of physical manhood to those rival and superior powers which follow from the birth of art and science, the step is natural enough, and the imagination might well delight itself by putting them in contrast and opposition. But we have no space left for further discussion.

REQUIEM.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts who may take revenge for it;
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom
And with ghostly whisper tell
That joy, once lost, is pain. SHELLEY.

When the warring voice of storm is heard
Across the sea goes the summer bird,
But back again the wanderer flies
When April's azure drapes the skies,
With carol sweet
The morn to greet,
But the radiant girl whom we deplore
To the bower of Home will return no more.

Decay, a loathsome bridegroom, now
Kisses with mildewed lip her brow;
Her heart is colder than the rill
When winter bids its tongue be still;
Yet Spring will come,
With song and bloom,
And unchain the silvery feet of waves,
But break no bonds in voiceless graves.

Wasting away with a sad decline,
Far from these northern hills of pine,
She would wander back to them in dreams,
To hear the roar of their rushing streams;
And often spoke
Of a favorite oak
On the door-sill flinging pleasant shade,
And under which, a child, she played.

When beat no more her snow-white breast,
Strange hands the lovely ruin-drest,
Smoothing, upon the forehead fair,
Loose, glittering flakes of golden hair;
And strangers gave
To our dead a grave,
Sprinkling above the frail remains
Mould, moistened by autumnal rains.

Ah! since she died a wilder wail
Is uttered by the midnight gale,
And voices, mourning something gone,
Rise from the dead leaves on the lawn;
And sadness broods
Above the woods
Moaning as if endowed with soul,
For through their depths she loved to stroll.

The lute that answered when she sung
Old airs, at twilight, is unstrung—
She wakes where the *sainted* dwell alone
An instrument of richer tone;
And angel's smile
On her the while,
And to garland her sinless brow of snow
The rarest blossoms of Heaven bestow.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

HAPPINESS, it appears to us, is *a* cause, as well as *the* effect of virtue. When the heart is warmed with rational enjoyment, it is naturally grateful to those that promote the pleasure. When it is excited to the indulgence of generous feelings by the operation of kindness in others, it pours out those feelings upon all within its influence. It does not confine the reflection of pleasure to those from whom the pleasure springs; but seeks to dispense it upon all within its influence, as the planets, receiving their light from the sun, dispense that light to all the stars in the system. And the effort to promote the enjoyment of others—the true rational enjoyment of others—is a virtue. Those, therefore, who create an occasion for such social intercourse as produces rational pleasure, are promoting, in some degree, the cause of virtue.

It has been a common remark that there were not enough holydays in this country—general holydays—those that are *holy* or sacred to *all*. We have indeed the CHRISTMAS, but that day, though it would seem to be commended to the observance of all Christians, yet is not, for reasons well understood by most of our readers, a general observance; not from any want of respect to the event which the day is intended to celebrate, but partly for a disagreement as to the mode or the time of the celebration—and what is worse, perhaps, while one part of our countrymen have grown up in a sort of doctrinal disrelish of any celebration of the day, another part has extended its celebration through many days, in a way which deprived the whole of all ideas of sanctity, and gave to the rejoicings an appearance of those orgies which paganism devoted to the honor of some impure divinity and the gratification of some unclean appetite.

Christmas, it may be remarked, however, is gradually coming into a more appropriate appreciation; and, throughout the length and breadth of the land there is a growing disposition to honor to the day, and to make it a season of renewed thankfulness to God, and of the exercise of good-will *to*, and among, men. So much the better, it is one day redeemed and set apart for the exercise of high and holy feelings, and the indulgence of domestic intercourse, enlarged by the temporary union of various branches of the family-tree with the fruits thereof.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY was once more generally celebrated than it is now; and even now when a celebration is had on that day, so sacred to the dearest recollections of patriotism, and the sons of freedom assemble together, Satan comes also among them to embitter the occasion with the gall of party feeling, infused into every toast which is offered, and squeezed into every glass that is emptied. So that Washington's birth-day has ceased to be a general holyday, or rather to be celebrated with that community of feeling which makes a true holyday.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, one would suppose, should be set apart for universal celebration wherever an American can be found, or wherever national freedom can be appreciated. But the day, even when celebrated without reference to party politics is not inclusive. Patriotism has in it a dignified reserve which asks for a *solemnity* on the national birth-day; and so instead of a general rejoicing, there is a special and limited celebration—and when the celebration falls into party hands, then the day is neither *holy* nor sanctified. At best the Fourth of July must be celebrated with pomp, show, military display, bonfires, and eating and drinking. Appropriate as all these may be, they are not the ingredients for a real general holyday in which the fancy, the feelings, and the affections find play, and gravity is dismissed to the next sun rise.

We are not referring of course to SUNDAY, and other days set apart for religious services; they are, as they should be, made specially referable to our connection with, our dependence upon, and our duty and obligations to, our God. May they be kept sacred from all wordly intrusion, and by their holy character lend a sanctifying influence unto all the other days of the week, so that whether we eat or drink, whether we laugh or cry, whether mourn or rejoice, (for there is a time for each of these,) we shall do all with a solemn deference to the duties which we owe our Maker.

There is a movement, or rather there has been a movement toward the restoration of a ***holyday***, in which childhood and youth have a direct interest, and manhood and age may find, if not a direct, at least, a reflected pleasure; and we shall think better of the age in which we live for the restoration to homage and joyful devotion of good old St. Valentine of blessed memory. Who, whether he was a bachelor or a widower, gave encouragement to the good work of courtship, and became canonized, if not for the miracles he wrought upon the bodies of his devotees, at least for his wonderful work upon the hearts of those who knelt at his shrine. It has always been a matter of regret that the proceedings of the sacred conclave in which Valentine obtained canonization were not made public. We are sure that the cardinal who took the part of Devil's advocate in the trial of the saint's claim to the honors, must have labored hard if he meant to obtain future fees; for, of all the antagonism to real sanctity nothing is equal to hatred, and of all the principles which the Evil Spirit would oppose nothing can equal affection.

No one could get Satan's permission to promote loving feelings.

We are glad, on more accounts than one, that St. Dominic was not selected, and even St. Augustine. They had their respective merits and deserve special consideration, but dear old St. Valentine is commended to the gentler affections of all, by the loveliness and beauty which his own purity and grace threw around the affections of the human heart, and the loftiness which his own goodness gave to the character of earthly love, assimilating that passion with our affections for things divine, and showing the intimate connection between the two—the difference being only in degree consequent upon the objects.

Valentine was one of the early Christians; whether he was a bishop or only a presbyter, it is now difficult to ascertain; and, truth to say, it does not make a button's difference, for he would not be the better for his mitre nor the worse for his stole in the good work of love to which he devoted himself, and for which he is now distinguished and remembered. He was a good man and full of affection, and so Claudius caused him to be put to death, and for good reason too, we think, at least on principles of consistency—what could the murderer find to admire in the mild and lovely character of Valentine, and what but exposure to the husband of Messalina must be the chaste and affectionate teaching of the apostle of pure affection.

We shall be told, we suppose, one day in February was set apart by the pagan Romans for the celebration of their Lupercalla, when young men drew from a box the name of some female favorite for the year. Well, what then? Shall we not thank the returning sense of the people that installs a Christian saint in the niche into which the pagans had thrust their god Pan, who, by his ugly face and hideous howls, could drive away wolves? Do we not all owe a tribute of thanks to those who instituted the delightful festival of St. Valentine to supply the beastly orgies of the Luperci? There is indeed some similarity in the merriment. The Roman youth ran through the street with thongs, and the Christian youth hasten with more agreeable presents; but in both ancient and modern times it seems that the females were anxious, for various reasons, to be the objects of the merriment.

Before we issue another number of Graham, the high and the augmenting festival of St. Valentine will be celebrated. Celebrated this year, we venture to assert, with a pomp and circumstance very far beyond that of any other February since the *office* of Juno gave a name to the month. Celebrated in a way to demonstrate the growing estimation in which the kindly feelings are held.

This will be as it should be. A day has been found in which all may have an occasion for present pleasure; some (and most) to be active in the circulation of those delicate compositions or handy-works which express regard and sometimes promote affection; others will look back upon the years past, and remember with a silent tear how the beautiful and beloved ones, that made them happy by the transmission or the acceptance of the token, are now mouldering in the earth, insensible to all those affections which once made them happy, unconscious even of the regret which their departure created and their absence keeps alive. Mournful indeed is it to take from the secret ark, where affection has enshrined it, the emblem of a love that death has severed; and still more painful is it to gaze on the return of the anniversary of proffered vows, upon that pledge which time never redeemed, and to feel that she who might have been happy in ministering to your happiness, is miserable in a union (the only point of union) with another.

We saw a lad conveying to the residence of the loved one the Valentine, whose form and decoration told of its donor—no record of name was made, nor was it necessary to the receiver—none was *politec* for the witnesses. There was a secret love—a love unannounced to the world, yet not unknown. The giver and the receiver of the Valentine were married before July—yet not to each other. That Valentine was the cause of misery. The new husband knew that she loved another, yet persisted in his courtship, and with the influence of his wealth over the mother, procured marriage. He knew during the honey-moon all that had ever occurred, and yet was content with his winnings—the accidental discovery of the Valentine, though not where it could have been hoarded away, as if of value, not placed as a memento of affection, but as if thrown aside, because useless, and left as forgotten—the accidental discovery of that Valentine awakened the bitterness of jealousy—not jealousy of honor, but that contemptible narrowness of selfish esteem, which demands that the eyes of a wife should always *have been* closed—while the eyes and appetites of the husband *are* always roving. Was the Valentine then an evil? Nay—rather would not any object, or rather no object, in two months have roused the unreasonableness of the discoverer? Where there is much filth, spontaneous combustion will save the application of the lighted match.

One who is reading the preceding paragraph while we are preparing for *this*, tells us she obtained the best husband in the world by means of a Valentine, and she has never forgotten the saint's day since. It would, probably, be more germain to the matter to say, that her husband got the best wife in the country by a Valentine—though on second thought, she may be right—women generally know best, and remember most.

We repeat our expression of pleasure, that there has arisen such a general devotion to good St. Valentine, and we are sure that regard to that canonized Christian's memory will enlarge the spirit of true devotion, so that if we had another saint in the calendar who stood in the same relation to the pagan *Cupid* which Valentine does to the Luperci, that saint would find his shrine greatly enriched by those who commenced their devotion on the 14th of February.

We are glad to see that the regard to good St. Valentine is presenting of works, and that the devotion does not pass away in the breath that utters vows; but, beside the incense that springs from the

burning thurible, there are *offerings* laid upon the altar—rich, tasteful, elaborate, simple, magnificent or humble. Every kind may be had, and will be had from those who minister to the wants of the Valentinans, as of old did the sellers of doves in the temple provide the means of sacrifice to the unprepared devotee.

St. Valentine's day then is becoming, nay, it has become, a national holyday—one that brings smiles of pleasure to the young of both sexes, and the joy of recollected pleasure to the old. It is a festival in which the feelings need no stimulant, and in which it asks no boisterous expression. Beautiful is the anticipation of such a season. Some hearts beat quickly in the thought of what may be sent, and who will send it. Some hopes will be excited by the manner of reception—all will be joyful in preparing to give; all will be gratified in examining the gift. Not all—one at least will go to the shrine where affection has deposited the gift—and as she drops a tear upon the cherished memorial, will send her thoughts far, far upward to the *home* of the giver—or backward to the hour in which it was given. Yet this a joy—this sanctified Sabbath of the young heart seems doubly hallowed when its light is reflected from the memorial of affection, an affection made sure in one by the icy hand of death; fixed undyingly in the other, by a consecration which no change can divert from its hallowing purpose.

THE PAST.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. SUTTON.

When the young bird goes from her early home,
Though the swift-winged moments in happiness fly,
Though the bridegroom is near with a gentle tone
And a truthful love in his deep dark eye—
Though the future is strewn with the roses of hope,
And peopled with phantoms too brilliant to last—
She turns with a tear to the friends of her youth,
To those who were dear in the past.

The wanderer far, far from kindred and friends,
In fancy revisits his dear native cot;
He views the clear stream where the willow tree bends,
And the cowslips that brighten the spot.
He views the dark wood and the green sloping hill,
The porch, with its graceful white jessamine hung,
The half-open window that looks on the mill,
And the garden where honey-bees hum.

And before him appear, as distinct as of yore,
His mother's soft eye, and his sire's furrowed brow;
His Mary's light form, as when last on the shore
He bade her remember her vow;
His sister's long hair, with its sunshiny gleam,
Like a banner of gold to the summer wind cast—
But one touch of the present dissolves the light dream,
And he sighs for the joys of the past.

Though surrounded with blessings, and favored with all
That God in his bounty bestows,
We revert to the pleasures we ne'er can recall,
And the tear-drop unconsciously flows.
While roving, entranced, 'mid the fairest of scenes,
A cloud o'er our warm glowing hearts will be cast,
If we think of the blossoms, the birds and the streams
That were lovely and loved in the past.

Creator and Father! Oh! teach me to live
With thy precepts divine for my guide,
Oh! let my young bosom thy lessons receive,
And divest it of folly and pride,
That, when this lithe form is decrepit and bent,
When my color is fading, my pulse waning fast—
I can look back with joy to the moments well spent,
And muse with delight on the past.

A SONG.

BY RICHARD WILKE.

Dark clouds are hovering round me
With all their train of care:
A thousand woes surround me,
Drear shadows of despair!
But what are they?—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

Then why should cares alarm me.
Though adverse fortune reign?
Why frowns of wo disarm me?
Why sorrow give me pain?
For what are all!—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

A RECOLLECTION OF MENDELSSOHN.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

SCARCELY a year has elapsed since the musical world has been painfully moved by the death of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. No loss, which the divine art has sustained since that of Von Weber, will be so difficult to replace, and probably no man of genius was ever more sincerely mourned, *as a man*. He not only possessed that universal sympathy with humanity, which is so noble a characteristic of the highest genius, but, unlike many great men, whose very isolation of intellect creates an atmosphere about them which the world is awed from seeking to penetrate, the familiar scope of his warm nature descended to an equality with all he met, and though all who named him as a composer, may not have understood or appreciated him, all who knew him as a man, could not choose but love him. The career of genius, unhappily, is not often surrounded at the onset with the wordly advantages, nor watched and cherished with the fostering care, which fell to his lot. His nature was never embittered by early struggles with an unrecognizing world, nor was his natural faith in man shaken by a keen encounter with selfishness and persecution. The development of his moral nature thus calmly ripened in harmony with his mind, each sustaining and ennobling the other. The contemplation of such a character is in itself exalting, and seems to give his memory a more than ordinary consecration.

At this time, when we are still constantly reminded of his loss—when those to whom his works have a voice and a power never mention his name but with the unconscious sadness of a reverent heart, all which may help to recall his living image possesses a universal interest. I trust, therefore, that the relation of an interview, the recollection of which is among those hours, for whose bestowal I am most grateful to the past, will need no apology. On the contrary, it is rather the discharge of that duty which we owe to art, as all her worshipers will acknowledge.

A winter's residence in Frankfort, which of late years is somewhat distinguished for the excellence of its opera, and the high degree of culture attained by its various musical unions, sufficed to make me familiar with many of the great works of the German composers. Fortunately, it was not until after I had learned to feel the all-pervading soul of beauty which inspired Mozart, and paused in awe on the borders of Beethoven's vast and solemn realm, that I heard the music of Mendelssohn. Thus prepared, in part, the simple and severe grandeur of his style impressed me with a consciousness of its power, though I could not always grasp the spirit of the sound, and follow it back to the sublime conception—as, when a schoolboy, I first opened the pages of Milton, and read with wonder and delight what it would have puzzled me exceedingly to explain. Mendelsshon's music is of a more purely intellectual character than that of any modern composer, and his greatest works are those which but few thoroughly appreciate. While, in his "Songs without Words," and the simple grandeur of his sacred melodies, he comes nearer to the general sympathy, his "Walpurgisnacht," and "Fingal's Cave," creations of startling power and sublimity, which stand alone in the character of their expression, are rarely produced, except in those German cities where the taste for music has not been led away from the standard set up by the schools of Bach and Hayden, by the voluptuous melodies of the modern Italian opera. Frankfort is one of these cities, and I was fortunate enough to hear the Walpurgisnacht performed by the Cæcilien-Verein, or Society of St. Cecilia. The poetry of Goethe and the music of Mendelssohn!—it was a sublime marriage of genius. The works of the latter are as full of wild and stormy pictures as those of the former, and he has described in music the crags and breakers of the bleak Hebrides, with as much power as Goethe exhibits, in painting the savage scenery of the Brocken.

Mendelssohn was living in Frankfort during the winter I spent there, and I was naturally anxious to see the face of a great man, whom there was no probability of my ever being near again, in the course of my wanderings. One sunny day in March, when all the population of Frankfort seemed to have turned out upon the budding promenades which belt the city, and the broad quays along the Main, to enjoy the first premonition of spring, I went on my usual afternoon stroll with my friend and countryman, W——, whose glowing talk upon the musical art was quite as refreshing to me after the day's study in the gloomy Marktplotz, as were the blue mountains of Epessart, which are visible from the bridge over the Main.

There had been a great inundation the week previous, and the cold, wintry storms which accompanied it, had just given place to sunshine and milder air. The boatmen upon the flat, clumsy barges which come down from Würzburg and the upper Main, were loosening their lashings and preparing to trust themselves upon the swollen waters. The music of Savoyards and bands of mountain singers was heard in every open space, and brave, ruddy-looking Tyrolese, wild-eyed Bohemians in their quaint, national costume, and the men of Suabia and the Black Forest, mingled with the crowd, till it seemed like a holyday assemblage made up from all the German provinces. We threaded the motley multitude, finding a pleasant pastime in reading their faces and costumes, turning rapidly, as it were, the leaves of a historical picture book.

My eye was finally caught by a man who came toward us on the quay, and whose face and air were in such striking contrast to those about him, that my whole attention was at once fixed upon him. He was simply and rather negligently dressed in dark cloth, with a cravat tied loosely about his neck. His beard had evidently not been touched for two or three days, and his black hair was long and frowzed by the wind. His eyes, which were large, dark and kindling, were directed forward and slightly lifted, in the abstraction of some absorbing thought, and as he passed, I heard him singing to himself in a voice deep but not loud, and yet with a far different tone from that of one who hums a careless air as he walks. But a few notes caught my ear, yet I remember their sound, elevated and with that scarcely perceptible vibration which betrays a feeling below the soul's surface, as distinctly now as at the time. W—— grasped my arm quickly and said in a low voice, "Mendelssohn!" I turned hastily, and looked after him, as he went down the quay, apparently but half conscious of the stirring scenes around him. I could easily imagine how the balmy, indolent sensation in the air, so like a soothing and tranquilizing strain of music, should have led him into the serene and majestic realm of his own creations.

It was something to have seen a man of genius thus alone, and in communion with his inspired thoughts, and I could not repress a feeling of pleasure at the idea of having unconsciously acknowledged the influences around him, before I knew his name. After this passing glimpse, this *flash* of him, however, came the natural desire to see his features in repose, and obtain some impression of his personal character. An opportunity soon occurred. The performance of his "Walpurgisnacht," by the Cæcilien-Verein, a day or two thereafter, increased the enthusiasm I had before felt for his works, and full of the recollection of its sublime Druid chorusses, I wrote a few lines to him, expressive of the delight they had given me, and of my wish to possess his name in autograph, that I might take to America some token connected with their remembrance. The next day I received a very kind note in reply, enclosing a manuscript score of a chorus from the "Walpurgisnacht."

Summoning up my courage the next morning, I decided on calling upon him in person, feeling certain, from the character of his note, that he would understand the motive which prompted me to take such a liberty. I had no difficulty in finding his residence in the *Bockenheimer Gasse*, in the western part of the city. The servant ushered me into a handsomely furnished room, with a carpet, an unusual thing in German houses; a grand piano occupied one side of the apartment. These struck my eye on entering, but my observation was cut short by the appearance of Mendelssohn. A few words of introduction served to remove any embarrassment I might have felt on account of my unceremonious call, and I was soon set entirely at ease by his frank and friendly manner. As he sat opposite to me, beside a small table, covered with articles of *vertù*, I was much struck with the high intellectual beauty of his countenance. His forehead was white, unwrinkled, and expanding above, in the region of the ideal faculties. His eyes were large, very dark and lambent with a light that seemed to come through them—like the phosphorescent gleam on the ocean at midnight. I have observed this peculiar character of the eye only in men of the highest genius—the sculptor Powers is another instance in which it has been frequently remarked. None of the engravings of Mendelssohn which have yet been made give any idea of the kindling effect which is thus given to his face. His nose was slightly prominent, and the traces of his Jewish blood were seen in this, as well as the thin but delicate curve of the upper lip, and the high cheek-bones. Yet it was the Jewish face softened and spiritualized, retaining none of its coarser characteristics. The faces of Jewish youth are of a rare and remarkable beauty, but this is scarcely ever retained beyond the first period of manhood. In Mendelssohn, the perpetual youth of spirit, which is the gift of genius alone, seemed to have kept his features moulded to its expression, while the approach of maturer years but heightened and strengthened its character.

He spoke of German music, and told me I should hear it best performed in Vienna and Berlin. Some remarks on America led him to speak of a grand Musical Festival, which was then in the course of preparation in New York. He had received a letter inviting him to assist in it, and said he would have gladly attended it, but his duty to his family would not permit of his leaving. He appeared to be much gratified by the invitation, not only for the personal appreciation which it implied, but as a cheering sign of progress in the musical art. My friend W——, who had met with Mendelssohn the summer previous, at the baths of Kronthal, said that he had expressed much curiosity respecting the native negro melodies—which, after all, form the only peculiarly national music we possess—and that he considered some of them exceedingly beautiful and original.

I did not feel at liberty to intrude long upon the *morning hours* of a composer, and took my leave after a short interview. Mendelssohn, at parting, expressed his warm interest in our country's progress, especially in the refined arts, and gave me a kind invitation to call upon him in whatever German city I should find him. I left Frankfort in two or three weeks after this, and although I was never afterward enabled to fulfill my promise and desire, I was often forcibly reminded of his person and his genius—and never more gratefully than when I stood beside the marble monument to Sebastian Bach, in the promenades of Leipzic—raised to the memory of that patriarch of harmony, by the generosity of Mendelssohn.

JASPER LEECH.

THE MAN WHO NEVER HAD ENOUGH.

The hero of my sketch, Jasper Leech, was, to use the stereotyped expression, born of poor but honest parents; his infancy exhibited no remarkable diagnostics, by which to illustrate or establish any peculiarity of character, saving, perhaps, the simple fact, that with him the process of weaning was protracted to a curious extent, any attempt to cut off or diminish the maternal supply being met with obstinate resistance, in spite of all the ingenious artifices usually resorted to on such occasions to induce a distaste, still he sucked and sucked, until the female visiters, one and all, noted it; shameful in a great fellow like that.

At school, young Jasper was famous for the steady snail-pace at which he crawled through the rudiments, and also for the extraordinary *penchant* he evinced for any thing in his proximity which was, or appeared to be, unattainable at the moment; say that one of his school-mates was in possession of a new toy, Jasper would first envy him, then covet it, cunningly waiting the moment when, the novelty being past, the boy was open to negotiation, then would he chaffer and diplomatize, almost invariably gaining his desired end. Thus he went on steadily accumulating, until what with a natural appetite for trading, and a calculating eye to the profitable side of a bargain, he managed to shut up the market altogether by exhaustion. The very springtime of life, which generally passes by in gleesome sport, was to him a period of anxiety and care; for while his mates were rioting in boisterous play, he would sit apart, his whole brain wrapped in the maze of speculation—a *swop* is in progression, and he must have the advantage.

Thus passed his boyhood; his schooling over, with his strong common sense undulled by too much book-lore, he was duly inducted into the mystery of shoe-craft. He served out his time with exemplary diligence, working leisurely of days that he might keep reserve of strength to spend the nights for his own profit, thereby saving a considerable sum from the employment of his over-hours.

Once his own master, he deliberated long what road he should travel in the pursuit of the blind goddess, invisible as well as blind—that intangible phantasma which men wear out life and energy in the seeking, only when found to confess with tears of bitterness how misspent was time in the attainment.

At last our ambitious friend ventured humbly into trade on his own account, declaring that should any thing approaching to success crown his efforts, and that at the end of five or six years he could command a thousand dollars, he would be the most contented, the happiest fellow on earth.

He was lucky, curiously lucky; it seemed as though, Midas-like, all he touched turned to gold; money swept in, so that before he had been three years in business, instead of the limited one thousand, he was master of *five*. "Now," said he to himself, "if I could but make that five *ten*, I might not only be enabled to enlarge my stock, and thereby increase my returns, but I think I might even venture to look about for a helpmate with an equal sum;" for Jasper would just as soon have thought of investing the best part of his capital in the establishment of a lunatic asylum, as of marrying a portionless woman.

The sun shone on—in less time than he could possibly have anticipated—ten thousand was at his command. Very good, thought he; this, with ten or fifteen thousand more, as a premium for encumbering myself with a comforter of the snarling sex—for the ungallant Jasper had a thoroughly mercantile business man's opinion of the angelic species—will be sufficient. I must investigate.

So he set out on a tour of the watering-places, and such like wife-markets, where Cupid, the most wide-awake of auctioneers—it 's a libel to say he 's blind—knocks the little darlings down to the highest bidder. Of course, Jasper stopped at the first-class hotels, where he scrutinized the *habitués* of the ladies ordinary with uncommon interest. There 's no use in disguising the fact, he sought not a wife, but a fortune; in extenuation, allow me to say, he was not at all singular, there are plenty of those individuals extant, young, tolerably good-looking fellows, *bien gante*, and redolent of whisker, who linger about the ladies' drawing-room, in the faint hope of fascinating something available, (prudent maternity avoids this class with pious horror,) middle aged beaux, who dress sedulously, and toady *chaperons*, carry fans, are always *so* attentive and *so* obliging, dine regularly, and affect a Burgundy decanter, which looks easy circumstanced, but which the poor waiter is tired of carrying backward and forward, ticketed some hundred and sometning.

These animals are generally great scandal-mongers, and always dangerous, sweet-voiced but adder-tongued, their *modus operandi* is to poison the ear of the person addressed, against any other individual, hoping thereby to elevate their own characters upon the slaughtered heap. Let no woman suffer such pestilent breath to be a second time breathed within her hearing.

Jasper, though indefatigable as you may well suppose, met with strange adventure during his wife-hunt. Pretty women, after short experience, he avoided utterly, for he found that they were usually too extravagant in their expectations with regard to *personnel*, and as Jasper could not, by any stretch of his imagination, fancy that he ranked in the category of Fredericks and Augustuses, he endeavored to make up the deficiency by a liberal display of wealth-prefiguring ornament, a kind of strong-box index,

which he shrewdly suspected might tempt some ambitious innocent to investigate the contents thereof.

Perhaps it would be as well, at this period, as our hero is gotten up at no small expense, to give a rough pen-and-ink outline of his appearance. In the first place, he was twenty-eight years old, by his own account; as he could scarcely be expected to know exactly himself, it 's not to be wondered at that he and the parish register differed a few years; but that was of little consequence, for he had an accommodating peasant-colored complexion, which, as it made him look at least forty, will no doubt return the compliment by making him look no more at sixty; his hair was about as indefinite, being a factitious auburn, a dry, wiry red, something like the end of a fox's brush in hot weather, crisp and tangible, like fine copper-shavings; one could not help fancying that if he shook his head, each individual hair would jar audibly against the other. The whole arrangement gave one an idea of intense heat, and an involuntary hope that the poor fellow had but a sprinkle of hydrocephalus, he was of undecided height also, varying from five feet four-and-a-half to five feet four-and-three-quarters, at the option of his boot-maker; but the most remarkable features, if we may use the expression, in his conformation, were his hands, which were gaunt and bony, of a tanned-leathery consistence, and of a streaky, mottled, castile-soap color, covered with a straggling crop of light, sandy hair, and ornamented with several *wedding*-rings—evidences of broken-hearts, which some men are fond of displaying as certificates of gallantry. Dressed in irreproachable black, and capped and jeweled in the most orthodox style, it may be imagined that Jasper was an *object* of no small solicitude to the "anxious mothers of slenderly-portioned daughters;" he certainly had an air *bien riche*, if not *distingué*—and that 's the marketable *materiel* after all.

Months were unprofitably spent, and Jasper was beginning to think the time irretrievably lost, when an occurrence of some little interest varied the cateraceous-drinkability of hotel monotony. The Blodgerses arrived, *en route* to the fashionable ruralities.

Now the Blodgerses were extensive people in their way. They were originated somewhere in Pennsylvania, and affected the tone of the far south; traveled with huge trunks, two lap-dogs, a parrot, and a liveried African. The head of the family was a pursy, important, chairman-of-an-election-committee-looking man, with a superabundance of excessively white shirt-frill, and a great deal too much watch-chain; the latter appendage he invariably swung round as he conversed, its momentum indicating the state of his temper during an argument; let him speak upon uninteresting topics—literature, for instance, or any of the useless arts—you notice but a gentle apathetic oscillation, but let him get upon the tariff; let him hurl denunciations against his political enemies, or eulogize his particular presidential candidate, and round it goes with astonishing velocity.

Blodgers had been a grocer, or something of the kind, and having, during a life of assiduous saving and scraping, accumulated a very large sum, now flung himself with extraordinary *abandon* upon the full stream of gentility—and, to say the truth, most uncomfortable he found it; for many a time would he acknowledge to his wife that "This flying about from steam-car to steamboat, was far more fatiguing, and not quite so profitable as quietly serving out lump sugar." Then would Mrs. B. indignantly check such compromising thoughts, for she was a person of great pretension, had had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Judge Pinning, and once visited by accident Mrs. General Jollikins, so felt herself bound to talk of "society." "They don't do this in our set;" or, "it 's not the etiquette in *society*;" and such like sidewinded hints of her position, formed the staple of her conversations. As for the heiress to the wealthy grocer's store, there was an indescribable something in her air and manner which plainly indicated, "I am worth looking after!" She talked loudly, stared mutely through a magnificent Parisian double-glass, and in fact broke through all the recognized rules of good breeding with that insolent familiarity which but poorly imitates the *nonchalant* ease of the really *distingué*.

No description of deportment could have made so great an impression on Jasper. She looked ingots, she spoke specie, and her *prestige* was altogether redolent of *rolsaux*. He was struck, but the stricken deer took the precaution to investigate realities before he advanced a step toward acquaintanceship. Now, thought he, if she but happen to have some ten or fifteen thousand, she 'd be just the wife for me. The result was satisfactory. He discovered that a larger sum was settled to be her marriage-portion—and so laid vigorous siege instanter.

Now Araminta Blodgers, although decidedly unqualified to grace the pages of the book of beauty, had a strange predilection for "nice young men;" so that at first Jasper met with decided, and not over-delicately expressed, opposition. But he was not a man to retire from the first repulse; he persevered, and finally so deceived the sympathetic Araminta into the belief of his ardent affection, that, one fine summer evening, she sighed forth an avowal that she and her expectations were at his disposal.

Fresh from this successful attack upon the heiress' susceptibilities, with a feathery heart, Jasper snapped his fingers at love, and danced down the corridor of the hotel, to the infinite wonderment of the waiters. Either from force of habit, or as a means of tempering the exuberance of his spirits, he plunged into the mysteries of the guest-book, where, alas! for Araminta Blodgers, and for true love! the first name he saw was that of Mrs. Skinnington, the rich widow from his own immediate neighborhood; she whom he had sedulously church-ogled from the opposite pew every Sunday, astonished at the vastness of his presumption; she, the *bona fide* and sole possessor of nearly half his native town. Here was the shadow of a shade of opportunity. She was alone. Jasper hesitated. Araminta's fortune was ample, but when there was a chance of more, it was n't

enough! Finally, he determined to wait the first interview with the widow, and be regulated by her manner.

They met at dinner, and she was singularly gracious. The fact is, those eye-assaults had told a little; and I'm sorry to say, for the character of the sex, that the widow, in case the siege should be renewed, had predetermined on capitulation.

The result may be anticipated. The endurable Araminta was thrown over for the intolerable widow and her superior wealth. They were married in a curiously short space of time; and when Jasper found himself master of the widow's hoards, "Now," thought he, with a glowing heart, "a few thousand dollars more, and I shall be content. One hundred thousand is the acme of my desire; let me but achieve that, and I shall then retire and spend the remainder of my days in quiet comfort.

In process of time he did realize the coveted amount; but did he keep his word and retire. No! he had enough of that. Home was to him the worst of all miseries, a sort of domestic Tartarus; the presiding fury, his elderly wife, who, incapable of inspiring a sentiment of affection herself, yet assumed all the caprice of a girl. Jealous to very lunacy, she gave vent to the agonizing sensations of her soul by scribbling heart-rending sonnets for the Fiddle-Faddle Magazine. Thin, withered, romantic and exacting, you may suppose that to the unfortunately lucky Jasper, home was no *dulce domum.*

The consequence was, that he, dreading the *tête-à-tête* domestic, confined his attention to his monetary affairs. Retirement with an unlovable and more-over intolerably suspicious companion as Mrs, L., or, as she signed herself, Sappho, was out of the question; so he determined to stick to the counting-house. And now a great idea filled his brain almost to monomania, which was, to make his one hundred thousand *two.* Once conceived, every thought and action was merged in that one absorbing idea. Heedless of the domestic tornadoes that ever and anon swept over his devoted head, he slaved, fretted, lied, I think I may venture to say, cheated, but honorably, and in the way of business, until after a few years of health-destroying worry, he beheld himself within sight of the desired haven. But five thousand more, and the sum would be accomplished; one stroke of luck—one piece of indifferent fortune, and he would then be really content.

Worn out by constant exertion, he fell dangerously sick. During his illness, news arrived which brought him within a few hundreds of his desired maximum. Notwithstanding his bad health, and in opposition to all remonstrance, he called for his books, and with weak hand, and weaker brain, attempted to calculate. After many hours labor, altogether unaware that he was thus unprofitably expending his last flickering of life, he gave a long sorrowful sigh, and gasping forth, "Not enough! not enough!" expired.

Not many days after, a few feet of earth were sufficient for THE MAN WHO NEVER HAD ENOUGH.

B.

MY BIRD HAS FLOWN.

BY MRS. E. W. CASWELL.

[Written on reading "My Bird," by Fanny Forester.]

My bird has flown, my gentle bird!
Four autumn suns gone by,
She left, to cheer our loneliness,
Her own dear native sky.

With love, the precious treasure came;
I drew her to my breast,
Gazed in her heaven-lit eye of blue,
And felt—how richly blest!

She grew in beauty day by day,
More dear each passing hour,
Until we came to feel our bird
Would never leave our bower.

The rich, wild sweetness of her song,
Rung on the morning air,
And mildly, on the evening breeze,
It told the hour of prayer.

We thought when darkness frowned above,
And wint'ry winds went by—
'T would still be summer *in our home,*
And sunshine *on our sky.*

With our own sweet minstrel ever near
No sorrow could invade;
Her song of love would cheer us still,
And bless our woodland shade.

Now, many a weary day hath passed
Since from my tearful eye
Her untaught pinion cleft the air,
And vanished in the sky.

Why has she gone? Seeks she afar
Some green isle's shadier bowers?
Some happier nest—serener airs—
And purer love than ours?

Oh not on earth! not here—not here!
Clouds veil our brightest skies,
And summer's mildest breezes,
Chill our bird of Paradise.

The treasure which we deemed our own
Was briefly lent, not given.
Our Father knew his spotless bird,
And called her home to Heaven.

LESSONS IN GERMAN.

BY MISS M. J. B. BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

"TUT-TUT-TUT! don't tell me '*it means nothing*,' Sara," said my uncle Waldron, as he assumed quite an air of resentment, and seized in his hand a cluster of cousin Sara's beautiful ringlets, school-master fashion, as if about to "pull her hair" for some just discovered mischief.

"Why uncle!" expostulated Sara, looking up in his face, with a smile that would have melted an iceberg, so warm and sunny was it—much more did it melt the feigned frown on the brow of my bachelor uncle—"do let me assure you"—

"I don't *want* any assurances niece—what need has a man of assurances when he sees with his own eyes, especially if he has as much reason for confidence in his visual organs as I have in *mine*," smilingly retorted uncle Theodore. "Don't I catch him here most provokingly often? and is there not such a commerce in books between you, as would justify the suspicion that I have not a library of five thousand volumes, of all sorts of books, in all sorts of languages, both living and dead, besides shares in I know not how many circulating libraries"—

"But uncle," I interposed, "you must remember that Mr. Greydon is the *minister*, and he comes to make cousin Sara *pastoral calls*, and to impart spiritual counsel—" I left my apology unfinished, for I was obliged to stop and laugh at its mis-placed sanctimony.

"Yes, yes, yes, miss!" replied uncle The., fairly driven into one of his merriest laughs—"and by all means his 'spiritual' what-did-you-call-it, must be communicated in *German*—no medium but *German* now—a little while ago nothing but *French*—by and by it will be hocus-pocus, or some other such gibberish!"

"Dear uncle," interrupted poor blushing Sara, "I'm *studying* German, and Mr. Greydon is so kind as to give me two lessons a week, out of his very valuable time."

"Fol-de-rol, every word of it—if you wanted a German teacher, why didn't I ever hear of it, so I could have procured a genuine imported one. But suppose he does come *twice* a week to give you a lesson, he comes the *other* twice to—*what*, Sara? Help get it?" And Sara, finding herself circumvented on that track, blushed redder, and uncle Waldron laughed merrier than ever.

My other apology for the frequency of Mr. Greydon's visits, was so nearly a failure, I concluded this time, *silence* was the "better part of valor," so I left cousin Sara, to her own extrications from the cross-examinations of a wily old lawyer. As soon as she could make herself heard above uncle's successive peals of merriment, she said, rather imploringly—

"Why, uncle Waldron, don't make so much sport of me. You know I am so much alone—I am sure I think Mr. Greydon is very kind."

"Yes, yes, niece—very kind, indeed—I see. '*Alone* so much,' did you say? How comes that, pray? Isn't here Maria, and isn't she company enough? You pay my guest but a wretched compliment, putting her society down as nothing."

"O no, no, uncle," said Sara, "I don't mean *that*—indeed you are too wicked to-night. Maria knows how truly I value her society. But she is here only very little—didn't I stay all winter alone, when you kept promising me a cousin or friend to stay with me?"

"Well, well, uncle," said I, "there is one thing for your assurance—cousin Sara has repeatedly declared she would not marry a clergyman!"

"That's what she has—Sara," said uncle Theodore, looking rather equivocally in her face, as if he were prepared to overturn whatever she might depose, "do you hold of that mind still?"

"Certainly, sir," responded Sara, with some ill-concealed hesitation, and not a little confusion, "I am not wont to vacillate much in my opinions."

"And you make a life-long bargain with me to retain your post as my house-keeper, in presence of cousin Maria as witness, do you?"

"Yes, sir, unless you release me some time, at your pleasure."

"You are a noble girl, Sara, darling—I'll buy you that Arabian to-morrow, and you shall have a groom on purpose to attend him;" and my uncle laid his hand tenderly on cousin Sara's beautiful head, in token of his satisfaction.

By this time it was his stated hour for retiring—he took the "big ha' Bible" from its place, reverently read a holy psalm, and then commending his household to the care of an Almighty Protector, in a low and fervent prayer, he bade us good night, and left the drawing room.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle Waldron, or Judge Waldron, for he had been promoted to "the bench," was a bachelor—a hopelessly confirmed bachelor. Not that he undervalued woman—no—he regarded her with the noblest, loftiest, and most rational admiration of any man I ever knew. But his notions were peculiar, and perhaps not a little fastidious in the matter of what a *wife* should be, so he never proposed himself as a husband to any lady of his widely extended and really valuable circle of acquaintances, to the infinite astonishment of some of them. In the course of *long years* he became thoroughly tired of being a *boarder*—of never realizing any of the quiet pleasures and sympathies that cluster round the hearth and the

heart of home. So he erected a beautiful villa, just a delightful drive from the city, adorned it within and without with all the decorations and elegancies which could be suggested by the highest refinement of taste, and a liberal expenditure of the amplest means, and then we surely thought, as who would not, that having built his nest, my uncle was about to choose his mate, and pass the winter of his life in the calm sunshine of domestic bliss. But we "reckoned without our host," in that calculation. Uncle Waldron had other intentions.

Now cousin Sara was the eldest niece in the family circle, and from her very birth she had been uncle Theodore's acknowledged favorite—even in her extreme babyhood he had condescended to take her in his arms, and rock her for half-an-hour—an instance of partiality, by which none of us could boast of being distinguished. We all wished that we could have been the eldest niece, so we could have been the favorite—how much more we wished we could be *just like* cousin Sara.

Well, when his house was all complete, uncle Waldron proposed to Sara to assume the responsibilities of its mistress, and threatened, in a way she quite understood, to "cut her off with a shilling," in case she declined, so she followed her own inclination, and very readily assented.

Cousin Sara was a star of the first magnitude in one of the most elegant and polished literary constellations in her native city. Faultlessly lovely in person, in manners, and in mind, her heart overflowing with the freshest and most cheerful piety, woman's brightest ornament, it was a mystery to us all, how she happened to live till she was twenty-seven years old, without taking those responsibilities which most of our sex, without a *tithe* of her attractions or her abilities, assume, long enough before they have the maturity and richness of twenty-seven invaluable years in their favor—especially strange we thought it, when so many most enviable inducements had been urged upon her acceptance. But nobody seemed to please our fastidious cousin Sara.

When she had been some months at uncle Waldron's, it became very evident to *us*, quizzical spies of *cousins*, who took great pleasure in spending a few weeks with her now and then, that she was more interested in the society and person of the Rev. Robert Greydon, then she was really willing we should discover. She hushed our impertinence in a moment, if we undertook to rally her on the subject, by a peculiarly imploring expression of countenance, which only made us think so all the more. Mr. Greydon, as has been already intimated, was the clergyman of the church where uncle Waldron worshiped. Cousin Sara had often declared that she would not marry a *clergyman* or a *widower*. Mr. Greydon, though still a young man, united in his person *both* those disqualifications, so we managed, in the face of all indications to the contrary, to conclude that we had nothing to fear. If he had *not* been a widower and clergyman, we should have chosen him, out of all the world, for Sara's husband—for he possessed all those rare and invaluable excellencies of character, which Sara deserved, if ever a lovely woman did, in the man of her choice.

Mr. Greydon was a very prudent man in his pastoral and social intercourse. He did not wish to give the "silly women" of his parish, who, as in duty bound, would keep a very faithful look-out after him, any occasion to tattle—but the arrangement of the German lessons was just the thing—it afforded him the most unimpeachable excuse for enjoying Sara's society without sounding an alarum in any body's ears.

CHAPTER III.

"I would not light the lamp yet, Miss Hastings—this moonlight is so magical," said Mr. Greydon, as he sat in the bay window of uncle's drawing-room, one glorious evening in early summer. Indeed it was as lovely an evening, and as fair a scene, as pencil of artist ever aspired to sketch. I was sitting on the broad piazza, trying what my tyro pencil could do with a landscape so wonderfully beautiful.

"You are sad, to-night, Mr. Greydon," said Sara, desisting from her purpose, and taking a chair by the table that had been drawn near the window.

"No—not *sad* exactly, Miss Hastings—only of a *doubtful* mind," replied Mr. Greydon.

"Indeed!" gayly responded Sara—"but that must not be—it is expressly *forbidden* in Scripture and—"

"I know it Miss Hastings," interrupted Mr. Greydon, with forced playfulness in his tone, as if he were determined to rally himself—"but it does not respect any matters of *doctrine*—rather of *practice*, I might say. *You* are always so cheerful and light-hearted, Miss Hastings, it is almost a sin to be moody in your presence."

"If I had the burden of a pastoral charge"—Sara checked herself—"indeed, I fear it is the advantage of circumstances rather than of temperament, Mr. Greydon," she concluded.

There was a pause—the German lesson was finished long ago—Sara had been singing, and Mr. Greydon accompanying her piano with the mellow tones of his flute. There was a hush on the air, and a hush upon our spirits. Perhaps it was the moonlight—perhaps it was the music—I don't know—but it became oppressive, and I began to feel that it was somebody's duty to relieve somebody's embarrassment, by introducing a new theme for conversation, and I was about to draw their attention to some glorious shadows falling on the water in the distance, when Mr. Greydon spoke.

"Miss Hastings, I have heard—but I hope it is not true—that you have declared your intention never to marry a clergyman."

"Indeed! Mr. Greydon—" stammered Sara, "I—who can have so mis—people report so many—" Sara stopped; I never knew her self-possession so completely recreant. Her heart assured her that if such had been her resolution at any time, certain recent circumstances had essentially shaken her purposes—so she could not assent; and to deny it just at this point would make her more uncomfortable

still. She was about to conclude the remark as a very impertinent one, when Mr. Greydon continued,

"I hope that determination is not invincible, Miss Hastings; my future happiness depends—"

My sense of honor forbade my remaining in that neighborhood any longer. I had innocently heard already more than was intended for the ears of a third party; so I gathered up my drawing materials with what haste I could, and without the sound of a foot-fall, made good my retreat to the library.

I did not see cousin Sara again till we sat at the breakfast-table the next morning, and then she looked as if she had attained the acme of a pure and rational happiness. I never saw her half so lovely—half so cheerful—half so spiritual; the dream of her whole life seemed about to unfold into a blessed reality. As we sat in her dressing-room, after breakfast, with a simplicity and confidence that made me love and admire her more than ever, she told me of her engagement with the Rev. Robert Greydon.

I opened my eyes and threw down my sewing in the most mischievous surprise.

"Why, Sara Hastings! you have said a thousand times you would not marry a minister! How can I believe you?"

"O, don't, Maria—pray show me a little mercy; do you think, *uncle* was so wicked as to tell Mr. Greydon so! The truth is, young ladies had better not make such resolutions, and if they do, it is better not to express them. People cannot tell with much certainty what they *will* do, and what they *will not*, till the inducement is before them."

I assented to Sara's philosophy, declared I never would say any such thing, and with a kiss on her glowing cheek, I heartily congratulated her, and told how sincerely I rejoiced at her choice, and her prospect of earthly happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

There is to be a wedding at Uncle Waldron's early in September, and I am to be the first bridemaid! Truly an enviable appointment. Sweet Sara Hastings will be the bride—Mr. Greydon the proud and happy bridegroom. My dear old uncle will give away his "treasure," and with her his villa and all its elegant arrangements, as "a marriage dower." The villa is to become the "manse," and uncle has, of course, stipulated that he shall, through his whole natural life, be regarded as one of the indisputable fixtures of the establishment.

THE PHANTASMAGORIA.

A LEGEND OF ELD.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

PART I.

The morn is looking on the lake,
Beside the ruined abbey;
And its fingers white on the waters shake,
Like the quivering curls of a silver snake,
For the pale old moon it must keep its wake
In the dark clouds thick and shaggy!
The night-wind hath a moaning tone,
And it cometh moaning by;
The Hart's-tongue on the ancient stone,
That years have crumbled, one by one,
Answereth—sometimes like a groan,
And sometimes like a sigh.

A little light through the forest-trees
Is twinkling very bright,
Like a distant star upon waveless seas,
Or a glow-worm of the night;
'T is scarcely bigger than a pin,
The little light of the village inn!

It is a parlor dimly lit,
And shadows on the arras flit;
Shadows here and shadows there,
Shadows shifting everywhere,
Very thin and very tall,
Moving, mingling on the wall—
Till they make one shadow all!

An old clock in the corner stands,
Clicking! clicking! all the while;
And its long and shadowy hands
Would seem to say this hour is man's,
But Life hath swiftly running sands,
And may wither in a smile.

A fire is blazing upon the hearth,
And it crackles aloud as if in mirth;
By its flickering flames you may chance to see
There are six men sitting in groups of three;
They laugh and talk—they drink and drain
Their goblets, till to drink is pain,
And the eyes are brighter than the brain.

Three gamble at the pictured vice,
And three upheave the rattling dice,
The cards go round—
The boxes sound—
A king!—an ace!!—a deuce!—a doublet!!
For luck a laugh—for loss a goblet;
An aching smile and a muttered curse,
A beating heart 'gainst a broken purse,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! how wild the din
Of hearts that lose and hearts that win!

PART II.

Near the corner, and near the clock,
Sits a man in a dingy frock;

A slouchéd hat on his head wears he,
So sunken his eyes you cannot see;
His clothes are turned of a rusty hue,
All worn with age and damp with dew,
A traveler! I 'll be sworn he be,
This stranger man so strange to see,
Weary with driving adown the lea;
He hath ridden hard—he hath ridden long,
And would like a meal more than a song!

The rattling dice come rattling down!
The pictured tablets glide;
But a deeper shade on the light hath grown
Of the parlor dim and wide,
And the embers utter a fitful blaze
On the forms that sit beside:
For three look white in its ghastly rays—
White as the corpse of ended days—
While three are dark, and yet darker gaze
On the cards and dice with which each one plays
In the parlor dim and wide!

And near the corner—near the clock—
In silence sitteth still,
The stranger motionless as a rock—
The stranger man with a dingy frock—
Who entered the room without nod or knock,
As quietly as a rill.

Clicking!—clicking!—all the while,
The old clock soundeth on,
As if it never had seen a smile,
But was kin to that in the abbey-aisle—
Chiming for mortals gone!

Click—click! and hearts are beating
High with the fate of game;
Click—click! the clock is repeating
Its lesson still the same—
But one has uttered a fearful word,
And started up like a startled bird,
To dash the dice-box down;
And with the click of the ancient clock
Is heard the click of a pistol's cock—
And then—the deep fall, in a sudden shock,
Of a body lifeless grown.

The stranger is standing beside the board—
The stranger that entered without a word—
And to five who with cowardice quail and quake,
As white as the moon looking on the lake,
It was thus that the noiseless stranger spake:—

"The blood which has ceased in the veins to run
Of this form that shall nevermore feel the sun,
This blood—a score of years ago—
Belonged to a noble hidalgo,
With a great estate and a greater name,
And a palace proud, and a beauteous dame,
And a little child—his only heir—
Soft as the dew in the morning air,
And as opening roses fresh and fair.

"And it was this noble hidalgo
Who sat in this chamber dim and low,
But now a score of years ago,
With a youth who bore beside his name,
Which had never known the weight of blame,
A treasure placed in his trusty hand
By the sovereign lord of this mighty land.

"And it was in this chamber dim and low,
As the pendulum wide swung to and fro,
That this youth and the high-born hidalgo
Rattled a cursed horn;
That they played for the treasures of the king,
Played till the cocks began to sing,
And the youth had become a worthless thing—
A mark for shame and scorn.

"The youth knelt down at the noble's feet,
And, weeping, prayed that he should not meet
The eyes of his master, the injured king,
Who had trusted him well—a worthless thing!
Yet he turned, the wretch! to stalk away,
When a cry arrested his cruel way,
And he heard a voice in agony say—
A voice departing from its clay—
'It shall follow thy house—it shall blast thy pride—
It shall be as a thorn in thine aching side—
Yea, learn, unpitying child of sin,
Not always lucky are those who win;
For they who would thrive with unthrifty clod,
Who would reap where fortune's wheel hath trod,
Are the foes of man and the cursed of God!'
The blood which has ceased in the veins to run
Of this form that shall nevermore feel the sun,
This blood—a score of years ago—
Belonged to a noble hidalgo,
And *I am*—"

Here the ancient clock,
With a rusty, rumbling sound,
Shook as it struck—and the matin cock
Answered the solemn chime of the clock,
Till it echoed round and round!

The embers that on the hearth-stone lay
Down into ashes dropped away,
While from the lattice worn and white,
In the moonshine waning with the night,
A steed was seen like the drifted snow
As it galloped across the plain below,
Swift as an arrow from its bow;
With the slouchéd hat and the dingy frock
Of the figure that sat near the corner and clock,
And which came and went without nod or knock.

And they that remained on each other bent
Glances so dim and drear,
That neither could tell what the other meant,
Save that in all there was fear blent
With a something which told them Heaven-sent
Was the doom of the dead man there.

One was a laborer tough and tanned,
With the toil of tilling his meager land;
The next, a veteran who did wield
The sword on many a bloody field;
The third, a friar grave or gay,
As chase or chancel led the way,
With shaven crown and cassock gray;
The fourth, a publican, sorry elf!
Who cared for no one but himself;
And the last, a chield, as we often ken,
Unknowing their ways in the walks of men.

And these departed homeward all,
Far holier than they came;
For the sights which their visions did appall—
The signs and sights in the haunted hall—
Like to the writing on the wall,
Spoke with a tongue of flame.

PART III.

Torches are gleaming to and fro,
In the abbey's ancient vault;
While a mute procession slowly go
Into its mouldering depths below,
And, in solemn order, halt!

A monk hath chanted the midnight mass
For a soul that tempted its final pass;
And the little, gloomy sacristan
Striveth to soothe an aged man,
As they lift from the blazoned bier
The stately drooping pall;
And the old man sees him lying there
His son—his heir—his all!

Thou canst not soothe him, sacristan,
Go to thy cord and corse—
It is a fiend which gnaws that man;
The worst of fiends—Remorse!
It is a fiend which whispereth still,
Or noon or night, or well or ill,
From the dark caverns of the past,
Through all their chambers dim and vast,
"For they who would thrive with unthrifty clod,
Who would reap where fortune's wheel hath trod,
Are the foes of man and the cursed of God!"

The lights have vanished—and the gate
Of the abbey closed up desolate,
And all is silent as before
The key was turned in that rusty door,
To add a slumbering mortal more
To its never, never failing store;
All is silent save the owl
That moans like a monk from beneath his cowl,
As the moon is looking on the lake,
Beside the ruined abbey;
And its fingers white on the waters shake,
Like the quivering curls of a silver snake,
For the pale old moon it must keep its wake
In the dark clouds thick and shaggy!
The night-wind hath a moaning tone,
And it cometh moaning by;
The Hart's-tongue on the ancient stone,
That years have crumbled, one by one,
Answereth—sometimes like a groan,
And sometimes like a sigh.

THE BEATING OF THE HEART.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

Heart that beateth, trembleth, yearneth,
Now with grief and pain assailed,
Now with joy triumphant burneth,
Now in sorrow veiled;
Moveless as the wave-worn rock
In the battle's deadly shock,
When the charging lines advance,
Doom on every lance;
Yet melting at some mimic show,
Or plaintive tale of wo!

Faint with love—of conquest proud—
Seared with hate—with fury riven,
Like the fire-armed thunder-cloud
By the tempest driven:
Hark! the chords with rapture swell,
Flood on flood melodious flowing,
Sudden! strikes the passing bell,
Swinging with reverbing knell,
While the soul is going!

Though at times, "Oh, Death!" I cry,
"Ope the door, thy son entreateth!"
Though from life I strive to fly,
Still the heart-clock beateth—
No, not yet I wish for thee,
Gaunt and pale remorseless king!
Soon, too soon, thou 'lt come for me,
O'er life triumphing.

Glow and dance in every vein,
Crimson current, ruby river,
To thy source return again,
As the teeming summer-rain
Seeks again the parent main,
The all-bounteous giver;
Beat, dear heart, against my breast,
Tell me thou art there again—
Life and thee together rest
In that hold of joy and pain—
Stronghold yet of life thou art,
Restless, ever-working heart!

Night comes draped in shadows sombre,
Morning robed in light appears,
Minutes, hours, withouten number,
Days and months and years
Pass like dreams; yet still thou art
Ever busy, restless heart!

When his doom the captive heareth,
How thy summons, stroke on stroke,
Tells the fatal moment neareth,
Sounding like the heavy stroke
Distant heard as falls the oak!

How the maiden fair would hide
Thee within her bosom white,
Still against her tender side
Throbs the soft delight;
Every pulse reveals the flame,
Every fibre softly thrills,
But how innocent the shame
That her bosom fills.

In the hero, firm as steel,
In the virgin, soft as snow,
In the coward, citadel
Where the recreant blood doth go
Hiding from the sight of foe.
In the mother's anxious breast
Who can picture thy unrest?
When her babe lies low—
With the fitful fever burning,
No relief—still restless turning
Ever to and fro!
In the bride what mixed commotion
When the words, "Be man and wife"
Thrill her with that soft emotion
Known but once in life.

Priceless jewel! hidden treasure!
All the world to thee is naught;
Working loom of ceaseless pleasure,
Weaving without stint or measure
Woof and web of thought:
Hive of Life! where drone and bee
Struggle for the mastery,
In the never-ceasing motion,
Like a great star in the ocean,
Shines the soul! thy heavenly part,
Throbbing, life-assuring heart!

DOCTOR SIAN SENG;

OR THE CHINAMAN IN PARIS

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MERY.)



I, THE Doctor Sian Seng to Tching-bit-ha-ki.

On receipt of this letter forthwith go to Houang-za, to the yellow temple of Fo, and burn upon the altar a stick of camphor for me, for I have arrived safely at Paris. I have sailed five thousand three hundred and twenty leagues since my embarkation at Hoang-Ho, with peril of life beneath my feet the whole voyage—and Providence has protected me.

May my ancestors deign to watch over me more than ever at this moment! Paris is a field of battle, where bullets are represented by wheels and horses; those who have neither carriage nor horses, perish miserably in the flower of their age. There are seventeen hospitals for the wounded; I saw one yesterday with this inscription, in large letters, "Hospital for Incurables." The wounded who are carried there, know when they enter that they will never come out alive—they know their fate! It is very charitable on the part of the doctors. You can now see that the Barbarians understand civilization!

Notwithstanding the sage precepts of Li-ki, and the law of Menu, I have purchased a carriage on four wheels, drawn by horses, and have wept in anticipation of the unhappy fate of those I am about to send to the "Hospital for Incurables;" but there are but two modes of living in Paris—you must crush others, or be crushed yourself. I think it most prudent to do the first.

I went down to the river to make my ablutions, and was about to commence this holy act, when a policeman threatened me with his *baton*. In looking at the water, I was consoled for the deprivation, as it had not the pure and limpid flow of our own Yu-ho, which runs by Pekin under the marble bridge of Pekiao. The Seine is a dirty yellow stream, which descends to the ocean for a bath. I shall wait until it comes back!

I was told that Christians take a bath at home, which costs two francs. I called for one, and was furnished with an iron box, very much resembling the coffins in the cemetery of Ming-tang-y; one gets into them and lies upon the back, with the hands crossed upon the breast, like a true believer who has died in the faith of Fo.

In Paris, each house is governed by a tyrant, who is called a porter. There are twenty thousand porters here, who make a million of inhabitants unhappy and desolate. They sometimes make a Revolution to overturn a poor devil, called a king; but they have never overturned the twenty thousand porters. Mine receives my orders with loud explosions of laughter, and when I threaten him, he says to me, "You are a Chinaman!" Since he thinks to insult me by calling me by the name of my country, I make the matter equal by crying, "And you are a Frenchman!"

"*Render insult for insult*," says the sage Menu. These things have most astonished me in Paris.

My first duty (in quality of my rank in the Ming

tang, the greatest society of *savans* in the universe) has been to visit the Royal Library, renowned here as "a vast depôt of all human knowledge." This asylum of meditation, of reflection and study, is situated in the most noisy street in the city; the millions of books it contains shake continually with the passage of carriages and other vehicles. It is very much as if you and I should go for instruction between the bridge Tchoung-yu-Ho-Khias, where all the cats in Pekin are sold, and the street Toung-Kiang-mi-Kiang, where salutes are fired night and day!

One of the librarians received me with great politeness, and offered me a chair.

"Sir," said I, in tolerable French, "I would be much obliged if you could lend me, for a few moments, the 'History of the Dynasties of the Five Brothers Loung, and of the sixty-four Chê-ti? You know that these glorious reigns commenced immediately after the third race of the first emperors—those of the Jin-Hoang, or the Emperors of Men, to distinguish them from the second race, called Ti-Hoang, or Emperors of the Earth."

The *savant* did not appear as if he knew it. He put into his nose some of the forbidden opium, and after reflecting awhile, said,

"Lao-yé, we have not that."

He appeared pleased to show me that he understood that "Lao-yé" was equivalent to "sir," and repeated it a thousand times during our conversation.

"You know, sir," said I, continuing, "that after the glorious reigns of Koung-san-che, of Tchen Min, of Y-ti-chê, and of Houx-toun-che, came the reigns, still more glorious, of the seventy-one families, and that so much glory was only effaced by the birth of the immortal Emperor Ki, the greatest musician the world ever saw, and the inventor of Chinese politeness. I would like to consult, in this "vast depôt of all human knowledge," the history of the immortal Ki."

The nose of the *philosophe* received a second time a pinch of the forbidden opium. He then opened an enormous handkerchief of Madras, and suddenly jerking the head, neck, and hand, made a great noise resembling that of a prolonged stroke upon a gong. When this tempest of the brain had passed by, he folded up his Madras, drew it five times across his face, and said,

"We have not the history of the immortal Ki, your emperor."

"You have nothing, then," said I, with that calmness which arises from wisdom, and which is humiliating to those Barbarians whom the genius of *Menu* has never enlightened.

The learned man crossed his hands and inclined his head, shutting his eyes, which means "Nothing," in the language of the universe.

Nevertheless, I continued my requests.

"Since you have no books in this 'vast depôt of all human knowledge,' "have you any maps?"

"Oh, maps!" said he, with the smile of a resuscitated *savant*, "we have all kinds of maps, from the map of the Roman Emperor Theodosius to that of '*dame de cœur*.'"

This answer, I have since been told, is a *bon mot*, apparently made by this man of study to relieve his mind of *ennui*.

"Will you then show me," said I, "the map of the Celestial Empire, called Tai-thsing-i-thoung tchi?"

The Madras again covered the visage of the *savant;* the box of opium was exhibited, and a shake of the head, covered with a white powder, announced to me that the map I sought did not exist at this vast depôt.

"Wait," said he to me, with a joyous expression. "I can, nevertheless, show you a few Chinese books which will please you. Follow me, lao-yé."

I followed him.

We descended into some subterranean galleries, like to those of the Indian temples of the "Elephant." The air was infected with camphor and whale oil. Right and left one could see by the twilight a great quantity of busts, in plaster, of the great men of France, all dead—because, I am told, there are never any living great ones there.

"See!" said my conductor, "this is the shelf of Chinese books."

They were Persian.

I thanked the *philosophe* with that simple politeness which was invented by our immortal Ki, and left the library.

As I passed to my lodgings, I saw a crowd collected near some scaffolding; and on inquiring of my coachman what was the cause of it, was told that they were erecting a monument to a great man, dead two hundred years ago, whose name was Moliere. He composed *chefs-d'œuvre*, which were hissed at their performance; he was persecuted by the court, martyrized by his wife and his creditors, and died miserably at the theatre between two suet candles. They refused the honors of burial to his remains; and now, two hundred years after his death, his countrymen, to show their gratitude, erect a monument to his memory, to recompense his sufferings.

In most things the French are lively and mercurial; but in the matter of gratitude, they take two centuries for reflection.

"There is no great stone in the valley which has not "the ambition to emulate Mount Tergytos," says a verse of Li-Ki; so at Paris they have taken it into their heads to imitate our large and endless Street of Tranquillity, "Tchang-ngan-Kiai," which runs the whole length of the imperial palace at Pekin, and terminates at the most beautiful of the seventeen gates of the city, "Thsiam Men," the gate of "Military Glory."

I felt pride while traversing their Rue Rivoli, in thinking what a miserable imitation it was of our incomparable "tchang-ngan-Kiai;" my national vanity was appeased.

It was in following this street that I came to another palace, inhabited by the four hundred and seventy emperors who govern Paris, France, and Africa, and whom they call "Deputies." One must have a little dirty piece of paper to gain admittance

there. You give this little paper to a man with a red face and a saucy-looking nose, who permits you to enter. The four hundred and seventy emperors, each sit at the bottom of a dark well, which seems lighted by the moon in her last quarter. An old emperor, with a pleasing and paternal countenance, named Mr. Sosé, governs the four hundred and seventy others, by playing tunes upon a little silver bell. This spectacle is very amusing. The emperors are all badly dressed and *coiffé*. They talk a great deal—walk about—play tricks—sleep, or write letters to their wives, while an emperor, perched up on a high seat, sings in a low voice something mysterious, to a monotonous air, which resembles our "Hymn to our Ancestors," without the accompaniment of our national music. Each emperor has the right to mount this seat, and sing to himself his favorite song, turning his back upon Mr. Sosé. I asked a person sitting by me, "What they called this play?" The "Representative Government," he replied.

Salutes are not fired at Paris, except on the birthday of the king, which renders a sojourn here almost insupportable. I suppose this wonderful spectacle does not amuse the inhabitants, since they only give it once a year; and if it does not, why do they have it even on the king's birth-day? I asked this question of a man whom one calls a friend here, one Mr. Lefort, my neighbor at my unfurnished lodgings, who answered, "I do not understand you."

This answer is made to me every day. One would imagine I spoke to them in Chinese.

Being deprived of these "*feux de joie*," which delight us at Pekin, each evening I go to spend a few hours at the Opera, which is a theatre where they pay public screamers salaries of fifty thousand francs per annum. When a young man frightens his family by his cries, they shut him up in a place they call "the Conservatory," where a professor of screaming gives him lessons for twenty-four moons. The pupil then enters the Opera, and acts a part before fifty copper instruments, which make a thousand times more noise than he does himself. You can well comprehend that a good Chinaman, habituated from infancy to the soft melody of the "Hymn to Aurora," does not feel inclined to have his ears bored twice by these public screamers at the Opera; so I was about to make my adieu to the theatre the first evening, but having learned that, with a contradiction peculiarly French, they performed other pieces, in which not a word was said, I continued my visits. I was delighted with this spectacle, which they call the "*ballet*." Nothing is so admirable at Paris as this performance; so that when seeing it one does not even regret Pekin. Figure to yourself fifty women, with Chinese feet, dancing "*à ravir*" without uttering a word. I have taken a box for all the "*ballets*."

There is a *danseuse* among them called Alexandrine, and surnamed *Figurante*. I suppose on account of her fine figure. She has splendid black hair, which flows down in torrents to her feet; and those feet so small that, in her perpetual whirlpool of *pirouettes* and *entrechats*, they disappear from the sight. For ten nights, would you believe it, I have watched this "*danseuse*" with particular attention, forgetting the high mission with which I was entrusted, and the forty revolutions of twelve moons which rest upon my head.

One evening the door of my box opened and a man entered, bowing profoundly, and with much respect, said, "Light of the Celestial Empire, Star of Tien, I have a favor to ask."

I made him the universal sign which means, "Speak." He did speak.

"I am a decorator of the Opera," said he, "and am at this moment putting the finishing touches to a Chinese Kiosque for the new *ballet* of "China Opened, or the Loves of Mademoiselle Flambeau, of Pekin;" may I request you to come, during the interval of the acts, and give a glance at my work, and suggest any improvement that may strike you?"

"Sir," replied I, "your request is not disagreeable. Show me the way—I will follow you."

We walked for some time along subterranean damp galleries until we arrived in the "*coulisses*" of the Opera. The decorator showed me his work, and I had nothing but praise to offer him; it was in the most exquisite Chinese taste.

There was a soft whispering near us of sweet and girlish voices, which caused me to turn suddenly. It was a group of young *danseuses*, who profited by the interval to gossip a little to relieve themselves, like mutes delivered from a *regime forcé*. A blaze of light made me close my eyes—Mademoiselle Alexandrine was there.

I looked for my friend the decorator to keep me in countenance, but he had disappeared.

I invoked the spirits of my glorious ancestors, and asked of them courage and calmness of mind, those two virtues so necessary in love and war.

Mademoiselle Alexandrine had the carriage of a queen; her well-rounded and graceful person was sustained solely by her left foot, upon which she stood proudly, while the right one undulated from right to left, the heel and toe only touching the floor. My eyes followed that wonderful foot and never left it.

Imagine my astonishment when I heard the mellifluous voice of Mademoiselle addressing me with a boldness worthy of a captain in our Imperial Tiger Guard.

"Will you do us the honor, sir, to assist at the first representation of the "*Ballet Chinois*?"

I quitted the foot to look up at the face of the *danseuse*, and answered with a well imitated Parisian accent, "I should be delighted to be there, Mademoiselle, to put my eyes at your feet."

Mademoiselle Alexandrine took me caressingly by the arm, and made me promenade with her behind the scene.

"So it seems, sir, that China really exists, and that the Yellow river is not a fable? Tell me, are not all Chinamen made of porcelain? Do they really walk and talk like you and me? I did not know that

there were any other Chinamen than our Auriol de Franconi—do you know Auriol?"

All these questions were asked so rapidly as to defy answer. At her last word, the *danseuse*, called upon the stage by a signal, quitted suddenly my arm, and bounded away with the grace and springiness of a gazelle, humming the air to which she was to dance. I awaited her return to answer her questions; but when she again took my arm, she had apparently forgotten them; her gayety had disappeared—care contracted her brow.

"Have you noticed how cold the audience is this evening?" said she at length. "Is there an Opera in your country?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"What a miserable country! Without an Opera! What do you do, then?"

"One is miserable *s'ennuie*, Mademoiselle, because you are not there!"

"That is very gallant. By the bye, you have beautiful fans in your country; the nephew of a peer of France gave me a Chinese fan as a New Year's gift—*un bijou adorable;* the sticks were of ivory, with incrustations of silver filigree work, and the picture of two yellow cats playing with their tails as they ran in a circle; but I lost it at "Muzard's."

"It is very easy to replace it, Mademoiselle; I brought thirty-three with me, made at the celebrated manufactory of Zhe-hol."

"Is it possible! And what will you do with such a collection?"

"They are intended as presents for the wives of ministers and ambassadors."

"Bah! the wives of ministers will laugh at your fans; and they are only old withered faces! If I had your thirty-three fans, I would make all the first *danseuses* in Paris die of chagrin."

"Mademoiselle, they shall be at your door tomorrow morning."

"No one can be more French than you, sir; but who would have expected it of a Chinaman. I will give you my address—"*Mademoiselle Alexandrine, de Saint Phar, Rue de Provence, on the first floor.*" My porter receives my presents any time after seven o'clock in the morning, and places them scrupulously in the hand of my chambermaid after mid-day."

She made a *pirouette*, and disappeared.

Returning to my hotel after the Opera, I wished to meditate upon my position, but my ideas wandered. You know my harem of Khé-Emil—it is the most modest of harems—scarcely can one count in it fifteen women of Zhe-hol of Tartar blood, and as many of Thong-Chou-fo, of pure Chinese race, not to speak of some twenty or more *odalisques*, maintained merely as decorations to the seraglio. Well, if Mademoiselle entered that harem, she would eclipse my favorites among its women, as the light of the full moon puts out the morning star. Yes, I have, unhappily, discovered that her face charms me more than my whole thirty, shut up in my modest harem. It is an unhappy fate! Happy are the three mandarins of the seventh class, who have accompanied me to Paris. They dine at the *Rocher de Cancale;* they eat beef in spite of the beard of Menu; they attend the minister's *soirées*, and know nothing of the exquisite foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine de St. Phar.

The next morning at eight o'clock, I sent to her porter the thirty-three fans, with a box of the delicious tea of "Satouran."

In the afternoon I dressed myself in court costume, my mandarin's cap of canary-yellow, ornamented with a plume of Leu-tze, and long robe of the color *clair de la lune*, with gloves of citron-colored crape. My glass told me I resembled the young Tcheon, the Prince of Light, and Son of the Morning. Flattered by my mirror, I went to visit Mademoiselle Alexandrine, and was introduced with the most surprising facility.

Her dress costume only rendered her more beautiful; her foot alone was always the same. It seemed to live in a perpetual motion; one might well say that it contained the soul of the *danseuse*, and that she thought with her dear little toes.

"Sir," said she, taking me familiarly by the hands, "I am the happiest girl in the world! your present is truly royal. Sit down upon this chair, and let us converse a little. I wish to present to you my little sister, a perfect angel, as you'll see."

A young girl about twelve years old, as graceful as a fawn, leaped into my arms, and seized my mandarin's cap from my head.

"What do you think of her," said the *danseuse*.

"She is your sister," said I, with an expressive glance.

"Still gallant, dear doctor!"

"What is her name, Mademoiselle?"

"She has none yet, doctor; she waits for a godfather—it is the custom at the Opera. Will you be hers?"

"Very willingly, Mademoiselle."

"Give her, then, a pretty name—some name of your country."

"Very well; then I name her 'Dileri,' which is a Mogul name."

"What does it mean?"

"*Light of the eyes.*" Does it please you, Mademoiselle?"

"Dileri is charming! Do the Moguls have such soft names, doctor?—and they are still Moguls. It is wonderful! Mademoiselle Dileri, thank your godfather."

With that marvellous refinement with which the spirit of the great Fo has imbued his faithful followers, and which renders them superior to all of human kind, I asked Mademoiselle Alexandrine, negligently, "if she had any taste for marriage?"

"Ah!" said she, crossing her beautiful feet upon a footstool of crimson velvet, "it is not marriage that I fear, it is the husband. You do not know French husbands, dear doctor. Such egotists! They marry a pretty woman to have a slave, in spite of the law which forbids trading in human flesh; and when they have her fast enchained, they show her as a curiosity to their friends to excite their envy. Well,

since China is now opened, we will go to China to seek husbands. Dear doctor, you will not find in all Paris a husband who would give his wife thirty-three fans without any pretension, as if he merely said, 'good-day!' Are the Chinamen good husbands, doctor?"

"Mademoiselle, 't was a Chinaman who invented the honeymoon!"

"I do not doubt it. What a pity the Chinawomen have such queer eyes.

"For that reason we come to seek wives at Paris."

"Truly, doctor, you are *adorable!* and I am confused by your kindness. I do not know how to express my sense of your compliments, and gratitude for your splendid presents. May I not offer you a box in the fourth tier for your suite? Giselle is performed to-morrow. My cousin has written a play for the Theatre d'Ambigu; I will ask him for a box for you this evening. Perhaps you will accept a free ticket for a month on the railroad to Rouen."

"Thanks, Mademoiselle! I am as grateful for your kind offers as if I had accepted them. But I have a favor to ask."

"It is already granted—speak."

"I have brought with me some Indian ink, and I beg you will permit me to make a picture of your right foot.'

"What a Chinese idea!" cried the *danseuse*, with a rich burst of merry laughter. "Do you call that a favor? Take your crayon, dear doctor, I give you up my foot; will you copy it *au naturel*, or in an odalisque's sandal?"

"I will paint it as it is at this moment."

"As you like; meantime I will amuse myself and little sister by admiring your thirty fans."

At the third fan I had a striking resemblance of the wonderful foot. The *danseuse* glanced at it and uttered a cry of admiration, saying,

"Dear doctor, you have taken it with a dash of the pencil."

"Mademoiselle," answered I, "it is said of me that I could copy the wind, if I could see it pass. I have copied your foot which is more agile than the wind."

"If you continue these compliments, doctor, I am afraid I shall fall in love with you; I, who the other day shut my door in the face of a Greek prince and two bankers."

The candor of innocence was imprinted on the features of the *danseuse*; and I bowed my head in reverence before this ingenuous woman, who unveiled her heart to me without reserve. In taking leave of her I was allowed to touch with my lips the ends of fingers which rivaled her feet in beauty.

The Secretary for Foreign Affairs awaited me at five o'clock, to inquire concerning the ceremonies used at Zhe-hol and at Pekin, at the reception of European ambassadors, and to sound me in regard to certain political secrets relating to the Chinese empire and Queen Victoria.

During the audience I experienced many distractions and made many mistakes. May Ti-en grant that my errors may not one day cause trouble to the Celestial Empire. Whilst the great minister of the Christians was speaking to me, I was thinking of the foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine St. Phar! You see that that foot will overturn Pekin yet!

After dinner, a perfumed billet, the paper of which resembled a butterfly's wing, was brought to me, and I read as follows:

"Dear Doctor,—I hear that you have brought to this country numberless Chinese curiosities. Dileri, your charming god-daughter, is so much delighted in looking at your fans, that she longs to know all the wealth of her godfather; a childish folly! But I have promised her to visit you to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

"Your god-daughter kisses you between the eyes, and I place you at my feet.

"Alexandrine St. Phar."

You know, my dear Tching-bit-ha-ki, that I have not brought with me many of our toys. I only provided a few as presents to attachés' wives, and perhaps ministers. Happily, when I received the billet of Mademoiselle Alexandrine, I had not yet distributed any of them; nevertheless, I felt that my collection was too contemptible to be honored with a glance from the divine *danseuse*, and I resolved to add to it before showing it to her. I obtained all the information I could, and then went to Darbo's, Rue Richelieu, and to Gamba's, Rue Neuve de Capucines—two merchans of celebrity in *Chinoiseries*. I purchased at these shops two screens, a pagoda of rice, two boxes of cloves, four tulip vases, two complete services of porcelain, with a chamber tea service, a table of sandal wood, inlaid with cypress, four figures of mandarins in clay from Pei-ho, twelve pairs of embroidered slippers, a shop in miniature, a chamberlain with his wand of office, two leaves of tam-tam, a parasol, two lions *frisés*, and a copy of the royal carriage of the brother of the sun and moon, the Emperor Tsieng-Long.

Most of these *Chinoiseries* were made in Paris, and I doubted particularly the royal carriage; but the imitation was so good, that a mandarin only of the first class could distinguish the true from the counterfeit. I did not cheapen these things, and paid the bill, an enormous sum—thirty-seven hundred francs.

Night arrived; I went to bed to enjoy dreams of happiness to come, and slept with my copy of the divine foot in my hand. My first thought in the early morning was to put my Chinese riches in order, to exhibit them to the best advantage. What a happiness, said I to myself, if she will deign to point her foot to some one of these *bagatelles*, and say, in her flute-like tones,

"Dear doctor, give me that for my boudoir."

At length 12 o'clock struck, and my door opened.

Oh! the City of Houris will be one day destroyed for having forgotten to produce Mademoiselle Alexandrine de St. Phar! I was thunderstruck at her morning beauty. The divine *danseuse* led her little sister by the hand. She threw her hat and shawl upon the first chair, pressed my hands, ran about the room, *pirouetting* before each *Chinoiserie* with cries of pleasure and joy which went to my very

heart. When she had exhausted every exclamation of delight, she said to me,

"Dear doctor, I am sorry to have brought your god-daughter with me—she asks for every thing she sees. Oh, these children! one should never show them any thing. It is true I am somewhat of a child in that way, too. If I had to choose some one of these things, I should be in great embarrassment, and would not dare to do it, lest I should to-morrow regret that I had not taken something else."

In saying these words with delicious volubility, she pushed out her right foot from the protection of the shortest of robes. She might have seduced the most virtuous Lama of Lin-Ching.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "permit me to point out a plan to avoid that difficulty."

"Ah, will you! Dear doctor, tell me this plan!"

"Will you swear to act according to it?"

"I swear it!"

"You will keep your oath?"

"I will."

"Well, Mademoiselle, take them all."

The divine *danseuse* raised her arms graceful threw back her queenly head, and her bosom ivory palpitated with sudden gladness, like the th of a bird that sings with very happiness.

"You are a rare fellow," cried she; "after y death, your body should be embalmed, and y tomb be a 'Mecca' for all true gallants from thes forth forever. But, dear doctor, remember that I a woman. You do not know to what you exp yourself. Suppose I were to take you at your wor

"I should say you were a woman of your wo and knew how to keep an oath."

"No, no, dear doctor, no joking! you wish try me!"

"Not in the least; I speak seriously. All th curiosities belong to me no longer—they are you

"Then you must be the brother of the sun moon and cousin to the seven stars in disgu Long live the Emperor!"

[*Conclusion in our next*

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE'S FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA.

COME an' sit thee doon langside me now, my ain, my darling Sue,
Let your laddie view those e'es, lass, that match yon heaven's blue:
Dearie, pit that wee saft han' in mine, whiles swear that ye'll be true
To Willie when he 's gane awa', to fight for hame an' you.

Here 's a bonnie sprig o' broom, I plucked it yander on the lea,
Pit it in the auld ha' Bible, 't will mind thee aft o' me,
Ken ye weel the motto o' the broom? 't is "hope an' constancy;"
An' dinna, lass, forgit me when I am far awa' frae thee.

Ye will roam where we hae roamed, lassie, langside the mountain rill,
An' think how aft thegither we hae watched the brooklet fill:
Ye will miss my step come bounding 'mang the heat on the hill,
But in spirit I 'll be there, lass, an' guard thee frae all

When the moon is saftly beaming, love, an' a' are wr in sleep,
When starlets frae the curtains o' the sky come forth peep,
When the heath-bell bends its tiny head, while dew-dr o'er it weep,
'T is then my spirit shall its welcome vigil o'er th keep.

When the haly Sabbath morn comes roun', an' sweet kirk bells ring,
When wee birds wake the dingle with the songs o' pu they sing,
When ye bend before the throne o' HIM to whom praise we bring,
Oh! ask him them to guide me, lass, an' guard me w His wing.

A TWILIGHT LAY.

BY W. HORRY STILWELL.

THIS glorious sunset I behold,
This lovely closing scene of day,
The western sky embathed in gold,
The calm, low murmurings that play
Upon the quiet ear of eve;—
You fields, in waving beauty spread,
The summer-rose now paling here,
The sunflower's gently drooping head,
Proclaim the day, the hour near,
O'er which, for aye, I vainly grieve!

No more the rapture now, that grew
Within our hearts, pale sleeping *one!*
While dwelling on that gorgeous view
Unfolded by the setting sun—
No more thy loved, thy lonely flowers
Will bend to kiss the gentle hand
Outstretched to train their heavenward bloom;
No more that angel form will stand
Beside me, in the twilight gloom,
To light with love my darkened hours!

THE CHAMBER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

A LIGHT was seen gleaming at an unusual hour, in one of the rooms of —— college. The sole occupant of said room was Willard Carlton, a member of the junior class. He was a diligent and successful student, but was not wont to trim the midnight lamp. By a wise employment of sunlight, by avoiding the loss of isolated moments, he accomplished as much mental labor as the laws of health would allow, and devoted a large portion of the night to refreshing sleep.

The light attracted the attention of a friend and fellow student, who was laying the foundation of a life of suffering, by prolonging his night studies to the morning hours. He repaired to Carlton's room, and found him leaning upon his table, his countenance marked with deep dejection.

"Are you ill?" said Temple.

"I am not," said Carlton, pointing to a seat.

"I knew there must be some cause for your being up at this late hour, I thought it could be nothing less than sickness."

"It is something more than sickness."

"Is it any thing in regard to which I can be of any service to you? I am entirely at your command."

"Thank you—you can do nothing for me. I have received a letter from home."

"It contains bad news."

"Yes."

"Is your father ill?"

"My father is well; but I am informed that another—friend has a mortal disease."

"Another friend! a lady?"

Carlton bowed his head in reply.

Temple was silent. He knew that Carlton had no relative in his native place except his father. He inferred at once the nature of his connection with the invalid whose situation caused such deep solicitude. He felt a little hurt at the reserve with which he had been treated.

"Perhaps," said Carlton, rightly divining what was passing in the mind of his friend, "I should have informed you of my acquaintance with Miss Warren. I have tried to do so more than once. My silence has not resulted from a want of confidence, or from a desire of concealing my engagement."

"I think," said Temple, "I can understand and appreciate the reason. Does Miss Warren live in your native place?"

"Yes; her parents removed there just two years ago. I became acquainted with her in the course of the first vacation after I entered college. We have been engaged nearly a year. She has recently been traveling for several months in hope of benefiting her health. My father incidentally mentions that her lungs are diseased beyond hope of recovery."

"What is her age?"

"She was eighteen yesterday. She has seen only eighteen summers, and yet she must go down to the grave."

"May we not hope that the fears of her friends have led them to overrate her danger?"

"The error always lies in the other direction."

"Is it your purpose to go home?"

"I have written to my father for permission to do so," pointing to a letter which lay on the table. "It is useless for me to stay here. When she is gone, I shall have no motive to study. I have desired distinction for her sake. I have lived for her alone."

Temple strove to think of some topic of consolation which he could appropriately present. He knew his friend too well to suggest any thing which did not fully meet his case. He was constrained to leave him to his own reflections. Assuring him of his sympathy, and exhorting him to seek repose, he withdrew to his own apartment.

Carlton remained in his seat until his lamp was paled by the morning light. He then vainly sought an hour of repose; then rose, and having obtained leave of absence, seated himself in the morning stage-coach, and was borne over the hills and plains toward his native village.

The forests were putting on the scarlet and gold of autumn; but he saw not their beauty. He was like the shipwrecked mariner whose eye is fixed upon the bark which is fast receding in the distance. He was well nigh insensible to every thing around him.

His father was surprised and alarmed as the coach drew up at the door, and his son alighted. The pale and anxious countenance of the son had no tendency to dispel the fears which his sudden appearance had occasioned. To the hurried inquiries made respecting his health, he gave satisfactory replies, and then added:

"I came home solely on account of Miss Warren. Have you heard from her to-day?"

"She is not quite so well to-day," said the father, in a tone of sympathy which went to the heart of his son. He comprehended at once the state of the case. Sympathy for the evident suffering of his son, prevented him from making even the mental inquiry, whether that son had not failed in duty to him, by not seeking his approbation in a matter so momentous in its influence.

It was not from want of respect or regard for his parent, that Willard had not made known to him the state of his affections. In all ordinary matters, the wishes of his parent were a law to him; concealment was foreign to his nature. But when those dreams, and longings, and aspirations which the young heart is scarcely willing to confess even to itself, began to

cluster around a living object; when, ere he was aware of it, all the wealth of his ardent soul was bestowed upon Eliza Warren, he felt an almost invincible repugnance to speak of it to any one but her.

After attempting to partake of some refreshment, he directed his footsteps toward the chamber of sickness, and to him of sorrow. His father kindly offered to attend him, but he begged permission to go alone.

A chill autumnal wind swept through the branches of the shade-trees, which were rapidly losing their foliage in consequence of the early frosts. The hues of evening were falling upon the landscape, and it seemed to him that it would never more be illumined by the morning sun.

As he reached the door of Miss Warren's dwelling, he met the physician, who advised that she should not see him, or be apprised of his arrival until morning. Willard turned and made his way slowly homeward. His father, not expecting his speedy return, had gone out. The house was desolate—his mother had died when Willard was an infant.

He went to his chamber. Exhausted nature claimed repose. He slept till the light of morning began to struggle for entrance through the window, thickly shaded by the woodbine, which had not yet felt the influence of the frost.

At an early hour he presented himself at the door of the invalid. She was dressed in a robe befitting the sick-chamber. She attempted to rise as he entered, but her strength was not equal to the effort, and she sunk back in her chair. The crimson attendant upon the attempt was succeeded by a deadly paleness, which, however, did not drive the sweet smile from her lips. He stood and gazed upon her, as if upon a statue of surpassing loveliness, or a vision from another world. It was not till her hand was extended to invite him to approach her, and the tears began to fill her eyes, that the spell was broken, and he advanced to press her thin hand to his aching heart. He sat down by her side without speaking.

"I am glad to see you," said she, almost in a whisper, which to his ear had a sepulchral hollowness. "When did you hear of my return?"

"Have you a cough?" said he, not heeding her question.

Before she could answer, a paroxysm of coughing, which she strove in vain to repress, shook her delicate frame in a manner which caused him to feel from that moment that there was no hope. He rose and paced the room in agony.

"Sit down," said she, as soon as she had recovered strength to speak. "I shall use no ceremony with you now—sit down here," and she drew the chair he had occupied closer to her own. "I have heretofore felt—shall I own it?" and here a smile, such as first won his heart, lighted up her features—"a little afraid of you. I do not feel so now."

"You do not expect to get well," said he, as he sat down and took her hand in his.

"I do not," was her reply, but her countenance underwent not the slightest change. A convulsive burst of grief on his part caused her to weep in sympathy.

"Do not," said she, "make me weep. Dry your tears and let us talk together." He endeavored to obey her request.

"Have you suffered much since I saw you?"

"Not much physical pain." She did not say how much she had suffered when the darkness first fell upon all her prospects and hopes of life. She did not tell him how much she had suffered in view of the anguish which her early death would give to her friends, and most of all to him.

"How can it be," said he, as though speaking to himself.

"It can, and must be," said she, with entire composure, "and there is one thought connected with this dispensation, which does more than all other things relating to earth, to reconcile me to it."

"Nothing can reconcile me to it"—said he, in a manner indicating disapprobation of the expression she had used.

"You surely would not have me like the imprisoned bird which wounds itself against the bars of its prison?"

"Oh no, I was selfish in the remark. I was thinking only of myself."

"No, Willard, you shall not do yourself injustice, you were thinking of me. But the thought I alluded to is this—all your hopes have had reference to this world. They have not reached beyond the horizon of time. You have loved me as I do not deserve to be loved. I know and appreciate the depth of your love. The loss of your idol may cause you to take off your thoughts from the earth, and fix them on an enduring portion. If my death could be the means of your spiritual life, I think, solemn and awful as is the change which it brings, I could willingly meet it. And will it not have that effect? When I am gone will you not seek a better portion—even an heavenly?"

"When you are gone life will be utterly valueless to me."

"Do not say so. You cannot say so and be blameless. If I now speak with calmness respecting our situation, you will not ascribe it to indifference to life, and the objects it set before me. You are not less dear to me than I am to you. Nothing has kept my heart from breaking in view of the blighting of all my earthly prospects, but a firm conviction that all events are ordered by Infinite Wisdom—that I am in the hands of a Being whose tenderness far surpasses that of my earthly parents, and whose power will cause all things to work together for my everlasting good. This conviction, and the hope that you will be induced to seek a better portion, enable me to go calmly forward by easy, but somewhat rapid stages, toward the grave. I have ever been very anxious on your account. Even in my happiest moments I have often trembled lest I should be the means of your continuing to rest contented with this world."

The entrance of the physician prevented further conversation. He found her pulse accelerated, and advised that she should seek repose.

CHAPTER II.

Young Carlton had not enjoyed the advantages of early instruction in religious truth. His pious mother died while he was in his infancy. His father took the utmost pains with the intellectual, social, and emotive education of his son. The subject of personal religion was never mentioned by him. He was not a disbeliever in Christianity; but he gave little heed to its peculiar claims. He was much in public life, and a reputation for high and honorable principle was all the religion to which he aspired. It is not strange therefore that Willard was ignorant of those consoling truths which formed the support of Eliza in her dark hour of trial.

In his view, she was a perfect being. He questioned the justice of the decree which was about to consign her to an early grave. He questioned the right of the Great Disposer to take from him his portion and destroy his hope. His life had been marked by strict integrity. He had no sympathy with the sensual. His aims had been purer and higher than those of the great majority of men. Why should the scathing bolt fall upon him, while the mercenary and abandoned passed on and realized their ends? Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Carlton, and as he walked to and fro in his chamber after the interview above described, they had no tendency to calm his agitation. The tempest in his bosom at length overpowered him. His father found him in a sleep bordering upon insensibility.

A day of illness intervened. On the next morning he again visited Eliza. There was the same voice and smile—perhaps the one was a little fainter—the other, if possible, a little sweeter than at the previous interview. Eliza entered upon a series of cheerful inquiries respecting his studies, his friends, and his purposes: she failed to chase away the deep expression of sorrow that rested upon his brow.

"It is useless," said he, comprehending her purpose, "let us speak of what concerns us more, or let us enjoy each other's society in silence. When with you I can even now speak of enjoyment."

"I hope you will speak of it and feel it when I am gone; but I know that you cannot unless your affections are set in right tune by the hand of God. You are different from all other men. In my young dreams I used to fancy one whose whole life should consist in the exercise of affection. I never expected to find such a being. I have found one. Those affections will be to you ministers of sorrow, unless they are fixed upon something more enduring than an earthly object."

"I can now think of nothing but you. If I am to have you but for a short time longer, do not attempt to turn my thoughts to other things. If I survive you, I will do all you wish."

"I shall insist on the fulfillment of that promise."

"Can you tell me," said Willard, after a brief interval of silence, "why the heartless and cruel are suffered to remain, while the pure and gentle are taken away?"

"I cannot. I cannot tell why the summer flower was not made to endure as long as the mountain rock. We can only refer it to the wisdom and the will of God. But I begin to feel too much fatigued to converse longer. Will you read to me?"

"From what book?"

"From this, if you have no objection"—handing him a small copy of the New Testament, which she drew from her bosom. He took it and pressed it to his lips. He then read chapter after chapter, as she named them to him. Occasionally he would steal a glance at her countenance as she shaded her closed eyelids with her hand—beautiful as a statue, yet revealing the priceless soul in every vein.

"I wish you could pray with me," she whispered, as he closed the volume and rose to depart.

"I cannot," was the reply. This answer did not drive away the smile that was upon her lips—it was transferred to his, as they met.

"How long before you return to college?"

"I shall never leave you again."

He retired. His last expression caused a flowing of tears more copious and exhausting than had been shed during the whole period of her decline.

Day after day Carlton took his station in the chamber of the consumptive, and watched her rapidly decaying strength. He spent much time in reading to her, occasionally from their favorite poets, but generally from the sacred volume. He thus became familiar with its truths, and no longer wondered at the calm confidence with which his beloved could look forward to lying down in the dark and narrow house.

At length she became too weak to rise from her bed, except for a few moments—usually at the close of the day. One evening she was sitting supported by her lover. Lights had not yet been brought into the apartment. The beams of a full October moon streamed through the casement, and painted its outlines in silver upon the floor. They sat and gazed in silence upon its soft brightness. For a few moments she leaned upon him more heavily, as if in sleep; then partially raising herself, she said:

"I saw many bright beings all clothed in that silver light, and they promised me that they would take care of you, and bring you to me."

"Where were you?" said he, a chill creeping over him as if the inhabitants of the spirit world were around him.

She did not seem to hear his question, but continued—"Oh, it was beautiful—not an imperfect flower on all that plain—and such delicious gales—and such a firmament—and they looked upon me as the eyes of beloved friends, and I knew that they would watch over you for good."

"Where was this?" said Willard, almost with terror. Still she heeded him not.

"The stream was as smooth as glass, and the moonbeams covered it with silver—it was wide, wide, and I could not see you. I looked in the far distance and saw a boat swiftly gliding toward me, and I knew you were in it, and were safe."

"You are dreaming, dearest."

She leaned more heavily upon him, and slept. He feared she was passing away. He tried to still his

heart while he listened. He heard her gentle breathing. He laid his hand upon her heart. It still kept up its workings. He laid her as gently as one would lay an infant upon her bed, and summoned her attendants. She continued to sleep The physician assured him that death, though near, was not yet at the door.

The next morning revealed a marked change in the condition of the invalid. At first, she did not seem to recognize Carlton. The cloud, however, soon passed from her mind, and she gave him her usual smile and welcome.

"I shall never rise from my bed again," said she; "do not leave me except when I sleep. My mind begins at times to give way. Remember your promise to prepare to meet me in the better land."

"I will," said he, nerving himself to composure for her sake. He then read the Scriptures to her, and, unasked, kneeled and offered a prayer in her behalf.

Ere long the aged pastor of the village church entered the chamber. He had been absent some time on a visit of mercy to a prodigal son of one of his parishioners. He silently pressed the hand of Carlton, and passing to the bedside, impressed a kiss upon the forehead of Eliza. His experienced eye told him that the silver thread of life was well nigh broken.

"You are on the verge of Jordan," said he.

"Yes," was the calm reply.

"Its waves are not rough?"

"Calm and peaceful."

"You have no fears of death?"

"None."

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. You can say Thy will be done?"

Looking for a moment with unutterable tenderness upon Carlton, she closed her eyes and said, in a low but thrilling tone, "*Thy will be done.*"

Her parents were called in. After uttering, from the depths of his experience, a few words of consolation, the pastor kneeled down and offered a prayer, first for the dying girl, then for him who watched over her, and then for her parents and friends. During the prayer Carlton held her hand in his, and felt its feeble pressure as the petitions had reference to him.

She sunk into a brief slumber almost as soon as the prayer was ended. Perfect silence was preserved, that she might not be disturbed. Carlton still retained her hand. The mother was about to make a whispered inquiry of the pastor, when the sleeper awoke.

"Did you hear that music?" said she.

"No, dearest."

"It was the sweetest I ever heard. It must have come from the golden harps. Hark! hear it again."

She closed her eyes. Carlton felt her hand relax its feeble grasp. He looked toward the pastor who came to the bedside.

"She is with her God," said the old man, bending down and imprinting a kiss upon the cheek which felt not the warm tear that fell upon it, "and you my friends"—turning to the parents—"can say, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

CHAPTER III.

Carlton remained by the bedside of the departed one till the attendants came to prepare the body for the grave. He then repaired with apparent calmness to his chamber, and remained there till summoned to attend the funeral. He took his seat in the church with the afflicted parents, and with them followed the coffin to the grave-yard; but no tear fell from his eye, nor, in view of the multitude, at least, did his countenance wear the expression of deep sorrow. Some thought he was wonderfully supported, and others doubted the strength of his affection for the departed one.

When the last sod have been laid upon the grave, he returned home, and seated himself by his father's side.

"You will hardly be disposed to return to college this term, my son," said the sympathizing father. "Consult your own inclinations in relation to the matter."

"I shall return to-morrow, was the unexpected reply. The father made no objection. He looked upon exertion as the great antidote of sorrow.

Early the next morning Willard arose, and having visited the grave-yard, and laid his head upon the sear turf of the new made grave, he set out on his return to college.

The evening found him at his room, surrounded by his friends, who came to express their sympathy for his bereavement, or their joy at his return. At an early hour he intimated his desire to be left alone. His well-known habit of retiring early, and the painful scene through which he had passed, formed, in the judgment of his friends, an ample apology for any want of courtesy implied in the intimation.

If there were any who thought that his affliction would weaken his devotion to intellectual pursuits, they were disappointed. His friends soon found that their society was not desired by him. Even Temple was constrained to feel that his presence was irksome to his friend. He seemed to desire to spend every moment in study. No light burned later than that which threw its rays upon the page before him. Modes of mental exertion, which he had formerly neglected, now received his earnest attention. In the halls of debate which he had seldom visited, he was now present on every occasion, and the energy with which he grasped every question awakened the highest admiration. In whatever he undertook there was an exhibition of power never before suspected even by his partial friends.

But the tense chord was at length broken. An impassioned burst of eloquence, which, in the judgment of those present, surpassed any thing they had heard from mortal lips, was followed by the ravings of lunacy.

Released from the control of the will, the mind re-



HOME TREASURES.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

UNIV. OF MICH.

Thy locks shall toss on the mountain air—
Thy limbs shall cool in the sparkling brine;
She will brace thy nerves with her forest-fare,
And warm thy veins with generous wine!

* Mon cœur, au lieu de sang, ne roule que des larmes.
LAMARTINE.

And deep in the seething foam again
Let every quivering oar be drowned!
We will rock on the ocean's solemn roll,
Or follow the charging music's mirth,
And the vine's bright blood shall crown the bowl
That brims for us with the Life of Earth!



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vealed the thought which had wrecked it. The name which had never passed his lips, since she who bore it ceased to be an inhabitant of earth, was now constantly repeated in tones which drew tears from eyes "unused to weep."

He was removed by his friends to a lunatic asylum. After a long and dangerous illness, his brain began gradually to resume its proper functions. Several relapses, however, were experienced, and it was not till the spring and summer had passed, that his mind was fully restored.

He then returned, feeble and wasted, to his native village. With the consent of his father, he took up his abode with the parents of the lost one, and occupied the chamber in which she breathed her last. He passed the days sitting in her chair, looking out upon the landscape which she had loved to gaze upon, and in reading the New Testament which had lain in her bosom.

For a few days his strength seemed to increase; but there was little to justify the hope of his friends that he would be restored to health.

The aged pastor visited him, and kindly inquired respecting the state of his soul toward God.

"He is too strong for me. I cannot contend with Him," replied the humbled sufferer.

"It is well for us to be convinced of that truth. It should lead us to acquaint ourselves with Him and be at peace."

"I am devoting all my time to the attainment of that knowledge and peace."

"*He that seeketh findeth!* What a blessed assurance!"

After some further inquiries and appropriate counsels, the pastor withdrew, strongly hoping that that chamber would be the scene of spiritual birth, and as strongly fearing that it was again to bear witness to the power of death.

The apparent improvement in the health of Carlton was of short continuance. Once only was he able to walk to the grave-yard, and rest upon the turf which was now green upon the grave of Eliza.

"Tell my father," said he, one day to the physician, who had not expressed his opinion upon the case, "that I shall not recover."

"Have you no desire to live?" said the pastor, who was present.

"I think I can say with her, '*Thy will be done.*' I see that life is altogether a different thing from what I supposed. If it were God's will that I should continue here, I could perform as an hireling my day. But he excuses me, and I am content; though I have to regret that I have been of no benefit to my fellow men."

His departure was much more sudden than was expected. On going to his chamber in the morning, his friends found that his spirit had fled. Her New Testament was between his hands, which were clasped upon his bosom. Apparently he had passed away as gently as did the former owner of that precious volume.

The autumn leaves were falling as the procession wound its way to the church-yard, and laid him to rest by the side of the grass-grown grave made just twelve months before.

EARTH-LIFE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE breeze is blowing fresh and strong;
The rocking shallop chafes its chain,
And the billows are breaking in swells of song,
That call me forth to the deep again:
A fiery charger paws the sand;
A hound looks up with watching eye,
To scour the forest and valley land,
And bay with the winds on the mountain high!

Let horns be heard in the gray ravine,
And stormy songs from off the sea!
There 's blood in my heart, where tears had been,*
And the blood of Youth is bold and free!
Leave, weary Soul, the hermit-lore
Which kept this arm from the Life of Earth—
Lie down to rest on the quiet shore,
While the dust, exulting, marches forth!

Thou hast wasted weak and pale, oh frame,
That once wert ruddy as the dawn!
But the Earth, thy mother, is filled with flame,
Whose sturdy warmth to thee has gone.
Thy locks shall toss on the mountain air—
Thy limbs shall cool in the sparkling brine;
She will brace thy nerves with her forest-fare,
And warm thy veins with generous wine!

Thy loins shall grow to a pard-like power,
On the wild slopes of craggy hills;
Thou shalt bare thy breast to the arrowy shower,
And catch in thine arms the icy rills:
Thy vigorous blood shall exult the same,
When fevered cares in the spirit start,
As a pine, when the mountain is swathed in flame,
Keeps green and fresh in his spicy heart!

Thou shalt go where the battle clarions blare,
With the fierce, heroic rage of old;
The lust of the soldier thy brow shall wear—
Thy heart shall swell like a banner's fold.
In the shrieking hail thou shalt stand, my frame,
Nor shrink from the path of thine arm's employ,
When the thews are steel and the veins are flame,
And Death to thee is a terrible joy!

Then, tighten the girth and loose the rein!
Unleash the keen, impatient hound,
And deep in the seething foam again
Let every quivering oar be drowned!
We will rock on the ocean's solemn roll,
Or follow the charging music's mirth,
And the vine's bright blood shall crown the bowl
That brims for us with the Life of Earth!

* Mon cœur, au lieu de sang, ne roule que des larmes.
LAMARTINE.

ELEONORE EBOLI.

A TALE OF FACT.

BY WINIFRED BARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

In the garret room of a little two-story house in Philadelphia, sat two women, both of whom were foreigners. A child reclined in the lap of one of them, who was haggard and thin, yet beautiful. Her features were of the Grecian cast, with a most fascinating smile, and hair of a light auburn, that curled naturally and in profusion around her finely modeled head.

The appearance of the other woman was commonplace, but she had a frank and kind expression that redeemed her bad looks. They were both French; the *blonde* had evidently a Parisian air, whilst the other as evidently came from one of the provinces.

"Ah, Madame Eboli!" said the latter, "now that I am going to join my husband in New Orleans, what is to become of you? You must not stay in this tiresome Philadelphia, where the women have no grace, no tournure; and the men never wear a moustache! not even an imperial! It is not astonishing that I should be able to bear it, having been condemned from my earliest youth to a country-life, where I was sometimes compelled to bring myself in contact with such rusticity! But you who come from our dear Paris, what a blow to your feelings to be placed among these savages! What a horror!"

"My dear friend," returned Madame Eboli, "the world has of late altered in my eyes. The outward forms of men had once an effect on me; now, I see little beauty in even the finest features where there is no expression of sympathy for the unfortunate. As to remaining any longer in this city it is impossible. My funds had been exhausted two days previous to your sending me that last piece of sewing. I cannot get sufficient employment by my needle to support myself and Eleonore, and if I could I should fear the consequences. Bending over my work from early morning till late at night, makes me very ill. I have now a constant pain in my side. It is but nine months since I crossed the sea, when my poor husband died, and I wish to be near the sea, for then I do not seem so far away from him whose grave it is—"

"You are a good musician, can you not teach the piano or the guitar?"

"Ah, Madame Persaune! I have tried that, but no one would take lessons of a stranger. My garb was an evidence of my poverty, and in their eyes of my inefficiency; my face had the sufferings I have endured written upon it."

"It is true that the ground is occupied by those of high reputation and long standing, and I see no other means by which women can earn a livelihood in this detestable country. Now in France you might go into one of the shops kept by women, or make pastry in a confectionery. But in this country men monopolize all the labor, with the exception of sewing and taking care of the children. However, I must go now and pack my trunks. God be with you and dear little Eleonore! You must accept this from me. God bless you!"

The good woman hurried away before Madame Eboli could speak. Her friend had left her a well-filled purse. "There is money enough," thought she, "to take me to New York. In New York I shall find countrymen, and it may be friends. If I die, they will then take care of Eleonore."

"Dear mother, kiss me!" said the little three-year-old Eleonore.

"Yes, my child, and we will leave this place, and I will take my angel to New York, where I may find some old friends. My aunt thought of going there with my boy cousins. Were I only to see her dear face once more! She always loved me, and when I married poor Gustave and my father and mother cast me from them, she addressed me with words of kindness. Dear aunt!—and my sweet sister too. Alas! I shall never see her more. Dear sister Eugenie! so young and so beautiful. But come, Eleonore, bring thy doll; we will go to New York this very day."

The poor woman was too ill, however, to accomplish this, so it was put off till the following day. A good dinner gave her renewed strength, it being the first she had eaten for many weeks.

They were several days on the journey, and late on the afternoon of the day of their arrival, Madame Eboli, with her child in her arms, stopped at the door of a small house in Seventeenth street. By dint of gestures and broken English, the Irish, who were its inhabitants, were induced to relinquish a room to her. She had wandered the city through, until weary and way-worn, her feet refused her further support.

She sank on a bed exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and want of food. Her child she had fed with cakes, and the little creature had fallen asleep, wearied by the excitement of the day.

Many and bitter were poor Madame Eboli's reflections. She cared little for herself, but she thought that her tender and beautiful Eleonore was without a home and without friends. Not a countryman had she seen that whole day, and she had been followed by the jeers of the rude and ignorant German and Irish who form our suburbs, and who felt no pity for the poor stranger who could not make herself understood.

CHAPTER II.

"*Maman veut du feu!*" said a little girl, as she pushed open the door of an Irish shanty, and stood with a shovel in her hand.

"Was there ever the like!" said Bridget, resting her fists on her hips. "Now this be's the third blessed day that the child has been here for coals and said that same thing!"

The child went quietly to the hearth, took some coals on her shovel, and departed.

"I'se been thinking it is n't our language she 's a speaking, though she 's such a bit of a thing one could n't tell rightly what she 'd be afther? I 'll follow her, belike she 's in mischief, though it is n't in my heart to think ill of such a purty little cratur!"

So away ran Bridget, down one pair of stairs and up another, following the child, who pushed open a door with her shovel; and there on the naked bed she saw Madame Eboli, with no covering but a shawl. Madame Eboli spoke, but so faintly that Bridget could not understand her; she then laid Bridget's hand on her forehead, when the Irish woman instantly perceived that she was dying with fever.

Bridget flew to a poor friend of hers, whom she knew was attended by an eminent French physician of the city. He had been kind, she thought, and done much for my sick friend, why should he not do the same for this woman, who was also in distress? Fortunately he was at the bedside of his patient when Bridget arrived.

"Och, sir! an there 's a poor woman in Seventeenth street, what 's a terrible faver on her, and no clothes to her bed, and nothing to ate; maybe yees 'd go and see her a bit! She 's a nice looking woman, and got as purty a child as ever I see."

"I will come to her directly," said Doctor Breton.

"I think she 's a foreigner, maybe yees could talk with her, being one yoursel; she 's so wake, poor thing! there 's no telling what she 'd be saying."

It was but a short ten minutes after Bridget's summons when the doctor opened the door of Madame Eboli's room. The little girl was crying, and making vain efforts to turn her mother toward her. As the child spoke in French, he addressed the mother in that language, giving her at the same time, some reviving medicine. After taking it, she was able to give him an account of herself, and also to tell him of her anxiety concerning Eleonore.

The doctor left the house, promising to return in an hour or two. Proceeding to the hospital, he procured an entrance for her, and by the afternoon she had been carried there, placed on a nice clean bed, and her wants well attended to—thanks to the generous kindness of a Christian heart! He then exerted himself in behalf of the little one. He related the strange history of the mother to all his French patients, and raised a subscription to pay for the child's board after her mother's death, which was evidently near.

On his way to the hospital one morning, he overtook one Mr. Carron, and told him Madame Eboli's sad story, asking his aid. They had by that time reached the door of the hospital, and Mr. Carron accepted Doctor Breton's invitation to enter and see the little Eleonore.

Mr. Carron was a very impulsive man. He never hesitated, never reflected, (never asked his wife's opinion, as every reasonable man should,) but went into raptures over little Eleonore's beauty, and offered on the spot to adopt the child as his own—an offer that was thankfully accepted by the poor mother.

It was but a week after this, that the doctor found Madame Eboli much worse. On leaving her he requested to be called should any change take place in her symptoms.

CHAPTER III.

. It was ten o'clock. The night-lamp of the infirmary showed with a horrible distinctness the haggard inmates who were tossing and groaning on their pallets. The doctor sat beside the bed of Madame Eboli. They were discoursing concerning Eleonore.

"I conjure you," said the doctor, "tell me the name of your family. It is necessary to the future welfare of your child!"

"My parents cast me from them. They loved me not—how should they love my child? No! it is better that she should eat the bread of strangers, and receive good and evil from their hands, than suffer only insult and degradation from her mother's parents."

"Then at least tell me your husband's name, and where his relations are to be found?"

"Alas! Gustave Eboli was an orphan, and poor; therefore my father said I should not love him. . . . But I feel very faint—you said I should see my child soon?"

At this very moment the sound of advancing steps was heard, and Monsieur Carron entered with Eleonore in his arms. He placed her on the bed with Madame Eboli. The little creature nestled close, kissing and embracing her mother in a transport of delight; soon, however, the strange sounds, the shadowy figures that flitted past with noiseless footsteps, startled and awed the child. And then her mother looked so sadly on her, that she wept, scarce knowing why, but in a subdued tone, as though some grief swelled her little heart too deeply to be given utterance.

"Poor child!" sighed the mother, "this is thy first real sorrow. . . . But I have a request yet to make. In my basket you will find a miniature of my sister, set in a pearl necklace; and a ring, my dear aunt's gift. Should she ever come to this country, which she has spoken of doing, her first inquiries would be concerning me. The name of Eleonore Eboli and these jewels, would be sufficient evidence. There are two letters also, which I would have saved for Eleonore; they are her father's. My sister and my aunt are the only persons of my family who knew that my destination was America."

Here she paused, as if exhausted. Little Eleonore had ceased crying, and was gazing earnestly at her mother.

"Fear not for your child," said Mr. Carron, "I will take care of her. You may trust in me."

Madame Eboli continued—"And now, my Eleonore, listen—you must be good, and stay with this gentleman, who will love you like papa."

"It is not papa? Where is papa?" and the little lips quivered.

"Where I shall soon see him, dear Eleonore! I am going to leave you. Never forget your poor mother." She then kissed the child several times. "There is some of papa's hair in the locket around my neck." Then addressing the gentlemen, she added: "Take it when I am gone—not till then."

Madame Eboli then sank into a stupor, in which she lay for half an hour; then opening her eyes, she only said:

"Gustave says come! My child we will watch over thee. Protect her, she is so young—so innocent. I come, Gustave—I come!"

And the angel of death passed by and received her last breath. Sixteen summers had found her a child, eighteen a woman, and at twenty she was laid where the aged sleep.

"Be her sleep calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell, not ours who weep."*

CHAPTER IV.

Eleonore became at once, by the death of her mother, an inmate of the Carron family. Mr. Carron petted the child for a short time, and then she was given over to the servants, Madame Carron having something else to do, as she said, beside taking care of orphans.

Eleonore vegetated—I cannot use any other word—in the servants' rooms for six whole years. At the end of that time, fortunately for my heroine, Mr. Carron's affairs obliged him to leave this country suddenly. It was rumored that he ran away from his creditors, but I know nothing of the matter. The consequence to Eleonore was, that she was left with Mr. Carron's brother Jerome.

This brother Jerome had a very sensible wife, who was quite shocked at finding that the poor orphan had not been instructed even in the common rudiments of knowledge. Her health was delicate, and as she could not undertake the charge of Eleonore's education, she placed her forthwith at Mr. Delombre's boarding-school, one of the best in the city of New York.

I remember perfectly well the first time that I saw her. She was led by Madame Delombre into the school-room, and was there introduced to numbers of children of every size, from her own up to the grown woman. I, who write this memoir, was there among the rest. It was intermission, and we were all amusing ourselves in the way we liked best. A desk next to mine was empty, and Eleonore was placed there. She looked sad and frightened, and was withal so pretty, that I felt attracted to her. I essayed to make acquaintance by offering a part of my luncheon—she declined. I then continued, the ice being broken.

"Do you like going to school?"

"I do not know. I never went."

I suppose my eyes expressed astonishment, for she blushed. I wonder if we shall be in the same class? How old are you?"

"I am twelve years old," answered Eleonore.

"Oh dear! I am between ten and eleven years old. I am afraid they will put you in the class above me!"

"What will be my studies?" said the young girl, timidly.

I gave her a catalogue of my own lessons, which made her look very blank, and I then proceeded to tell her who the scholars were, and which I liked the best; and I also gave her some information respecting the rules and regulations of the school.

"It is one o'clock," said the teacher. "The intermission is over!"

We hurried to our desks. I went to my lessons, and though Eleonore sat beside me I could speak no more to her that afternoon. I saw, nevertheless, that there would be no danger of her getting in the class above me for a long time to come.

CHAPTER V.

Two years and a half have passed since I introduced Eleonore as my companion at the desk. She was now between fifteen and sixteen. A tall and finely formed girl for her age, her personal appearance was so pleasing that she attracted universal attention wherever she appeared. Her hair still curled in the same long golden locks; she had the straight Grecian nose, and the deep, large blue eyes of her mother, and a noble forehead. Monsieur Delombre had more than fulfilled his promise. She was his best scholar.

Our intimacy had continued increasing, and we had become inseparable. Every other Saturday had been spent with her uncle and aunt; but as I was something of a favorite with Mr. Delombre, I was allowed to take her with me on the intervening Saturdays to my mother's house.

Oh, how happy we were then! She was so gay and so cheerful, except when we talked of France, for papa Carron had intimated in his letters to his brother, that the time was approaching when Eleonore must leave America, she being now of an age in which her services would be required by the family.

"She loved uncle and aunt Carron," she said, "and she dreaded papa and mamma Carron. She had kind friends in Mr. and Mrs. Delombre, and also in my mother's family. It was hard to be obliged to leave them, and live with those who cared not for

* That same night, in the adjoining room of the hospital, died the son of Marmontel, from the effects of exposure and hunger. He had been traveling over North America, when from some cause his remittances from France were discontinued. He found himself at Albany utterly without resources. Leaving his trunk there, he walked to New York in hopes of finding the money, or of borrowing some from the French consul. His journey was a long and toilsome one, and the exposure to the cold induced the return of a fever from which he had but lately recovered at the West. The French consul treated him harshly, disbelieved his story, and sent him to the hospital. The day after his death a large sum, directed to him, was received through a packet-ship, which had been detained at sea by a succession of disasters, two months longer than her usual time.

her. But she would try to gain their good-will by all the means in her power."

Thus she talked as we were seated, one warm summer's afternoon, side by side on the green sward before my mother's cottage.

As the evening shadows fell, she grew more communicative, and gave me the little history which I have here related. Since then it has been attested to me by those who saw her mother.

. The next winter passed by, and when the spring came my mother took her children to the country again for the summer. I bade Eleonore a gay adieu, under the promise of a long visit from her during the vacation. Alas! instead of a visit, I only received a brief but affectionate note, stating that in two days the "*Silvie de Grace*" was to take her as a passenger, and she should leave forever the shores of America.

Men and women usually laugh at the friendships of school-girls. It is true they are often transitory and of a frivolous character, but they are often, too, of a lasting nature, and founded on real esteem. I felt and appreciated the worth of Eleonore, and for years regretted her loss. Marriage, and a long residence abroad again brought me in contact with her, but under very different circumstances.

ELEONORE EBOLI TO WINIFRED BARRINGTON.

Paris, November 1st, 18—.

"My dear Winifred,—Now that I am safely housed in Paris, I shall give you a short account of my journey. We were but four weeks on the ocean, and had no storms to boast of (at least the captain maintained this,) though we were all much frightened one windy night, when a gale arose that shattered our sails, and tossed us about in a most unceremonious manner.

"I was very sick, and as I lay in my berth I could feel each wave as it upheaved the ship, and when she pitched, headlong down its side, I wondered sometimes if we should ever see the light again. But I felt no fear, I was too sad for that. I thought of the happy home I had left behind, and its probable contrast with that of Papa and Mamma Carron's establishment, I remembered that it was my mother's birth-place, that I should visit Paris. Paris was my goal! There every object would acquire new interest in my eyes, each house would seem the one in which my mother passed her girlhood, each beautiful girl my mother's darling sister, each man her brother, the aged her parents; all ages would have the charm of mystery to attract me, and my fancy would quickly vision forth the family to which I was related! But I will talk no more of this.

"The captain of our ship conducted me to Paris. He was very kind, and to gratify me, took the route up the Seine from Havre to Rouen in the day-boat, that I might see picturesque Normandy, with its lovely valleys, its cottages, with their thatched roofs and gables; the varied costumes of its peasantry, and its giant horses, which move with the power and majesty of elephants.

"I was very inquisitive, and the captain often found a difficulty in ascertaining the names of the villages and the castles situated on the banks of the river, to reply to my queries. A young gentleman seeing our trouble, obligingly offered his guide-book, which contained all the information we needed. He also gave us many anecdotes concerning the nobility who lived in the chateaux. In the course of conversation he mentioned that his father lived but fifteen miles from Rouen, and that he was now on the way to visit him. His own name is Lazun.

"When he heard that I came from America, he immediately offered to be our guide in visiting the cathedral, and other curiosities of Rouen, an invitation which we gladly accepted.

"On separating for the night, our traveling companion said that we might expect him punctually at half-past ten the next morning to escort us. But when the hour arrived Mr. Lazun did not appear. The little French gilt clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven o'clock, then twelve, then one. The captain was fairly angry, and I must confess I was not at all pleased, for I had imagined he would come earlier than the hour. I am afraid I have but little penetration.

"We sallied out alone, but the day was hot, and the city dirty. We could not find the cathedral, and the captain would ask for no directions; so we returned to the hotel, where we had but just time to eat our dinner before the diligence arrived to take us away to Paris. You see what civility we meet with!

.

"I cannot say that I am happy. Yet I do not complain, for I am well fed and well clothed, but my heart and mind are oppressed by my dependent situation, which is hinted at on every occasion. I do *my best* to assist the family, but they are never satisfied with my efforts. Little Adele is at a boarding-school, so that I have no one to love; but say nothing of all this to any one. I would not have others know that I am unhappily placed.

"After my first communion, which is to take place next year, I shall endeavor to gain my own living, though I do not know yet in what way.

. "Write to me soon dear Winifred, for I am very lonely, and believe me, I remain always your sincerely attached friend,

Eleonore Eboli Carron."

CHAPTER VI.

Two young men were walking in the *Rue de Rivoli* one fine morning.

"There is a grand figure before us with a majestic walk," said one of them. "Walk faster. I would see her face."

"What! *you* run after a woman because she walks well? I thought you only admired intellect. Beauty never possesses it, do n't you know that yet, Victor Lazun?"

"No; you do n't know any thing about the matter. Faith! 't is the lady I met on board the steamboat between Rouen and Havre! I could not then ascertain her name, nor have I caught sight of her since till now. You know my father's illness compelled

me to leave Rouen at a minute's notice, and you know I only arrived in time to bid him farewell. But I will not now lose sight of her. I will know where she lives."

"You can easily do that!"

Monsieur Lazun saluted the lady; gave the reasons for his singular behavior at Rouen, which were kindly received, and taking leave, asked permission to call upon her, which she granted.

On returning from her walk she informed Madame Carron of having met Mr. Lazun, and of her giving him her address. A storm of reproaches followed this confession of her *indiscretion*, so that Eleonore concluded that if she made any friends it would not be through the aid of Madame Carron. In future she should not mention those she met.

But a few days elapsed before Eleonore met Mr. Lazun again. She gave him to understand, very delicately, that her guardian did not like to receive strangers. Which he answered, by saying that he should wait upon Mr. Carron at the earliest opportunity and show him some letters of recommendation, and also bring a friend with him, who was one of the first bankers in Paris, slightly acquainted with Mr. Carron. He thought he could satisfy any one as to his character and social position.

Eleonore heard this with pleasure, for she felt interested in Mr. Lazun, and as she had so few opportunities of conversing with agreeable people, looked upon the young man as quite a god-send.

It was not long before Mr. Carron received a visit from the two gentlemen, and upon the banker's sending up his name, they were immediately ushered into his study with great attention; but when the object of the visit was made known, "mine host" changed his tone, and rudeness took the place of courtesy. There was no mistaking his manner, and Mr. Lazun knew that his acquaintance was not desired, and that he must give up all thoughts of the fair Eleonore who had made so strong an impression on his fancy.

But fortunately, or unfortunately, my hero and heroine frequently walked in the same direction, (drawn probably by some mesmeric attraction)—by degrees they became strongly attached to each other, and finally, an engagement of marriage took place.

A hint from one of the servants, who had met the lovers in one of their walks, made *madame* send the young lady directly to the convent of St. Germain, for her communion. She was ordered never to think of marriage, (for Eleonore had immediately confessed her engagement,) she must make herself useful in the family to whom she owed every thing, and work she must and should for them all her life.

Eleonore made no reply to all this, but afterwards, in the solitude of her convent cell, she made this decision: "I *will* marry Victor Lazun—my debt of gratitude has been paid to my guardians. As a child, my only expense to them was clothing of the poorest quality. My food was not missed in the extravagant household which they kept. To their brother and sister I owe much, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Delombre. *They* taught me *all* that I know. Since my arrival in France I have embroidered all madame's collars, I have done the marketing, overlooked all household affairs, made preserves, done up the muslins, beside mending, sewing, and any little odd job which madame did not like herself.

"This has gone on for two years, and I have done it willingly, but now I am old enough to choose my future course, and shall do so."

This passage I have copied from a note which she sent to Victor Lazun on her departure for the convent. There, of course, he could not see her, but he well knew that his pretty cousin Victorine La Graviere was at the same convent, and with a little coaxing, he persuaded his aunt to take a note to Victorine, in which he begged his cousin to show Eleonore some kindness for his sake, though without mentioning his name or their relationship.

The acquaintance of the two girls soon ripened into friendship, and it was not long before young Lazun thought his aunt sufficiently interested in Eleonore through his own representations and Victorine's eulogies, to confide his secret to her care. Yes, dear reader! it was a secret, and you would have laughed to see the dismay on the face of the gentle Countess La Graviere when she learned of his intended marriage.

"But you are not going to marry this poor orphan, are you, Victor? With your rank and favor at court it is quite absurd?"

"I certainly shall, my dear aunt. As to my rank she knows nothing of that, nor my fortune either; so, thank God! she loves me for myself alone."

"Is this indeed so, Victor?"

"It is all settled. I am my own master, and will marry whom I please. I do wish you would ask her to visit you at your country-seat during the next month. You will be delighted with her. She is the very image of your sister-in-law the Marchioness Eugenie."

"She must be very beautiful then. I will see her, Victor, and invite her for your sake. But do not be hasty about the marriage. Think it over coolly. Your relations will be mortified, and I fear that the king will be much displeased."

"The king cares less for rank than most of his subjects. And as to my relations, *I* marry the girl, not they."

CHAPTER VII.

We must now allow six weeks to have passed by, and we shall find Eleonore at the chateau La Graviere, dressing for a fête which is to celebrate Victorine's birth-day. Victorine is assisting Eleonore.

"Only look at this pearl necklace of mine. It is beautiful, and you must wear it this evening," said Victorine.

Eleonore returned—"I have also a pearl necklace, which I value highly. It contains a miniature of my aunt. Here it is."

"What a resemblance to the marchioness. If I did not know that it was impossible, I should say that your aunt and mine were one and the same person. It is strange, now I perceive you have the

regular Grecian La Graviere nose. Papa will fall in love with you at once. He is always looking at my nose, and wondering there is not danger that it will not become one-sided. I believe if I were to fall from a carriage the first question he would ask, would be, 'Have you hit your nose?'"

"Your father will soon be here, will he not?" asked Eleonore.

"Yes, if the Duke of Orleans do not detain him. There will be eight gentlemen beside from the court. But I hear carriages. The neighboring guests have began to assemble, and I must help mamma to receive them—come!"

The ball-room was brilliantly lighted, and Eleonore's beauty was the theme of every tongue. Her dress was white satin, covered with white lace and looped with white roses. The only ornament she wore was the miniature necklace, clasped tightly around her throat.

The countess was delighted with the appearance of her young guest, and introduced her to all her particular friends. In about half an hour there was a rush in the hall; the folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown wide open, and the prince royal entered, leaning on the arm of Monsieur La Graviere, and followed by his suite.

Monsieur La Graviere, after saluting his wife and presenting her to the prince, turned away to pay his compliments to some of the ladies present, when his eye was suddenly caught by Eleonore's face, as she stood within a few feet of him. "Good God! my sister!" he exclaimed, impetuously.

"She does indeed resemble Aunt Eugenie! We all observed it," said Victorine.

"Introduce me, my child. What is her name?"

"Eleonore Carron."

"Carron—it was not his name. It is impossible."

The introduction was made, and the master of the castle was inquiring if she was a native of Paris, when he stopped short—started, and then said:

"Forgive me, mademoiselle; but is not that a miniature of my sister Eugenie in your necklace?"

Eleonore trembled, but she stood erect, and answered firmly. "It is a miniature of my aunt."

"And what was her name?"

"You will excuse my not answering any further questions."

"I hope you will forgive my rudeness, when you see its likeness to my sister," continued the count. "Here she comes!"

Eleonore turned pale, for she felt that the hour was at hand that would reveal her name and kindred. Her self-command increased in proportion. Pride forbade any manifestation of emotion before those who spurned the mother who gave her birth; yet when she saw a face streaming with tears before her, that she knew belonged to her mother's only and dear sister; when she received a warm embrace, and heard in a soft voice, these words—"I know it is Eleonore Eboli, my beloved niece!" The poor child sighed "Yes!" and then fainted.

She was quickly carried out, and though soon restored to consciousness, did not venture again into the saloon. She was in the arms of an aunt, a cousin sat beside her; they both gave thanks to God that she had been brought to them; they wept when she told them of her mother's death. And the poor marchioness said—

"I will be your mother in future, dear child! you shall no longer be an orphan. I am rich, and all that can be done to contribute to your happiness will be freely bestowed."

Here Eleonore summoned courage, and with downcast eyes and faltering words, told her aunt that her destiny was decided, she should become the wife of a young architect of Paris. He was poor in purse, but rich in affection, and she begged her aunt to say nothing against their marriage, till at least, she had seen the youth.

"She is like her mother in heart as well as in form," sighed the marchioness. "But come, Eleonore, I think we must go to bed; we have had happiness enough for one night, and you, Victorine, must return to the ball; his royal highness will miss those bright eyes!"

With many a kind embrace they then separated for the night.

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About an hour before breakfast, Victorine and Eleonore were taking their morning promenade on a terrace that overlooked the Seine, and Eleonore was unburthening her heart to her cousin, when Victorine exclaimed—

"Here comes the prince!"

"Good God! he is arm in arm with Victor Lazun!"

"Yes, that is *my* cousin, but not *yours*."

"Your cousin!!! with the prince too. Ah! what will happen next; I hardly know now what I am saying, my senses are bewildered, one strange scene succeeds another till I almost doubt my own identity!"

"I salute you, ladies," said the prince. "My lord duke and I have been rifling your flower-beds. May I present you this bouquet?"

"My flowers will feel grateful for your highness' attentions," said Victorine.

"Forgive me, Eleonore," said young Lazun, "you will not love me the less now that I am a duke and peer of France. I am still Victor Lazun, as you are Eleonore Eboli.

—

I had recently arrived in Paris. A ball was given at the Tuilleries, and many Americans were there. We stood in rows through which the royal family passed, followed by several maids of honor and ladies of the bed-chamber.

I caught my breath as one passed near me. "Who is that?" said I to a friend, who was well acquainted at court.

"It is the Duchess of Lazun, the intimate friend of the Princess Marie of Orleans. She is a great favorite with all the royal family, and her husband also. But here she comes again."

Our eyes met, we recognized each other—my readers may guess the rest.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(*Continued from page* 72.)

The costume of the Catholic church at the altar has always been prominent and unchangeable, and even the secular garb of its priests has undergone fewer mutations than that of any other class of the community. All, however, will be struck with the marked difference between the following portrait of a young abbé and the churchmen of to-day.



We have to do, generally, in this and the following articles merely with the fashionable dress of the day, and therefore might omit all that related to what the noblesse were pleased to call the *bas peuple;* we will, however, give a portrait of a famous French Intendant of that day, filling an office the English call a steward. Except that the coat is plainer, that there is no sword, and that the *coiffure* is less labored, it is almost identical with the first engraving given.



An examination of the above will show that one great difference between the costumes of that day and our own was the use of powder; a stupid fashion which nothing but the confusion of the French revolution could do away with, yet which was adhered to with the most wonderful tenacity. Another whim was the habit of wearing the sword, which may be said yet more positively to separate the eighteenth from the nineteenth century. This habit, which had its use in the days of the *Ligne* and the *Fronde*, lasted till the commencement of the present century. Etiquette absolutely required that all who presented themselves within the sacred precincts of Versailles should be thus decked, and it became ultimately a passport, so that the shopkeeper, dancing-master and *coiffeur* had only thus to deck themselves, and they might jostle in the stairway of the palace gentlemen as noble as the king. This, however, all disappeared amid the revolution, when the pike and musket usurped the place of the gilded rapier.

The materials of the fashionable coat of that day were Brussels' camlet, velvet or silk. At this time we can form little idea of the variety of colors worn; black, green, blue, rose, yellow and violet all were seen. The waistcoat was not a *gilet*, but reached the hip, extending below which were breeches, which being worn like a sailor's, without suspenders, had from time to time to be hitched up by the hands. In the cold winter of 1739 the English gaiters and over-coat were worn for the first time, and to this new fashion an old French nobleman attributed the decay of the monarchy.

The fashions of the present time date from the days of Louis XVI. and when we come to treat of his reign, we shall see the passing away and development of the old and new modes. Nor do they disappear alone, for classes go with them. Having been rejected as a livery unworthy of men, the beings who had glittered in them disappeared like shadows, either because they had really been annihilated, or had been regenerated under the new order of things. Among the classes which thus disappeared was the *Morgues*, the gilded type of French folly, not the creature, but the butt of the wit of Moliere; a compound of pride, insipidity and wit, of politeness and impudence, of gallantry and impertinence, of affectation and good manners. Not even comedy preserves them. Dandies are eternal—for such were the *Muscadins*, the *Mervelleux* and the *Incroyables*, but the *Morgues* are gone. With the Morgues disappeared their younger brothers, the abbés and *mousquetaires*, and with their estates the *intendants*. [*To be continued.*

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THIS noble songster, the pride of the American forest, is peculiar to the New World. So greatly superior are its powers of melody to those of any European bird, that long after the discovery of the western continent, reports of its existence were treated as a mere fable, akin to the other unnatural marvels with which an excited imagination peopled our vast forests. And this skepticism will appear the more excusable when we remember that few persons, who have never heard the mocking-bird, have any sufficient conception of his powers of imitation, the sweetness of his melody, or the wildness of his native tones. When these are in full display, the forest resounds with a succession of notes, as though from every warbler of the grove, so that the listener, instead of believing that he hears only one bird, seems to be surrounded with myriads. Nor is this power confined to imitations of song. With the strains of the Thrush and Warbler, chime in the wail of the Whippoor-will, the crowing of the cock, and the loud scream of the eagle. The mewing of cats, the whistling of man, and the grating sounds of brute matter, form variations to this singular chorus, blended and linked together in so artful a manner as to surpass immeasurably every performance of the kind in the whole range of animated creation. "With the dawn of morning," says Nuttall, "while yet the sun lingers below the blushing horizon, our sublime songster in his native wilds, mounted on the topmost branch of a tall bush or tree in the forest, pours out his admirable song, which, amid the multitude of notes from all the warbling host, still rises pre-eminent, so that his solo is heard alone, and all the rest of the musical choir appear employed in mere accompaniments to this grand actor in the sublime opera of nature." Nor is the power of the Mocking-bird confined to mere imitation. His native tones are sweet, bold and clear; these he blends with the borrowed music in such a manner as to render the whole a complete chorus of song. While singing he spreads his wings, elevates his head, and moves rapidly from one position to another. Some observers have even fancied a regularity in his motions, as though keeping time to his own music. Not unfrequently he darts high into the air with a scream which at once silences every warbler of the grove.

Writers on Ornithology have sometimes amused themselves by comparing the powers of the Mocking-bird with those of the Nightingale. Barrington, a distinguished British naturalist, who had heard the American bird, declares him to be equal to the Nightingale in every respect, but thinks the song spoiled by frequent mixture of disagreeable sounds. On this opinion Wilson has the following remarks:

"If the Mocking-bird be fully equal to the song of the Nightingale, and, as I can with confidence add, not only to that, but to the song of almost every

other bird, beside being capable of exactly imitating various other sounds and voices of animals, his vocal powers are unquestionably superior to those of the Nightingale, which possesses its own native notes alone. Further, if we consider, as is asserted by Mr. Barrington, that one reason of the Nightingale's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night; and if we believe, with Shakspeare, that

> The Nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than a Wren,

what must we think of that bird who, in the glare of day, when a multitude of songsters are straining their throats in melody, overpowers all competition, and by the superiority of his voice, expression and action, not only attracts every ear, but frequently strikes dumb his mortified rivals, when the silence of night, as well as the bustle of the day, bear witness to his melody; and whenever in captivity, in a foreign country, he is declared, by the best judges in that country, to be fully equal to the song of their sweetest bird in its whole compass? The supposed degradation of his song by the introduction of extraneous sounds and unexpected imitations, is in fact one of the chief excellencies of this bird, as these changes give a perpetual novelty to the strain, keep attention constantly awake, and impress every hearer with a deeper interest in what is to follow. In short, if we believe in the truth of that mathematical axiom, that the whole is greater than a part, all that is excellent or delightful, amusing or striking, in the music of birds, must belong to that admirable songster, whose vocal powers are equal to the whole compass of their whole strains."

Confinement does not seem to have much effect upon the Mocking-bird's song. In the cage it is a most agreeable pet, seeming to exert itself to give pleasure. Even at night, when all else is hushed to rest, it pours forth its magical notes, which ring along the solitary haunts of man with strange cadence, and as echoes of a more beautiful sphere. Its chief pleasure consists in deceiving the animals of the household. "He whistles for the dog," says the author quoted above, "Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, fully and faithfully." Those taken when wild are the best singers; when raised by hand they should be kept perfectly clean, and at first fed regularly every half hour, on milk thickened with Indian meal. This should occasionally be mingled with cherries, strawberries, cedar-berries, insects, especially spiders, and fine gravel. Meat, cut very fine, is also given. Attempts, partially successful, have been made to breed them in confinement.

The Mocking-bird is found in all our forests from the Great Lakes to Mexico. It was once abundant in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but has been driven thence by the amateur sportsman. It delights, however, in a warm climate, and especially one like that of Carolina, low, and near the sea. From the middle of April to the middle of May embraces the time of building, the season varying with the climate and nature of the spring. The nest is mostly placed upon a solitary thorn or cedar-bush, often close to the habitation of man, whose society this bird seems to court. The eggs are four or five in number, blue, with large brown spots. The female rears two broods in a season, during which time she is closely guarded, fed and enlivened by the male. The courage of these birds in defending their young is astonishing. During the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. Their great enemy is the black-snake. When the male perceives this wily foe, he darts rapidly upon it, and to avoid its bite, strikes rapidly about the head and eyes, until the enemy, blinded and baffled, hastens to retreat. But his little antagonist pursues, redoubling his efforts until the snake is killed. Then joining his mate, the victor pours forth his loudest strains, seemingly in celebration of his good fortune.

The Mocking-bird is nine and a half inches long, and thirteen broad. The upper parts of the head, neck and back are a brownish ash color. The wings and tail nearly black, tipped with white. The male is distinguished by having the whole nine primaries of the wings of a clear white, while but seven are of that color in the female, with whom also the color inclines to dun. The tail is cuneiform; the legs and feet strong and black; bill of the same color; the eye yellowish, inclining to golden. His plumage, like that of the nightingale, is sober and pleasing, and his figure neat, active and inspiriting.

A bird, called by Nuttall, the Mountain Mocking-bird, possesses considerable powers of imitation. It is found on the vast table-lands of Oregon and Mexico. It is smaller than its valuable relative, somewhat different in shape and color, and possesses much power and sweetness of tone. The eggs are emerald green. Little, however, is known of this bird.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY CLARA.

HERE, on the threshold of the year, we feel
New thoughts. New plans perplex the mental view,
And fain would we endeavor thus to heal
The *Old Year's* disappointments in the *New*.

As ends the year, to us all time must end—
As time's knell soundeth, so our knell must toll—
Oh! may our lives so pass, that we may mend
The BODY'S SORROWS in the RISEN SOUL.

THE LOST NOTES.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

"You could not have made your application at a more apropos time, my good fellow," said a pale, emaciated invalid, who was seated on an easy chair in his own chamber, addressing a fine, intelligent-looking young man near him; "I had exactly the sum you want paid to me very unexpectedly yesterday. I had the good fortune some years ago to assist a friend with a few hundred dollars, but though the money was serviceable at the time, he eventually became a bankrupt, and as I had only his note for the loan, I never expected to receive any thing from him. Yesterday, however, he came and put into my hand two bank notes of a thousand dollars each, which was the amount of my own money and the legal interest upon it. I am very happy to be able to accommodate you, though I am sorry at the same time to find you are under the necessity of borrowing."

"It is a painful circumstance," replied the other, but happily it does not arise from any fault of my own."

"I never imagined it did," returned the master of the house, "and consequently had no hesitation in promising to assist you. But pray, may I ask what has occasioned so painful a necessity?"

"I came with the full intention of explaining it to you," said the young man, whom we will here introduce to our readers by the name of Norman Horton. "Do not leave the room, Lucy, I beg," he continued, addressing a lovely girl, who had hitherto sat sewing at a distant window, but who at this moment rose to quit the apartment. "I have nothing to say that I would not wish you to hear."

"I am sure you have not," said Mr. Woodford, "so sit still, Lucy dear." Then turning, as his daughter resumed her seat and her work, to Horton, he added, "My lease of life is so nearly expired that I am afraid to let my nurse leave me even for a few minutes, lest my warning to quit should come when she is away from me. The spasms to which I have for some time been subject have of late increased so much in violence, that I believe my physicians have little hope of my surviving another. But I am interfering with your explanation, which I am anxious to hear; for, though so nearly done with this world myself, I still retain my interest in the welfare of those I esteem. So go on, Norman, and let me hear what you were going to say."

"You are aware," returned Horton, with an expression of countenance that proved the subject to be a painful one to him, "that my poor father frequently involved himself in difficulties. At one time he became so embarrassed that his farm was condemned by the court, and would have been sold by the sheriff, had not his friends, for my mother's sake, made great efforts in his favor. It is unnecessary for me to trouble you with all the particulars; suffice it to say, that the person who had intended to sell took a mortgage on the place, for two thousand dollars, still retaining the right which the court had given, of making a sale at any moment that he chose. This mortgage and privilege he last year transferred to old Hinkley, and he, though his interest has been regularly paid, and though he has never even asked for the principal, is, I find, about to seize upon and sell the property."

"Is it possible? Are you sure of it? Have you heard it from himself?"

"Yes; I went to him as soon as I had an intimation on the subject, and found him determined; nor could I prevail upon him to promise to give me any time to look about me, except on a condition, which he had before proposed to me, but which I cannot possibly comply with."

"And what may that be?" asked the master of the house.

"That I would consent to become his son-in-law," replied Norman, whilst his cheeks became tinged with a color not unworthy of a young girl.

"Truly, I should suppose that would be no very unacceptable proposal," returned Mr. Woodford, with a smile. "Maria Hinckley is a very sweet, pretty girl, and is generally thought a very amiable one. Beside which, it is well known she will have a very handsome fortune."

"That is all very true, and I admire Maria exceedingly; but, unfortunately, there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way."

"You mean, I suppose, that you are not in love, whatever she may be."

"I have no reason to imagine that she is any more in love with me than I am with her."

"But may it not be worth while, my young friend," said Mr. Woodford, in a serious tone, "to consider whether this love which young people are so apt to think indispensable, is really so essential as they imagine. I am myself disposed to think that if there is care taken to choose a partner with amiable dispositions and correct principles, there would be as much real happiness found in the end, as if they allowed themselves to be wholly guided by the love that is proverbially blind."

"But if the little god has happened to stumble in the way first," said Horton, laughing, "what is to be done then?"

"Ah, true, that is another matter. I forgot at the time what was whispered about that pretty little Miss Shirley, who paid your mother so long a visit last summer. She was, indeed, a very fine girl, and as she and Lucy have been such great friends ever

since they became acquainted, I would advise you, if you are not quite sure of your ground, to bespeak the interest of your old school-fellow and playmate. What say you, Lucy? You would do your best to aid Norman's cause, would you not?" But Lucy, who had before been sewing at a wonderful rate, just at the moment her father appealed to her, happened to drop her needle, so that when he paused for a reply, she was too much occupied in searching the carpet to give it.

"Let me assist you," said Horton, but before he reached the place where the needle had dropt, she had found it, and risen from her bending posture.

"Why, my child, you have sent all the blood of your body into your face, by stooping to search for that foolish needle," said her father. And, indeed, the poor girl's face was a perfect scarlet, and the beautifully defined shades of white and red, which were amongst her striking beauties, were completely destroyed.

"You hav n't told us yet," continued the father, as Lucy made a slight effort to shake back the bright auburn tresses which seemed to try to curtain her face till it recovered its usual hue, "whether you will give Norman your vote and interest."

"Oh, certainly, papa! Norman knows well enough it will always give me pleasure to be of service to him," said the young girl, but in consequence, perhaps, of the blood having been forced into her head, her voice had not its sweet silvery sound, but seemed husky and scarcely audible.

"As soon as I have settled Hinckley's affair, I believe I shall be tempted to come and make a trial of your kindness," said the young man; "but as long as I am in his clutches, it would be inexcusable in me to try to involve any other person in my fortunes."

"We will soon give him his quietus," returned Mr. Woodford; "Lucy, dear, where did I put those notes?"

"I do n't know, papa, I never saw them. Indeed I did n't know you had received them till I heard you mention it just now."

"That 's strange! You are always with me, and know every thing I either do or say."

"But you know you sent me yesterday morning to see brother Henry, when sister sent word he was sick; and I suppose the gentleman came while I was away."

"Ah, true, so he did; and where was I dear—what room was I in. Sickness has destroyed my memory so entirely that I cannot remember any thing."

"I left you in the breakfast-room reading, and when I came back, you were in this room lying down."

"Yes, I remember now, I felt what I thought were premonitory symptoms of spasms, and hastened to lie down. But no doubt I put the notes by first, though where I don't recollect. Go, dear, and look in my desk. You will probably find them in the large red pocket-book or in one of the little drawers, or—"

"I will look every where, papa," interrupted Lucy, who had now recovered her voice and natural color, and immediately left the room.

"It seems a strange thing," said Mr. Woodford, turning to his companion, "that I should be so careless about such a sum of money; but the fact is, I had already set my house in order, as far as money matters are concerned, and was therefore almost sorry to have my mind called back to such a subject, from things of so much higher importance."

"There is one thing, however, in the business," said Norman, "which cannot fail to be gratifying, and that is the proof your friend has given of his honorable feelings."

"Yes, that gave me sincere pleasure; and, indeed, I do n't pretend to say that the money itself was not very acceptable, for though we have had enough to live upon comfortably whilst all together, it will be but a small portion for each when divided amongst my large family."

Lucy now returned to the room, but with a look of disappointment. The notes were no where to be found. Again and again she was sent on various errands of search, but all proved equally fruitless.

"I should not wonder, after all," said the invalid, "if I merely put them into my pocket till you came home;" and as he spoke he began to draw one piece of paper out of his pockets after another—but the right ones were not there.

"Papa," said Lucy, and the color almost forsook her cheeks, "you gave me some paper out of your pocket last night to light the lamp with."

"And what sort of paper was it?" asked the father.

"It was too dark for me to see it, but it felt soft and thin.

"Was it single or double?"

"It was double; but I cannot tell whether it was in one or two pieces."

"What did you do with the part that was not consumed? If the number is left, the money may still be obtained."

"I threw it into the fire," replied Lucy, in a mournful tone.

"Then I am afraid it is gone," said the father. "But keep up your spirits, Norman, I have promised my aid, and you shall have it, unless death overtake me before I have time to make the arrangement. I cannot think of letting one so deserving be trodden on by the foot of persecution."

"For myself," returned Horton, "it would not be of much consequence to have to begin the world again, even with very limited means. I am young and healthy, and have had an education which has put many resources in my power. But my poor mother! It would go hard, indeed, at her age, and with her delicate health, to be turned away from the scene of all her early pleasures, and which is endeared to her by a thousand tender associations."

"It must not be," said the invalid; "and I will see after the business as soon as I have taken a little rest; but at present I feel rather exhausted."

Horton then took leave, and Lucy, after assisting her father to lie down, resumed her accustomed seat,

and began to sew, her active mind keeping pace with her no less active fingers. With painful anxiety she dwelt on the state of her only surviving parent, and on the loneliness and destitution in which she would be left were he to be taken from her. It was true she had a brother older than herself, but she remembered with a sigh, how little either he or his wife were calculated to fill up the vacuum. The rest of the children were all younger than herself, and were consequently of an age rather to require protection than to render it. A sister of her father's had promised to remain with the younger branches of the family, but though a well-meaning woman, she was but a poor substitute for the parent that was about to be taken from her. Then her thoughts would turn to Norman Horton's embarrassments, and to the distress of his poor mother—and the tears of sympathy often filled her soft beautiful eyes, though they were as often dashed away, lest they should be observed by her father. Indeed, the gentle, self-denying girl, had learnt to deprive herself, almost wholly, of the luxury of tears, from an anxiety to keep her parent's mind composed and tranquil. But nature would sometimes have its course, and on this day it was unusually imperative. "It would be strange if I did not feel for Mrs. Horton," she argued with herself, as if anxious to find an excuse for the tears which in spite of her utmost efforts would course each other down her cheeks. "It would be most ungrateful of me did I not do so, for ever since mother's death she has behaved to me with even maternal tenderness. It is true I have not seen much of her of late, but that is certainly not owing to any fault of hers." The truth is that since the visit of Miss Shirley to Mrs. Horton, Norman and Lucy had met much less frequently than formerly. That young lady had hinted to Lucy the probability of an engagement taking place between herself and Norman, and as he had since that time been a much less frequent visiter at Mr. Woodford's, Lucy concluded that the engagement had actually taken place. It was a subject which she had never ventured either to inquire into, or even to examine her own bosom upon. for though in the habit of scrutinizing her thoughts and feelings on all others, on this one she was a complete coward, and preferred remaining in ignorance to risking the result of an investigation. It was true that from what Norman had said that morning, it was evident no actual engagement yet existed, but as it was equally evident that it was a thing he desired, she was determined to use whatever influence she had in forwarding his wishes, though she at the same time felt ashamed of the strange sensations that the probability of being called upon to perform such an office, excited in her mind. She was, however, roused from these interesting though painful reveries by the voice of her father. On going to his bed-side she was exceedingly alarmed at the expression of his countenance, and the blueness round his mouth, which always preceded one of his severe attacks.

"Go, Lucy," said he, in a feeble voice, "and look in the private drawer in my writing-desk. I had my desk open to write a receipt, and I may perhaps have put the notes in that drawer."

"But, papa, you will be left alone," objected the daughter.

"Send your aunt to me," returned the invalid, "and look well, for I am exceedingly anxious on poor Norman's account."

Lucy did as desired, but with a faint and trembling heart; first, however, dispatching one of her brothers to summon the doctor, for there was a something about her father's look that seemed to say, they would soon be an orphan family.

The writing-desk was diligently searched, and every paper it contained carefully examined, but in vain, and she was just turning the key to lock it again, when she was hastily called by her aunt, who said her father had made two or three attempts to speak, but she could not understand him. Lucy ran with all the speed of which she was capable to the bed-side of the invalid, but could scarcely restrain a scream of horror at sight of the frightful change that had taken place in the few minutes she had been absent. The blueness that she had before observed around his mouth had extended to his lips, and his whole face wore that expression that all who have attended the bed of death know as the indications of approaching dissolution. The moment she appeared he motioned to her to put her head close to his mouth, when he said, in a voice scarcely audible, "I know now, they are in the—" but the last word, though evidently spoken, could not be heard.

"Never mind the notes, dear papa," cried Lucy, in an agony of distress, "only keep yourself composed and let them take their chance."

But the dying man shook his head, and again attempted to speak. "Look in the—" but again the word died away, and though the anxious girl laid her ear close to the blue and stiffening lips, she was unable to catch a shadow of the sound which they emitted. After lying a few minutes as if to collect the small portion of strength yet remaining, the sufferer made another effort, and again Lucy put her ear to his now cold lips, and stretched every faculty to catch the sound, far more, however, for the sake of satisfying him, than on account of the money itself; but the word "in" was all she could distinguish. Distressed beyond measure at seeing his ineffectual efforts, she cried, "Do n't attempt to speak, dear papa, but let me guess, and if I am right only make a motion of assent." She then guessed the breakfast-table drawer, the drawer in her own work-box, and a variety of similar places, but received no intimation in return. Whilst thus engaged the physican arrived, who, struck with the extreme stillness of his patient, endeavored to raise his head, but in so doing he found that life was already extinct, and the spirit which had made its last effort in an attempt to aid a fellow-creature, had burst its prison bars.

We pass over the grief of the mourning family. Those who have never experienced such an affliction could have little idea of it from our description, and those who have already tasted the bitter cup,

have no need of any thing to give clearness to their perceptions. Suffice it, then, to say, that after the first paroxysms of grief were over, Lucy's mind reverted to the state of her friends from whom she had received many kind and sympathizing messages, and assurances that nothing but severe sickness would have prevented Mrs. Horton from offering them in person. After some consideration about how she should act, Lucy determined it would only be right to inform Norman of her father's ineffectual efforts to serve him, and for this purpose she sent a request that he would call upon her. He was not long obeying the summons, and entered the room with a countenance little less agitated than her own.

"I would not have waited to be told to come," said he, in a tone of deep feeling, "had I not been afraid of my visit being attributed to a selfish motive."

"I know well that selfishness forms no part of your character," replied Lucy, making a strong effort to speak with composure; "but though my poor father was deprived of the pleasure of serving you, I was anxious you should know that his very last efforts were made in your behalf. Could I have made out his last words, you might still have had the assistance you require."

"I beg you will not trouble yourself any more about the matter," returned Horton, endeavoring to speak cheerfully. "The worst, I believe, is now over, for the sheriff is already in possession of the place."

"And your mother?" said Lucy, raising her soft eyes in anxious suspense to his face.

"She has been, and is still ill, but I hope she is gradually becoming more resigned. Transplantation, however, will, I fear, go hard with her."

"Take care, Norman," said Lucy, earnestly, "that you bring not severe repentance upon yourself by exposing her to it."

"But what can I do? I have no alternative. I have left no stone unturned to procure the money; and if a few months had been allowed me, I could easily have obtained it, but this is just the time when everybody's money is locked up."

"Mr. Hinckley offered you an alternative," said Lucy, timidly.

"And is it possible that you can advise me to accept it, Lucy! Can you, who know what it is to love, offer me such advice?"

"Who told you I knew how to love?" asked Lucy, in a tone of extreme alarm.

"I scarcely know whether it is honorable in me to repeat what was told me in confidence, but I had it from Emma Shirley that you had accepted the addresses of Joseph Constant."

"Then she must have been trying the extent of your credulity," returned the young girl, with a look of ingenuousness that could not for a moment be doubted, "for she knew very well that he was an object of actual dislike to me."

"And yet he has visited you for a long time both regularly and frequently," said Horton, whilst his eyes began to sparkle, and the cloud that had for months overspread his fine countenance was rapidly dispersing.

"He has come to the house both regularly and frequently, it is true, but never with my consent. Brother Henry, I scarcely know why, has undertaken to espouse his cause, and to bring him here. Though exceedingly annoyed at the circumstance, I could not bear to complain of it to papa, for fear of agitating him, and therefore satisfied myself with taking good care that my own sentiments were clearly understood."

"Lucy," said Horton, taking her hand tenderly, whilst a soul full of happiness and affection beamed in his eyes, "as long as I believed your heart to be disengaged, I used to flatter myself with the hope of one day making it mine; and now that I find it is still at liberty, the same fond hope is again swelling in my bosom and urging me to renew my endeavors. Say, dearest Lucy, would the effort be altogether a hopeless one?"

We cannot pretend to say what was Lucy's reply, but we know the hand he had taken still remained in his possession, when an hour or two had elapsed and they began to think about the passage of time. Never once during that period had the thought of old Hinckley and his inveterate persecution entered their heads; or if for a moment the circumstance of having but little to commence life with obtruded itself on their recollection, it was met without fear or apprehension. They were both young, vigorous and active, and though they might have to work a little harder, their toil would be sweetened by the delightful idea that they mutually labored for each other.

"It will still be a hard struggle for my poor mother," said Horton, after his full heart had so far found vent as to enable him to turn his thoughts once more on his sorrowing parent; "but she loves us both too well to grieve long when she sees us so happy."

"And though," said Lucy, "she will have to live in a much smaller house, and to exchange her large and beautiful garden for a very circumscribed one, she will still have the rich garden of nature to look at; and beside, she will have another child to watch over her, and administer to her comfort."

The day of sale arrived, and it having been proposed by Lucy that Norman should bring his mother to spend that day with her, that she might be out of the way of the noise and bustle with which the house would necessarily be surrounded. The old lady came at an early hour, and Lucy exerted her every art to amuse her, and divert her mind from what was going on at home. As she was still a great invalid, she was obliged to recline almost constantly on the sofa, but she proved how much her thoughts clung to the home that was about to be so cruelly taken away from her, by the frequent questions she asked.

"Are the people beginning to gather yet, Lucy?" she asked, as she observed Lucy's face turned toward the window which commanded a view of the place.

"Every thing seems very quiet yet," returned her affectionate attendant.

"I see two, three, nine, seven wagons," said Lucy's little sister.

"And I see a great many men riding," said a little fellow still younger than she who had just spoken. Lucy, anxious to stop the children's remarks, enticed them away from the window by giving them a picture-book to look at. Then turning to Mrs. Horton, she asked if she could not read something to her to amuse her.

"Amusement is out of the question, dear," said the invalid, "but you may read something that will give me a useful lesson. Take the Bible, my child, and read the sermon on the mount. I always feel myself a better woman after I have read it."

Lucy took her father's large quarto Bible, and the children, leaving their own pictures, came to stand by her as she did so, for it was beautifully illustrated, and they were anxious to see the engravings, which they had seldom a chance of doing, as it was too valuable a book for them to be allowed to touch themselves. But just as Lucy was opening it, the little boy, who happened to turn his head to the window, exclaimed, "Look! look at that man standing up above all the rest, and flourishing something in his hand!" Mrs. Horton heaved a deep sigh, and turned her face toward the back of the sofa, whilst Lucy, making a motion to the children to be silent, began to read. But just as she had pronounced the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," a servant came to tell her she was wanted, and giving the children permission (by way of keeping them quiet) to look at the pictures whilst she was absent, she left the room. She was not gone many minutes, but when she came back she found that they had been disputing which should turn over the leaves, and in the struggle they had let the ponderous volume fall on the floor, where it still lay, with the leaves doubled in all directions. Mortified to see a book that her father had always forbidden the children to touch so abused, she ran to lift it up, and as she did so, two pieces of paper fell from between some of the leaves. But what was her surprise and delight, on looking at them, to see they were the two lost notes. Uttering a scream of delight, she ran out of the room, without even stopping to tell Mrs. Horton what she had found, from the fear that the auctioneer's hammer might fall before she got within hearing. Camilla herself could scarcely have flown more rapidly across the intermediate fields, and just at the moment that the hammer was descending, evidently for the last time, she contrived to make her cry of "stop! stop!" heard, and the auctioneer's hand was instantly arrested. The next moment Norman was at her side. The rest may be easily imagined. There is none, we presume, who will not rejoice at the defeat of Norman's ungenerous persecutor; nor is there a heart so cold as not to sympathize with the invalid mother at finding she was still to remain in the home endeared to her by so many tender reminiscences, or with the young lovers, at the happy prospect that was opened out before them by the recovery of the lost notes.

AN HOUR AMONG THE DEAD.

(WRITTEN IN A CEMETERY.)

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES.

Alone, withdrawn from all the thoughtless throng,
I seek in solitude a peaceful hour,
Nor deem that others who are gay are wrong,
If midst multipled cares they have such power.
But I would commune with my heavy heart
Beneath the foliage of this lonely bower;
Perchance a soothing vision here may start,
Or at my feet may rise some tender flower,
Refreshing to the wounded spirit's thirst,
Which for the moment I may call my own,
Unlike the hopes and buds that gladdened first,
And paled and withered 'neath the world's rude frown.
But hope seems vain, for round me sleep the dead,
Who quaffed their pleasures, and at last laid down,
While all the aims and sweets of life have fled,
And twining grass is now their mournful crown

Yet there is something soothing in the air;
The thrush sings softly as it flits along;
The towering trees shut out the sun's bold glare,
And round my temples breathes the wind's low song:
A katy-did chirps on a marble urn,
The distant doves their plaintive moans prolong,
And sweet perfumes arise where'er I turn,
To woo a wand'rer from a world of wrong.

And why should one look further for a grave,
And seek vain pomps and plaudits ere he die?
Earth's gold is venom, each great king a slave
To some vile passion, and enjoyments fly
We know not whither, but they ne'er return;
And memory brings but a tear or sigh
For moments lost, for bliss we once could spurn,
Bright dreams of youth, or friends that buried lie.

Under yon willow bending near the brook,
Where crystal waters glide the shrubs among—
Where a lone mortal, with abstracted look,
Is brooding o'er some grief his heart hath stung
Methinks that one might bid a last farewell,
To all the foes that here his bosom wrung,
And like the martyr who, forgiving, fell,
Ask no sad requiem o'er his ashes sung.
O, in the final and oblivious rest,
I would recline beneath such hallowed sod,
Where flowers sweet might bloom above my breast,
No longer mark for Slander's pointed rod!
And yet a day must come when e'en the dead
Will bid adieu to the dark valley's clod,
And all the just, with spotless pinions spread,
Shall soar above to their effulgent God!

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY E. L. BULWER.

The soul really grand is only tested in its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light—its instinctive rebound into higher air—after some error that has darked its vision and soiled its plumes.

BY G. H. BOKER.

You tread on dangerous ground,
A mental bog that quakes beneath your feet.
These words would seem to come from humbleness,
And low opinion of yourself and man,
Yet are engendered by the rankest pride,
Arrayed in robes of meek humility—
Stop! the next step is infidelity!
Contempt for man begets contempt for God;
He who hates man, must scorn the source of man,
And challenge, as unwise, his awful Maker.
The next step, doubt—and then comes unbelief;
Last, you raise man above all else beside,
And make him chiefest in the universe.
So, from a self-contempt grows impious pride,
Which swells your first-thought pigmy to a giant,
And gives the puffed up atom fancied sway.
God is! Philosophy here ends her flight!
This is the height and term of human reason;
A fact that, like the whirling Norway pool,
Draws to its centre all things, swallows all.
How can you know God's nature to Himself?
How learn His purpose in creating man?
Enough for you to know that here you are—
A thought of God made manifest on earth.
Ah, yet His voice is heard within the heart,
Faint, but oracular, it whispers there;
Follow that voice, love all, and trust to Him.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GODMAN.

I never see a fairy girl, with health's glow upon her cheek, and love's light in her beaming eye; I never hear her silvery laugh, and listen to the echo of her sweet voice, but I think of the darkness of coming years. I have seen so many a beautiful thing wither and fall to the grave; I have watched the overthrow of so many earthly schemes, and noted the death of so many earthly hopes, that I tremble for the trusting, warm heart, which I know must ere long bleed over some faded dream or withered idol. I have stood by the low, calm resting-place of age, where the aged man, with his snowy locks, was sweetly sleeping; but I shed no tear over his fate. For must it not be pleasant, after a long life of care and toil, and it may be of suffering, to lie down at last in the grave, to bid adieu to a changing world, and welcome the joys of everlasting life? But my tears have watered the fresh sod beneath which slumbered the young, the gay, the beautiful. I have wept, Heaven knows how bitterly, over the blighting of youthful loveliness—over the faded wreath of earthly love. But amid all the gloom, all the decay around, there comes a soft, sweet whisper—a low, gentle breathing, as from an angel's lips, soothing the heart, and pouring into the bleeding bosom the balm of consolation.

The following beautiful poem is taken from a volume recently published in London, entitled, "Poems by a Sempstress," and has never been reprinted in this country. It possesses great merits, and if the authorship be authentic, is certainly a remarkable production.

THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green twining arms, a pleasant shade,
A summer-noon is made;
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers;
Dream I—nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the faculty is giv'n
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all appliances of joys at hand;
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command,
Viands that might a god-like palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies;
Dream I—nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart, elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingling notes;
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is done, and darkness doth begin;
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,
On winter nights, just covered from the sky;
Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,
Yet, thou blind soulless scorner! yet, I dream.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream what, were man more just, I might have been!
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien,
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen:
Such is my dream.

And, yet, I dream—
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eye,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness on high,
And the last rage of destiny defy;
Resolved, alone to live—alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come;
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest, unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace, the past forget!
Thus do I dream.

BY JOHN KEATS.

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.

From "Life and Literary Remains of Keats, by R. M. Milnes."

With your patience, I will return to Wordsworth—whether or no he has an extended vision or a circumscribed grandeur—whether he is an eagle in his nest or

on the wing; and, to be more explicit, and to show you how tall I stand by the giant, I will put down a simile of human life, as far as I now perceive it; that is, to the point to which I say we both have arrived at. Well, I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the infant or thoughtless chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it, but are, at length, imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber, which I shall call the chamber of maiden-thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. We see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of, is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man, of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heart-break, pain, sickness, and oppression; whereby this chamber of maiden-thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist, *we* are in that state, we feel the "Burden of the Mystery." To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote "Tintern Abbey," and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. Now if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them. He is a genius and superior [to] us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them. Here I must think Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though I think it has depended more upon the general and gregarious advance of intellect than individual greatness of mind. From the "Paradise Lost," and the other works of Milton, I hope it is not too presuming, even between ourselves, to say, that his philosophy, human and divine, may be tolerably understood by one not much advanced in years. In his time, Englishmen were just emancipated from a great superstition, and men had got hold of certain points and resting-places in reasoning which were too newly born to be doubted, and too much opposed by the rest of Europe, not to be thought ethereal and authentically divine. Who could gainsay his ideas on virtue, vice, and chastity, in "Comus," just at the time of the dismissal of a hundred social disgraces? Who would not rest satisfied with his hintings at good and evil in his "Paradise Lost," when just free from the inquisition and burning in Smithfield? The Reformation produced such immediate and great benefits, that Protestantism was considered under the immediate eye of heaven, and its own remaining dogmas and superstitions then, as it were, regenerated, constituted those resting-places and seeming sure points of reasoning. From what I have mentioned, Milton, whatever he may have thought in the sequel, appears to have been content with these by his writings. He did not think with the human heart as Wordsworth has done; yet Milton, as a philosopher, had surely as great powers as Wordsworth. What is then to be inferred? Oh! many things: it proves there is really a grand march of intellect; it proves that a mighty Providence subdues the mightiest minds to the service of the time being, whether it be in human knowledge or religion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY BARTON."

The woes that cannot in any earthly way be escaped, are those that admit least earthly comforting. Of all trite, worn-out, hollow-mockeries of comfort that were ever uttered by people who will not take the trouble of sympathizing with others, the one I dislike the most is the exhortation not to grieve over an event, "for it cannot be helped." Do you think, if I could help it, I would sit still, content to mourn? Do you not believe that as long as hope remained I would be up and doing? I mourn because what has occurred cannot be helped. The reason you give me for not grieving, is the very and sole reason of my grief. Give me nobler and higher reasons for enduring meekly what my father sees fit to send, and I will try earnestly and faithfully to be patient. But mock me not, or any other mourner, with the speech, "Do not grieve, for it cannot be helped. It is past remedy."

What a single word can do!
Thrilling all the heart-strings through,
Calling forth fond memories,
Raining round hope's melodies,
Steeping all in one bright hue—
What a single word can do!

What a single word can do!
Making life seem all untrue,
Driving joy and hope away,
Leaving not one cheering ray,
Blighting every flower that grew—
What a single word can do!

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There are certain classes of passions and vices which people often find an excuse for indulging by persuading themselves that they are invariably connected with some great or noble feeling. Now, of this character is revenge, which men are apt to fancy must be the offspring of a generous and vehement heart, and a fine, determined, and sensitive mind. But this is a mistake. Revenge, in the abstract, is merely a prolongation throughout a greater space of time, of that base selfishness which leads us to feel a momentary impulse to strike any thing that hurts or pains us either mentally or corporeally; and the more brutal, and animal, and beast-like be the character of the person, the greater will be his disposition to revenge. But we must speak one moment upon its modifications. Revenge always proceeds either from a sense of real injury, or a feeling of wounded vanity. It seldom, however, arises from any real injury; and when it does, it would (if possible to justify it at all,) be more justifiable; but in this modification, a corrective is often found in the great mover of man's heart, and vanity itself whispers, it will seem nobler and more generous to forgive. The more ordinary species of revenge, however, and the more filthy, is that which proceeds from wounded vanity—when our pride or our conceit has been greatly hurt—not alone in the eyes of the world, but in our own eyes—when the little internal idol that we have set up to worship in our hearts, has been pulled down from the throne of our idolatry, and we have been painfully shown that it is nothing but a thing of gilt wood. Then, indeed, revenge, supported by the great mover of man's heart, instead of being corrected by it, is insatiable and everlasting. But, in all cases, instead of being connected with any great quality, it is the fruit of a narrow mind, and a vain, selfish heart.

Oh, if people would but take as much pains to do good as they take to do evil—if even the well-disposed were as zealous in beneficence, as the wicked are energetic in wrong—what a pleasant little clod this earth of ours would be for us human crickets to go chirping about from morning till night.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By John G. Whittier. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

This is a beautiful and highly decorated volume, splendidly bound, and well printed. It is illustrated with engravings after original designs by H. Billings, a Boston artist of great and peculiar merit, whose fine and fertile genius we should like to see oftener employed in the illustration of the poets.

Whittier is a positive force in the community, and has popularity as well as reputation. As a poet of sentiment and imagination he is known wherever American literature is read, and has been recognized as an originality by criticism. But even if the critics had denounced, it would have made little difference with his popularity, for his burning lyrics have been sung and declaimed by thousands who know nothing and care nothing for questions relating to style and rythm. A man with so grand and large a heart—a heart that instinctively runs out in sympathy with his fellow men, must necessarily exercise influence. But this sensibility, though an important and noble element in Whittier's genius, occasionally does more than its portion of the work of production. Passion, of itself, is not a high peculiarity of a poet, but impassioned imagination is, perhaps, the highest. Now Whittier has passion and has imagination, but they are not always combined. Sensibility is only valuable as it gives force and fire to thought, and the grandest poems in the present collection are those in which conceptions are penetrated with emotions, and the least valuable are those in which emotions get the start of conceptions and roll out on their own account. The reader of the present volume, however, will find a class of poems in it essentially different from those which are intellectually vehement or passionately vehement—a class which are pure utterances of the author's soul in its most contemplative moods. These are exquisitely tender and beautiful, giving evidence of a mind which to all lovely objects in the material world can

> "—— Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

No one can read the present volume without being struck with the vigor and variety of the author's mind, the breadth and intensity of his sympathies, and the true manliness of his character. The success of such a work is certain.

Remarks on the Science of History; Followed by an A Priori Autobiography. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is one of the most original and striking books ever published in the United States, and if it were not marred by some needless obscurities in the preface and notes, would be likely to obtain a popularity commensurate with its merits. It evinces a mind of great power in the region of pure thought, and of great acquisitions in metaphysical science. The leading object of the volume is to present universal history under the form of biography, and its hero is a person who lives the life of the race. It is assumed that he who thoroughly understands the present epoch must have reproduced, and lived through, in his private experience, all the religions, dispensations and civilizations which preceded it; and accordingly the author supposes the case of a man whose mind, in its development, passes through all the leading systems of philosophy which have successively appeared in the world, and lives them in thought as in different ages they have been lived in action. His hero accordingly lives and outlives sensuality, diabolism, atheism, deism, pantheism, Platonism, necessitarianism, transcendentalism, until he arrives at the belief of a living God and a Christian dispensation. The mental moods as well as the opinions of these different systems are represented, and an almost audacious expression given to some of them. Though the work is deficient somewhat in artistical as distinguished from logical completeness, and is too condensed in passages where expansion would have aided the reader, no person who avoids the notes and adheres to the autobiography, can fail to notice the clearness as well as the depth and force of mind it evinces. We are aware of no other book in which so much knowledge of mental philosophy is conveyed in so small a space. The exposition of Plato's theory of Ideas—the stringent logic applied to the doctrine of necessity—the keenness with which the weak points of atheism are detected, and the remorseless analysis with which they are probed, and the masterly power of impassioned argumentation, fierce, rapid and close, with which the subject of the Will is cleared from its obscurities, all indicate a mind of no common order. The author is evidently a man destined to leave his mark on the philosophical literature of the country. In the present volume there are important and original ideas which will sooner or later become influential.

Remarks on the Past and its Legacies to American Society. By J. D. Nourse. Louisville: Morton & Griswold. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Those of our readers who have any taste for the philosophy of history, and who are desirous to see how an American writer can handle the problems which have tasked the acutest and most comprehensive European intellects, had better procure this work. It is written in a style of much energy, beauty and clearness, and is the result of forcible and patient thinking on a wide basis of historical facts and principles. The author is a Kentuckian and a scholar in the true sense. Although the book evidences a familiarity with the productions of others in a similar department of letters, it is still original as well as powerful. There are sentences in it which deserve to pass into maxims; and through the whole volume none can fail to observe the steady and almost triumphant march of an independent and forcible intellect. We do not know how the work has succeeded at the west, but if it has failed to attract notice there, it shows that Kentucky is not so ready to recognize marked ability in letters as in politics. The author, from his position as an American, really holds an advantage over his European rivals; and the felicity and comprehensiveness of his grasp of some great principles, and the power with which he wields them, are in a considerable degree referable to his freedom from many prejudices which beset the largest minds abroad. This volume ought to give Mr. Nourse a name, and we trust it will have that large circulation which its importance and usefulness so richly merit.

Romance of Yachting. By Joseph C. Hart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is a sprightly book, written in a dashing and defiant style, bristling with paradox and sparkling with whimsicalities. The peculiarity of the book consists in its dogmatism, and like all dogmatists the author gives as confident expression to the extravagances of his caprice as to the deductions of his understanding. Many topics are discussed which the title of the book would never suggest. Such are the remarks on the Puritans, Shakspeare, and the Moors in Spain. With regard to the first, the author chimes in with the opponents of the Puritans, and administers twenty lashes to "New England Conceit." We do not know but that our Eastern friends have dilated a little too much on their ancestors, and been too prone to consider every thing excellent as dating from the Puritans, but certainly the style in which our New York brethren are now bragging about their progenitors, promises to outshine in pretension and impertinence every thing of the kind we have had in Massachusetts or Virginia. Mr. Hart, especially, fairly crows a note higher than any antiquarian chanticleer of ancestry it has ever been our fortune to meet in literature. There is a long passage in the book on Shakspeare, in which the author attempts to prove that in the plays published under Shakspeare's name, there is little property belonging to him but the rant and obscenity. If Mr. Hart means his dissertation on this topic as badinage, it is rather tedious joking; and if he is in earnest, he shows a strange ignorance of facts and arguments which are as familiar to every student of English letters as his alphabet. Seriously, to combat such a clumsy specimen of irony would only turn the laugh against the critic, and no honor could possibly be gained in proving that the sun shines, or that "eggs is eggs."

Apart from some extravagances of the kind we have noticed, the book is a grand and exhilarating one, and cannot fail to prove interesting to almost all classes of readers. To seamen, and to all who go out upon the sea in ships or yachts, it is an invaluable companion. The vigor, elasticity and decision of the style are in fine harmony with the frank, cordial, and somewhat chivalric nature of the author.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We believe that this novel was published before Vanity Fair, and it certainly cannot compare with that brilliant work in incident or characterization; but it is still well worthy a diligent reading. It relates principally to that pinchbeck class of English swells, known as "gents," and represents English society, as seen through the medium of a cockney's mind. Mr. Sam Titmarsh, the worthy autobiographer, is a vain but innocent gent, and tells his story with delicious simplicity, and occasionally with much pathos. His little wife is a gem. The scene in which she obtains the office of nurse to Lady Tiptoff's child, is exquisitely natural and pathetic. Every reader is inclined to echo Mr. Yellowplush's opinion, even as expressed in his original orthography. "You see, Tit, my boy," he remarks to the happy husband, "I'm a connyshure, and up to snough; and if ever I see a lady in my life, Mrs. Titmarsh is one. I can't be familiar with her as I am with you. There's a somethink in her, a jennysquaw, that haws me, sir."

The Forgery; a Tale. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is a common charge against critics that they do not read the books they review. We acknowledge the charge in the case of Mr. James's latest novel, with a feeling akin to exultation. We have read some twenty of his romances, more to verify an opinion than to gratify a taste, and certainly the man is to be praised for doing so large an amount of business on so small a capital. Though his mind is exceedingly limited in its range, he has contrived to fill more space with his books than the most comprehensive and creative of intellects would be justified in occupying. His success must be mortifying to all novelists who really possess original power, and who consider that a new character is something else than an old one with a new name. If Mr. James possessed sufficient force to stamp any character, incident or description, on the imagination, he would miserably fail in the application of his science of repetition and philosophy of dilution. His salvation from popular martyrdom is owing to the very feebleness of the impression he makes on the popular mind.

Moneypenny; or the Heart of the World. A Romance of the Present Day. Illustrated by Darley. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1 *vol.*

This book has passed to a second edition, and promises to take a high rank among American romances. It is so altogether above the general run of novels published in a cheap form, that it is important for the public to understand that though in yellow covers, it has none of the nonsense, stupidity, and ribaldry commonly associated with yellow-covered literature. The author not only understands practical life practically, but he is a scholar and a man of original power. The work is exceedingly interesting, evinces a strong grasp of character, is well written, and while it deserves and will reward the attention of the more tasteful class of readers, it will tend to give a more important, because more numerous and sensitive class, a higher notion of the requirements of romance. We cordially wish the author success.

Model Men, Women and Children. Modeled by Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This little volume is crammed with shrewd and diverting satire, and illustrated by appropriate cuts. The series originally appeared in Punch. The author evidently understands all the fooleries and deviltries as well as most of the humanities of practical life; and he has commented upon them in a style which is universally appreciable. There is a sort of percussion-cap explosion of wit and satire which keeps attention constantly awake. The book, apart from its brilliancy and readableness, is a good medicine for "snobism" of all sorts.

Greyslaer; or a Romance of the Mohawk. By Charles Fenno Hoffman. Fourth Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The sturdiest champion of literary nationality must concede to Mr. Hoffman the merit of being an American writer. He knows the country, is familiar with its scenery, sympathises with the events of its history, and understands its people, aboriginal and imported. The present novel, which has now reached its fourth edition—an honor enjoyed by few fictions—is a pregnant illustration of the author's thorough nationality. He is an American without being an Americanism. We have not the least doubt that this edition of Greyslaer will receive a cordial welcome from all who are capable of appreciatiug the grand and chivalrous spirit which breathes through and animates the fine talents and large acquirements of the author.

Mirror of Nature: A Book of Instruction and Entertainment, Translated from the German of G. H. Schubert, by William H. Furness, pp. 497. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

Here is a good book, full of practical instruction, and of information that makes other knowledge practical. A German writer, a good man, has brought a well-stored mind to the task of preparing a volume that shall give the great authors on natural study, without the minuteness of a class-book, or the elaborate development of a thorough treatise. He has opened up the beautiful operations of Nature and her works, and has not neglected to recognize the soul as the antecedent of the body. So that while one is studying about the mighty gatherings of mineral wealth, the wonderful effects of chemical operations, and the instincts of animal life, he is constantly kept above his theme by the declared truth of his superiority to all these, in the possession of an immortal soul. A Christian American has given the work in an English form—good, pure, simple, expressive English—no Germanisms to offend the ear—and yet an occasional adaptation of a German mode of expressing thoughts shows the intimacy of the translator with the orginal, and his power to select the most expressive forms.

In this volume man is considered, and his power of mental and physical existence developed. The outreaching of the human mind is regarded as worthy of consideration, and lessons of usefulness derived therefrom. The volume before us is admirably suited to the classes of our public schools and to the general reader—and when furnished as it will be with a set of questions suited to the text, it will be a handbook for the classes, of immense usefulness.

Poems. By Charles G. Eastman. Montpelier: Eastman & Danforth. 1 vol. 18mo.

This volume is a collection of songs and short poems from the pen of one of the ablest political editors in Vermont. The book shows that the author's heart is in what is called the right place, in spite of the stir and fret of politics. The characteristic of the volume is simplicity in the expression of emotion. There is no parade of ornament, and very little fanciful decoration, but the author contrives still to express a variety of moods in a most genuine way. The verse has a spring and elastic vigor in its movement, which continually suggests the notion of impromptu composition. The finest poem in the volume is the first, entitled "The Picture," and certainly no poet could begin a collection with a piece more calculated to propitiate the reader, and make him look lovingly on what follows.

Foot-Prints. By R. H. Stoddard.

A copy of this neat little volume has been laid upon our table, and we have read it with great pleasure. The poems it contains are, generally, good. Some of them are marked with great felicity of thought and power of expression. Mr. Stoddard is familiar to the readers of "Graham's Magazine," as one of the contributors to its pages, and we have now on hand some of his poetical articles which we design publishing in due order. His contributions are favorite ones with our readers, who, if they wish to have a collection of the author's writings, cannot do a better thing than obtain from the publishers, or at any of the principal bookstores, a copy of "Foot-Prints."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.—We have caused to be prepared, as one of the embellishments of our Magazine for the present month, a picture entitled "The Mirror of Life." As a picture, we think it good, excellent indeed, artistically considered; and the face of the female, the mother, nay, the whole form so far as visible, may be considered as beautiful. We had, in truth, some stronger terms to use with regard to this figure, but we forbear them now, and refer our male readers to the picture itself, to say whether they have seen any thing more handsome, more really beautiful, than that for a long time. And to the ladies we appeal with equal confidence, whether any one of them has seen so beautiful a representation of the female face and form for years—excepting only that which she sees reflected from her own mirror.

As for the little boy, we will confess, that 'though he has grown more comely under the burin of Mr. Tucker, we do not mean to claim any particular credit for his beauty; the truth is, the child looks like his father.

But the lesson of the picture is what concerns us. The *prima facia* evidence of this picture is against the character of the mother for proper discipline; she has given her child a mirror for a plaything, a hammer would complete the picture and the mirror. But that would be to regard the representation physically. The child is looking into the mirror with earnestness. Do our readers mark the Johnsonian cast of the little philosopher's head? Do they see how he has set his eyes and mouth, as if he would see and taste what of life lies before him. And with no less intensity does the mother gaze into the mirroring eyes of her child; and as he gathers from the glass in front of him the shadows which coming events cast before them, she collects the facts from his eyes, and is wrapt into the future, not of herself, but of her child.

What would one give to learn that future? to gaze into the mirror of life, and discover its terrible lessons in advance! Could we prevent them by learning?—Alas! no—if we could, we could not learn. Can we look into the future and see what *is* to take place, and then by efforts prevent the occurrence? If we could prevent that which we saw, how could we see it?

But the little fellow is peering down the vista of time, and he is seeing care and anxiety dogging his heels; he is looking at the antagonistic movements of his life, and wondering how life can *be*, and *be* thus opposed. He is seeing his future self, bowing down to the object of affection, and he is hearing *her* calculations of the advantages which his offer had over that of another; and his young heart sickens at the mercenary selfishness of the idea.

But if the mirror reflects or prefigures truly, his own *heart* had made the same calculations before it was offered. And this is the common experience of life. Men pause in the midst of their business or their pleasure, and begin to think about marriage; they are reminded of this by the movements of others, or the customs of their kind. Do they look about and see where they can bestow the most of benefit, or confer the greatest amount of good? Do they say, "I have wealth and position, here is a lovely

female, poor and humble, the ascentive power of my possessions will take *her* up?" Or do they set down and mak the calculations as to the amount of personal benefits which they would derive from the match?

Ninety-nine times in the hundred the calculations upon a wife and her uses, are as carefully and as selfishly made by man, as are those upon the purchase of real estate, or stock for a stable or a farm. And we do not mean to say that on the whole marriages resulting from such calculations are not productive of as much *content* as those which seem to be made with all the disinterestedness which novelists ascribe to their favorite heroes and heroines.

Well, when the calculation is complete, the gentleman hastens off and *proposes* to the lady; if the female is found to pause upon the proposal, and to ask herself, or to ask some one who knows, what are the means which this lover possesses to make her happier than she is now, or as happy as twenty other young men who are ready (when they have finished *their* calculations) to make the same offer; if she pause thus and inquire, she is set down as a cold-hearted, selfish, intereste girl, with no force of affection, with no ideas of a married life beyond the bargaining of the shopman.

Yet if two months *after* marriage that same woman should be found holding such discourse with herself about any of the affairs of life in which she or her husband may have an interest, the whole world would pronounce her a woman of sound principles, of good common sense, and a pattern of wives. Yet, in the transaction which of all others most concerns her, she must not urge advantages, must not calculate the probable chances, must shut her eyes, and leap into a gulf which can never restore her to the situation which she left. Perhaps some of our young female readers will look over the shoulder of the child, and see what the mirror says about such parts of life.

Doubtless the mirror of life furnishes much of pleasure, much of high distinction to the young gazer into its vaticinating depths; for what child of such a mother ever lived long without desirable distinction? All that we have of value in our character, and even in our later condition, seems to spring from our mother Wealth and consequent position may be derived from the father, but unless the gentle monitions, the constant watchfulness, the careful mind-moulding and character-forming devotion of the mother prepare the child to retain and exalt his position and augment his wealth, the legacy from the father will waste away; wealth will be dissipated and position lost in the early encounters of the youth with the world. But from infancy to adolescence, from youth to manhood, and onward to age, the legacy of the mother has continual increase; the beauties of mind which she imparted augment with development, and the lofty lessons of virtue which she gave, comes in man's intercourse to be the rule of his conduct, and means of his distinction.

Is it not probable that the mother is now giving one of her lessons to the child, imparting some instruction which shall hereafter be fruitful of good?

It does not seem that the heavenly look which rests upon her face is the consequence of a mother's love for the fame and fortunes of her child. She is just entertaining the bright idea of the immortality of her son. She is looking deep into his heart through his eyes, and she is thinking how she shall impart that mighty thought to the boy; how she shall make him comprehend her views about the antecedence of his soul, that doctrine upon which must rest all her lessons of life, and all her hopes of good from these lessons.

The mother has caught the idea (whether true or false it matters not) that her infant has some high remembrances of a former existence, and that struck with what he sees in the mirror of life, he is attempting to recall something of that state from which he came to animate the body where youth seems to overshadow the past in his soul and clog its movements toward the communion it once enjoyed. She sees, or thinks she sees, something of this, and she catches the ennobling thought that the antecedent of that soul, its primary and indefeasible right to consideration, demand her utmost care, and that the cultivation of the higher powers of the intellect must be made subservient to this still *higher* power—the immortal principal—when this union of soul and body shall be made profitable to both. That is the mission of the mother; her reward is not in the wealth, the honor, or the happiness of her child—circumstances, consequent though these be upon her teachings—her great reward, the certain and abiding compensation to the virtuous mother for rearing her son to virtue, is found in that state where virtue has its full appreciation, and affection its perfect work. "The mirror of life" is full of lessons; it reflects truths that need only appropriate display to make them profitable; and happy will it be for all, if, catching some of the foreshadowings of the mirror of life, we adapt our conduct to the events; and though we may not be able to change an order of Providence, we can at least make the effect of that Providence beneficial to ourselves. C.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My Dear Jeremy,—Do you ever think of our boarding-school loves, and wonder where all those bright eyes, which used to blaze as from a battery upon us from that pyramid of laughing faces, rising one above the other to the topmost pane of those ample windows, are weeping or laughing now? Do you promenade on the west side, as of yore, without a sigh, and gaze into those deserted windows, from which smiles and rose-tinted notes were showered down upon us with such munificence, without a thought of the fair hands and glad hearts which then gave a sort of sunlight to our devotion—the Mecca to which we turned in our morning prayers and evening rambles? Is it not a sad thought, that as we journey through life, the very innocency of boyhood, the first fresh feelings of the heart, are things of which it is conventional to be ashamed? As if it were a happiness, which we should call a conquest, to learn the bitter lessons of life, at a sacrifice of all the fond recollections of youth, a triumph to know the secret of deceiving with smiles, and of wringing the hand kindly, of people we despise. Yet must we learn the uses of adversity by time, and feel that the brightest of our days are passed forever; that hope, having cheated us for a thousand times, has become bankrupt in our esteem, while the past, brilliant and certain in joys experienced, recalls with the flitting present, doubts of true happiness for us again. It *is* a stern lesson—that which experience teaches us as we advance in years, to live a life of distrust and doubt, to believe all goodness assumed, and friendship but a cheat; to think that every man's hand is either raised against his brother, or is thrust into his pocket, and that there is no such thing as self-sacrifice, except among the Hindoos.

But, Jeremy, not to speak of instances, all of which must be as fresh to your memory as to mine, I come back to the first question—do you ever think of our boarding-school loves? and mingle with the remembrance those unexpressed hopes and fears which flutter in the hearts of all of us. My falcon towered above yours in ambition then; nothing less than a mistress of rhetoric and *belles* letters tempted the magnificent swoop of my poetry and ambition; yours had a fierce and Byronic generality, which made it dangerous for the whole covey

of lesser birds. How many were you in love with, *Jeremy?* At least, how many were made goddesses by your poetry? "You decline," under present circumstances matrimonial. Well, a man with a growing family, I suppose, owes something to appearances and to example. I have no such excuse to plead, and can be as open as the day.

I really was in love then, Jeremy. Don't you think so? But I was as jealous as a Turk—a passion which you, from a lack of concentration, thought very unreasonable. It *was*, too, considering that it was engendered *before I had ever spoken to the lady*, and finally exploded very foolishly, and harmlessly, too, I believe, upon the head of an innocent old teacher of Latin Grammar, or something of that sort, old enough to be the lady's grandfather, who *would* be looking over her album. I wrote my last piece of poetry after that, which *did my business* in that quarter, for the lady refused to see me or my poetry any more. The loss, I think, was her's in the long run, though I suffered with a heart-ache and prospective suicide for a month or two. I was very much like the poor man in the story book, however,

> "For when I saw my eyes were out,
> With all my might and main,
> I jumped into another bush,
> And scratched them in again."

The process was a rough one, and left a scar behind. I never saw the lady but once afterward, and that was at Niblo's. I confess to a heart-fluttering, Jeremy, and some of that Spanish fierceness for making declarations, which you used to laugh at; but fortune or fate denied me means and opportunity; when the Vaudeville was over she was led off by her party—*and I lost her.*

> "I saw her depart as the crowd hurried on,
> Like the moon down the ocean, the graceful was gone!
> On my ear her adieu, with its dulcimer swell,
> Like the gush of cool waters in melody fell.
>
> "Starry stranger! so dazzlingly distant—unknown—
> And observed in thy luminous transit alone;
> By what fiat supreme must thy brilliancy quiver
> O'er the depths of my darkened existence forever!"

But our old friend C——, he 's married now, and is the happy father of eight children, I believe. He always *had* an insane passion for crowds. Do you remember the night he escorted the whole boarding-school home with his umbrella; he always *would*, like the author of "Calavar," have his umbrella with him—*a green one*—and this night the gods were propitious. It blew a hurricane, and the rain came pitching down in sheets, as if Niagara had attached a spout to the passing clouds. C—— plied between the concert-room and the boarding-school, with the regularity and precision of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, showing his regard for the *fair*. After having deposited the fifteenth damsel safely, he totally upset the propriety of an elderly lady who opened the door with a polite invitation for him to "walk in"—an open sesame worth a ducat—with the information that "*he was afraid some more of the folks were without umbrellas, and he must see them home!*" A spirit of self-denial and enlarged philanthropy worthy of a martyr.

Do you remember the exploits of S—— with those gay girls? He was a determined dandy and lady-killer, and resolved to take the whole school by storm, and to punish the refractory. But some how or other they would n't be taken; so after firing into the flock a dozen times, with his most distinguished bow, and letting off a whole volley of passionate verses upon imprisoned damsels generally without execution—for no enamored Julia threw herself at his feet, or replied—he resolved to pick his bird. S—— had a cousin who visited a Miss T——, who was immured in that dungeon which frowned most terrifically, in S.'s mind, upon those within as well as those without; and he made, through this channel, her acquaintance. A walk to church in company with his cousin and Miss T—— perfected his little plot of taking the whole castle by this entrance; but a simple incident destroyed the forces of the enemy, and routed him, horse, foot, and dragoons. A violent storm came on while they were at church one Sunday evening, and the streets were flooded when they came out. The storm had passed, however, and a dull moon lent but a feeble light to the escort. S—— dropped his cousin at her door—it was the first chance he had, and starting on with Miss T——, opened the batteries of the sentimental upon his victim in most magnificent strength and style. As they crossed Canal street, S——, who had been carefully piloting the way, releasing the lady's arm gently from his, and taking hold of the tips of those taper fingers with a grace that D'Orsey could not have excelled, requested her to "please step upon that stone,"—which the dull moon had *made* in the water—and, *presto!* the lady stepped into a pool which would have discolored the *belt* of a grenadier of six feet; and in his horror at his mistake, S—— missed his footing, and plunged in with a dive that would have gained him admirers in *frogdom*.

You remember the wit of Miss T——; she was out of the water almost before he was in it, and turning round with a gay laugh at the discomfited dandy, begged that "*if his thoughts of suicide were confirmed, to try the river the next time, but she must decline being either the disconsolate mourner, or a party to the folly!*" and with a light trip was off, up the steps, and had rung the bell before S—— could gasp an apology.

This, with most men, would have been a settler, but S——'s vanity was water and bullet-proof both. He dispatched the whole affair, to his *own* satisfaction, in a sonnet; and the next day, at two, strode past the school with the step of a conqueror, the mark of a score of quizzing-glasses and laughing faces. S—— bore the infliction *this once* with a nerve that would have taken any man to the cannon's mouth. But he grew fiery and retaliatory under its repetition. "I will settle this business with a twenty-four pounder," said he; and he did. The next day S—— begged the spy-glass of an old pilot, and walking calmly down with his dexter-eye on the enemy, surprised his forces by a cool, steady, deliberate gaze through his blunderbuss with glasses. The mistress ended the flirtation and supposed conquest by a threat, delicately conveyed, that "any future conduct of the kind would be intimated to the police."

S—— determined to "die game," and marched by with his Spanish mantle on each particular cold day, with the step of a grenadier; but fate, jealous of his valor, tripped him up one exceedingly wintry afternoon, when boys were experimenting with skates upon the side-walk. Poor S——, who had given his cloak an extra turn over his shoulders, fell at full length exactly opposite the window of the boarding-school, and floundered in his vain attempts to extricate himself, like a salmon thrown upon the land, his "Oakford" most ruinously crushed by a passing omnibus; and to crown his confusion, in the midst of a dozen windows suddenly thrown up, an Irish cabman hastened to his rescue, and having unrolled him and placed him on his feet, considerately asked, within hearing of two score of ears, "*whether he had been long there?*" The glory of the conqueror was gone!

> "So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of."

The bright faces, laughing eyes, and happy hearts of our youth, with its early friendships, have been replaced

with sadder views of life, and you and I, Jeremy, are older —the world would say, wiser—but are we happier, Jeremy, think you? G. R. G.

Mrs. Davidson.—We present our reader this month with a well engraved portrait of Mrs. Davidson, the mother of the celebrated and talented girls Margaret and Lucretia Davidson, made immortal as well by their own genius as by the beautiful volumes of their works, edited by Washington Irving and Miss Sedgwick, and published by Lea & Blanchard in 1841. Lucretia was born in Plattsburg, New York, on the 27th of September, 1808, and died on the 27th of August, 1825, just one month before her 17th birth-day. Margaret was born at the same place, on the 26th of March, 1823, and died on the 25th of November, 1838, at the early age of fifteen years and eight months. The early fate and singular genius of these youthful poets occupied for so long a time the attention and sympathy of the literary world, that it is needless for us to say much here, but we cannot refrain from quoting two passages from a distinguished critic upon their works.

"The name of Lucretia Davidson is familiar to all readers of poetry. Dying at the early age of 17, she has been rendered famous not less, and certainly not more, by her own precocious genius than by three memorable biographies, one by President Morse of the American Society of Arts, one by Miss Sedgwick, and a third by Robert Southey. Mr. Irving had formed an acquaintance with some of her relatives, and thus, while in Europe, took great interest in all that was written or said of his young countrywomen. Upon his return to this country, he called upon Mrs. Davidson, and then, in 1833, first saw the subject of the memoir, a fairy-like child of eleven. Three years having again elapsed, the MSS., which formed the basis of his volume, were placed in his hands by Mr. Davidson, as all that remained of his daughter. Few books have interested us more profoundly. Yet the interest does not appertain solely to Margaret. In fact, the narrative, says Mr. Irving, 'will be found almost as illustrative of the *character of the mother as the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feeling and pursuits:* tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affection, they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other by this holy relationship, and, to my mind, it would be marring one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in modern literature to sunder them.' In these words the biographer conveys no more than a just idea of the loveliness of the picture here presented to view."

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"In the way of criticism upon these extraordinary compositions, Mr. Irving has attempted little. . . . In respect to a poem entitled "My Sister Lucretia," he thus speaks, 'We have said that the example of her sister Lucretia was incessantly before her, and no better proof can be given of it than the following lines, which breathe the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, in strains quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration.'"

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"Lucretia Maria Davidson, the elder of the two sweet sisters, who have acquired so much fame prematurely, had not, like Margaret, an object of poetical emulation in her own family. In her genius, be it what it may, there is more of self-dependence—less of the imitative. *Her mother's generous romance of soul may have stimulated* but did not instruct. Thus, although she has actually given less *evidence* of power than Margaret—less written proof—still its *indication* must be considered at higher value. Margaret, we think, has left the better poems—certainly the more precocious—while Lucretia evinces more unequivocally the soul of a poet."

We had intended to have said more of the mother—since deceased—of these remarkable girls, but our space warns us, that in this number, it is impossible. Enough has been indicated above, to show her strong sympathy with her daughter's tastes, and how much she aided in forming them.

The January Number.—We confess to a great degree of pride, from the reception of our January number, by the newspaper press all over the country, and from the regular subscribers to the work. It has been pronounced, indeed, in several influential quarters, "The best number of a monthly magazine ever issued in the language," and this not alone from the number and beauty of the embellishments—every one of which imparted a value as a work of art to the number—but from the worth, variety and *amount* of literary matter. In issuing a *double number* to our readers, we were fully aware that we were repaying but a part of what we owe them, for the liberal encouragement extended to us for a period of ten years, without deviation or diminution; but we were scarcely prepared for the large increase to our list of new friends which, in two cities alone, extended to over three thousand new names.

From every part of the country each mail comes freighted with clubs from persons with whose subscriptions we have not heretofore been honored, and our old friends, with astonishing unanimity, continue to cling to "Graham as the best and only good Magazine" amidst the mass of periodicals which now make up in noise and promises, what they lack in merit and ability to perform. To say that we are not flattered by this mark of favor extended to us by the readers of this country would be useless, but so far from this fact lessening our exertions, it only spurs us on to new endeavors to maintain that ascendancy over all others which we have always held, by issuing a Magazine incomparably better than any that attempts to rival it.

Our February number, we think, will show no falling off in our exertions, and the two numbers of the volume are an earnest of what our readers may expect during the whole year of 1849. May it prove a prosperous and happy one to our subscribers, as it has opened auspiciously for ourselves.

A New Sea Story.—We are gratified to be able to announce a new Sea Story for the pages of Graham's Magazine, by W. F. Lynch, of the navy, whose recent explorations of the Dead Sea and vicinity, have so much occupied the attention of the newspapers and scientific bodies generally. The story is written with marked ability, and will be quite an attraction in the coming numbers of Graham.

Our Premium Plate.—We shall forward promptly to clubs and subscribers entitled to our large premium plate, copies, carefully done up for preservation, as soon as the artist completes it. It will be a very beautiful parlor ornament when properly framed.

Our Fashion Plate for this month has been delayed by the ocean steamer, and as we issue this number early, we postpone it till next month.

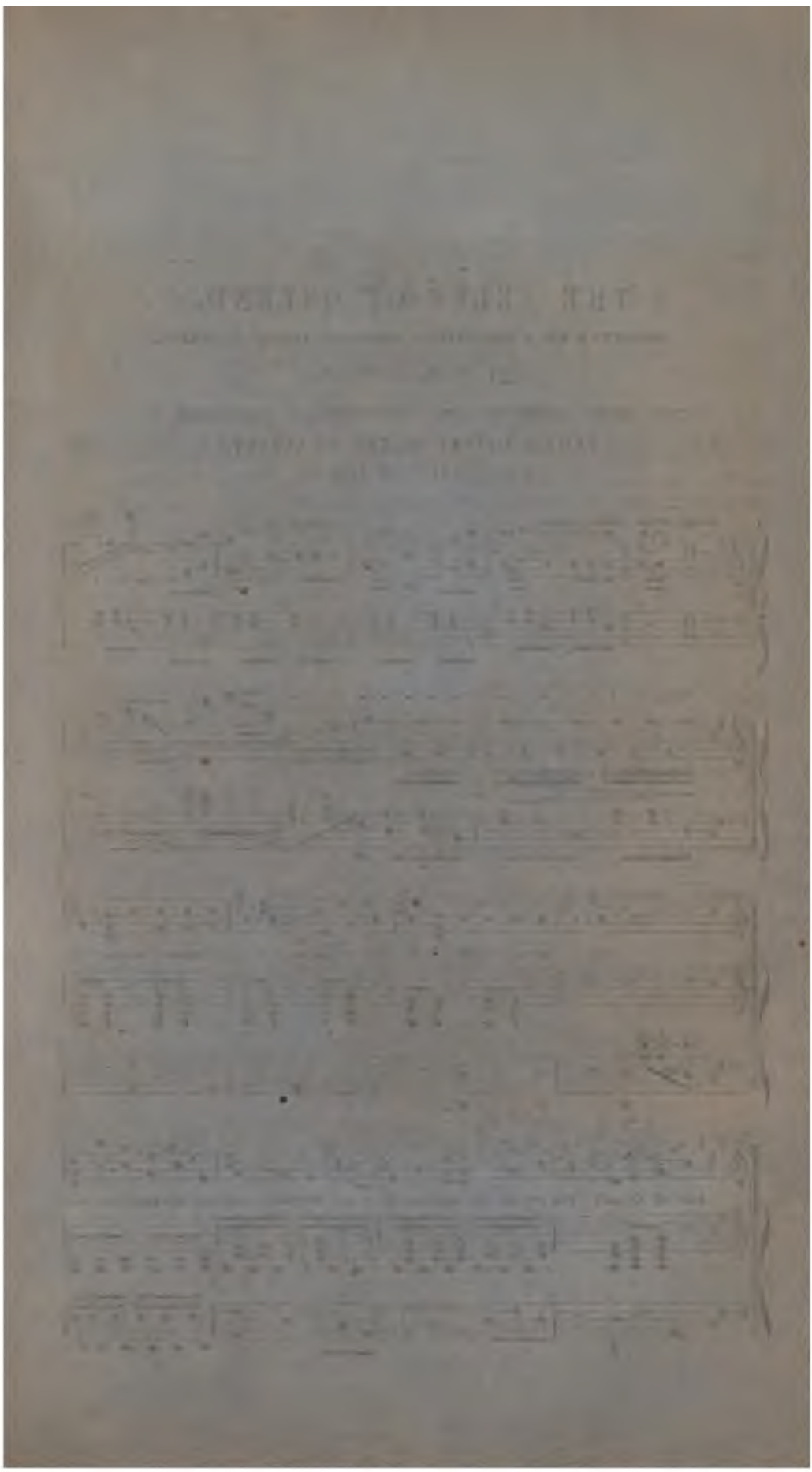


[OUR CONTRIBUTORS]

Mrs Mo. McDowell

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.

UNIV. OF MICH.



THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

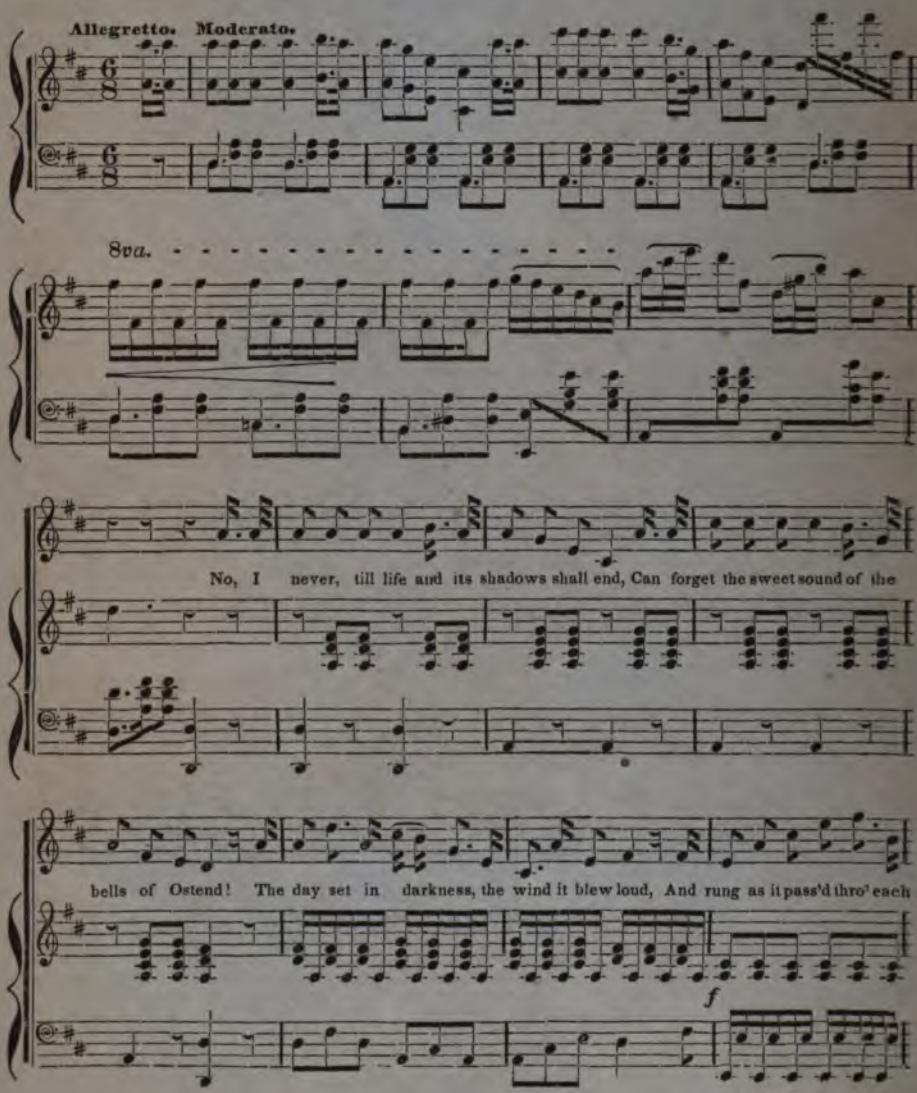
WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING AFTER A STORM,

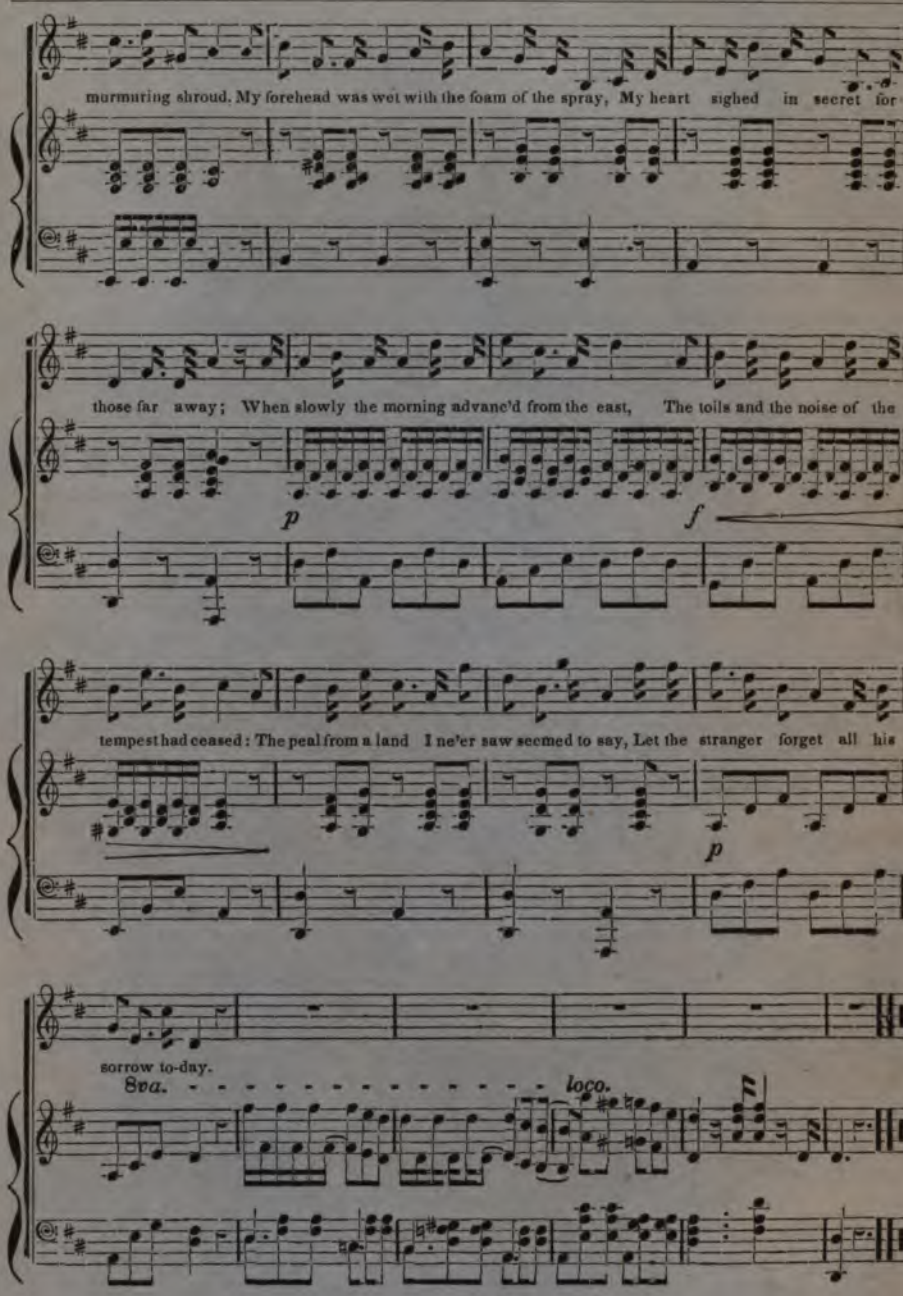
BY W. L. BOWLES.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

SAMUEL MOFFAT JR, ESQ, OF ALBANY,

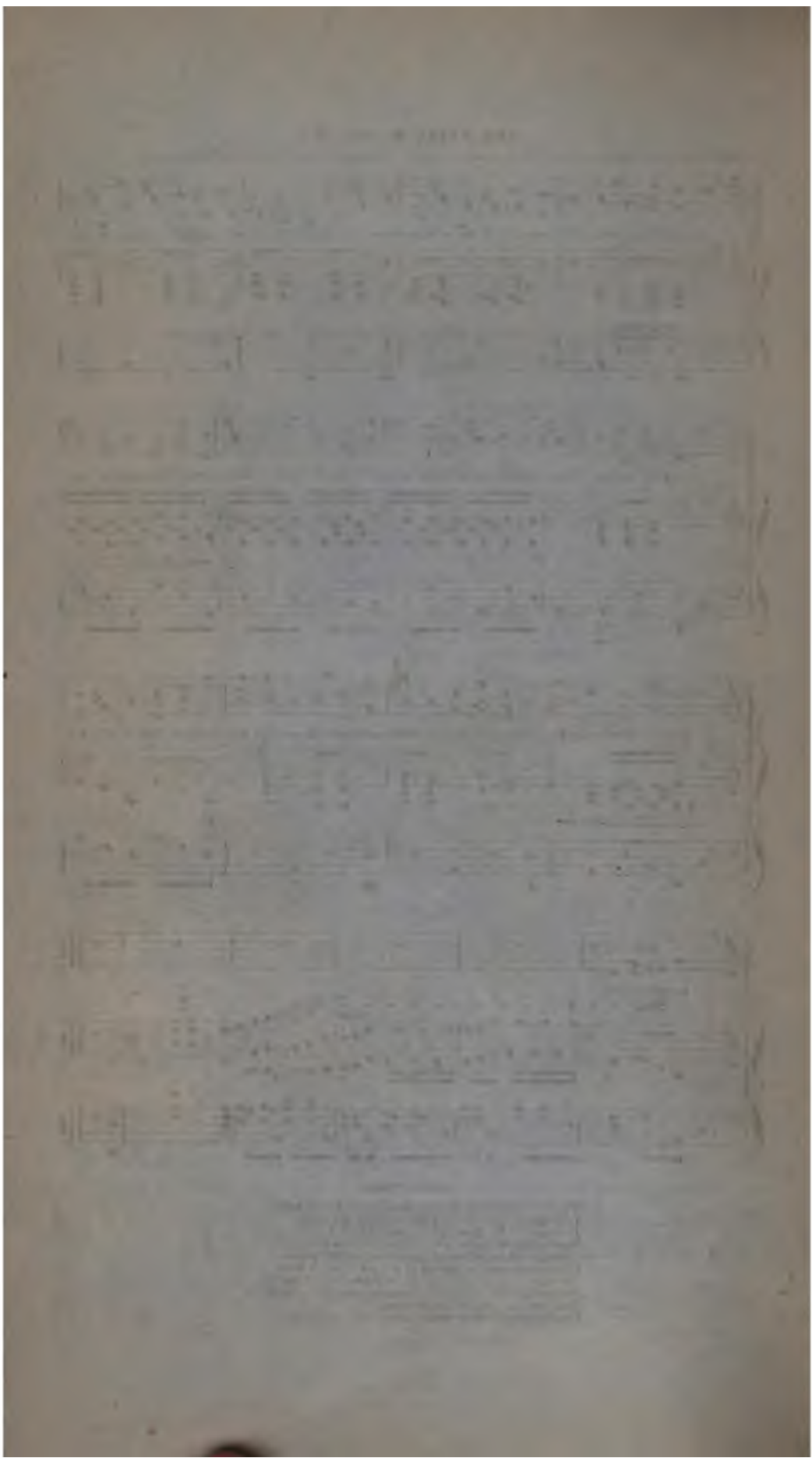
BY J. HILTON JONES.





SECOND VERSE.

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave;
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers of my own native land;
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled on the air
Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful to bear;
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend.





WHY DON'T HE COME.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

UNIV. OF MICH.

GERMAN MAGAZINE

XXXIX.



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1849. No. 3.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

IT was just daybreak; the air was calm, and the whole face of nature was shrouded in a light and silvery mist. Presently the mist became agitated by a fitful breeze; rays of light, faint at first, but every moment becoming brighter in their hue, penetrated it from the eastern horizon, and at length gathering its folds, it prepared to follow the path of the ascending sun. As it lifted, it disclosed a scene upon which the eye of man delights to dwell.

An island, clothed with luxuriant foliage and redolent with the perfume of the tropics, lay sleeping on the crystal waters. On its southern side, the unruffled waves of a sheltered bay, broke with a murmuring sound upon a white and shelving beach. At the foot of this bay, embowered in a grove, was a small cluster of houses, whose white-washed walls, seen through the interlacing branches of the trees, many of the last laden with their golden fruit, looked the fit abodes of charity and domestic peace. The flickering airs, soft and fragrant as the breath of beauty, fanned the pale and attenuated cheek of an invalid, who, seated at the foot of a cotton-tree, looked wistfully to seaward. A boundless expanse of ocean, its undulating surface checkered with the prolonged shadows of detached and scarcely moving clouds alone met his anxious gaze.

Beside him, with a look as wistful as his own, but fixed on his wasted features, stood a young and lovely female. Unconscious of her presence, he seemed lost in revery, and the silence was for some moments unbroken—for they were busied with the thoughts most congenial to the nature of each—his of active exertion and the strife of men; while hers, disinterested and pure, and true to the instinct of her sex, dwelt only on *his* hopes, *his* prospects, and *his* future happiness. With a sigh, she broke the silence, and laying her hand gently upon his head, she said,

"Oh, Edward! why this anxiety to leave us? Why this yearning for the sea?"

"Mary, dearest Mary!" said he, looking up, "I knew not that you were near. Sit down, dear girl, and I will tell you my little history. It will be the best answer to your question, and your trustful nature deserves implicit confidence. You know," said he, as she complied, and placed her hand in his, "you know that I am in the naval service of our country, and that the captain of the ship to which I belong, sent me ashore here some two months since, at the recommendation of the surgeon; and you know, too, that your father, finding that I was connected with some friends of his own in the United States, invited me to his house, where, like a ministering angel, you have wooed me from the embrace of death. This, save my unbounded gratitude and love, is all you know, and unsuspicious of others as you are yourself confiding, hoping like an angel, and believing what you hope, you have sought to learn nothing more.

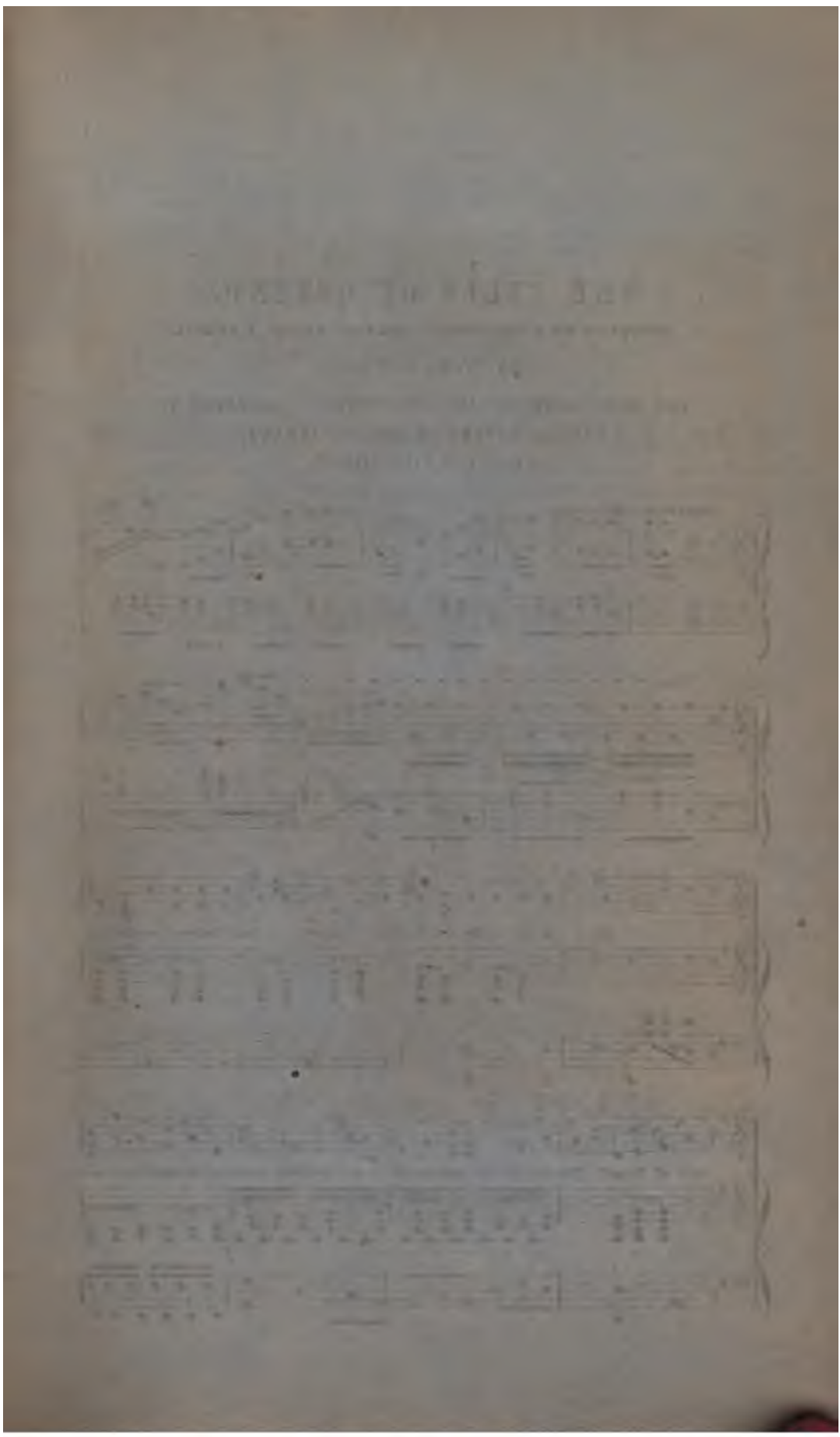
"I have no parents," he proceeded to say, "and of a large family of children, I am the sole survivor. My father died when I was yet an infant; in my fourteenth year I lost my mother, and in the intervening time, one by one, my brothers and my sisters fell, all swept off by that insidious destroyer, whose victims waste away, even while the cheek is flushed and the eye brilliant with anticipations of renovated health and years of enjoyment. Oh, Mary! that you could have seen and known my sister—for she was near your present age, and in many things you much resemble her."

"I should have loved her dearly, Edward?"

"You could not have helped it, for she was one of the purest, gentlest beings I ever knew.

"Describe her to me."

"That is impossible, for, graceful as a fawn and with spirits buoyant and elastic, her features, at one moment gleaming with hope, and the next, subdued in sympathy, were changeable as the aspects of the summer cloud, but beautiful in all



silent, and not a vestige of a living thing was seen. Not a solitary bird fanned the air, no roaming fish disturbed by its gambols the mirror-like surface of the deep, but on the furthest verge of the horizon,

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

floated a light and buoyant fabric, which alone, within the broad scope of vision, proclaimed man as its architect. It was the Hornet, the symmetrical Hornet, already renowned for a glorious achievement.

In a few hours the sea breeze set in, which, cool and refreshing, is sent by a merciful Providence to temper the heat of a tropical sun. The ship was soon under a cloud of canvas, and it was a beautiful thing to see her inclined to the breeze, dashing along with graceful speed, while the light tracery of her rigging was reflected upon the sails which looked snow-white in the glancing beams of the sun. As if instinct with life, she bounded across the water, and soon dropped her anchor in the bay.

Captain Biddle, already distinguished for his gallantry, together with several of his officers, dined with Mr. Gillespie that day. Before midnight, they were again at sea, for there were enemies abroad, and they felt bound to seek them.

It were useless to dwell upon the parting interview of the lovers. All that the gushing fondness of two such natures could impart was interchanged. Hap what might, though distance should separate, and circumstances debar their intercourse for months or years, they felt that unswerving confidence which true and loyal breasts alone can feel. It is true that they both felt much anxiety—the maiden in especial, for her lover was exposed to far more than the perils of the deep. But, with a faith early instilled by the precepts of a pious mother, she placed her trust on High, and with more of hope than fear, looked forward to the future.

CHAPTER II.

For some weeks the Hornet sought in vain for a cruiser of the enemy. Some valuable captures were made, and the vessels destroyed, and it was determined to shift the cruising ground to the South Atlantic.

As they approached the equator, the atmosphere became humid and oppressive, and they were deluged with frequent rain, compared to which the heaviest showers of our own more favored clime, are as the dew-drop to the overflowing cistern. Often at night the sea would be brilliantly phosphorescent, and the water as dashed aside by the advancing prow, fell over in curls of flame, while, gamboling around in very wantonness, myriads of porpoises, the dolphins of antiquity, sportively chased each other, and darting to and fro, without design or order, checkered with lines of light the dark, unruffled sea.

The day on which they crossed the line was preceded by a night of surpassing loveliness. Undisturbed and quiet as a sleeping infant, the calm and placid ocean lay in beautiful repose, its very heavings, as if moved by the modulation of sweet sounds, so gentle, as not to impair the reflections of its mirror-like surface.

Toward morning, a mist arose, which, becoming dense, settled down and banked around the horizon. As the night waned, faint streaks of light tinged the dark cloud; gradually the hues became brighter and more expanded, the violet became purple, the purple reddened into crimson, and suddenly, as from a bed of flame, the sun looked forth upon the quiet scene. The serene sky, the placid ocean, the soft breath of the morning, and the gorgeous sun, were all in keeping with the attributes of their Maker; while the tiny ship, a mere speck upon the waters, girdled with iron and prepared for strife, was a fit emblem of the frailty and insignificance of man.

The inconsiderate and the thoughtless were disappointed that the usual ceremony of receiving Neptune was dispensed with on crossing the line; but the Hornet was too well disciplined for such a disorderly exhibition, and her commander wisely considered the custom of roughly shaving the uninitiated as one more honored in the breach than the observance.

After crossing the equator, the atmosphere improved and became balmy and pleasant, and so rarified that the stars became visible at the very verge of the horizon. The pole star, the lamp hung out in heaven to guide the wanderer on the northern deep, although steadfast as faith it maintained its post, gradually disappeared, and others, more brilliant but less endeared by association, rose upon the view. High up in the heavens, two luminous bodies, like fragments of the milky way, became visible, while lower down toward the pole, another of darker hue was seen. They were the wonderful Magellan clouds which, from their position and immovability, are supposed by Humboldt to be the reflections of the Cordilleras.

The messmates of Talbot had soon perceived a marked change in his demeanor: His hilarity was gone, and, avoiding his former associates, he paced the deck or sat apart, wrapped in the visionary aspirations of a lover. They all suspected the cause, but had too much regard for him to wound his sensitive feelings by ill-timed jests and allusions. Indeed their respect for him insensibly increased, for they perceived with surprise that although completely absorbed in revery when he had no duty to perform, yet he had become the most vigilant among them, and in particular paid the most minute attention to the exercise of his division at the guns and in the use of small arms. At such times, his eyes sparkled with more than their wonted enthusiasm, and his very air breathed some exalted purpose.

"Take care, gentlemen," said the captain one day to a party of officers near him, "take care! Talbot is wooing glory that he may win a bride, and if opportunity offers he may bear away the palm."

"Let him if he can," was the reply, "we will not begrudge what must be dearly earned."

Nearly in a line with the extreme southern limits

of two continents, at the confluence of two mighty oceans, lies Tristan d'Acuna, a high, rocky and uninhabited island, its summit wrapped in clouds, and, except in one place, the surf loud and continuous broke upon its shore. The wind was fresh, and the tumultuous waves ran high, when through the mist the Hornet gained a sight of the land. While the captain hesitated whether to venture in, or lie-to and await more favorable weather, the cry "sail ho!" was heard from aloft.

"Where away?" was quickly asked by the officer of the deck.

"Broad off the weather beam, sir," was the reply, and the Hornet wore round and stood toward the stranger. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the thrill of delight with which each man on board of a cruiser, in time of war, hears the cry "sail ho!" which ensures the excitement of a chase, and the probability of an engagement.

Long before the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, her spars and sails, enveloped in the mist, in their shadowy outline seemed of gigantic size. Like a shapeless cloud rather than a thing of art, she came down before the breeze, now and then the mist, in fantastic wreaths, half concealing, half betraying her form and character. The American hoisted her colors as an invitation to the stranger to declare her nationality. Shortly after, the report of a gun came booming over the water, and there was a shout of exultation among the crew of the Hornet, as through the vapor they descried the ensign of St. George. The commander of each vessel, however, was too good a seaman not to be aware that the wind was too high, and the sea too rough, for a fair encounter. Each one, brave himself, doubted not the valor of his adversary. With a tacit understanding that they would meet when the gale abated, the ships hove-to, in each other's near vicinity. They rode out the night in safety, each one carrying a light, to denote her position to the other.

The next day it moderated, and at 1 P. M. the Hornet hoisted her jack at the fore, as an intimation that she was ready for the encounter. The signal was promptly answered, and the vessels filling away on opposite tacks, exchanged broadsides as they passed. Immediately after, like two knights engaged *à l'outrance*, each again wore round and stood directly for the other, while from forward, aft, successively as they bore, the guns were fired with singular precision. As they neared each other, the scene became more and more exciting: Beside the boom of the cannon, the pealing of the musketry soon became incessant, and the hurtling of iron and lead was terrific. The atmosphere was soon thick and stifling, and the crews were working their guns with the energy of desperation, when a severe concussion, followed by a harsh and grating sound, told that the ships were afoul.

"Away! boarders away!" was the instant cry on board of the Englishman, and a host of men, cutlas and pistol in hand, gathered on his forecastle.

"Stand by to repel boarders," was the prompt response of the American, and a forest of bristling pikes was arrayed against the assailants. Talk of serried ranks and wedged battalions; of the compact square, and even of the deep moat and frowning parapet! who would not charge upon either, rather than breast that fretted line of steel, held by those stern-visaged men! The enemy paused and faltered.

By word and example, Talbot had encouraged his men to their utmost exertion, and at the first call, had hurried with them to repel the enemy; but, when that enemy hesitated, although but for an instant, he shouted, "On them, men! on! on!" and rushed forward as he spoke, to board them in turn.

"Hold, men! hold! Back, Mr. Talbot, back, I command you," shouted the captain. "My God! he's gone!" he added, as the two ships, lifted high by a passing wave, fell apart, and the fore-mast of the enemy came down with a frightful crash. The instant before, Talbot had sprung upon her bowsprit, and the next, just escaping the mast as it fell, he was upon her deck.

Captain Biddle, although he had been firm as a veteran throughout the fight, no sooner beheld the peril of his officer, than, trembling like an aspen, he sprung into the rigging, and in a voice shrill and distinct amid the uproar, called out, "Hurt but a hair of his head and I 'll sink you where you lie."

In the meantime, Talbot had not been idle. Striking right and left, parrying where he could, but not stopping to return a blow, he pressed on, and in less time than it has taken to narrate this incident, had gained the quarter-deck, cut the halliards and hauled the ensign down.

Immediately on separating from the enemy, the Hornet ranged ahead, and was prepared to throw in a broadside, but seeing the colors down, hailed to know if they had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative.

The prize was immediately taken possession of, and Talbot was found almost insensible, endeavoring to staunch the blood from an ugly wound with the flag he had hauled down.

So destructive had been the fire of the American that the prize was completely riddled: She was therefore scuttled; and in a very short time the Hornet was again prepared for action.

The wound of poor Talbot was so severe as to leave no hope of his being able to perform duty the remainder of the cruise. A merchant vessel that was fallen in with was chartered as a cartel, and all the prisoners, with a few of the wounded, including Talbot, were put on board of her, to be taken to the United States.

Under the judicious treatment of the medical officer who accompanied them, he was fast recovering when they passed the island, where we first introduced him to the reader. At his urgent request he was landed, the cartel, after a few hours delay, proceeding on her course.

Like the anguish of the parting, the glorious ecstasy of the meeting of the lovers may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Dear Edward," said the maiden, as soon as they were alone, "Dr. Holmes has told me all, and you have more than realized my wildest and most extravagant hopes."

"Say not so, Mary! indeed you should rather take credit to yourself, for if I have been swayed by any other motive than love of country, it has been to prove myself worthy of your rare affection."

"It was ever so with you, Edward—you first excite our admiration, and then ascribe to others the fruits of your own good deeds."

"Nay, sweet girl, you wrong yourself and me. Tell me, what is the body without the soul?"

"An inanimate lump of clay—but why the question?"

"Because to me you are what the soul is to the body—the life which animates and the spirit which directs it—you are at once my inspiration and my hope—the burthen of my thoughts, the aim and object of all my aspirations."

"Hush, Edward, this cannot, nay, I would not have it to be true; let us change the theme" She laid her hand upon his mouth as she spoke—but what maiden was ever yet displeased with the devotion of a favored lover?

In the course of their conversation, Talbot learned that Mr. Gillespie had completed his arrangements, and was on the look out for a vessel to convey himself and family to the United States. The former was of course anxious to accompany them, and in the midst of happiness was, perhaps, the most impatient of them all, for Mr. Gillespie would not consent to his daughter's marriage before she had seen her relatives at home: Perhaps, too, he wished to inquire more particularly than he had yet been enabled to do, into the character and circumstances of the man he was about to receive as his son-in-law. He knew him to be brave and intelligent, and of frank and winning manners, but he knew nothing more—the captain of the ship, when he dined with him, having answered his questions in general terms of commendation.

They waited for a long time in vain. So ruinous had the war become to American commerce, that for months not a vessel from the United States had visited the island.

Late one evening a schooner, named the Humming-bird, formerly an American letter-of-marque, arrived, bringing intelligence of peace between England and the United States. The owners of the schooner had without delay applied for a commission to the Colombian minister, and she was now equipped as a privateer under that flag. The commander of her, having been drawn from his course by a vessel to which he had given chase and captured two days previous, purposed proceeding immediately to Nassau, New Providence. As from thence a speedy conveyance to the United States could certainly be procured, and no Spanish cruisers were supposed to be at sea, Mr. Gillespie offered such inducements to the captain that he consented to take them as passengers, and gave up his cabin for their accommodation.

In less than sixty hours they sailed, with a light but favorable wind. About 4 P. M. the second day, when they were nearly through the Mona passage, it fell calm. Within the passage, from shore to shore, there was not a ripple upon the water, and the light and buoyant little vessel, without advancing a foot, rose and fell with the mysterious undulation. A few miles ahead, without the passage, stretching from the east toward the west, the dark and ruffled surface was relieved by the white caps of the waves, whose tops were curling and breaking into sparkling foam. It was the trade wind sweeping, unobstructed by the land, toward the Great Bahama Bank. Several vessels were in sight, among them a large one, coming down before the wind, but which, less than any, excited their attention—for she seemed too burthensome for a Spanish trader to the colonies.

"Captain," said Talbot, half an hour after, "unless I am very much mistaken, that large stranger to windward is a man-of-war."

"Probably an Englishman." replied the captain.

"Scarcely, the canvas is not sufficiently dark, and the upper sails roach too much; it is evidently a frigate, and now I think of it, can hardly be a Frenchman, for they rarely cruise in this direction. Are you sure that there are no Spanish cruisers among the islands?"

"None so large as this," answered the captain, "for the Isabella went to leeward upward of a month ago."

"May it not have been a ruse?" asked Talbot.

"Give me the glass," said the captain, and he looked long and earnestly; "I cannot make her out," he said at length, "but do not like her looks. Get out the sweeps, Mr. Long," he added, addressing his lieutenant, "we must have the Humming-bird out of this mill-pond, or her wings will be useless."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the little vessel was soon moving at the rate of three or four knots through the water; but the larger vessel was in the mean time coming down at treble velocity. As soon as the schooner began to feel the influence of the wind, the sweeps were laid in, and all sail made to the northward, in the hope that the stranger would pass without observing them. In this, however, they were disappointed, for, as the latter was brought to bear abeam, they observed with anxiety, that she edged away toward them.

"I fear that we have been deceived in our intelligence," said the captain, in reply to a look from Talbot, as they noticed the suspicious movement of the stranger.

"For Heaven's sake, conceal your misgivings from Mr. Gillespie and his family while there is a hope," asked Talbot; to which the captain nodded assent, and proceeded quietly to make his arrangements to elude, if possible, the grasp of his pursuer; for he now felt convinced that he saw the Isabella. The best sailing of the schooner was by the wind; instead, therefore, of keeping away before it, she was hauled close to it, and steered N. N. E. bringing the frigate to bear forward of the weather beam.

[To be continued.

FLORENCE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

PROLOGUE.

An humble cottage, overgrown
With woodbine, stood beside a hill,
And nigh it, murmuring through moss,
Rippled a little rill.

The hill was high and wore a crown
Of leafiness, whence, gazing down,
An eagle might behold the towers
And turrets of a town.

And many a pleasant country cot,
Snowy, and peering through the green,
With, now and then, a rivulet,
Meandering, might be seen.

But in the landscape, like a king,
A short half mile or more away,
A grim old castle stood, erect,
Baronial and gray.

Around it lay an ample park,
With, here and there, a drove of deer;
A rude old Norman edifice,
Dark, desolate and drear!

Perhaps it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient building smile,
But, nevertheless, a pleasant look
Was on the agéd pile.

Perhaps it was with joy it smiled
That morn, the merriest of the year,
Which welcomed home its youthful lord,
Young Lionel De Vere.

Perhaps the thought of earlier days
Flitted athwart its granite brain;
Perchance it dreamed it might behold
Those golden hours again—

Those hours when, in the tournament,
Warriors, in glistering steel attired,
Tilted before young demoiselles,
Who blushed to be admired;

Or when the forest echoes rang
With many a merry bugle-horn,
And stag and hounds, a baying rout,
Swept by some autumn morn.

But whether it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient mansion smile,
Or other things, a pleasant look
Lit up the agéd pile.

—

PART I.

She stood among her garden flowers,
The very loveliest lily there,
Beauty, bloom, purity and truth
Unfolding on the air.

He paused among the trees and gazed,
And like a bark with sails unfurled,
His heaving heart went forth to seek
Another and a fairer world.

All heaven he felt was in her eye;
Its sunshine glistened in her glance;
The air he breathed was elfin air;
His soul was in a trance:

"Ah, spirit of some virgin saint,
Turn—turn those blesséd eyes on me,
And let me kneel and worship thee!"
Deliriously said he.

She raised her eyes, her maiden cheek
Mounting the crimson tinge of dawn,
And, looking timidly around,
Stood, like a startled fawn.

"Nay, do not fly," exclaimed the youth;
"Remain; allow my thirsty eyes
To quaff thy beauty: I would drain
A draught of Paradise.

Wonder awaking in her face,
The maiden stood, with lips apart,
Drinking his voice, whose cadence stole
In harmony to her heart.

And even as she stood he came,
And, kneeling, bade her fear no wrong;
While all the while the murmuring air
Moved musical with song.

His words were not as other's words,
His voice was like no other voice,
Somehow, she knew not why, it made
Her maiden heart rejoice.

And from that moment all things grew
Lovelier with light, because of him,
And, like a cup of wine, her heart
Was crimson to the brim.

"What shall I call thee? asked the maid;
"How name thee?" "Clarence is my name,"
Returned the youth—"an honest one,
Though all unknown to fame.

"And how shall I call thee?" quoth he.
"Florence," replied the maid—"a mean
And humble village girl." "But fit,"
Said he, "to be a queen!"

Day after day, at eventide,
The stranger sought her, breathing words
Of passion, while her timid heart
Beat like a frightened bird's.

But not with fear, for every pulse
Was swayed by love, that, moon-like, rides
The empyrean of the adoring heart
And rules its purple tides.

—

PART II.

Merrily through the town they went
A proud, chivalric cavalcade
Of knights and nobles and esquires,
In silken robes arrayed.

And each sustained his high degree,
 But foremost there, without a peer
In manly majesty of mien,
 Rode Lionel De Vere.

The ostrich plumes which flowed and waved
 In silver clouds above his brow,
Were gray and lustreless beside
 That forehead's dazzling snow.

The diamond brooch which held the plume
 Flashed in the sunlight, like a star,
Throwing its ever radiant rays
 In rainbow hues afar.

The ruby burning on his breast,
 Blazing and blossoming as he turned,
Was fervid as his heart, which, fed
 With honor, nobly burned.

And as he passed, his lofty head
 Bending in answer to the cries
Of loving vassals, nobler form
 Never met woman's eyes.

A smile for one of mean degree,
 A courteous bow for one of high,
So modulated both that each
 Saw friendship in his eye.

Onward he rode, while like the sound
 Of surf along a shingly shore,
The murmur of a people's joy
 Marched, herald-like, before.

Timidly, while before them pressed
 The peasants, in a little nook
Two women stood—two timid things—
 To snatch a hasty look:

One, weak and old—an aged dame—
 December toward its latter day;
The other young and pure and fair,
 The maiden month of May:

Trembling with curious delight
 She rose on tip-toe, gazing through
The mass of heads which, like a hedge,
 Bordered the avenue.

The sound of horns, which rolled and broke
 Like summer thunder, and the crash
Of cymbals, while the hound-like drum
 Howled underneath the lash;

The toss of plumes, the neigh of steeds,
 The silken murmur of attire,
As the proud cavalcade drew nigh,
 Filled her young heart with fire.

He came, her lord, the lord of all
 Who gazed and gazed afar or near,
And as he bowed they hailed with shouts
 Lord Lionel De Vere.

A trouble flitted through her face—
 A shadow, and before her eyes
She passed her hands, as if to check
 Some terrible surmise.

Nearer and nearer, while like one
 Struck dumb she gazed, the noble came,
And as he passed the people flung
 Their blessings on his name.

One little cry—a feeble cry—
 The name of "Clarence," and she passed:
He heard it not, its tiny sound
 Died in the clarion's blast.

PART III.

The cottage stood in solitude,
 The woodbine rustled on the wall,
The Marguerites in the garden waved
 In murmurs one and all;

And, rippling by, the rivulet
 Seemed sobbing, like a frightened child,
Who, wandering on, has lost its way
 In some deserted wild.

The day was waning in the west,
 And slowly, like a dainty dream,
The delicate twilight dropped her veil
 On fallow, field and stream.

The purple sky was sown with stars
 When Clarence came: she was not there,
And desolately frowned the night,
 And stagnant was the air.

But on the little rustic seat
 Where they had often sat, there shone
A letter, and the noble name
 Along it was his own.

"Farewell," it said, "that I exist
 Breathing the word which is the knell
Of love and hope is not my will,
 But God's alone: Farewell.

"Never more on this once loved spot,
 Never more on the rivulet's bank,
Shall we sojourn: my love, great lord,
 Insults thy lofty rank.

"Go, seek some fitter mate: for me,
 Too poor to be thy wife, too proud
To be thy leman, grief, despair,
 The death-bed, and the shroud."

He read appalled, amazed, aghast,
 Stern as a statue, and the stone
Was pale Despair, its haggard look
 Less awful than his own.

A thought, and like a storm he dashed
 Along the grassy walk: no spark
Shone from the cottage: all within,
 Without, around, was dark.

He knocked and knocked, but no one came:
 He entered, and the silent room
Was vacant, and his darkened heart
 Grew darker with the gloom.

Next day the grim old castle stood
 Neglected: whether its heart of stone
Was touched, I know not, yet I heard
 The ancient mansion moan.

Perhaps I was deceived; the wind
 Went howling over woods and moors,
And round the castle, like a ghost
 Stalking its corridors.

PART IV.

The snow had fallen hour on hour;
 The wind was keen, and loud and shrill
It whistled through the naked trees
 And round the frozen hill.

The country everywhere was white;
The forest oaks that moaned and pined
Wore caps of snow, which, bowing low,
They doffed before the wind.

Twilight descended, and the air
Was gray, and like a sense of dread,
Night on the virgin breast of earth
Her sable shadows spread.

Slowly, with wavering steps, a man
Moved on a solitary moor,
With staff, and shell, and sandaled shoon,
A pilgrim pale and poor.

Slowly, with trembling steps he moved,
Pausing, as if uncertain where
To take his way, when, faint and far,
A bell disturbed the air.

And as with concentrated strength
He sought the sound, a little light
Shown flickeringly and glow-worm like
Through the ravine of night.

A little light that with each step
Became distinct, until his eyes
Beheld a convent's welcome walls
Between him and the skies.

He reached the portal—rang the bell,
And as above him rose the moon,
Sank, like the storm: the portress found
The pilgrim in a swoon.

They bore the wasted wanderer in:
Pallid but beautiful he lay,
A dream which seemed to come from heaven
Though clad in suffering clay.

And when, long hours of anguish gone,
His eyes once more shone calmly blue,
Looks that seemed grievous memories
Dimmed their ethereal hue.

His soul, which many days had walked
The ploughshares of consuming love,
Wrung by the ordeal, raised its eyes
Toward Him Who reigned above.

He sought the chapel; at the shrine
Knelt, while his eyes were wet with tears—
God's love in holy harmonies
Filling his penitent ears.

Even as he knelt the solemn mass,
"ORA PRO NOBIS, DOMINE,"
Rose, like a dove on sun-lit wings,
Seeking the heavenly way.

Concordant voices sweet and clear
Rang through the consecrated nave,
Discoursing melodies which rolled
And broke, wave over wave.

As in an ecstasy he knelt,
Cheeks, lips and eyes alive with light,
Radiant, as if a saint, or Christ
Himself had blessed his sight.

For in the voices one sweet voice
Swam, like a spirit's, in his ears:
He could not speak, or move, or breathe;
While slowly trickling tears
Ran down his cheeks, as, louder still,
The swan-voiced organ breathed its knell,
And on its cloudy height of song
Paused, trembled, moaned and fell.

But as its echoes died away,
His spirit trod that golden shore
Where hope becomes reality
And sorrow is no more.

He sought the abbess; on his knees
Unfolded, page by page, his grief;
While she, albeit cold and stern,
Wept, yielding to belief.

And Florence came, while Clarence stood
In breathless silence far apart,
A thousand hopes and joys and fears
Conflicting at his heart.

Throwing aside his pilgrim cowl
Clarence fell trembling at her feet:
"Florence," he murmured, "loved and lost,
At last, at last we meet."

She stood in silence, with her eyes
Fixed on the youth—a heavenly calm
From out whose subsidence of sound
Came "Clarence," like a psalm.

And then he knelt and told his tale:
How he had loved in other lands,
And she he sought had faithlessly
Obeyed a sire's commands,

And left him desolate; how, when,
After long weeks of aching pain
A pale, heart-broken, weary man,
With fevered brow and brain,

He sought his native land, and stood
Again within his castle halls,
But found that soothing Peace had flown
Forever from its walls;

And how, when wandering in the woods,
Accusing God of all his wo,
Madder with memories of the Past
Than any fiend below,

She, Florence, like an angel, rose
To calm his heart, and dry his tears,
And fill his brain with melodies
Stolen from statelier spheres.

And how he sought to test her love,
And feared, recurring to the past,
That this, his eidolon of joy,
Might prove too bright to last.

And so, in humble garb, in state
No loftier than the maiden's own,
He sought her love, not for his lands
But for himself alone.

And how he came and found her gone,
And since, month after month, in pain,
Had followed her from town to town,
With burning heart and brain;

And how, when hope was gone, and life
Seemed like a land which lay behind—
The future like a desolate void—
How, when he most repined—

And each sustained his high d
But foremost there, witho
In manly majesty of mien,
Rode Lionel De Ve

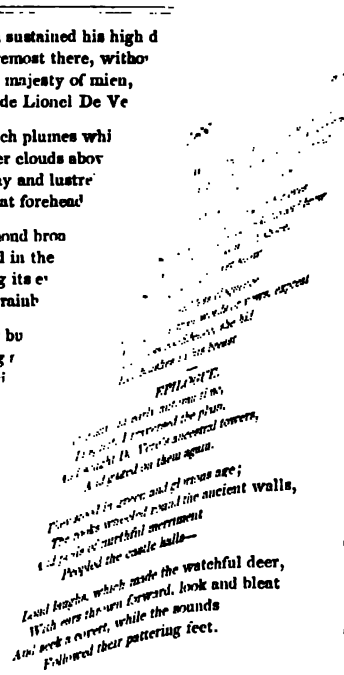
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The swallows, twittering in the air,
Seemed sharers in the general gladness;
The stares from oak and beach and elm,
Chattered in merry madness.

Across the drawbridge, as I gazed,
A merry, laughing cavalcade,
With dogs in leash and hawk on hand,
Dashed madly down the glade.

Among them, stateliest of them all,
Sat one whose broad and ample brow,
Though white with time, was full of life
As lichen under snow.

And by his side, with smiling eye,
And swelling breast, in robes of green,
Rode one, round whom the nobles prest
As round a loving queen.

And after, hand on hip, two youths
Rode gayly onward, side by side,
Returning with admiring love
Their parents' glance of pride.

While in the distance, like a sire
Who sees at Christmas festival
His happy children laughing round,
Smiled the baronial hall.

THE DIAL-PLATE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

All rusty is the iron grate
That girds the garden desolate,
But there it stands, the dial-plate,
A thing of antiquated date,
Right opposite the sun.
The wild moss and the fern have grown
Upon its quaint, old-fashioned stone,
And earthy mounds about it strown
Seem each to say, in solemn tone,
"A race is run!"

Of yore, in vernal beauty smiled
This spot of earth so drear and wild,
And you might chance to see a child,
Up-scrambling on the gray stones piled
Around the dial-plate;
Then might you hear his laughter ring
Clear as the chime of bells in spring,
When, like a pompous little king,
He strutted on that queer old thing
In mock estate.

Long years have circled slowly round
Upon that wheel which hath no sound;
The urchin has in manhood found
A beauteous maid, and they are bound
By Hymen's silken tie;
There stand the couple, side by side,
The bridegroom and his dainty bride,
The sunbeams from the dial slide
Deep in their cells beneath the tide—
As deep Love's sigh!

Comes tottering age with thin, white hair,
And that same youth is standing there!
But now his head is almost bare,
And twinkles in his eye a tear,
Fresh from his withered core;
Gone are the loved ones of his breast,
Gone to their everlasting rest,
Grim Death has robbed the old man's nest,
And they are now his mouldering guest
For evermore!

Ye pilgrims on the shores of Time!
Of every age and every clime,
Like flowers ye spring up in your prime,
Like them ye fade at vesper chime
In twilight of the tomb;
Oh! pluck the roses while ye may,
Each instant heralds Life's decay,
Mark well the dial's fleeting ray,
There is a world beyond the clay—
Beyond its gloom.

Old father Time expects his fee,
Look how he rubs his hands in glee,
A mighty pair of scales hath he,
To weigh Earth and Eternity,
"As misers count their gold;"
From earth he plucks each minute-pin,
And down the other he drops it in—
Take heed! the weigher soon must win
He stares upon you with a grin—
Your days are told!



When death had been a welcome thing,
Her voice, the concord of the spheres,
Had called his memory from her tomb
On which it lay in tears.

She stood and listened with her eyes
And ears and heart—cheek, lip and brow
Serene with happiness which shone,
Like sunlight over snow.

And with a breathless eloquence
Which, more than words or vows, exprest
Her boundless confidence, she hid
Her blushes in his breast.

EPILOGUE.

One day, in early autumn time,
In spirit, I traversed the plain,
And sought De Vere's ancestral towers,
And gazed on them again.

They stood in green and glorious age;
The rooks wheeled round the ancient walls,
And peals of mirthful merriment
Peopled the castle halls—

Loud laughs, which made the watchful deer,
With ears thrown forward, look and bleat
And seek a covert, while the sounds
Followed their pattering feet.

The swallows, twittering in the air,
Seemed sharers in the general gladness;
The stares from oak and beach and elm,
Chattered in merry madness.

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W. P. Frith. Adams.

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

Engraved Expressly for Godey's Magazine.

UNIV. OF MICH.



Mrs. Dolly, almost ready to cry. "What possesses you to run on in this way, just as if my dear Annette could ever be brought to give up all her old friends for strangers. I do wish you would not talk so—it really makes me nervous!"

"Well, my dear sister, I may be mistaken, and for your sake, and for Annette's sake, I hope to God I am! I call myself a pretty good judge of character,

were as carefully and judiciously applied by the son, until little by little the broad foundation of future wealth was successfully established.

In the days of their youth, when the freshness of their young lives should have been given to better and holier ends, the parents of Penn Eccleson looked forward only to the aggrandizement of themselves and children, through the potent influence of money;



UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

BY CAROLINE. H. BUTLER.

"SISTER, are you determined, then, to marry Annette to Mr. Eccleson?" asked Mr. Goodman of his sister, Mrs. Doily.

"Certainly I am, brother," answered the lady. "In every respect it is a most advantageous match for her; indeed, John, I assure you that I look upon an alliance with the Eccleson family as one of the most desirable things which could possibly happen, and so does Mr. Doily."

"I do not agree with you," said her brother; "and I fear in the end, you may have reason to change your present views."

"And why so, brother?" returned Mrs. Doily. "It seems to me you are always looking upon the dark side! Now do tell me, John, what reasonable objection you can possibly have to Annette's marriage—I am sure I see none—and, of course, no one can have her happiness more at heart than her own mother! Is not Mr. Eccleson very rich, and nearly allied to some of the very first families in the city? His age surely can be no serious objection—indeed, it is all for the best, for a man stands still, while a woman grows old; and fifteen years hence, depend upon it, no one will think him fifteen years her senior. Then he is very agreeable, and certainly uncommonly good-looking!" and with the air of one who feels satisfied that they have the best of the argument, Mrs. Doily complacently swung to and fro in her easy rocking-chair.

"Yes, Jane, he is all these—and, you may add, too, as proud as Lucifer!" said Mr. Goodman.

"He has reason to be proud!" put in Mrs. Doily.

"Perhaps he has," answered her brother, "and you will find that his pride will not allow him to acknowledge willingly any connection with a dry-goods retailer!"

"Ridiculous, brother—how foolish you talk! Pray, then, why should he offer to marry Annette, if he looks upon the connection as something to be ashamed of?" said Mrs. Doily, getting almost angry.

"Why? why because he has fallen in love with Annette's pretty face; he means to marry *her*, not her family, and he trusts to his future power over her, and to a woman's devotedness to her husband, right or wrong, to wean her away from all her earlier ties!"

"John, you really talk very strangely!" exclaimed Mrs. Doily, almost ready to cry. "What possesses you to run on in this way, just as if my dear Annette could ever be brought to give up all her old friends for strangers. I do wish you would not talk so—it really makes me nervous!"

"Well, my dear sister, I may be mistaken, and for your sake, and for Annette's sake, I hope to God I am! I call myself a pretty good judge of character, and if I err not, Mr. Eccleson has so much pride, arrogance, perhaps, would be the better word, for it is not the pride of a high-minded, honorable man, as will make him callous what ties he rends, or what sacred altars he may trample down to serve his own ambitious views. Besides, Jane, I never yet knew any true happiness to result from unequal marriages; and I tell you honestly, that were Annette my daughter, I would sooner see her the wife of an honest young tradesman, who has his own fortune and standing to build up, than the wife of Penn Eccleson, were he ten times richer than he is!"

"Oh, yes, John, were Annette *your daughter!*" said Mrs. Doily, forcing a laugh. "Yes, I know, old bachelors and old maids are always most wonderful patterns of parental prudence! but with all your prejudices you will allow one thing, I hope, that Mr. Eccleson is far from being either a selfish or a mercenary man!"

"I deny the first," interrupted Mr. Goodman.

"For he refuses to receive any fortune with Annette; true, we could not give her much—five or six thousand dollars, perhaps—but even that is something; and I am sure his refusal to accept of it is very noble. It is Annette, and Annette alone he wants"

"True, very true—it is Annette he wants, and not a penny of the retailer's money—there shall be no obligation of that nature to bind him to the family of the future Mrs. Eccleson!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman, starting up angrily from his chair. "Jane, Jane, I protest against this marriage!" and seizing his hat and cane, he withdrew, leaving poor Mrs. Doily bathed in the tears she was no longer able to restrain—tears of vexation and anger, at what she deemed the willful obstinacy of her brother.

If what Uncle John said was true, it was certainly yet to be proved, for, perhaps, no marriage in the eyes of partial, hopeful parents, ever promised a fairer prospect of happiness to trusting girlhood than that so soon to be consummated.

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Penn Eccleson belonged exclusively to the monied aristocracy. His grandfather and father before him, had both commenced life with a determination to be rich—richer—richest—and what the former had accumulated from small beginnings and careful savings, were as carefully and judiciously applied by the son, until little by little the broad foundation of future wealth was successfully established.

In the days of their youth, when the freshness of their young lives should have been given to better and holier ends, the parents of Penn Eccleson looked forward only to the aggrandizement of themselves and children, through the potent influence of money;

and to this end they toiled and delved in the service of Mammon, with a bondage almost equal to that of the gold-seeking maniac amid the mountain fastnesses of California, denying themselves all the luxuries, and most of the comforts of life to swell the hoard of avarice, and feed their ill-directed ambition.

As years took their flight, step by step the Ecclesons gradually emerged from the obscurity of a narrow cross-street in the lower part of the city, to the possession of one of the most elegant establishments in the fashionable region of —— Square. The most *genteel* schools were selected for their children, who were expressly forbidden to form any friendships with their little school-mates, save those whose parents could at least boast of a carriage, and thus, their heads early filled with conceit and pride, the little Ecclesons formed as disagreeable a trio as one would care to see—for assuredly there is nothing more unpleasing, than to behold the beautiful simplicity of childhood lost in the supercilious airs and artificial graces of the fine lady!

The Ecclesons were regarded at first in no very favorable light, in the quarter they had chosen for their debut into high life, and occasionally their pride suffered severely. But with a pertinacity worthy a higher aim, they firmly stood their ground, and upon the strength of their fine dinners, and their splendid parties, were, in the course of a few years, not only tolerated, but received with favor into those circles they most coveted Their only son, meanwhile, was traveling in Europe, with a *carte-blanche* in his pocket for any expenses he might choose to indulge, and the sage advice of worthy Polonius engrafted on his mind, in the sense, I mean, with which Mr. Hudson translates Shakspeare, that is, "to sit up all night to make himself a gentleman, and take no pains to make himself a man."

Time rolled on. Their daughters made highly eligible matches, their son returned elegant in person, polished in manners, and then it was time for the old people to die.

Doubtless it would have been a satisfaction to them to have witnessed their own sumptuous funerals; to have known how daintily their rigid limbs were draped in the finest of linen, and upon what soft, downy cushions within their narrow bed their heads were pillowed. It would have been a splendid pageant for their pride—the richly emblazoned coffin—the pall of velvet sweeping to the ground—the hearse, with its long shadowy plumes—the high-mettled horses curbed to a solemn pace, yet tossing their heads and manes as if nobly spurning from them the trappings of fictitious wo in which they were forced to act a part—the stately equipages which follow their dust to the "City of the Dead"—and then their own epitaphs; it would have amazed them to have known how many virtues of which they themselves were ignorant, that finely chiseled marble bestowed upon them.

The old gentleman remembered each of his daughters and their families handsomely in his will, and then bequeathed to his son the residue of his large property, including the fine mansion in —— Square. Penn Eccleson might therefore be considered by speculating papas and mammas a most eligible match. Nature had also been most lavish in her personal gifts, while Fortune, as we have seen, had already secured him her favors.

But young Eccleson seemed in no hurry to take a wife, and he had nearly attained his thirtieth year ere he began seriously to look about him. At this time he accidentally saw Annette Doily at the Opera, and became instantly a victim to love at first sight. It must be owned his ardor was somewhat cooled upon ascertaining that this beautiful young creature was—nobody! that is, she was only the daughter of a mere shopkeeper, who dealt out tapes and bobbins, and sold cambric by the yard. This fact, for a time, was sufficient to keep his ardor in check, but upon being thrown again into her presence, it broke forth with renewed violence. He gave himself no rest until he had found a way to make her acquaintance, and thus led by the little god, the haughty Penn Eccleson, who walked the earth as though he were lord of all, became a frequent visiter at the house of Mr. Doily, and a suitor for the hand of his daughter.

Annette was, indeed, a lovely young creature, whose seventeenth summer had scarcely dawned over her innocent, happy life. I would fain describe her, as her image comes up before me in the dream of the past, but my pen is unable to trace the indescribable charm which dwelt upon her countenance, or the artless grace which pervaded all her movements. And these were the least traits which endeared her to her friends, for never was there a heart more affectionate and confiding, or a disposition so guileless. What wonder that the polished manners and insinuating address of Eccleson should have gained her heart, and that with all the fervor and truthfulness of a first love, she blushingly consented to be his—grateful, too, for the preference he had yielded a simple child like herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Doily were proud of their daughter, and proud of the conquest she had achieved. In the alliance they saw an immense advantage; it not only placed their beloved Annette at once in the highest circles of rank and fashion, but to Mr. Doily, the benefit to his business, arising from a connection with the Eccleson family, would be incalculable. He already fancied himself turning his back upon the counter, and established among the bales and boxes of a large wholesale house—perhaps an importer—a ship-owner; while Mrs. Doily, with the true instinct of a mother, forgetting all self, rejoiced that her two younger daughters would be ushered into society under the patronage of their wealthy brother-in-law.

Uncle John was the only one who predicted aught but undivided happiness from the union.

—

Had the cloudless heaven which dawned upon their wedding morn, and the bright sun which burst in gladness over them, but typified their future lot, how blest and happy would it have been.

Eccleson preferred to be married in church, and

a gay retinue attended the bridal pair to the sacred edifice wherein their solemn vows were to be registered. As side by side they stood in the holy chancel, all eyes turned admiringly upon them—she so charming, yet so unconscious of her loveliness, as with her little hand nestled in his she received the holy benediction of the priest, while as he bent his lips to her pure brow, a softness rested upon the features of the bridegroom, which rendered his beauty almost godlike.

The ceremony over, the two sisters of Eccleson, proud, haughty dames, advanced and coldly saluted the pale cheek of the fair bride, and honored the sadly happy mother with a stately bow. Eccleson touched his lips to the proffered cheek of Mrs. Doily, and then receiving the weeping Annette from the arms of her parents, bore her exultingly to the carriage, as if eager to point the barrier henceforth to be raised between *her* and *them*.

The new married pair were absent two or three months on a bridal tour, and then returned to the city —their house in the interim having been newly and magnificently furnished to the tune of thousands, under the supervision of Mrs. Dash and Townlif, the sisters of Eccleson. But Annette pined to embrace her mother; not all the guilded baubles which on every side met her eye, not all the splendors of which her husband proudly proclaimed her the mistress, could for a moment quell the yearnings of her affectionate heart; and scarcely bestowing a glance upon the magnificence which surrounded her, she begged the carriage might take her to her parents and sisters.

Poor Annette! she was now to receive her first lesson from her haughty lord.

"No, Annette, you must not think of it," replied Eccleson, carelessly loosing the arms twined so fondly round his neck, "you are very tired, love, and I cannot consent to your further fatiguing yourself."

"Indeed, dear Penn, you are mistaken, I am not in the least tired; O, pray let me go home, if only for an hour!" said Annette, with her little hand upon his shoulder, and her large, dark eyes bent beseechingly upon his.

"I tell you, Annette, I cannot suffer you to go into P—— Street to-night; beside, love," he added, "it pains me to hear you speak of going *home*, as if this were not your home, your *only* home, Annette."

There was a meaning stress upon the word "only," which, however, Annette did not observe, so crushed was she by the disappointment his refusal caused her. She hesitated a moment, and then once more flinging her arms around him, she said,

"Dearest husband, I must go—do not refuse me. Only think, it is three months since I have seen them —three months, Penn, since I have embraced my mother. I know they are pining to behold me once more, for I was never away from them even for a day until I became yours, dear Penn; I am sure I shall not sleep unless I see them to-night."

"Nonsense, Annette," replied Eccleson; "you are no longer a child, I hope, to be thus sighing and whining after your mother; really I am quite ashamed of my little wife! Come, I will myself show you to your dressing-room; you have not yet seen the splendid diamonds I have for you, nor the elegant *trousseau* my sisters have prepared. Come, Annette," and encircling her slender waist with his arm, he would have led her from the room.

Tears stood in Annette's beautiful eyes.

"Dearest Penn, will you do me a favor? If you object to my going home to-night, then let the carriage drive round into P—— Street, and bring my mother here."

Eccleson drew himself up haughtily.

"Absurd, Annette—I shall certainly do no such thing. In the morning I shall not object to your visiting your parents, provided you take an early hour ere we may expect *my* friends to call upon you; but the truth is, the less frequent you make your visits in P—— Street, Annette, the better I shall be pleased."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Annette, with a startled look upon the countenance of her husband; "indeed I do not understand you, dear Penn."

"Well, my dear girl, I will endeavor to explain myself more clearly," answered Eccleson. "You are, of course, aware that by your marriage with me, your position in life has wholly changed; you are now raised to a sphere greatly above that from which I took you; and as my wife will henceforth move in none but the highest and most distinguished circles of the city; and therefore, dearest Annette, for my sake as well as for your own, it will be desirable that you forget all old associations as soon as possible."

"I do not understand you even now, I think," said Annette, smiling sadly. "No, I am sure, dear Penn, I do not take your true meaning—for it cannot be you would have me sacrifice my parents to my new position, to renounce all the fond ties of home! that is not what you mean?" she added with an appealing look.

"In a certain sense that *is* my meaning, love," answered her husband. "I shall offer no objections to your visiting your excellent parents occasionally, or as your parents of receiving them into my house; but, my sweet Annette, you must study to control your wishes for a very frequent repetition of these family meetings. It may seem impossible to you now, but believe me, dearest, you will soon find so much that is novel and delightful to occupy your thoughts, that you will cease to regret that which appears to afflict you so much at present."

With her little hands clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes gazing almost wildly into his, did Annette listen to the words of her heartless, selfish husband. But there was no resentment, no anger visible in her sweet face; with a sigh which would have moved any heart but his, she said,

"I am grieved to hear you speak so, dear Penn; nothing can ever make me forgetful of the ties of nature; you yourself would despise me, if, through the allurements of wealth and fashion, I could be brought to forget those who gave me being. You know you would; say so, dearest Penn—you only

wanted to prove me, did you?" and casting one arm fondly around his neck, with a sadly sweet smile she bent her lovely eyes upon him.

"Annette, we will not talk of this more at present," answered her husband; "enough that if you love me, you will, by and bye, better understand and *do* my meaning."

The first night Annette passed under her husband's roof was a sleepless one. Her chamber, in its luxurious adornments, might have received a princess—but little did she heed it. The beautiful hangings of pink and silver which swept around the bed—the rich counterpane of white satin which enveloped her lovely form—the downy pillows cased in the finest lace—nor all the splendors which surrounded her, had power for a moment to divert her saddened thoughts, or stay the tears of wounded affection.

But hope, bright hope is ever the blessing of youth as of age, and with the morning dawn gladdened the heart of the young wife with its peaceful influence, and whispered that her husband meant not the cruel words he had spoken, and that all would yet be well.

At an early hour the carriage was at the door, and Annette was borne once more to the arms of her parents. She hoped, but dared not ask her husband to accompany her, and it was with a heavy sigh and a starting tear that, after handing her into the carriage, she saw him once more ascend the marble steps, and then, as the carriage drove off, kissing his hand to her, re-enter the house.

In the fond welcome of home Annette lost the sorrow which already touched her young heart. As she viewed each dear familiar spot, her marriage seemed but a dream. From room to room she flew with the gladness of a bird—the kitchen—the nursery—the dear old school-room, all felt her light footstep now rapidly sweeping the keys of the piano as she glided past—now chasing the little kitten from "mother's" work-basket—now releasing her pet canary from its wiry prison, to perch upon her finger—and finally seating herself upon a low cushion at the feet of her mother, with the shaggy, sleepy head of old Rover in her lap, she prepared to answer some of the many questions poured upon her.

And what a proud, happy mother was Mrs. Doily at that moment—laughing and crying at the same moment as she looked upon her dear, darling Annette. How many affectionate inquiries she had to make about her new son-in-law—what plans she laid for the future—why did not Mr. Eccleson come with her? But she knew he would soon—and Annette must stay to dinner; yes, the carriage must go back without her, she had been away from them so long they could not spare her to-day; and Mr. Eccleson would come to dinner—it was lucky, for they were going to have boiled turkey and oysters, and the nicest, fattest pair of ducks she ever saw. But Annette reluctantly excused herself—they were to receive their wedding visits, and she must go—some other day, soon, very soon she would come. And kissing them all a dozen times, she sprung into the carriage and returned home with a lightened heart—for it could not be that her husband would willingly deprive her of so much enjoyment as that one brief hour had given her.

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It is needless to trace, day by day, and hour by hour, the thralls which gradually tightened around the kind, loving heart of Annette, who passively yielded herself to the selfish demands of her husband.

By the haughty relatives of Eccleson she was received either with formal courtesy, or with that condescending air of patronage, the most keenly cutting to a sensitive soul. She would have loved them, poor girl, if they would have suffered her love; but her advances were always chillingly repelled—they wished her to feel the vast difference which existed between a shopkeeper's daughter and their "almighty dreadful little mightinesses."

Eccleson loved his young wife as dearly as it was in his nature to love any one, save *self*—and all *but* his pride, would have sacrificed to her happiness. To a gay round of parties, *soirées*, the opera, theatres, and concerts, he bore her night after night, until any less gentle nature than Annette's would have been lost in the giddy whirl of fashion. Her dresses, her jewels, her equipage, out-rivaled all others; she was the belle of the brilliant circle in which she moved; but she pined in her gilded prison, and longed to lay her aching head upon her mother's bosom.

The very fact that her husband looked upon her relatives as inferior to himself, marked the galling dependence of her situation She was his wife, but fettered by bonds which ate into her soul. Almost wholly was she now debarred from the society of her own friends—for she could not see them insulted, and no better than insult was the haughty bearing which Eccleson assumed toward them, and therefore she preferred they should think her the heartless thing she seemed, than by persisting in her claims, subject them and herself to renewed contumely.

Better would it have been for Annette had she possessed more firmness of character—a *will* to do as she pleased—a determination to have her rights respected. But she was by nature too gentle to wrestle with the unfeeling hearts around her, and therefore yielded herself a passive victim. Or better, perhaps, would it have been, had her bosom covered a marble heart, and that, callous to all the tender ties which can make life desirable, she should have walked through life that mysterious anomaly—a beautiful woman without a soul!

But it was not so.

The step of Annette gradually lost its light elastic tread—her cheek grew pale—her eyes no longer reflected the innocent gayety of a happy heart, but bent low their drooping lids as if to hide their weight of sorrow—the bright smile which lent its charms to her speaking countenance faded sadly away. In less than two years after her marriage with that proud, haughty man, poor Annette was dying—dying of a broken-heart—of crushed and blighted affection!

Too late to save her did Eccleson see his error. He saw that he had drawn too strongly upon her gentle, pliant nature, and that barred from the light

and sun of her childhood's home—shut out from the kindly sympathies of parental love, like some beautiful flower of the forest torn from its genial bed, she was to fade and die at ambition's altar!

To restore her, if possible, and bitterly repenting his cruelty, Eccleson now did all in the power of mortal to stay her angel flight. He brought her parents around her—he surrounded her bedside with the most skillful physicians, and lavished upon her all the comforts which wealth could purchase. He took her home and restored to her the treasured associations of her early life.

Poor Annette was grateful—deeply grateful for this too long deferred kindness; and now that in this reunion life seemed again to present so many charms, she would have desired to live had her Heavenly Father so willed it. But it was too late. The barbed arrow had penetrated too deeply her innocent bosom to be withdrawn. With her hand clasped in that of her repentant husband, and her head pillowed on her mother's breast, her gentle spirit took its flight.

Gentle reader, this is no exaggerated story I have given you. It is but another life-drawn sketch of the evils which too frequently arise from unequal marriages.

THE ICEBERGS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[This poem was composed after reading a vivid description of the passage of a ship through the magnificent fields of ice in Hudson's Bay, by Ballantyne.]

Beautiful are the Icebergs! gorgeous piles,
White, green, gold, crimson in the flashing rays
Of the round sun. Along the waves for miles
They rise like temples of remotest days.

Or like cathedrals, churches, columns grand,
Grander than all that modern Art can claim—
The gilded fabrics of some Eastern land,
The mighty monuments of Roman fame.

Our vessel sails among them like a bird
Of darkest form, and plumage turned to brown,
Beside their lustre, as they lie unstirred,
Yet threatening to careen and topple down.

Strange, splendid, massive, fanciful, grotesque,
Of shapes as various as Invention drew—
Gothic, Corinthian, Grecian, Arabesque,
Perfect or shattered, age-renowned or new.

Builded upon the ice-fields, stretching vast
Into mid-ocean, like a frozen shore
Which skirts a continent, unknown to past
Or present time and shall be evermore.,

Cities and towns girt round with crystal walls,
And filled with crystal palaces, as fair
As Boreal Aurora, when she falls
Brilliant from heaven and streams along the air.

No sound disturbs the stillness of the scene
Hushed in eternal slumber, calm and deep;
To break the spell no voices intervene,
The very waters share the death-like sleep.

No fragment severs from the solid mass,
No torrents from the hills translucent flow,
But all is rigid, while we slowly pass,
As glacial mountains in a world of snow.

No avalanche impends, but leaning towers,
Like that of Pisa, seem about to rush
In ruin downward, though for years as hours
They still may stand, nor fear a final crush.

Ye icebergs! held by adamantine chains,
Nor moved from your foundations by the gales
Which Winter, hoary tyrant, ne'er restrains,
But sends, relentless, where his power prevails—

Ye are stern Desolation's home and throne,
Fixed on the boundaries of human life;
The lofty watch-towers of the Frigid Zone,
Locked in securely from the ocean's strife.

I look upon you with deep awe, and feel
That all my generation will decay
Ere Cold shall cease your ramparts to congeal,
Or Tempest hurl you from your base away!

LOVE.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

The winds are tranquil on the heaving deep;
And from her azure throne Night bendeth down,
And to old Ocean's brow transfers her crown
Of peerless beauty. All things are asleep!—
Save Love, who doth his ceaseless vigils keep
In my fond heart, where to thine image, now,
He kneeleth, breathing many a passionate vow,
And earnest prayer, filled with affection deep.
Like pious pilgrim at his sainted shrine,
His dearest treasures, and most precious things—
Devotion, constancy and truth he brings,
And lays them humble offerings upon thine,
Inspired with trusting hope that thou, who art
All gentleness, wilt smile, nor bid him to depart.

DOCTOR SIAN SENG;

OR THE CHINAMAN IN PARIS

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MERY.)

(*Concluded from page* 128.)



"I AM," cried I, falling at her feet, "a simple mortal, who loses his senses before your beauty."

"Get up! doctor, get up," said the *danseuse*, with a countenance of severity suddenly assumed—"no nonsense before your god-daughter! You forget yourself—she will tell a thousand stories when we get home. Have you never seen the 'Terrible Children of Gavarni?' They are all spies, these little innocents!"

I got up from my knees in confusion, and excused myself as well as I could. Her anger seemed to cool. She gave me her hand, and drawing a deep sigh, said,

"If I had all these beautiful things in my drawing-room, I should consider myself richer than the Sultana Valida."

"This evening, Mademoiselle, my Chinese parlor shall be transferred to your hotel."

"Well then, doctor, I will go and prepare for it. I hope you are in earnest, for the fun of the thing, even if it were only to shame the Parisians by your generosity. By the bye, would n't you like to sketch my left foot also? What will you do with one foot without the other—do n't be modest—have the match to it!"

"Mademoiselle, I dared not ask you—"

"Ah! I am always generous—I do n't do things by halves."

"What kindliness and grace! Mademoiselle, it is not this miserable collection I should offer you. I would I could place at your feet the pagoda of the suburb Vai lo ching, which is of porcelain, with tiles of massive gold!"

"That would suit me exactly, *particularly the tiles!*—Is my foot placed right?"

"My design is completed, Mademoiselle; my gratitude for your kindness will never end—may I call to-morrow to visit you?"

"To-morrow—dear doctor, to-morrow is an unlucky day! I dance to-morrow, and must practice for five hours."

"The day after, then?"

"The day after? that 's Saturday—I always dine with my mother on Saturday—Sunday I shall be free as air. Suppose I take you to Versailles on Sunday? we can eat a hare at a country inn, and drink milk. You will accept my invitation will you not?—agreed then. Oh! how delighted I shall be to get into the fields and inhale the fragrance of the flowers. Sunday, then, dear doctor, my carriage shall be at your door at twelve o'clock; I am as exact as a Breguet watch—adieu!"

We have no women in China—it is the only thing our ancestors forgot to invent! If Mademoiselle Alexandrine were to appear at Pekin she would take the empire by storm! You can form no idea of that divine creature—graceful as a bird—speaking as melodiously as she sings—springing as she walks—doing a thousand delicious things in a moment, and throwing at you sweet and flashing glances, like the twinkling of a star.

In quitting my parlor, she left a void which made me nervous. It was necessary to do something not to fall a prey to melancholy. I hurried my servants to the four corners of the street for porters, and in about an hour my room was cleared—before dinner my beautiful *danseuse* had received every thing. What a sweet night I had! I had the copy of each foot in either hand! and I said to myself, at this moment she is blessing me—she praises my generosity before the altar of Tien—in her eyes a single man exists! and that is me!—for her the rest of the world has disappeared!

With what impatience was Sunday expected—that Sunday which promised me such happiness! I wanted to break all the clocks about me, because they seemed joined in a conspiracy against me, to lengthen out Saturday! Notwithstanding my impatience the hours rolled round, and on Sunday, an age after the clock struck eleven, it announced mid-day.

I stood in my balcony and devoured every carriage with my eyes. At six o'clock I had seen all the carriages in Paris roll by—and I was still alone! Alone! when one has been promised a *rendezvous!* There is in this deception the very delirium of despair!

As soon as it was proper I ran to visit Mademoiselle de St. Phar. The porter, hardly concealing a smile, said, "Mademoiselle de Saint Phar has gone to the country."

"When will she return?" asked I, with deathlike visage.

"After Easter or Christmas," answered the porter.

As I came away I heard loud laughter in chorus from the whole family of porters.

No news of Mademoiselle de Saint Phar! Every night at the opera—but no *danseuse.* Her name no longer appeared in the bills—it had disappeared from the ballet as her person had from her hotel.

Could I abase my dignity as representative of the Celestial Empire by causing search to be made for a *danseuse?* What would the grand secretary for foreign affairs have said of me! I could only suffer in silence. So I did suffer—and hold my tongue.

Forty days after that fatal Sunday I was walking along a great street, whose name I forget, and having a habit of reading signs as I pass along, what was my astonishment to read the following:

"CITY OF PEKIN!"

Chinese Curiosities at fix'd prices.

In taking a glance at the window, I recognized some of those I had formerly owned. So I stepped into the shop, resolved to repurchase them if the price were not too high. An involuntary exclamation escaped me! the shopkeeper was a young woman—in short, Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

I was thunderstruck, and as immovable as one of my clay compatriots at my side: but the *danseuse* smiled charmingly, and without interrupting her embroidery work, she said with a *sang froid* sublime,

"Ah! good morning, dear doctor—you are very good to favor us so early with a visit—look around and see if you cannot find something here to your taste. Your god-daughter has the small-pox—she asks for her god-father every day—the dear little Dileri!"

I crossed my arms upon my breast and shook my head—a pantomime which I have remarked in a drama at the Theatre Ambigu means "what infamy!"

Mademoiselle cast a sidelong glance at me—shrugged her shoulders, and biting off a scarlet thread with her teeth, said—

"By the bye, dear doctor, I am married now—I have been a wife fifteen days—Madame Telamon, at your service. I will introduce you to my husband—a very handsome man—you would scarcely reach to his waist even if you raised yourself upon your toes. Hold! here he is!"

I saluted her hastily, and left the shop furiously angry, the more so that I was obliged to conceal my rage. A single glance I gave toward the husband—real or false—sufficed for me to recognize the pretended decorator at the opera, who came to my box to invite my judgment upon his Chinese kiosque. That I had been the victim of a regular conspiracy was very evident—resignation was my only resource.

A fortnight afterward I assumed a disguise, and had the weakness to go and promenade before the

shop in the evening twilight, to catch a last glimpse of the unworthy object of my idolatry.

The colossal husband was brushing the dust from a mandarin in porcelain, and I heard him murmur,

"If that Doctor Sian Seng should attempt to set his foot inside my door again, I'll choke him, pack him in straw, and sell his carcass to the doctors for fifteen louis!"

Oh no! I shall never see this beautiful monster again; I have the resolution of a man and of a philosopher; I will fulfill my mission to the end, and will again make myself worthy of you, oh! holy city, which the silver moon illumines so caressingly when from the top of Mount Tyryathon she hangs like a lantern of silk from Nanking!

In Paris there are physicians who devote themselves entirely to specific diseases; there are some who treat only infants at the breast; others, after weaning; others who prescribe only for those of sixty and above of it. Bills are stuck up at the corners of all the streets, and advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming a thousand infallible receipts for the six hundred maladies which the celebrated Pi-kê has found to germinate in the human body. They have discovered amongst other curious things in physics, how to put a new nose upon faces unfortunately deprived of that ornament, and to elongate it when too short. They make teeth of ivory for old men—hair for the bald—legs for those who have lost them—eyes for the blind—tongues for the dumb—ears for the deaf—brains for fools—and have wonderful methods to resuscitate the dead. But they forgot to invent one remedy—a cure for disappointed love! In China we know nothing about love; that passion was first discovered in France, by a troubadour called Raymond—for five hundred years it has ravaged fearfully. It is estimated that eleven millions seven hundred and thirty-eight persons have fallen victims to it, through assassinations, languishing death, and suicide, caused by this scourge of the human race—that amounts to double the number of victims of cholera in Asia since the reign of Aurengzebé. The French government have never taken any means to stop the progress of this epidemic, on the contrary, it pays largely toward the support of four royal theatres, where they celebrate the power of love and another mortal disease called champagne. Mr. Scribe has made a fortune of five hundred thousand francs a year, by celebrating the delights of love and champagne for the governmental theatres.

In leaving the shop where my *Chinoiseries* were sold by Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar, I had another violent attack of love; and you cannot imagine how I cursed that rascal Raymond. Having vented my rage where it was so well deserved, I began to think seriously about a cure, and I walked about the streets searching at every corner for some advertisement of a remedy; useless trouble! I went to the Hospital for Incurables, and asked the doctor there whether he had not some patient afflicted with this malady, so perfectly unknown in our harems; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back upon me. My head burned like fire—my heart beat violently—my eyes glazed. The phantom of Mademoiselle Alexandrine danced before my eyes continually with fascinating grace, my ears were filled with her silvery voice—alas! I lived only in her!

"Physician cure thyself," has said the wise Menu—this thought suddenly occurred to me. Since the French doctors have forgotten to invent a cure for love, let us find a remedy; and we will give a Chinese name to this grand consolation for suffering Europe!

If I could live for a week without thinking of Mademoiselle Alexandrine I should be saved! It was impossible to remain in my lodgings, every thing there reminded me of her, the faithless one! Besides, solitude never cures the wounds of love, it only festers them. Visits to the country are still more dangerous. The streets, boulevards and theatres are filled with women, and the species too often reminds one of the individual traitress; still it is necessary to live a week in total forgetfulness of the ungrateful fair.

Fo has inspired me; let me render thanks to Fo! Paris is filled with monuments, many of them very high; I chose four from among them—the tower of Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Column Vendôme and the tower of St. James; by the payment of a few sous, one is permitted to ascend these towers, which are kept by a tractable porter. I resolved to pass some days in going up and down the stairs of these monuments and towers without taking rest, only, to vary the monotony of this continual ascent and descent, I jumped into a cabriolet occasionally at the Place Vendôme, drove to the Depôt of the Railroad to Versailles, and traversed the distance to that royal city five or six times, with my eyes shut. When evening came I returned home, and, after a slight repast, went to bed and slept soundly.

In my dreams I imagined that huge giants poised me in a swing, hung over the moon on a golden nail, and the fright I had in such an alarming position drove the phantom of Alexandrine from the boundless space in which I undulated between the Pantheon and the fixed stars!

The eighth day the porters of the four towers closed their doors against me, saying that I would wear out their stairs! My cure not being complete, I took to the road to Versailles, and hiring a carriage by the day, drove first on one side of the river, and then on the other, for five days longer, with the most salutary fatigue—at the end of a fortnight my remedy triumphed.

In looking back upon my endless routine of dark stairs—of dreamy swingings—and the ceaseless rumblings of my carriage, I perceived in the hazy distance the fleeting image of the false Alexandrine, and it appeared as if my passionate love were like the tale of a past age, or of an extinguished world!

A single instant I was recalled to the sensible recollection of her. In looking over my cash, I observed the enormous void caused by the expenditure of the 3700 francs at Garbo & Gamboi's. The spirit of

Chinese ingenuity and enterprise inspired me with a happy thought. I was upon the eve of recovering my lost francs! I inserted an advertisement in all the journals of the day, as follows:

RADICAL CURE FOR

DISAPPOINTED LOVE,

IN FIFTEEN DAYS?!!

Consult from 12 *till* 2 *o'clock*,

DOCTOR SIAN SENG,

Rue Neuve de Luxembourg.

☞ *No Cure, no Pay.*

I did not expect such success as attended me. What a city! what a people! How quickly do new opinions become popular!

The first day I had 300 visits for consultation at 20 francs each. The second I was obliged to seek at the Prefecture of Police four gend'arms as a protection! They took my office by assault. At length I hit upon a plan of giving advice to classes of twelve at a time, which in some measure reduced the crowd.

The week following I gave public lectures at the Athenæum, at five francs the ticket. Mr. Lefort told me the fashion would not last long, and that I should "make hay while the sun shone"—a proverb Menu forgot to make!—besides, there was danger that the prefect of police would close the monuments. I therefore entered into a contract with the porter at the Tower of St. James, to receive all my patients who subscribed for a fortnight.

The two trains to Versailles were filled with victims with closed eyes! I was told that if I would ask the minister for a patent, that he would probably grant me a pension—as they did to Mr. Daguerre—of six thousand francs a year.

My best reward, however, I found in the unanimous gratitude of my relieved and happy patients; they wanted to strike a gold medal in my honor!—unheard of enthusiasm!

Five of my most inveterate cases, aged from twenty to fifty years, struck with an infatuation for the vaudeville, of which I relieved them, became great proselytes to my doctrines, and are determined to prosecute it on their own account after my departure—they even propose to purchase the Tower of St. James by subscription, and add two hundred more steps to the ascent.

Ti-en has given to the world no malady without its cure; he has placed the water-lily by the side of the pimento—the wood to make the sluice beside the torrent of Kiang-ho. It is for man to discover the remedy. Ti-en knows always what he does—and *we*—we do what we know not!

My mind is now calm; my heart is light, as is every thing which is empty. I shall now go and take my leave of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and endeavor to correct the errors in diplomacy I have made, since I have been possessed by the foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

DOCTOR SIAN SENG.

"A true copy." MERY.

A BILLET-DOUX.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Is your soul at home to-day,
Eulalie?
And if it be,
May mine come in and stay,
Eulalie?
Or has yours gone out to play,
Eulalie!
And if it be,
Will it be long away,
Eulalie?

I know it is the willfulest of things,
Eulalie!
But if it be
Too gay to shut an hour its frolic wings,
Eulalie,
When it alights, so tenderly it sings,
Eulalie,
That as for me,
More joy than some that longer stay it brings,
Eulalie!

And I would not have it fettered for the world,
Eulalie!
For if it be—
Ah! that lip, with laughing scorn I see it curled,
Eulalie!
Its wings would lose their light if they were furled,
Eulalie!
Then not for me,
No fetter be on them for all the world,
Eulalie!

If my soul, on calling, "not at home," is told,
Eulalie,
I would make free
To wait till yours came back, tired and cold,
Eulalie!
And then it will be glad its wings to fold,
Eulalie,
And I should see
How long I might the glorious truant hold,
Eulalie!

They say that more domestic and more tame,
Eulalie,
It ought to be!
But if Heaven gave it wings, were *you* to blame,
Eulalie?
Ah, no! to tie a Peri were a shame,
Eulalie!
And they might see
It always carried joy where'er it came,
Eulalie!

WESTERN RECOLLECTIONS.

THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

Every one knows of the Illinois River emptying into the Mississippi at Alton, and of the fertile champagne country it waters. All are familiar with the traditions of the hardships undergone in its discovery by the good fathers Hennepin and Marquette; of the stirring wars of the Illinois, Potawatamie and Peoria Indians, and of the recollections of that cordon of military posts by which France united Detroit with the great point d'appui of Fort Chartres, built near where Trinity now stands, but of which scarcely a trace remains, except a portion of the curtain and bastions. These are the associations which rise in the mind of most persons at the word Illinois, which to me, however, is suggestive of another train of ideas. In a south-western direction from the point of confluence of the Gasconade and Missouri Rivers, extends a broad chain of mountains, of which little except the name Ozark is known. Many streams which elsewhere would be esteemed large rivers roll from its valleys northward into the Osage, and in a southern direction into the Arkansas. After crossing two-thirds of the state of Missouri, this ridge passes through the north-west county of the State of Arkansas, and thence reaches across the country of the Cherokees and Chactas far into Texas. Through the passes of this range many important rivers flow, among which are the Arkansas, Red and Canadienne. There is a striking peculiarity in this mountain range—that all the waters flowing from it, either northward or southward, are clear as crystal, while all the other streams of the country are foul and turbid. On one of these streams, the Neosho, stands the lonely post of Fort Gibson, and twenty miles below is another river called the Illinois. This is not a large stream, measuring certainly not more than a hundred miles, but is one of the most picturesque imaginable. Flowing between two ridges of the Ozark, it winds like a serpent around the bases of the mountains, which now tower in immensity, clad to their very summits with huge pines, or again gradually decrease in size until they spread into rich and luxuriant prairies. The road from Fort Gibson to Fayetteville, in Arkansas, is along this stream, which it crosses more than a dozen times, and thus enables the traveler to behold all the wonderful beauties of the scenery. Words cannot describe it adequately. I have often in fording the river, which may at many places be done without wetting the saddle-girths, looked up the bed. Smooth and transparent as glass, rolling over pebbles of silex and crystal, it looks like a band of silver beneath the arched boughs of the aspen and gigantic walnut trees, while the immediate banks were fringed by the long-leaved willow and cane. Not unfrequently a single glance would reveal to me, when lost in admiration at the quiet beauty of such a scene, another of a far different yet equally pleasing style. The current would quicken—small islets would appear, scarcely more than a rood in breadth, against which the waters would leap and lash themselves into fury. The current would quicken yet more, and in the distance a rugged mountain would be seen. Against the base of this the waters would rush and whirl into eddies over the seething surface of which wild-fowl almost constantly floated. The low grounds on the river abounded with the sloe or scuppanon, and at distances of every mile or two, natural vineyards, bearing a large, rich, luscious grape, without a particle of the musky flavor which characterizes almost all the American *uvæ*, were seen. So immense were these vines that they ran from tree to tree, masking every thing with their foliage, and displaying their grand clusters over the barren limbs of the stunted oak or hickory. I have called the Illinois a beautiful river, and have spoken of the lucidness of its water—I can give an illustration of the latter which is most apropos. Several years since I was stationed on the bank of this stream with a small detachment of men, and without any other officer. In the long August days, when the prairies were burned, and scarcely a breath of air was to be had in the forests, I used to while away many weary hours upon the banks of the river either fishing or bathing. One day I amused myself with an Indian lance in killing the fine buffalo-fish, which I could see distinctly in the translucent waters. I had *posted* myself on the bow of the boat in pursuit of one peculiarly large fish which shot up the stream with the rapidity of an arrow. The soldier who sat at the stern of the boat, a very active and nervous man, (he was killed, poor fellow, at the storming of Taos, in New Mexico,) drove the boat after the quarry with scarcely less rapidity. At last I had overtaken him, the boat hung above him, like a gigantic leaf in the atmosphere, which could scarcely be distinguished from the water below. Poising myself, I drove the lance into the fish, and a second afterward, to my amazement, was floundering ten feet below the surface of the water, and probably yet twenty from the pebbly bottom. I would have sworn the water was not more than four feet deep, and scrambled out I know not how, for I could never swim—not, however, until I had upset the boat and made poor Orndorf a sharer in my calamity. The clearness of the water, surpassing any thing I have ever seen, is only approached by the one spring near Fort Fanning, in Florida, upon which so much inquiry has been expended. I would myself pronounce it the famous

fountain of health for which De Leon sought so long, were it not that every human being who drinks of its transparent waters, unless craftily qualified, dies with that most loathsome of all diseases, the ague and fever.

The first white man who ever trod in the valleys of the Ozark was the famous Fernando de Soto. About the year 1539 or 1540, this gallant soldier, capitan-general of Florida, and a marquis, made a voyage to his commandery, for the purpose of conquering it. Sailing from Havana he landed at the bay of the Holy Spirit, now called Tampa, Hillsborough, Honda, etc., and occupied an Indian village not far from the mouth of the Manittee River, and just opposite the present post of Fort Brooke. The old ruins are still visible there, and the trace of an aqueduct or canal which appears at some distant day to have connected the waters of the great interior lakes with the gulf. People say the ruins are the remnant of an old Spanish fort; but half a glance will satisfy any one that all the Spanish troops ever in North America could not have constructed that aqueduct, which to all appearance is old as the city of Seville. The ruins belonged evidently to some older race, and are very curious though they have nothing to do with De Soto.

De Soto marched through Florida across the country of Apalache Indians, with whom he had a fight, across the Mississippi toward Mexico. De Soto, first of Europeans, saw the Mississippi, and crossed it somewhere near Memphis, if the account given by old Biedma, his historian, of topography be true. Thence he now passed through the now State of Arkansas, crossing the Ozark Ridge, passing over the Red River, and marching along the false Wachita until he came to the famous Rio Grande, since famous for the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and celebrated by the Mexican poet,* Ho Axe de Saltillo. De Soto did not reach New Spain, but was forced to retrace his steps, died, and was thrown by his soldiers into the Mississippi, to prevent the natives from mutilating his remains. It was a fitting tomb for so great a man. Any one who wishes to read all the items of this great march may find them in old Biedma's strange book, in the *vidas de los Conquistadores*, or as those books are somewhat rare, in the Compendium of Discoveries until 1573, by Conway Robinson, Esq., of Richmond, Va., a person who devotes himself for amusement and relaxation to digging out the gems of strange old books most persons would think it hard work to read.

De Soto first looked on these Ozark Mountains and a weary time his men-at-arms, in coats of mail and chain armor, must have had to climb them. They were then, as they were until very recently, uninhabited, and the home of all kinds of wild beasts known on the continent. The black bear, the cougar, catamount, deer and elk, were found among its ravines and the glades at their foot, and even now old beaver-dams attest the existence of those bestial republicans on almost all the minor streams which run into the Illinois. The land is barren, except upon the immediate bank of the river, and the mountains seem masses of pebbles similar in character to those over which the river runs. Strangely enough gigantic pines grow upon the mountains, the dark foliage of which, seen even in the sunlight, looks, compared with that of other trees, like the shadows cast by what Schiller calls

Fliegende Wolken, Segler des Luft,

over the earth during a windy day of March. The table-land, however, at the top of what I may call the secondary hills, is covered with what are called black-jacks, the ugliest and most ungainly of all things on the surface of the earth, not excepting the Mexican cactus, which is like no other thing animal or vegetable, except the porcupine. The hills seem vast masses of limestone, with the granite occasionally showing itself. I have no doubt of the richness of the soil in mineral wealth, copper being everywhere apparent, and the Ozark Mountains evidently connecting themselves with the Sierra Madre and Cordillera of Mexico. Some day the gold-hunter will deform this beautiful land, the vast groves and of timber which crown its mountains will fall. Worse than all, the picturesque Illinois will be deformed and forced to pass through some series of plank troughs in the gold-washing establishment of Messrs. Jones, Smith & Co.

In 1837 these mountains were uninhabited. One road wound among the intricacies of the mountains between Fort Gibson and the village of Fayetteville. After leaving the Methodist Mission of Prospect Hill smoke was scarcely seen by the traveler until he had entered the limits of Arkansas. There were a few hunting and bridle-paths, leading in a direction parallel to the road, which were frequented exclusively by the smugglers engaged in the nefarious business of selling whiskey to the Indians. Since then a mighty change has taken place. On the removal of the Cherokee Indians west, the North Carolina band selected these hills as most like their old homes and established themselves among them. Hamlets grew up in the valleys and farms were opened; so that in a short time the intelligent Cherokee citizens, second to no agricultural class in the world, followed in their train, and large plantations were opened. One of these colonists, the well-known chief, Bushyhead, has a magnificent estate comprising a prairie and grove of about one thousand acres, which has none to surpass it in the country. A wooded knoll rises at the back of his house, to the heighth of about 250 feet, and on a calm summer-day the ripple of the Illinois may be heard in the distance through the forests and green corn-fields. The writer has often partaken of his hospitality, and has been a witness of the prosperity and happiness of his whole household, Indian and Negro, (he has many slaves.) This happiness would be without alloy but that the Indian always knows he is but a tenant at will of the soil he stands upon, and looks back, perhaps with regret, to the days when his forefathers wandered in savage independence on the shores of the Atlantic. On the other side of the Neosho River the mountains are higher and wilder, and even now

* C. F. Hoffman, of New York.

desolate; and in the year 1840 I crossed that portion of the ridge on duty, and have a strange tale to tell of it.

After a furlough of some years, I returned in 1840 to the west, and after reporting for duty to the headquarters of the department, was ordered to join a squadron of my regiment then stationed on the Red River. The navigation of the western rivers was then most uncertain, and I was ordered to cross the intermediate country by land instead of trusting to the tortuous navigation of the Arkansas, emphatically one of those streams of which John Randolph said, "they were dry in summer and choked up with ice during the winter."

The old officers of the post told me I might easily have my orders changed by applying to the general, and advised me to do so, as my route lay through a peculiarly wild and desolate country. They told me what they had heard of the Ozark Mountains, of the precipices and torrents, the almost impassable *resacas, etc.* I was, however, an old *coureur des bois*, and all this but stimulated me to attempt the passage. Fort Gibson lay at the head of navigation at that time, though steamboats have since passed far above the Cape Farewell of 1840. Similarly situated was Fort Towson, on the Red River; between the two lay the country of the Cherokees, Chactas, and Chichasas, and many formidable rivers, such as the Canadienne, the Verdigris, and the whole of the southern tributaries of the Arkansas. To cross this country with all its difficulties on the first Wednesday in April, 1840, I left Fort Gibson, with no equipage, or what Cæsar calls *impedimenta*, other than one pack mule, loaded with provisions, and a servant, like myself, mounted, who rejoiced in the name of Barny. I often wonder what has become of him, and whether, like Latour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of France, he may not have "died on the field of glory," during the Mexican war.

As my orders contained no recommendation to make the journey with peculiar rapidity, and as I was aware that nothing awaited me at Fort Towson but the monotonous existence of a subaltern, I loitered along the road systematically, as a veteran colonel *en route* to reinforce a militia general, and on Sunday lay by on the banks of a picturesque stream, whiling away time with my rod and angle, which Isack Walton recommends as "fosterers of meditation, and gratitude to God for having made so many fine fish for man's especial benefit," and which I was too old a soldier to be without in the North American wilderness. Monday broke upon me cold and chill, and wearied even by my voluntary halt, I set out to continue my journey. There had been during the night a mist and sleet, so that the prairie, which on the day before had looked like a garden covered with periwinkles, the beautiful wild indigo, and the sensitive-plant, was now become a glacier. I rode on, therefore, wrapped in the cape of my dragoon cloak, and scarcely noticing what passed around me. Few persons except half-breeds had ever crossed the prairie in this direction before, and having to depend merely on general direction for my course, it is not surprising that I became lost. Any one ever lost in the north-western prairie is aware that when once astray, every attempt at correction makes matters worse, and what with the uniformity of the whole face of the country, at nightfall I was utterly bewildered. I was forced to encamp on the bald prairie, sacrificing to my comfort the solitary tree which I afterward learned was a land-mark. It made a very bad fire, being filled with sap, but sufficed to broil a rasher of bacon which, with a cup of coffee transformed into what the Spaniards call a *gloria* by a glass of "old corn," constituted my supper. The sleet had by this time disappeared, and the cattle hobbled and allowed to wander at will, fared better than I, on the young prairie grass, which they relished not a little after their dry provender at Fort Gibson. Tuesday came fair and bright, and far in the distance I saw one of the Ozark's peaks rising tall and solitary in just the direction I had not been marching on the day before. To it I directed my course.

The country soon became broken, and on each side of me rose rough hills. I knew at once I would be forced to cross the ridge, and set manfully to the task. As I progressed the scenery became every mile more grand, and I began to be thankful for the accident which had led me into the bewildering maze.

I have stood on tall mountains, having threaded the Alleghany, and looked on the boldest peaks of wilder lands. Above rose a tall peak with half precipitous sides, its base skirted with a dense growth of the Osage orange. This strange and peculiar tree merits a more minute description. It belongs, I believe, to the same genus with the box-tree of our forest, for from its limbs and leaves, when broken, exudes a milky gelatinous humor, not unlike that of the fig and India-rubber plant. Its leaves are smooth and glazed and so precisely like those of the Florida orange that the two cannot easily be distinguished. It bears a large fruit in character similar to the balls of the sycamore, but which becomes during the process of decay a noisome pulp, and is said to be a deadly poison. The size of the fruit is about that of the cocoa-nut, divested of its husk, and the heighth of the tree about thirty-five feet, with thick, gnarled limbs, covered with long, straight spines, like those of the honey accacia. By the Canadian colonists of Arkansas and the French of Louisiana it was called the *bois d'arc*, from the fact that of this the Natchez and Opelousas made their bows. This beautiful growth is now rapidly disappearing, it having been discovered that it furnishes a dye of a brilliant yellow, long a desideratum in the arts. During the last few years many cargoes have been sent to France, and the cutting it has, like the procuring of log-wood, become a distinct and important branch of industry. Many stories are told of this tree which would make us believe it exerts an influence scarcely less baleful than that of the fabulous Upas tree of Borneo, popular superstition attributing to it the deadly disease of man and brute known as the "milk sickness."

The base of the peak before me was skirted with thickets of this beautiful tree, intermingled with the

dog-wood, then in the glory of its flower, and three or four varieties of the accacia and Canadian redbud. Here and there on the very hill-side were expanses grown up with the tall green-cane and the beautiful Mexican oats. Through such a growth I commenced my ascent, and soon passed by the sinuosities of an Indian trail into an expanse of cupriferous volcanic rock, almost without any other growth than the red-root, or Indian tea. Passing through this, I came into a belt of tall pines, reaching far above the crest of the peak. No engineer could have constructed a glacis with a more regular inclination than this portion of the mountain displayed. At last I stood upon the crest, and a prospect opened before me I have never seen surpassed or equaled. I was on the very backbone of the ridge, and before me lay a succession of peaks, gradually descending into the bosom of a vale perhaps ten miles wide, while beyond this happy valley rose another ridge, parallel, descending gradually as the one on which I stood had become elevated. A clear, cold stream ran at the foot of the peak on which I was, and amid the stillness of a calm spring day I distinctly heard the murmur of its ripples. Down the bleak hill-sides of the other ridge I could trace more than one silver line which marked the descent of tributary rills. I could have remained long on that bald mountain-peak, but was warned by the descent of the sun to proceed downward. Taking the horses by the bridle, for I committed the care of the pack-mule to poor Barny, I began carefully to follow the pathway, and was ultimately enabled to reach the base in spite of sundry falls of the heavy pack, which, in spite of discipline, wrung hearty curses from poor Barny's over-burdened heart. I encamped at the foot of the peak, on a branch of the Boggy, or *Bogue*, itself a tributary of the Red.

After many days of painful travel, precisely similar to the one I have described, except that the western ridge was more difficult than the eastern, I reached the prairie through which the Red River runs. On the summit of several of the peaks I had found large springs and pools of water, and in the valleys the streams expanded into beautiful lakes. In some of these valleys were grand groves of the wild-plum, and a variety of other growths, among which was the iron-wood and box-elder. The cotton-wood, so common northward, has disappeared. At last I arrived at Fort Towson. I had missed the direction, and to reach a point about one hundred miles from Gibson, had traveled three. Twenty miles after leaving the latter post, I had seen the smoke of not one hearth till I reached the yellow water, about ten miles from Fort Towson, yet during all this time I had been in a small labyrinth of mountains, surrounded on all sides by the dense population of the Cherokee and Chickasa nation, the Opeloulas of Louisiana and Western Texas.

I afterward was informed that the Indian path I had more than once passed was a portion of the great Delaware trail which crosses the whole American continent, from Erie, in Pennsylvania, to California, and which marks the migration of those American Gitanos from the homes where the white man found them to the chief seat of the tribe on the Missouri River, to the outposts on the Red River and on the Pacific. Along it they still go, and not unfrequently two of their well-armed and gallant braves will fight their way through hordes of hostile and degenerate Indians of the prairie. It will be found always to cross the streams at the most fordable point, and he who strays from it to avoid travel, will generally find that the longest way round is the nearest way home. After my arrival at Fort Gibson I did not regret my mistake, which had made me acquainted with so beautiful a country; and I hope my reader is weary neither of the Illinois River or the Ozark Mountains.

EXTRACT.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

So die the young, ere yet the bud has burst
 Its leafy prison-house—perchance, 't is best—
The flower may pine and perish with the thirst
 For dew and moisture, but the dead will rest,
 Heedless of storm and sunshine; on their breast
The modest violet at Spring will bloom,
 And speak their noteless epitaph—the west
May blow too rudely in an hour of gloom,
But still it clings to thee, lone tenant of the tomb.

It clings to thee! 'T was a most lovely creed,
 That taught within a flower might dwell the soul
Of a lost friend—wronged one, does it not breed
 Within thee quiet thoughts of a green knoll,
 Bedecked with daisies, though no sculptured scroll
Be there to tell thy virtues? O! 'T is sweet
 To know that when the dews from heaven have stole
Down to the earth, those penciled lips shall meet,
The cold sod of thy grave and love's long kiss repeat!

Then gird thy loins with patience—from the crowd
 Be thou a willing exile—but if Fate
Hath otherwise decreed it, if the proud
 Should sneer upon thee, or the rich and great
 Laugh at thy misery, do thou await
The coming of that hour which shall decide
 The issue of the game; and then, with state,
Wrapping thy robe around thee, do thou glide
Away to thy long rest and sleep in regal pride.

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!
ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I WAS sitting one morning in the library of a friend, looking over a valuable collection of works of art, made during a five years residence abroad, and listening to his animated description of scenes and places now become familiar to every one who reads at all, through the medium of "Jottings," "Impressions," and "Travels," with which the press abounds.

Among the paintings were small copies in oil from Corregio, Guercino, Guido, and Rafaelle. There was a head of the latter, copied from a portrait painted by himself, and preserved in the Pitti Palace. With the slightest shade of hectic on the cheek, and the large unfathomable eyes looking into the great beyond, it was truly angelic in its loveliness. No wonder the man for whom nature had done so much, and who delighted in portraying the loftiest ideal beauty, no wonder he was called "divine!"

"Here," said my friend, lovingly holding forth one of those inimitable creations, the beauty of which once seen, haunts us for a lifetime, "here is the far-famed 'violin-player,' the friend of Rafaelle. By the bye, I must tell you an anecdote I heard while abroad. There were two gentlemen sight-seers looking at pictures in the Vatican; one called to the other, who was at a short distance from him, 'come, look at this, here is the celebrated violin-player.' 'Ah!' said his companion, hastening toward him, 'Paganini!' I give you the story as I heard it related for truth, and as a somewhat laughable example of traveled ignorance."

On one side of the room in which we were conversing, stood a picture apart from all the others, which soon engrossed my entire attention. A young man was represented reclining on a couch, and wrapped in a robe falling in loose folds about his person. His countenance bore the traces of suffering, but his dark eyes were filled with the light of love, and hope, as they looked up into the face of a young female bending mournfully at his side. On the head of this female the artist had lavished all the *love* of genius. With the sunny hair parted on the fair forehead, and the rich braids simply confined by a silver arrow—the dark eyes from which the tears seemed about to fall—the half-parted lips quivering as if from intense devotion—oh, it was transcendently lovely! The rest of the figure was in outline, but as vividly portrayed as some of those wonderful illustrations by Flaxman, in which a single line reveals a story.

"How is this," said I, after gazing long and earnestly upon it, "how is this?—why is the picture unfinished. And who was the painter?"

"The tale," replied my friend, "is a sad one; and if you are tired of looking at pictures and medals, I will relate it to you."

"Not tired, yet I should like to hear the story to which this picture imparts an unusual interest."

"You remember Paul Talbot, who left here some years ago to pursue the study of his art abroad."

"I do, but that young man—sick—almost dying—I thought the face a familiar one; but can that be Paul?"

"Alas! yes—he is dead!" and my friend dashed away a tear as he spoke.

"Dead!" repeated I. "Paul Talbot dead! when did he die?"

"Not long before my return. Poor fellow! he endured much, and his career was an exemplification of what a man of untiring energy can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances.

"Soon after the birth of Paul, his father died, leaving little, save a mother's love and a stainless reputation to his infant son.

"Mr. Talbot was a man of refined taste, and had collected round him objects of which an amateur might be justly proud—and thus from childhood had been fostered Paul's love for the beautiful.

"Well educated and accomplished, Mrs. Talbot undertook the tuition of her child, and by giving lessons in drawing, painting miniatures on ivory, and small portraits in oil, kept herself and her boy above the pressure of want. Carefully she instilled into his tender mind those lofty principles of rectitude, of uncompromising integrity, and that child-like trust in the goodness of an overruling Providence, which sustained him through all the trials of after years.

"How holy, how powerful is the influence of a mother! The father may do much, but the mother can do more toward the formation of the mind, and the habits of early childhood. Exercising a power, silent, yet refreshing as the dews of heaven, her least word, her lightest look, sinks deep into the hearts of her children, and moulds them to her will. How many men have owed all that has made them great to the early teachings of a mother's love! The father, necessarily occupied with business or professional duties, cannot give the needful attention to the minor shades in the character and disposition of his little ones, but the mother can encourage and draw out the latent energies of the timid, can check the bold, and exert an influence which may be felt not only through time, but through eternity.

"It was beautiful to see Paul Talbot standing by his mother's side, with his childish gaze fixed upon

her face, while receiving instruction from her lips, and to hear him as he grew in years, wishing he was a man, that he might be enabled to supply her every want.

"'You know,' he would exclaim, while his fine eyes was flashing with enthusiasm, 'that I will be an artist; and, oh, mother, if I could, like Washington Allston, be a painter-poet; could I but paint such a head as that we saw in the Academy, and write such a book as Monaldi, then, mother, I would gain fame; orders would crowd upon me—and then—then we would go to Italy!'

"Go to Italy! of this he thought by day, and dreamed by night; and to accomplish this was the crowning ambition of the boy's life.

"He was willing to toil, to endure privation and fatigue, could he but visit that land where heavenly beauty is depicted on the canvas, where the marble wants but the clasp of him of old to warm it into life, and where the soft blue of the sky, and the delicious atmosphere brooding over the glories of centuries gone by, make it the Mecca of the artist's heart.

"But amid all these dreams of the future, all these ambitious aspirings of the gifted youth, death cast his dark shadow over that peaceful dwelling, and the mother, the guardian angel of the fatherless boy, was borne away to be a dweller in the silent land.

"With what passionate earnestness did he call upon her name. How did he long to lie down by her side. His mother! his mother! she had taught his lisping accents their first prayer; she had watched over his little bed, and moistened his parched lips when he was ill with fever—so ill, that his mother's watchful tenderness was all, under God, that saved him from the grave. As he grew older, she had spoken to him, not like the boy he was in years, but like the man to whom she would impart her thoughts, and with whose mind of almost premature development, she might hold converse, and feel herself understood. And now, in his fifteenth year, when he was thinking of all that he could, nay, of all that he *would* do for her, his mother had died! Who can wonder that the boy pined, and sat upon her grave, and longed for her companionship, and wept as if his heart must break.

CHAPTER II.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanished, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each misshapes the other. COLERIDGE.

"Abstracted in his habits, quiet and sensitive, from his reveries in dream-land, the orphan woke to find himself the inmate of a new home.

"Mrs. Winter, the only sister of the late Mr. Talbot, was wholly unlike her brother. With little taste for the elegancies of life, except so far as she thought their possession would give her importance in the eyes of others, with no sympathy for any ambition save that of acquiring money, she looked with no very favorable eye on her brother's orphan. Dazzled by the prospect of a carriage, a town and country-house in perspective, she had married a man of sixty, when she was barely sixteen, and could never forgive her brother for not falling in with her scheme of catching the rich heiress, who, she avowed, waited but the asking to change the name of Miss Patty Pringle, for the more lofty-sounding title of Mrs. Percy Talbot. But Percy Talbot preferred the portionless Isabel Morton, and the monotony of a counting-room, to the bank-stock, real estate, and soulless face of Miss Patty Pringle. Hence there was little intercourse between the brother and sister, and when the younger Talbot sought the shelter of his aunt's roof, she animadverted with great bitterness on the folly of people gratifying a taste for luxuries beyond their means, and encouraging boys without a shilling to spend their time in reading books and daubing canvas.

"Nor could Mrs. Winter refrain from talking of stupidity, when Paul sat quietly at his drawing, while her own sons were making the house ring with their boisterous mirth. The boys, catching the spirit of their mother, ridiculed Paul's sketches, and with the petty tyranny of little minds, subjected him to every annoyance, and taunted him with his dependent state. The proud, sensitive boy, writhed under such treatment, and determined on leaving the relatives who had neither tastes nor sympathies in common with his own.

"When at the age of twelve years, he hung over the landscape he was trying to imitate, and from which no boyish sports could lure him; when he saw the sketch grow beneath his touch, and look more and more like the original, until in the exultation of his young heart, he exclaimed, 'I knew that I could do it if I did but try,' he unconsciously displayed that perseverance of character without which no one can hope to attain eminence. And now that same energy was employed in seeking means to gain a livelihood without being subjected to the bitterness of insult.

"He succeeded in obtaining a situation in a dry-good store, and in compensation for his services, received his board and a scanty salary. True, he had but little, but that little was his own; he had earned it, and a proud feeling of independence was his, when purchasing the scanty stock of drawing materials with money obtained by his own exertions. And so passed a few years, during which he diligently devoted himself to the business of his employer through the day, and to reading and drawing at night.

"The long cherished hope of visiting Italy had never been abandoned, although the many obstacles in the way seemed almost insurmountable. But now a bright thought occurred to him; 'I will give up my situation; I will hire a room with the money already saved, and devote myself entirely to the pursuit of art. I shall paint a picture—it will be placed in the exhibition—and then—' Talbot paused, and his cheek glowed, and his heart-pulse quickened as he looked into the future.

"The resolution once taken, he was not long in carrying it into effect; and day after day saw him at his easel, laboring with patient assiduity, and flattering himself that his picture would not pass unnoticed.

"When the day of exhibition arrived, Talbot walked

nervously up and down the gallery where the pictures were hanging, every now and then glancing at his own, with the small ticket appended announcing it for sale, and pausing to observe if it attracted attention. But it had been placed in a bad light, directly beneath two brightly-tinted landscapes, and so low down that you were obliged to put one knee on the floor before it could be examined. Poor Paul! no one gave more than a passing glance to what had cost you weeks of patient labor, and the papers passed it by with merely announcing its name and number on the catalogue.

"What a rude dashing down of all his hopes was here! What a fading of the air-built castles he had taken such delight in building? The land of promise had receded from his view, and the shores of Italy were as a far-off vision seen in the dimness of deepening twilight. Oh, what a sinking of the heart follows such disappointments! A goal is to be won—the aspirant rushes eagerly to the race—hope lures him on—he grows weary, oh, how weary—courage—the thrilling sound of fame's trumpet-peal is ringing on those heights afar—courage—one more struggle and the prize will be his own! One more struggle—and hope fades from his sight—and the last faint echo of fame's music dies upon his ear—and a dull lethargy seizes on his mind—and the pulses of his heart grow still and cold as the waveless, tideless surface of a deep, dark lake! Happy he who can shake off the despondency attendant on times like these, and, like the bird momentarily driven back by the storm, can plume his wings and dare a nobler flight.

CHAPTER III.

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart. LONGFELLOW.

"The spirits of youth are elastic, and after great pressure will naturally rebound. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is a maxim seldom forgotten until age has chilled the blood and palsied the powers of life. After a few days spent in brooding over the present, Paul again looked forward to the future, and determined to seek some other avenue by which he might gather up a little, just a little, of the treasure which others possessed in such abundance. His fondness for literature suggested the idea that his pen might be employed with more profit than his pencil, and the periodicals of the day appeared to offer a wide field for exertion. But emolument from such sources was precarious at best. All who held an established reputation in the world of letters were contributors to the various popular publications, and Paul Talbot wanted the "magic of a *name*" to win *golden* opinions from the Press. Sometimes he met with those who were more just, and more generous, and thus encouraged he toiled on, hoping even against hope, that his desires would yet be accomplished.

"With many misgivings, and a fear that he had mistaken his vocation, he had taken his ill-fated picture to a place where engravings were kept for sale, and left it with the shopkeeper, promising to pay him one half the money for which it might be sold. How discouraging to see it week after week in the window, until it began to look like a soiled fixture of the establishment. No one would ever buy it, that was certain, and if they would not purchase this his best work, how could he ever hope to dispose of others of less merit, which were standing round the walls of his little room? Alas, no! but when once in Italy—then he would paint pictures such as he dreamed of in imagination. For the present, with weary frame and throbbing brow, he must labor on.

"There are few but know

> 'How cruelly it tries a broken heart
> To see a mirth in any thing it loves.'

And who that has ever walked forth on a particularly bright morning, when he was nursing a deep sorrow, or was weighed down by the pressure of misfortune, but felt annoyed by the light, and noise, and cheerfulness around him? Those vast tides of human life what are they to him? He is but a drop in a wave of the mighty ocean—but a pebble thrown upon the sand—a broken link in the great chain of the Universe. Thus felt Paul, as on one of the loveliest days of laughing June, he wended his way to the office where he had left a manuscript to be examined by the publisher.

"'How can those people look so smilingly,' thought he, while glancing at the well-dressed groups on the side-walk. 'And those children, how noisy they are—and see that carriage with its liveried attendants—pshaw!' Now Paul was not envious, and he was particularly fond of children, but the feeling of loneliness in the crowd was oppressive, and with another half audible pshaw! he turned into a quieter street.

"The smiling face of the great man who employed so many subordinates in his large establishment, somewhat reassured the desponding youth, and after a little preliminary talk about encouraging native talent, a sum was offered, which, though small in itself, was just then a god-send to the needy Paul, who with many thanks bowed himself out of the publisher's presence. One ray of light had dawned on his darkened path, one beam of hope had shed its warmth upon his heart, and how differently now looked the scene through which he had lately passed! With buoyant step he went on. He, too, could smile,—the darling little ones, how delighted he was to see them looking so happy—and the poor blind man at the corner must not be forgotten! Like the child who plays with the kaleidoscope, and every moment sees some new beauty, so Paul toyed with the many-colored hues in the rainbow of Hope, grouping them together in the most beautiful and dazzling forms.

"It was destined to be a red-letter day in his book of life. As he passed the print-shop he saw that his picture was gone from the window. It had been sold, and a companion-piece ordered by the purchaser. 'Oh that my mother were living!' sighed

Paul—'oh that my mother were living, we might yet go to Italy!'

"Again the painter laid aside his pen and resumed his pallet. The one order was executed, the money transferred to his slender purse, and even now he began to think how much might be put aside for his darling project.

"'Could I but obtain enough to pay for my passage—once there, in that delicious climate, I could live on so little. Oh that some one would buy this,' he continued, taking up a small picture on which he had bestowed unusual care, 'it is worth more than either of the others. I shall leave it with the kind Mr. Barry; how generous he was in refusing the commission I promised him for the last one he sold.'

"Mr. Barry, at whose print-shop Paul had left his first picture, had kindly drawn from him the story of his life, and felt deeply interested in the young artist's changing fortunes, but, like many other generous-hearted men, he was always forming schemes for the benefit of others, which his means would not permit him to accomplish.

"The kind man had just reared a goodly superstructure of greatness, upon a rather sandy foundation, for his young protégé, when Paul entered with the new work fresh from his easel.

"'Why, Talbot,' said he, cordially grasping the painter's hand, 'this is capital! and I consider myself a tolerably good judge. When younger, I was in the employ of a picture-dealer, who pursued the profitable business of making old pictures look like new, and the still more profitable one of making new pictures look like old. You stare, it is a fact, I assure you. To a Madonna, that had been bought for a trifling sum, I had the honor of imparting a time-worn tinge, which so took the fancy of an amateur, that he paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it at auction. But I never could endure cheating, so I left the picture manufactory, and commenced the sale of prints on my own account.'

"'Do you think there is any chance of selling this landscape?' inquired Paul. 'I will take fifteen dollars for it.'

"'Why, Talbot, you are foolish, it is worth at least fifty.'

"'Ah, no one would give me so large a sum for a picture; fifty dollars! that would almost take me to Italy.'

"'Well, well, my dear fellow, it is said, Providence helps those who help themselves, and you are sure to be helped in some way or other. I was thinking about you this morning, and wrote a note of introduction to Mr. C., who is a great patron of the Fine Arts. I have told him of your desire to go abroad, and how you are situated—'

"'Nay, nay, my kind friend,' interrupted Paul, 'this looks too much like begging a favor, remember I cannot sacrifice my independence, even to secure the accomplishment of my most ardent wishes.'

"'You are wrong, Talbot, you do not solicit him for aid; he has a taste for art, and if he give you money, you return an equivalent in your picture, so that the obligation is mutual.'

"Paul was persuaded, and, bearing his friend's letter, bent his way to a fine-looking house, a long way from his own abode. Upon ringing the bell, he was informed by the servant that the family were at dinner. Leaving the letter with the waiter, he desired him to hand it to Mr. C., and say that Mr. Talbot would call to-morrow evening. The next evening Mr. C. was engaged, and on the next, when Paul was ushered into the drawing-room, and his name announced, he received a stately and patronizing bow from a short, stout gentleman, who stood with his back to the fire, conversing with three or four more who were seated near him.

"'Take a seat, sir,' and the short man waved his hand toward the intruder, and resumed the conversation thus momentarily interrupted,

"Paul grew nervous, and taking advantage of a pause he rose, and bowing slightly, advanced toward Mr. C. for the purpose of speaking. The latter began first—'I have looked over Mr. Barry's letter, young man, and hardly think it will be in my power to assist you.'

"'I came not seeking assistance, sir,' replied Paul; 'my friend Mr. Barry thought you might perhaps wish to add another picture to your collection, and, as I purpose going abroad, assured me that you would cheerfully give a few lines of introduction to your young countryman.'

"'Well, well, we will see, we wil see, but all you young men have taken it into your heads that you must travel, and this makes so many applicants.'

"'Applicants!' the word stung Paul to the quick, and again bowing to Mr. C., he left the apartment. Once in the free air of heaven, he gave vent to his suppressed feelings, and vowed that should be his first and last visit to a patron.

"Barry was indignant when he heard the non-success of his young friend. 'Why, Talbot, that man's name is bruited abroad as a most liberal patron of Art, a fosterer of early genius, an encourager of native talent—how I have been deceived!'

"'Never mind, my dear friend, you will sell the picture to some one else, and I will conquer yet.'

"And Paul Talbot did conquer. When another year had gone by, he stood with the hand of his friend Barry clasped in his own, returning the warm 'God bless you,' fervently uttered by the old man in that hour of parting.

"In a wild tumult of feeling, half joy half sorrow, he stood upon the deck of the vessel, and watched the shores of his native land as they faded in the distance.

'The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home.'

And now he is on the ocean—the waves are dashing against the ship and bearing him onward—whither? To the land of his hopes. To the land of his dreams. Why each moment does he grow sadder and sadder? Why, as the crescent moon rises serenely in the heavens, does he press his eyelids down to shut her beauty from his sight?

"'Oh that my mother were here! Great God! yon moon is shining on my mother's grave!'

CHAPTER IV.

Wilt thou take measure of such minds as these,
Or sound, with plummet-line, the Artist-Heart?
MRS. NORTON.

Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest!
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there. SOUTHEY.

"Paul Talbot is in the city of wonders. Ivy-girdled ruins of the time-embalming Past are lying in the distance. Lofty cathedrals, rich in votive offerings of surpassing magnificence, surround him on every side. Stately palaces, their long galleries filled with the noblest works of the mighty minds of old, are baring their treasures to his gaze. The 'dew-dropping coolness' of the marble fountain, breathes new vigor into his frame. He is excited—bewildered—'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' and for weeks Paul wandered about Rome and its environs, half forgetful that his lot was still to struggle and to toil.

"When roused to action, he threw himself heart and soul into his art, and the consequence was a long and severe illness, brought on by that absorbing devotion which often kept him at his pursuits until the morning dawn peering into his room reminded him that he was weary and overtasked. For months he lay wasted by sickness, helpless at times as a feeble child, but nature triumphed over disease, and he wandered once more beneath the blue sky, and felt the kiss of the balmy air upon his pallid cheek.

"With a return to health, Paul returned with renewed ardor to his task, until the picture on which he had long and earnestly labored was at length completed. He had chosen for his subject a scene representing the Hermit Peter exhorting the people to join the crusaders. Standing in the midst, with one arm outstretched, and the other raised to heaven, was seen the enthusiast. On either side, were grouped mailed knights and stalwort forms, the tillers of the soil. One gentle lady, like the weeping Andromeda, was clinging to her lord, and a villager's wife held up her child for his father's last fond kiss. So animated and life-like was the figure of the preacher—so eager and intense the emotion betrayed by the assembled multitude—that you listened to hear the eloquence that roused all Europe, and sent prince, peer, and peasant to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hand of the Infidel, to cast down the crescent of Mohammed, and to raise the cross of Christ.

"And now came that fame for which the young painter had toiled, and to which he had looked forward as his highest guerdon. Crowds were daily drawn to his *atelier*, and artists who had themselves won a world-wide renown, bestowed their warmest praises upon the 'Hermit' of Paul Talbot.

"The following winter Paul passed in Florence, and there his picture was purched by a Florentine merchant, at a price which relieved the artist from fear of pecuniary embarrassment. Paul was requested to visit the house of the merchant, and select the most fitting place to display the work of which the fortunate possessor was so justly proud. He went, and in the picture-gallery of the wealthy Florentine was opened a new page in the artist's book of life.

"Poets and painters have ever an eye for beauty in women; and when Carlotta D. entered the apartment, leaning on the arm of her father, Paul started as if one of the bright visions of his ideal world stood suddenly embodied before him. The lady, too, was for a moment half-embarrassed—for the fame of the young painter had reached her ears, and, woman-like, she had been wondering if report spoke truly when it ascribed to him the dark clustering locks, and the lustrous eyes of her own sunny south.

'Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain; matures by parts—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!'

"Was it strange that Paul and Carlotta, both worshipers of the beautiful, with souls alive to the most holy sympathies of our nature, was it strange that they should love?

"Paul had hitherto lived for his art alone. Painting was the mistress he had ever wooed with intense passion, but now another claimed his homage, and he bowed with a fervor little less than idolatrous at woman's shrine. Such a love could not long remain concealed. The father of Carlotta, a vain and purse-proud man, hoping by his wealth to obtain a husband for his daughter among some of the haughty but decayed nobility, frowned on the artist, and forbade him his house. In secret the lovers plighted their troth, and parted, not knowing when they should meet again.

"Paul left Florence with the resolve to win not fame alone, but wealth.

"At Rome he was enrolled a member of the Academy of St. Luke, under Overbeck—the spiritually-minded Overbeck—who himself the son of a poet, has enriched his art with the divinely poetical conceptions of his own pencil. At Munich, one of his pictures was shown by Cornelius to the king of Bavaria, and purchased by that munificent patron of art at a price far exceeding the painter's expectations. At Vienna a similar success attended him, and he returned to Florence after an absence of six years, with fame, and wealth enough for the foundation of a fortune.

"From Carlotta he had rarely heard, but he knew her heart was his, and he had that faith in her character as a true woman, which made him believe that no entreaties or commands of her father would induce her to wed another. And Paul was right—Carlotta D. still remained unmarried. In her the budding loveliness of the girl had expanded into the fuller beauty of the woman, but Talbot was sadly altered. The feverish excitement—the continued toil—the broken rest—the anxiety of thought to which he had been subjected, undermined his health, and planted the seeds of that insidious disease, which, while it wastes the bodily strength, leaves the mind

unimpaired, and the hope of the sufferer buoyed to the last. The father of Carlotta finding that neither persuasion nor coercion could make his high-souled daughter barter her love for a title, consented at last that she should become the bride of the artist; but many said the wily Florentine had given his consent the more readily, because he saw that Paul would not long be a barrier in the way of his ambition.

"Paul Talbot had buffeted the adverse waves of fortune; he had gained renown in a land filled with the most exquisite creations of the gifted; he had won a promised bride. Whence, in that bright hour loomed the one dark cloud that blotted the stars from the sky? Could it be the shadow of the tomb? Was death interweaving his gloomy cypress with the laurel on the painter's brow? Oh, no, no—he was but weary—he only wanted rest, and his powers would again be in full vigor. Then, with Carlotta at his side—with her smile to cheer him on—he would aim higher, and yet higher in his art.

"And the young wife was deceived. Although a nameless dread, a dark prescience lay heavy at her heart, she yet thought the bright flush on the cheek of Paul a sign of returning health. How tenderly and anxiously she watched lest he should fatigue himself at his easel, and how gently she chid, and lured him from his task into the open air of their beautiful garden.

"One of the days thus passed had been deliciously mild, and, although mid-winter, in that heavenly climate where flowers are ever blooming in the open air, each breeze was laden with the heavy odor of the orange blossom, and the fainter perfume of the Provence rose. Stepping lightly from the balcony where Paul and she had been seated watching the piled-up masses of crimson, of purple, and of gold that hung like regal drapery round the couch of the western sun, Carlotta pushed aside the opening blossoms of the night-jasmine which intercepted her reach, and gathering a handful of rose-buds, carried them to Paul. He took the flowers from his wife, and looking mournfully upon them, said, 'When we cross the waters to visit my native land, we will take with us some of your precious roses, beloved, and beautify my mother's silent home; and now,' he continued, twining his arm round her waist, and leading her to the harp, 'sing me that little song I wrote while yet a student in old Rome.' Pressing her lips upon his brow, Carlotta seated herself, and sung the song, which she had set to music. The air was soft and melancholy, and the sweet tones of the singer were tremulous with emotion.

Fill high the festive bowl to-night,
In memory of former years,
And let the wine-cup foam as bright
As ere our eyes were dimmed with tears.

Pledge, pledge me those whose joyous smile
Around our happy circle shone,
Whose genial mirth would hours beguile,
Which, but for them, were sad and lone.

Those hours, those friends, those social ties,
They linger round me yet,
Like twilight clouds of golden dyes,
When summer suns have set.

Then fill the bowl—but while you drink,
In silence pledge all once so dear,
Nor let the gay ones round us think
We sigh for those who are not here.

"'My dear Paul,' said his wife, smiling through the tears with which, in spite of her efforts to repress them, her eyes were suffused, 'this sad song should be sung on the last night of the year, the night for which it was composed. It should be sung while the student-band of artists stood around, each holding the flower-wreathed goblet from which he might quaff in silence, while his heart-memories were wandering back to fatherland. Let me sing,'—she paused on seeing the deep melancholy depicted on her husband's countenance—'nay, forgive me for jesting, love, I know with whom are your thoughts to-night, and will not ask you to listen to a lighter strain.'

"A month went by winged with love and hope. Paul found himself growing weaker, but he looked forward to a sea-voyage as a sure means of restoring him to health. Carlotta was hastening her preparatory arrangements, willing to leave her home, willing to brave the perils of the deep, in the belief that old Ocean's life-inspiring wave would prove the fabled fountain of youth to her beloved. She had never seen consumption in any of its varied and sometimes beautiful forms. She knew not that the eye could retain its lustre, that the cheek could glow with more than its usual brightness, that the heart could be lured by a false hope, until, like a red leaf of the forest, dropping suddenly from the topmost bough, the doomed one fell, stricken down in an unthought of moment by the stern destroyer.

"One morning, when Paul had remained much longer than usual in his apartment, Carlotta sought him for the purpose of whiling him abroad.

"He was lying asleep on a couch, where he must have thrown himself from very weariness, as one of the brushes with which he had been painting had fallen from his hand upon the floor. His wife softly approached. She stooped and kissed his lips. He opened his eyes, smiled lovingly upon her, and pointed to the picture.

"'You have made me too beautiful, dearest; this must be a copy of the image in your heart.'

"'Ah, I have not done you justice, you are far more lovely, my own wife, yes, far more lovely—my mother—my mother—' repeated Paul, dreamily. It was evident his thoughts were wandering.

"'You are exhausted, dear love; but sleep now, and I will watch beside you.'

Carlotta knelt down and laid her cheek on his. Afraid of disturbing him, some minutes elapsed ere she again raised her head and turned to look upon the sleeper. She took the hand that hung listlessly by his side. It was cold, and she thought to warm it by pressing it to her lips—to her cheek—to her heart. She bent her ear close to the sleeper—there was no sound; she laid her lips on his—oh, God! where was the warm breath? A horrible dread came over her, and unable from the intensity of her agony to utter any

cry, she sunk down and gazed fixedly in her husband's face, realizing the heart-touching thoughts of the poet.

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again,
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain.'

"And thus were they found by her father, who was the first to enter the apartment. Paul quite dead—Carlotta lying to all appearance lifeless at his side—and before them the unfinished picture.

"When the fond wife was restored to consciousness, and felt the full weight of that misery that was crushing out her young life, her reason became unsettled. It was very sad to see her wandering from room to room as if in search of some lost object, often stopping to unfold, and then folding again, the garments prepared for their journey. She would frequently rise with a sudden start, walk hurriedly to the window, and stand for a long time in an attitude of fixed attention, then mournfully shaking her head to and fro, would slowly resume her accustomed seat, and in a low voice repeat 'not yet—not yet—Paul still lingers in Rome.' Carlotta remained in this melancholy state during the time I was in Florence, but a letter received since my return home informs me that after a short interval, in which reason resumed her sway, the sufferer calmly departed, coupling the name of her beloved with the rest and the bliss of Paradise.

"The wretched father was filled with self-upbraidings. But for him, he said, Paul Talbot might have been living, and his daughter living, happy in each other's love. He spoke truly. To gratify his ambition, Paul had overtasked the powers of life. The frail shrine was consumed by the flame which for years had been scorching and burning into the heart and soul of the artist. Too late had he obtained his reward. Too late had Carlotta's father consented to her union with Paul. Too late had the old man found that by his daughter's alliance with a man of genius, a greater lustre would have shone upon his house than could ever be reflected from his glittering hoard."

Here ended my friend's narration, and while with him I lamented the fate of genius, I could not forbear blaming the conduct of the wealthy Florentine. Nor could I help thinking, that too often the golden ears betray the ass, while wisdom, virtue, talent, constitute the only real greatness.

THE HEART'S CONFESSION.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

LITTLE that moves the pulse of youth and joy
My wayward heart bends downward to confess;
Little of virtue, without some alloy
To make my good deeds vain and valueless;
Though the world pass me, trusting and deceived,
Though sunny smiles glitter where frowns have been,
There is a spirit in my bosom grieved,
Before whose eyes I may not draw the screen;
And here, when I am sad, she folds her wings
To warble of lost hopes and past desires,
My heart-strings loosen as the spirit sings,
And cooling tears drop on my wasting fires.

And then I know that I have turned away
From the proud picture that my fancy drew,
That I am passing further every day
From my own standard of the good and true;
We go not to the grave as we arise
From childhood's slumbers, in the outward face,
And the soul, looking out from human eyes,
Becomes corrupt and bitter in the race.
I deemed that I should pass into my age
As I began, warm, generous and kind,
And pausing here upon life's second stage,
I turn and look upon a cankered mind!

I have o'erstepped my bound—I have past by
The goal that none may pass and yet be pure,
The pole star has grown glimmering to my eye,
And meteors have become my spirit's lure—
So from one failing step we come to tread
Paths that in early youth we swore to shun,
So, from the blue sky shining overhead,
The whispering angels leave us, one by one.
I have past by the goal; 't is hard to pause,
And, but for pride, I should shake hands with Vice.
Trample on Virtue's desecrated laws,
And with my own dishonor pay the price.

Wo to us, when our pride becomes our truth
And hollow-hearted selfishness our trust,
With age's avarice creeping over youth,
And clothing all things in corroding rust!
Pride is frail hold on virtue, yet 't is all
That binds me to one deed of human hope;
Let me forget my pride and I shall fall
So low contempt will lose me in its scope!
How long shall this frail pride support my name?
How long ere malice o'er my head shall creep,
And touch me with the fangs of his dark shame,
And lure me, with his serpent eyes, to sleep?

I know not that I shall forget my kind,
Nor shame the form I owe to human birth;
I know not but the foaming of my mind
May leave a legacy of good to earth;
But I am saddened when I think that all
Of the world's plaudit flows from my deceit,
And that the eyes that love me would recall
Their pleasant looks, could they but trace my feet!
The heart's confession bears the curse of years,
To be without a pure thought at my side,
And if I fall lament me not with tears,
But think that time has shorn away my pride!



CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of those that bring glad tidings," is the language of elder Scripture, and how often has the heart of man responded to the truth of the declaration, as the eye has caught the earnest smile and noted the lightness of feet that distinguish the bearer of pleasing intelligence.

The great poet of nature hath, in the spirit of the above comment, remarked that the bearer of unwelcome news has "but a losing office." And thousands of those who have been messengers of good to the great, the wealth-possessing and honor-conferring among men, have found themselves ennobled and sometimes enriched, for the simple narrative of an event in which they had no share, and of which they knew little more than the report which they had received from others and delivered where it was greatly desired.

We know that the text of Scripture which we have placed at the beginning of these remarks has allusion to tidings of greater joy, of more gladness, than all the bulletins of battles and statements of victories which the hastened dispatch bearer has ever conveyed to the awaiting monarch—more lovely and more desired than messages of love and tokens of reciprocation which the herald of man's affection and woman's deep, late-told love ever conveyed. The triumph of the conqueror of armies must be short and partial—the love of the most devoted perishes, at least with the object, if it is not quenched by its own fitful sallies. But the glad tidings which hasten and beautify the feet of those who come over the mountain of our offences is of life-long endurance, and enters into the eternity for which it prepares.

There is a picture in this number of the Magazine to which we are alluding, and to which we mean to refer when we talk of messengers of glad tidings. We know that the common reader will look at the title, and, if he recollects the narrative, he will be startled at the idea of "glad tidings," when sorrow and tears were on the face of the messenger, bodings of terrible afflictions were in his mind, and their nearness was being foretold.

Are these glad tidings? Do such messages make beautiful the bearer? Can we rejoice at the overwhelming evil that is to befall the "City of Peace," and sweep away the temple of the Most High, and give to famine, to violence, to dishonor and to death the sons and the daughters of the people of God?

But if these evils were the consequences of crimes, if the destroyer were but an instrument in the hand of omnipotent love to waste the destroyed, and to be himself the object of a similar wrath, that the "peace" which the great messenger was to bring on earth might have an abiding place, in consequence of the terrible things which he only foretold—surely the feet of such an one are beautiful. He *brings* salvation, while he only *foretells* destruction; he makes the wrath of man, which he prophecies, the instrument to produce that love and peace of which he is the real author.

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There had been much confusion in the city in consequence of reports brought to the principal ecclesiastical and civic officers, of the unusual proceedings of citizens at a short distance beyond the place, where palm branches had been strewn in the highway, and garments spread out, upon which the hoofs of the rider's animal were to tread—tokens of remarkable respect, which seemed to look treasonable to the foreign power, that directed the political affairs, and to the native priests who directed the spiritual concerns—the forum and the temple were agitated; the viceroy and the high-priest each started at such evidences of neglect of fealty. Rome and Jerusalem both felt that there was an antagonistic power operating, if not directly against, at least incidentally hostile to them; and Rome and Jerusalem—the conqueror and the conquered—joined in efforts to suppress the evil. Each would have crushed the power of the other, but both would unite to repel a power that was hostile to both. Each would have bruised the mailed arm of the other, but both trembled at what would have healed the breast of each.

There had been a scene of triumph—but He who had been the object of the huzzas of the multitude that thronged his way with tokens of obedience—*head* obedience, with little of *heart* in the offering—he had sat unmoved by outward demonstration of feeling for the acclamations of those who thronged his path. Another mission was his—another triumph was desired—another evidence of popular feeling was to be experienced, and in a little time he separated from the multitude, and ascending the mount, at whose base he had stood, he sat down with the four or five that were with him, and gazed abroad upon the outstretched scene below them.

It was a beautiful evening. Behind them the dust which had not yet subsided since the people had thronged the roads with songs of triumph, was reflecting the light of the declining sun. Beneath them was the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the terrible seat of *judgment* and dread; and beyond was the beloved city, stretched out in the repose of the evening sun, which was reflected by numerous gorgeous domes; and the busy hum of business came up to the quiet summit of Olivet, as if to bear to those who rested here the story of man's heedlessness of his life's great end.

They were Jews that thus looked out, the leader and the followers, Hebrews of Hebrews, and they loved the land of their birth and the city of their nation's boast. Every affection of the human heart was enlisted for the beautiful towns and sacred edifices, and all the outspread loveliness of the country's hills and valleys; and as the sun seemed to pour surpassing splendor upon the place, and as youth and beauty went forth to seek their pleasures, and age toiled upward toward the temple for the evening sacrifice, and all that was seen, and all that the heart suggested, appealed to the patriotic affection of the four—they looked to see whether the loveliness of the scene would not light up an unwonted smile upon the face of their Master, who was looking intently upon the city.

But there was no smile. The deep thought that rested on his brow, and the tear that glistened in his eye, showed that the past and the future were with him. That all the blessings which had been pronounced upon Jerusalem, and all the promises made in her behalf, all the sins which she had committed, and which God had pardoned, and all the negligence against which she had been warned, and for which pardon had been presented; all her thoughtlessness now, and all the uncomprehended miseries which were in her path, were in one group in his mind—and the sound of the destroyer and the desolation of the conquered stood before him—the famine that wasted the people and the fire that destroyed the temple were there, and as he remembered how He would have sheltered them from the consequences of their own follies, and how they despised his love; how he would have shielded and comforted the sons and daughters of that city of his love, but they refused, *He wept*—wept human tears—wept tears of earthly fondness, that came bursting up from his heart—deep agony marked his face when gathering the recollection of all the promises which had accompanied their probation, the glories by which they had been invited to goodness—he exclaimed, "But now they are forever hidden from thine eyes."

What a mission was that the Master assumed—what an experience was that of his intimate followers. The many listened to his heavenly doctrine and love—many were astonished at the miracles that marked his public ministry, that made the temple and the wayside *clinics* where his divine skill was exhibited, and drew the people from their synagogues and altars, to offer at the street corners the sacrifice of enlightened hearts and the homage of soul admiration. But these, the favored few, the elders and chosen ones of his little flock stood with him in the terrible moments, when the office of his mission was not exercised on others, but came to be ministered on himself—three of them witnessed the tears at the grave of a friend—they saw with trembling awe the glory of his transfiguration with Moses and Elias—and now these stood there solemn, trembling witnesses of an agony of affliction that wrung tears for others from Him who could look down upon the garden that was to be the scene of a trial which human eyes could not witness and live—who could look forward to the hall of infamy that was to witness his mockery, to the winding way of sorrow in which he was to bear his cross, and upward to the eminence where the work was to be consummated. The tears were not for himself. He *wept* for the misery of those who should procure the agonizing passion.

The artist has chosen this moment for his picture. It was a bold thought—but it was a good one—what the pen records may not the pencil illustrate, and is not the lesson of that most instructive hour brought closer home to the heart by the representation of the scene which the sacred historian describes? How well the artist has executed his task is not for us to say. Indeed such a picture is in its conception so full of suggestion, that we may safely leave to the painter's professional pride the finishing of his work according to the canons of his art. The moment that we recognize the subject, the moment we catch the time, the place and the office, we lose sight of all that the pen has written or the pencil attempted to delineate, and acknowledge that our hearts, our fancy have taken hold of all and borne us back to the awful hour—we do not pause to look at features or position on the canvas, but at once we kneel in imagination at a distance from the consecrated group, and as Olivet and Sinai and Calvary meet the eye, and the temple gleams in the light of the setting sun, we inquire what is the thought, the high, mighty thought that swells upward in the heart of the Master there? Alas! who shall know? Who could conceive? Eternities are in his mind, and all the vast concerns of angels and of men are before him; and yet for one city, one erring city, one little spot upon the great map of the universe, he fixes his eyes, and over its fate he weeps tears of earthly sorrow—weeps not that one stone of the temple shall not be left upon the other—weeps not that all the monuments of his nation's glory shall be wasted, and that the ploughshare of the infidel shall upturn the sacred soil. Not for these did he weep—but that those children of the Father, whom he "would have gathered as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," should be destroyed by the sword, and the virtue of the daughters of his people should be the derision and spoil of the conqueror. They were human tears—but divine sympathies!

And in that scene of wounded love, when the foreseeing, or the foredwelling of his higher nature made the *present* of his human exposure terrible—in that hour of sympathy and sorrow, the favored and the *intimate* were his companions. Theirs was not yet the gift of foreknowledge—they lived only in the present, and knew only of the past. Little indeed could they comprehend the agony of the Master, as they could not foresee the cause. Their highest gift was *faith*—they could believe—they could confide—they could listen with silent assurance—and however contradictory might appear the words of the Teacher and the circumstances of the times, they had learned from rebukes and experience to trust to the former. And as they follow with their eyes the mournful bend of the Master's gaze, as they melted

before the weeping of the sinless and loving, they bowed in meek assent to the terrible *anathema* foretold, and, not being authorized to give, or to proclaim it, they meekly sighed the *maranatha*, and left the work to God.

You see some of the multitude pressing up *toward* the Master, but not *upon* him. You see, too, in the distance, woman with her face set toward Him to whom her heart is given. Woman following but not approaching. The first evidence of personal suffering would have brought her to his side—the first chance of offering homage would have taken her to his feet. It is woman, too, in her beautiful office—her heart is with the Master—it is good for her to stand where she may be called. He may not indeed speak to her, but virtue might go forth from him and bless her—and so she had brought with her a little child. It seemed not meet to her that she should seek Jesus and her child not be led to him. She had indeed heard the Master say, in regard to some others, "suffer little children to come unto me," and how did she know, standing afar off though she might be—standing in awe and reverence—how did she know but when his moment of bitter sorrow had passed away, the Master might turn and smile on her—and take her little child in his arms and bless him—so had he done to others—and so she was willing to await, willing to stand and see what the Lord would do.

But in the immediate scene of tears and solemn wailing woman is not found. Where are those that followed his steps? Where are those who ministered to his wants? Alas! the scene was not for such hearts. It was the last sacrifice of national feeling; humanity acknowledges the claim—for mental mortal agony at events to come there was no consolation.

It was for woman to make beautiful her mission by her implicit faith; it was for woman to minister to his *physical* wants; her humility would find a delightful office when she bathed his feet with her tears, and her faith had comforting expression when she wiped them with the hairs of her head. Woman's care provided the household comforts which humanity needed, and woman's piety sat self-abased, yet gathered strength at the Master's feet as he opened the oracles of truth. Woman wept for him as he bore his cross upward to Calvary; and woman lingered at the foot of that cross when others had fled; and it was woman that came earliest to kneel at the sepulchre. Where service was to be performed, where faith was to be tried, where physical wants were to be supplied, and physical suffering assuaged, there woman was to be found. But where the agony of mental passion was to be endured; where the unspeakable and the incomprehensible were to be exhibited, woman was not. Her mission of faith and love required no such exercise, her feelings demanded no such purification.

We have done. The picture which we give is suggestive, and we hope that it will suggest more to others than we have been able to express; because to such a scene as the artist represents, when the heart or fancy enters it is lost in amazement. A thousand thoughts crowd, less for utterance than for existence, and we feel that when there is more than earthly love, more than earthly interest, the idea must be more than human, and expression will be infinitely short of the conception.

HUMAN INFLUENCE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Oh! deem not thou canst lightly err,
And none may bear its weight but thee:
There's none on earth who stands alone,
None so devoid of sympathy,
But that each fault will wing a dart
To pierce some gentle, feeling heart.

Oh! say not that no sin of thine
Will cause another, weaker one,
To fall, or stumble by the way—
By following *thee* his soul undone—
Drawn to the very depths of shame:
Then on whose head shall rest the blame?

Oh! say not thou art far too weak
To help some brother poor and frail,
Whose footsteps falter by the way—
Whose burthened strength begins to fail—
Thy words of hope may sooth his grief,
Thy hand, though weak, may bring relief.

Perchance some weary spirit mourns,
In bitterness of grief e'en now,
That thus in bonds, by error wrought,
So strong a soul as thine should bow—
That *thou*, of all the world shouldst stray
From wisdom's straight and pleasant way.

Perchance e'en now thy many faults
Stand in some wand'ring brother's road,
That but for *thee* his feet would tread
The path of wisdom and of God—
Who, but for *thee*, or for thy sin,
A victor's glorious crown might win.

Oh! none there are whose deeds and words
May not exert an influence wide,
There is no hand that hath not strength
Some wand'rer from the way to guide:
No voice with tones too weak to bless
Some hapless brother in distress.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

GRENADA had fallen. The miserable remnant of a once powerful nation, driven from the cities of their glorious empire, hunted by an untiring zeal to destroy, crowded at length into their chief stronghold, the city of their regal power—the birth-place and the sepulchre of a long race of puissant monarchs—had endured all the miseries of siege, of famine, and of slaughter; had endured with an invincible determination to die rather than yield; and they had died by the sword, by hunger and thirst, by despair, by pestilence; and their rich and magnificent city had been sacked, plundered, ravaged, made the prey of soldiers, greedy for spoil, thirsting for the blood of an infidel foe, exasperated by resistance, and maddened by fanatical zeal. Grenada had fallen; the Moors were no longer a nation of the earth. Ferdinand and Isabella, weary of war, and satiated with conquest, were reposing in state at Santa Fe, or San Felipe, with every demonstration of triumph, every show of thanksgiving to the God of battles. The days were divided between the most gloriously marshaled tournaments and the most magnificent religious processions; the nights were devoted to the masquerade and the mass; the whole world seemed vocal, now with strains of triumphant martial music, now with the no less lofty Te Deum, or Gloria in Excelsis. All was joy and gladness, triumph and gratitude. The temporary palace was shining like the fabled palace of Aladdin, builded of the gold and gems of the genii world. In all the apartments the magic of regal magnificence was displayed in the taste of the most approved style of art. Tapestries of regal blue and Tyrian purple, broidered and fringed with scarlet, green and gold, in the inimitable style of the artists of Babylon, swept from the lofty ceilings to the velvety carpets of the marble pavements which were rich with tufted work of flowers of every hue, while in the recesses of the windows, where the tapestries were looped aside with cords of the richest dyed and braided silks, entwined with strings of glittering gems, and heavy with tassels of feathery silk and drops of gold and diamonds, were placed beautifully enameled vases of the porcelain of Italia, supporting branches of artificial flowers and fruits of immense value. From the daisy, with its petals of pearl and eye of platted gold, to the rose of Damascus, formed of flashing rubies, and dewed with purest diamonds; from the rich clusters of grapes of amethyst, to the golden pear and nectarine, beryl and sardonix. Doors opened upon seemingly interminable vistas of trees and flowering shrubs, interminged with candelabras of gold, wrought into the semblance of tall plants, bearing flowers of crystal and purest porcelain of every delicate tint, each of which was a lamp, burning perfumed oil, and giving out rich fragrance with its mellowed light; while birds of every clime, from the stately pea-fowl to the minutest lady-bird, admirably imitated in enameled gold and precious stones, were fixed upon elastic sprays, swaying to every breath, and chirping forth melody from little organs, played upon by their own tremulous motions, and so perfect was the workmanship that their forms and notes were hardly to be distinguished from those of the real birds that walked or flew amongst them in the gay parterres.

Amid all this enchantment moved groups of richly habited men and women; dons and cavaliers, in their blazing military costumes, and dark-eyed donnas, in soft silks, rich velvets, and transparent muslins of India, ornamented with brilliants, plumes, or flowers, each as her fancy dictated. Some were dancing to lively music, some listening to soft melodies and songs of love; some were grouped around the beautifully imitated trees, on which ripe fruits of every clime seemed to hang in nature's wild profusion; some clustered around statues, which presented baskets and trays of the choicest viands; others again rested beside fountains which threw up jets of perfumed wine, which, as it descended in drops, displayed rainbows of inimitable splendor, painted by colored lights arranged for the purpose, while here and there a youthful couple, walking apart, and apparently unconscious of all the surrounding splendor, betrayed the tender topic of their sweet communings.

Could discontent and heaviness of heart exist amid all this wealth and splendor and apparent happiness? or do all these fail to satisfy the yearnings of the immortal mind? In a retired part of the gardens, where a few dark evergreens clustered over a natural spring of living water, stood a man apparently forty years of age, plainly habited in rich black velvet, which displayed to the best advantage a form of manly mould and exquisite symmetry. His beaver lay beside him on the turf, and his noble head thus exposed, displayed the perfection of nature's statuary. His high and expansive forehead, strongly marked and delicately moulded features, dark, piercing and restless eyes, bespoke genius to conceive, energy to prosecute, perseverance to complete achievement of lofty daring. But there was an expression of melancholy around his perfect mouth, and his dark brows had acquired a contraction which proved that he was familiar with disappointment, and the contumely of inferior souls. Wrapped in

deep thought he seemed, except that from time to time, as he lifted his eyes and glanced up the vista, there flashed from their dark depths the impatience of a mighty spirit, baffled of its aim, chained in its flight, and misunderstood in the darkness of surrounding ignorance. A figure, elastic with the buoyancy of joy, advanced toward him, a warm hand clasped his, and a glad voice exclaimed, "Courage, my friend, she has consented to see you, to listen to your plea, to weigh your arguments, and decide upon your claims to patronage. Courage, I say, for if she listen to you, she will espouse your cause." A light, intense, but momentary, flashed over the face of the dark-browed man, as he pressed the hand of his messenger, exclaiming, "Thank you—to me you are, indeed, San Angel!"

Gradually the gay groups disappeared from the scene of magnificent enchantment; the lights went out one by one, like stars at the approach of day; the voices of melody ceased amongst the pavilions, and in the echoing halls, and silence seemed resuming her natural empire over the night.

In a retired apartment of the royal palace sat Isabella of Castile, with her two young daughters. The beauty of the queen was of a style to command respect rather than admiration, obedience rather than love. Majesty was in her form and mien, pride sat on her brow, and in her tones and gestures lived an authority which none dared question or disobey. Well was it for herself and those around her that she was governed by the nicest principles of honor; that her whole life was swayed by the most fervent and conscientious devotional feelings; so that as a queen, as a wife, and as a mother, she was above reproach.

Her eldest daughter, the Lady Isabella, inherited with her mother's name, a large portion of her personal and mental qualities; but while one was a woman and a queen, the other was a young princess, proud, impatient of control or contradiction, and delighting in magnificence and admiration. Her younger sister, the Lady Joanna, though she had a fine form and regular features, with the dark, languid eyes of her country, was destitute of that grace and vivacity which is the great charm in woman's character. The warm blood never gave a living glow to the dark olive of her complexion, and it was seldom that the deep fringes of her eyelids were lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed to mark the beautiful and flitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit.

"Oh, mother!" cried the young Isabella, her whole person radiant with the spirit's light, "oh, mother, what a glorious thing it is to be a queen's daughter; to live in such magnificence, to be an object of admiration and worship, to listen while gay and noble cavaliers extol one's beauty and accomplishments; but, mother, it is my highest glory that I am *your* child, your namesake, and like you in mind and person. Oh, how my heart swelled last night as I heard men speak of the truly royal Isabella of Castile. But, mother, I am not quite as noble-souled as you, for I heard them tell that in your girlhood, when the discontented nobles and people would have placed you on your brother's throne, you utterly refused to consent to his being deposed, and only allowed yourself to be declared his successor. I could not have been so moderate; oh, I long to be a queen like you."

"A queen!" murmured Joanna, who occupied a cushion at her mother's feet, "a queen," and her voice was low and sweet as the murmur of a guitar, when its strings are moved by the orange-scented breeze alone. "I would be queen of one loving heart alone. I ask no kingdom beyond a quiet home, with one to love me, dearly, truly, unchangingly, as I could love again. Oh, mother, I am weary of all this noise and show; my heart grows sick, as I mark these glorious things, and feel that they are spoils of war, relics of a fallen power, trophies of a victory achieved by bloodshed, fire, famine, and pestilence. Do not frown, dear mother, my queen; but I cannot help thinking of the loving hearts, and beautiful women, and tender babes that perished in Grenada. They were infidels, but they had human hearts; they loved, and were beloved, and, oh, what bitter sundering of holy ties was in that devoted city. I cannot rejoice in such dreadful victory; I dare not thank our merciful Father in Heaven that he has permitted our armies to inflict such a vast amount of misery, not only on our armed foes, but on their helpless and innocent families."

The queen's countenance was troubled; she regarded her daughters alternately. "Alas! my children," she said at length, "I foresee unhappiness for you both. Isabella's spirit will never be satisfied with power and grandeur; and your heart, Joanna, will never be filled with the love for which alone it asks. It is possible to be beautiful, honored, and a mighty queen, and yet be very miserable—oh, very miserable! Leave me now, my children, for the hour of audience is at hand; and I am to listen to a strange suitor and weigh a mighty project."

Queen Isabella sat in her private audience-chamber, surrounded by her nobles. There was a shadow on her brow deeper than the shade of business cares; and it was remarked by her counsellors that every article of the spoils of the fallen Moors had been removed from her apartments.

Presently San Angel and his friend, Columbus, were ushered to the royal presence. The great adventurer wore the same plain habit of black velvet, but appeared infinitely more noble in that dress than did any of the embroidery-decked cavaliers in the royal presence. Columbus was no stranger to courts and princes, yet as he bent his knee before Isabella of Castile, he felt to pay her the homage of the soul, and she thought that she had never until then looked upon true greatness.

"Rise," she said, "and speak what you have to say."

He stood before her calm, collected, and with the air of a man having full confidence in himself; and his speech, which at first was hesitating and low, soon flowed in a torrent of strong eloquence, betraying the tide of the deep spirit which thus poured out its speculative treasures.

"Madam," he said, "you behold me, a native of Genoa, a suitor to your majesty for aid, not to prosecute an idle enterprise to attain for myself gay baubles, or the yellow gold that lies like a heavy chain upon the souls of its votaries, but to prosecute a great and glorious enterprise, of the success of which I am morally certain, and which will be an inestimable benefit to the whole world, and add, if it be possible, new honors to the name of Isabella of Castile. Madam, the teachings of science, as well as my apprehension of the goodness and wisdom of our bountiful Creator, have led me to a firm conviction that all the unexplored surface of this vast globe is not, cannot be, a barren waste of waters. I know that there are vast islands, probably a great continent, sufficient to balance the lands that now compose the world, lying away in the western ocean. These unknown lands I would discover and explore. Or even if such do not exist, as we know that the earth is globular in form, I shall at least discover a passage to India through the western ocean, and so add a glory to the crown of Castile which shall eclipse the lustre which recent navigators have given to Portugal. This is the age of naval enterprise and great discoveries; let the most important exploit of this age live with the name of Queen Isabella on the historic page forever and forever.

"Madam, I know that I am no idle dreamer, no speculative theorist; I seek to confirm by actual discovery the truths which reason and religion proclaim to my mind as indisputable. And yet I have found no soul capable of understanding mine; no rich prince or noble willing to risk a few thousands for an incalculable benefit to the whole world through all the years to come, and a fame which shall live until the sun burns out in the great temple of the blue ether. You will ask why I, a citizen of Genoa, a rich and powerful state, find it necessary to solicit the aid of foreign powers. I have said I find no souls capable of understanding mine. The great ones of my dear native city have pronounced me a framer of illusive theories. I would have won for her an imperishable honor; she would not receive it at my hand. Filled with sorrow and indignation, I then turned toward Portugal, encouraged by her recently acquired reputation as a patron of adventurous navigators. Her great ones listened to my suit, amused with hopes, and delayed to give me a definite answer; and while I waited and strove to convince them of the rationality of my speculations, they treacherously drew from me all my grounds of belief in the existence of another continent, my intended method of discovery, with the direction I meant to steer, and all the information I could give concerning my projected voyage; and, indeed, madam, you will find it hard to believe such infamy, they fitted out a fleet secretly, which sailed, failed of its object, encountered storms, and returned, asserting that they had done all that navigators could do, and that my theory is false and futile. Thus I have been cheated out of three years of my existence, while my ardent soul is burning out its habitation. Then I thought of England. I sent my brother to lay my project before her royal Henry. Years have passed, and yet he has not returned. Madam, I know that the lands of which I have spoken do exist. I know that I am able to search them out in the world of dark waters which has wrapped them from our knowledge since the world began. I know that I can reach them, for God has raised me up and endowed me as his instrument to affect these great discoveries, and he will preserve my life, and guide me by his almighty power. I have petitioned your august consort, but he is occupied by other matters, or swayed by those who would prevent me from achieving that which they dare not undertake themselves, who would withhold from me the honors which they have not courage and ability to achieve for themselves. On you, therefore, illustrious madam, now rest my ardent hopes. Surely amid all this magnificence, the small sum necessary for my outfit would not be felt. And in the event of my success, which I deem certain, would not the vast and rich territory thus added to the dominions of Castile and Aragon, bring millions of revenue for every hundred expended on my expedition. I beseech your highness, listen to my plea; I am like a strong eagle, longing to scale the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, but bound by a heavy chain in a dark and miry valley, I am wearing out my life in a vain effort to spread my shackled pinions to the glorious sunlight. Let your royal bounty remove these shackles, give me the means, and say to me go, explore the ocean, discover new worlds, and take possession in the name of Isabella, the illustrious queen of Castile Let me go, in pity to my restless spirit. Let me go and win everlasting honors for myself and the age, and for my royal patroness.

Queen Isabella had listened with evident interest, her dark eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned with excitement. She extended her beautiful hand to the suppliant. "I grant your prayer," she said; "I will furnish funds for your voyage. This display of magnificence is not at my command. It belongs to our nobles, our churches, our officers and soldiers. You behold here the spoils of the vanquished, which must reward the vanquishers. It is possible to be poor in the midst of regal splendor. But I have jewels which are at my own disposal, which add nothing to my power or my happiness. I will dispose of them, and give you the means to prosecute your project to discover new worlds amid the wilderness of waves, and win that undying fame which you deem within your reach."

Low on his knees fell the joyful adventurer, and poured out his gratitude in few but forceful words.

Looks of scorn, contempt, and bitter enmity were fixed upon the adventurous Genoese by the courtiers who surrounded her majesty, and it was evident that her presence alone restrained them from openly expressing their hatred of him, and disapproval of her decision. One cavalier in particular ground his teeth with rage, and muttered his vow of eternal enmity to him whose soul so overreached all that human intellect had heretofore achieved.

But Isabella's royal word was pledged, and her powerful eloquence had won her regal Ferdinand of

Aragon to espouse the cause of Columbus, and associate his name with hers in patronage of his great adventure. But the man of mighty soul had departed on his limitless voyage, and his scoffers continued to clamor against him, and predict the utter failure of his project, and destruction of his fleet and crews.

Ferdinand and Isabella were holding their court in Barcelona, when a courier arrived with intelligence that Columbus with his fleet had made the harbor of Palos, from which he sailed about ten months previous. Various rumors followed the announcement, rumors of glory, and gold, and territories, rich and blooming as the garden of Eden. Then gushed in clamorous torrents the bitter waters of envy, hatred, and detraction; but Isabella heeded not their clamors, but awaited with hope and exultation the arrival of her protegé.

At length a triumphant train approached the city. Loud shouts swelled up to heaven from the excited multitudes; the city poured out her torrents of living creatures to meet the mighty man who had wrested a world from the untraversed ocean floods.

The monarchs, in their most glorious apparel, sat upon their throne in the magnificently furnished reception hall of their palace home.

The procession approached; a herald announced the great discoverer. He entered the presence, and the monarchs arose and stood to greet him.

With him came natives of his new world, with their strange features and unheard of complexions—habited in the grotesque costume of their native clime. In beautiful caskets and vases were borne gold, unwrought, and fashioned into curious ornaments, fruits and flowering plants, and strangely beautiful specimens of verdure and foliage, with articles of the manufacture of those far-off lands—all things strange to the admiring beholders, and different from aught that the eastern continent produced. All was wonder, admiration and delight, except in the black habitations of envy and murderous hate. But Columbus had achieved his triumph—he had discovered a new world; he had triumphed over the malice of his enemies, he had won for himself an imperishable fame; but he laid all his glories at the feet of his royal patroness, ISABELLA OF CASTILE, without whose aid the mighty soul of enterprise would have worn itself out in vain endeavors to spread its glorious pinions. Oh, that every mighty mind could find an Isabella.

Ought not the name of Isabella to be forever associated with that of Columbus, as without her aid he could never have crossed the Atlantic? Should not the honor of the discovery of the western world rest alike upon him who conceived, and her who enabled him to execute the mighty project? And yet the fame of Columbus is wide as the world, and eternal as the lands to which he opened the way across the billows; while she who gave wings to his genius and power to his arm is almost forgotten.

But I would wed her name to his forever by christening this great and hitherto nameless republic, by the appropriate and euphonious title of Columbella. Thus would I give honor to whom honor is due.

EGERIA.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

In a soft, still summer twilight,
When the sunset's golden beam
Gleamed behind the cold gray mountain,
With a misty haze between,
When the stars were faintly breaking,
One by one, upon the sky,
And the winds that whispered near me
Were as gentle as a sigh,
'Neath a mossed and gnarled oak,
With its branches ivy-bound,
Where the mingled sweets of flowers
Threw a breathing perfume round,
There a lovely dream stole o'er me,
'T was life's sweetest, last, and best;
Bright Egeria, lost Egeria,
Thou hast left my lonely breast.

I have sought the spot full often
In the morning, in the noon,
In the chill and bleak December,
In the rosy light of June;
And when floods of silvery moonlight
O'er the valley slept serene,
While its pale and silent splendor
Mocked my spirit's restless dream.
Yet I linger as of old—
Still I seek the shadowed lake,
And the mountains stern and drear,
Where the Alpine glaciers break;
There I watch the storm-god rise,
But I wander on in vain;
Bright Egeria, lost Egeria,
Will we never meet again.

'Mid my deep and yearning sadness,
With enrapturing thought I dwell
On the scenes whose hues are melting
Into memory's mystic spell;
But my gladness hath departed,
For I tremblingly pursue
The beloved yet changing phantom
That still fades before my view;
Aerial music floats around,
Aerial voices meet mine ear,
And my sighs are oft repeated
By soft echoes hovering near;
And from visions half ethereal—
Mad with hope—I wildly start—
But thy footsteps, lost Egeria,
Are the beatings of my heart.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

We had almost forgotten to speak of another class, important though youthful, of the saucy, petted and spoiled *pages*. They, too, are gone, and not one of them survived the eighteenth century. The Almanac of the Empire, it is true, bears the names of thirty-two pages, and that of the restoration of seventy-two; but all this means nothing, for the last page, who really was what he professed to be, and who was the most celebrated of his class, was named Cherubim, and was born April 27, 1784.

The following is his portrait.



The old Duke of Lauraguais said that the first English frock worn in France had been the death-blow of the French nobility, one of the most numerous of the grades of which had been the first to adopt it. The Marquises, with their proverbial love of change, began from that time to transform their *modes*, and effected it so rapidly that their brocade garments were soon only found on the stage, or in the *bals-costumés*. This frock, (fr. froc,) which had so disadvantageous an influence, was a kind of loose gown, with pockets on the inside, and without any tightness at the waist. It was cut lengthwise with the cloth, and though first without a collar, ultimately acquired one. The dress of the age in other respects remained long unaltered, though its accessories, such as buttons, plaits, *etc.*, were constantly changing. The coats first were made to button all the way up, and then only from the pockets up: finally buttons were not used at all. After some lapse of time loops were used, which clasped the narrow coat over the often portly *tournure* in the most ridiculous manner. Waistcoats then were waistcoats, not *gilets*, but substantial coats without sleeves. The wardrobe of a gentleman also contained another garment called a *veston*, covered with lace and *broderie*, a *volant*, which was always single-breasted, various kinds of redingotes, such as the *roquelaure*, the *houppelande*, etc., all of which were made of every conceivable material and color. The above are the general characteristics of costume, all the variations of which we cannot be expected to describe any more than the botanist is to count every leaf on a tree.

Black, now the *ne plus ultra* of dress, was then worn only by *procureurs*, authors, small landholders, and, in a word, all persons who were negligent in their toilette. It was the index of restricted means, and of mourning, when the most obscure bourgeois dressed himself like a count or marquis.

The greatest variety of colors were worn, and contrasts which now would seem most repulsive were every day met with. A scarlet velvet coat, with a black collar and steel buttons, sulphur-colored breeches and blue-striped hose were considered in very good taste about 1785. *Boue de Paris* (brick-dust color) and London smoke were worn in both London and Paris in 1786, and in 1788, a color known by the repulsive name of beefs-blood was the extremity of fashion. Waistcoats had all kinds of names, taken from operas, such as Figaro, Cœur-de-Lion, etc. Handkerchiefs *aux adieux de Fontainebleau* were worn; neither of these, however, seem to have differed materially from other waistcoats and handkerchiefs.

This was the age of *cravats*, made of fine lawn or baptiste richly laced, with hanging ends; peruques *à la Grecque*, with three buckles; the sword and plumed hat. Some persons also wore the stockinet breeches, by the side of which Adam's fig-leaf was decent.

The following is a group altogether characteristic of that age in which the redingote, the *coiffure à la Grecque*, and plumed hat all appear:



None now can take an interest in all the mysteries of powder and *coiffure*, with their high-sounding names *à la Brigadiere, à la Sartine a trois morteaux*, etc., they are gone forever, and when the great Leonard fled to Russia after the execution of the king were forgotten in Paris. It will be remembered that other capitals always copied the costumes of the French capital, and that in speaking of Paris we describe the costume of Europe.

Grave reflections do not belong to the history of so frivolous a thing as costume, but any one may see that it is impossible to avoid making a comparison, not only between the costumes, but the ideas of the past and present. The decay of the luxury of the old monarchy was but the forerunner of the fall of the monarchy itself, so that rightly enough Dumourier echoed the prophecy of its ruin, made by an old gentleman-usher who saw the great Roland appear before the king with shoes with strings instead of buckles. We have brought down the history of costume to the verge of a revolution, all the terrors of which luxury survived, and there may be those who think the crisis in the midst of which France is, may pass away, and things yet a second time resume their old state. This cannot be : the centre of fashion is destroyed, and cannot be again created. France has more serious things to attend to, and though all the world submitted to French dictation, it is scarcely probable that it will bow itself to another sceptre. France cannot resume her sway. In 1792 the dispersed court bore away with it all the splendor and magnificence of the past, and left a void which the republic could not fill. In 1830 *noblesse*, as a cast, had disappeared, but an opulent class yet remained, who had grown accustomed to dictate in fashion. In the year 1848 the revolution was more complete, and all have other things to do besides thinking of periwigs and shoe-buckles.

Among the causes which tended in the eighteenth

century to modify French costume, by assimilating all classes, we must in the first place mention the influence of what is now called Anglo-mania. Even as far back as Louis XV., the young nobles had become accustomed to visit England, where they acquired new habits if not new ideas. England for a time was the sovereign of fashion, and hats were worn *à la Tamise* instead of *à la Seine*. The nobles, in imitation of the English, ruined themselves by extravagance in horses and equipages. Quarrels arose about the good looks of jockeys, and princes of the blood and dukes transformed themselves into coach-drivers. Marie Antoinette even took pride in the dexterity with which she handled the whip and reins of a pony-phaeton. The revolution has naturalized in France many political phrases, but long before that French ears and the French palate had grown used to punch, or *ponche* as they called it, and both sexes had become accustomed to cover up their costume with the *redingote*, or English riding-coat. Tea canes and hats were ultimately adopted, also from England.

The revolution in England, and the round-head ideas it evolved, had much simplified English costume, and by the Anglo-mania this simplicity was now reflected back on France, and continued to as late a day as the revolution. In 1786 the English costume was frequently seen in the streets of Paris, and contributed in a great degree to dissipate the air of pretension which yet animated French society. The English boot was adopted almost universally, and gaiters became as common as in London. The loose locks of the English sailors were also imitated, and this was a severe blow on the old costume, an important portion of which was the *coiffure*. The three-cornered cocked was replaced by the jockey's round hat, a ridiculous and ungainly thing which no taste can make becoming, and no art make comfortable. The probability, however, is that it will become universal, and that some day all the world will wear this head-piece.

This mutual imitation continued until the adoption of Napoleon's Continental system, which, as is well known, separated England from all intercourse with Europe. When peace had put an end to the long wars this system had occasioned, and Englishmen again came on the Continent, their appearance struck each other as supremely ludicrous, as the apparition of one of our own grandfathers in the gigantic waistcoat and the bag wig they wore would seem to us in a modern drawing-room.

Before, however, an universal costume had been adopted the revolution came. Fortunes were swept away, palaces lost, and the people who inhabited them dispersed. We here lose sight of powdered hair forever, for both sexes cut their hair short, and shoes with strings were universally adopted. The reign of terror came, *sans-culottism* was the rage. The red cap of liberty, the *houppelande* of red worsted, or the *carmagnole* usurped the place of the plumed hat and the graceful *roquelaure*. Open shirt collars and a knotted stick, like the Irish shilelah, were indispensible accompaniments to this dress, an admirable representation of which is to be seen in the making up of James Wallack, senior, for one of his many admirable impersonations, called David Duvigne, in that pretty two act drama of the "Hazard of the Die." This costume is scarcely worthy of remark, except on account of the red Italian cap, a garment far more graceful than our hat, but proscribed on account of the horrors enacted by those who wore it. It, however, never was worn except in France, and we may well enough drop it here forever.

Yet people must not think there was no richness of costume during the republic. There was as much extravagance as ever, only every one dressed according to his own whim. There were fops, too, called *Muscadins incroyables* and *merveilleux*, who aped the manners of the old marquis. One great *trait* of these was they were all near-sighted, and could not pronounce the letter R. They were the prototypes of our own dandies, as may be seen by the following specimen:



This costume was imitated over all the world, and, except in the hat, breeches and ribbons at the knee, does not differ greatly from the dress of our own day.

[To be continued.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN

"WHO COULD NEVER DRESS WELL."

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

"HANG it!" I exclaimed, as I thrust the poker violently into the grate, and slammed myself into an arm-chair before the fire, "I am the most unfortunate rascal in the world!"

I had just returned from the Hon. Mrs. Scatter's squeeze. I can't imagine why it should be the case, but it seems to be my unlucky destiny either to be thrust or to thrust myself eternally into the most inappropriate places possible. What the deuce should have taken me there? I know that I have no business at such assemblies—yet, oh, Julia!"

She waltzed with that fool, Fitzcrocky. The fellow has n't a particle of brain, but such a *moustache!* And then the style of his dress. With what elegant ease he sports his habiliments! Such perfect taste in their arrangement, and so harmonious the *tout ensemble!* Then look at me. They were whispering. He cast a sneering glance at my exterior. I know she laughed at me. Zounds, I could tear my hair to tatters!

I never could dress well. If I have a handsome and well-made coat, the vest and pants are sure to be of the most unsuitable colors. That infernal tailor, I verily believe, takes every advantage to make me appear disadvantageously; and I could swear that he palms all his unsaleable remnants upon me. Let me see how he has figged me out for what I intended to be the victorious campaign of this evening. Scipio, wheel up that cheval glass. Gods and fishes! A purple coat with silver filagree buttons—a white satin vest—scarlet under ditto—light drab pantaloons, and a check cravat! Black silk stockings and pumps with rosettes. Jupiter and Moses! Why I look like one of Bunbury's caricatures! Tregear's shop-window never exhibited such a monster. No wonder *they* laughed at me. Ha! ha! By Jove, I can't help laughing at myself, and it 's no joking matter, after I had laid myself out to make a deep impression.

There, Scipio, draw the curtains and go. Stay; hand me the brandy-bottle and some cigars before you make your final exit. I might as well get drunk, and by that means bury my woes in a temporary oblivion, despite of all temperance societies.

Give me my dressing-gown, and pitch this infernal coat out at the widow. Ha! here 's another specimen of my undeniable taste. What man, save myself, would ever encase himself in a brocade of a pattern like a bed-curtain. No matter; your Persian says it is all *takdeer*—destiny. All this, I presume, was fore-ordained—it must have been predestined, this atrocious, villainous piece of business, and I suppose I can't help it. Scipio, go to bed.

Scipio retired, and I was left alone. The night was dark and confoundedly cold. I picked up a volume. It was Peter Schlemihl. I lighted a cigar, and mixing some strong brandy-and-water, I applied myself to the business which the reader has been previously informed I had in contemplation.

But all would not do. I could not succeed in my intention. I smoked one Dos Amigos after another, and quaffed glass after glass of Seignette. The more I drank, in the more odious light did I appear to myself. I ruminated upon Julia's flirtation with Fitzcrocky. I attempted to analyze the causes of my abominable want of taste in the components of costume.

"Deuce take me!" at last I cried, exhausted, and half mad with vexation, "I wish to Heaven that I could exchange this unlucky carcass with some more fortunate individual, whose kinder stars may have granted him a comelier body and a more *recherché* taste in its decoration than my miserable self!"

Scarcely had I spoken these words when a gentle cough attracted my attention. I looked up. Opposite to me there sat a gentleman of the most prepossessing exterior. He had drawn up a lounge to the side of the grate, and was seated, with patient politeness, as if in expectation of drawing my attention to himself. He was attired in a neat and elegant suit of black, which fitted him *à merveille*. A dark maroon velvet vest, buttoned tightly to his chest, and falling over into a rolling collar, displayed his linen of superb make and texture, fastened by a small diamond pin. His cravat was tied with a prim precision; his boots and gloves would have driven Staub and Walker to despair. His hat was of the most appropriate block, and a cambric handkerchief, delicate as the web of Arachne, and scented with *bouquet du roi*, was occasionally applied to his nose, in the most graceful manner. The contour of his face was perfect Grecian, and a mass of wavy chestnut-hair was negligently disposed over his forehead. He wore neither whisker nor *moustache*.

For some time I sat in silent amazement, wondering how my guest had procured his *entreé*, inasmuch as I knew that all the doors were locked and bolted, and that my janitor had gone to bed some hour and a half previous to the stranger's appearance. He sat in equal silence. Presently he arose, and pouring out a glass of brandy, he swallowed it in a twinkling, bowing to me with infinite gravity. He next produced a long and slender meerschaum from his pocket, lighted it with a *pastille ambreé*, and resuming his seat, his eyes traveled over my attire from head to foot, with an air of well-bred curiosity. My bile began to work.

"May I ask, sir," said I, "what is the meaning of this unusual visit?"

The stranger, carelessly desisting from his investigation, expelled a mouthful of smoke, and with a kind of concealed chuckle, which I did not half like, replied,

"Pray, sir, may I, without infringing upon propriety, inquire of you, who *is* your tailor?"

My hand inadvertently sought the decanter, and I had a vague idea of hurling it at my visiter's head. One moment's reflection, together with a glance at the well-made and sinewy form before me, determined me to waive hostilities.

"I cannot imagine, sir," I replied, with severe dignity, "your motives in making any such inquiry."

"Oh, a mere trifle. I was anxious to become acquainted with the name of your fashioner, who, to judge from the appearance of your habiliments, must possess a most exquisite taste."

For a moment, I had suspicions that my *amis inconnu* was quizzing me. I eyed him narrowly, but the expression of his face was that of respectful earnestness, mingled with some curiosity. Not the slightest trace of a quiz could be detected upon his immovable aspect.

"If you are really anxious to know," said I, and I confess I felt naturally gratified, for it was the first compliment I had ever heard addressed to my taste, "I can refer you to Cabbage & Stickem, Oxford street."

"I could almost wish to exchange my vile taste in costume for your more original and certainly more refined style," said the stranger, without moving a single muscle of his face.

"And I," I cried, seizing him by the hand, "highly as I feel flattered by such a declaration, would willingly make such an exchange, if it were possible to do so."

"We shall find it very possible," replied the stranger. "Come, let us take a glass to our better acquaintance. I am charmed to have it in my power to confer an obligation upon a gentleman like yourself, especially when it meets so exactly with my own inclinations."

"Egad," said I, as we hob-nobbed very cordially together, "I am agreed to make the exchange directly."

I had no sooner said the word than I felt a most violent blow at the back of my head. On my recovery, for it almost stunned me, I was stupefied with astonishment, upon looking up, to behold *myself* sitting at my ease, and smoking with great *insouciance*, upon the very seat which I had previously occupied *in propria persona*.

"Be so good, worthy sir," said I, or the figure I saw seated in my-arm chair, "to look in yonder glass, and you will discover that your wishes have been complied with."

I stepped to the cheval, and to my unspeakable amazement and joy, viewed in the reflection the person of the elegant gentleman with whom I had exchanged exteriors.

"I hope," said the personage who rejoiced in my original ugliness and odious garments, "that this exchange is entirely to your satisfaction?"

I could have hugged him, for I was almost beside myself with delight.

"How can I thank you for your kindness," I exclaimed, for my old attire looked doubly ridiculous to my new optics. "I do assure you, sir, that I am forever at your service."

"That's it," said the gentleman with a peculiar smile, which in the plenitude of my joy I did not notice at the time, although I recollected it afterward perfectly well. "And now, as it grows late, I will bid you good evening."

As he spoke, I saw my ancient figure walk quietly out at the door. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laugh a little after closing it. For my own part I was so elated, that I could not think of going to bed, so I sat drinking and singing, building castles in the air, and ruminating upon the magnificent figure which I should oppose against the fascinations of Fitzcrocky, in the eyes of Julia. I determined, with the afternoon of that day, to commence my triumphal progress in her affections. In fact, I never noticed how time slipped by, and when the entrance of some one at the door aroused me, and I collected my scattered senses, it was at least four hours after sunrise.

"Gollamighty!" exclaimed the voice of Scipio. "What de debbil we got heah? Trange man in massa's bed-room, and he not up yit. What you want, eh? He some tief—some robber."

"Why you old fool," said I, "don't you see it's me—myself?"

"Who me?—what dat, eh? Debbil tak me if I no b'lieve dat he has murdered massa and teal all de spoons! Help! murder!"

"What do you mean, you old villain!" cried I. "Do you want to bring in the whole neighborhood?" and seizing a candlestick, I leveled it at his woolly pate.

"What do *you* mean, you scoundrel, by abusing *my* servant?" roared a voice from the bed. I looked in that direction. There was my head protruded from the curtains, surmounted by a red night-cap, and a clenched fist was violently shaken at me from the same purlieu.

"Turn him out, Scipio!" I shouted.

"Turn him out!" repeated my *Eidolon*, if I may so term him.

"Turn *who* out!" queried Scipio, in a state of profound bewilderment.

Perfectly frantic with rage, I flew toward the bed, eager for a pugilistic encounter, when the door was thrown open, and my old housekeeper, with pallid visage, peeped into the apartment. I determined to make an appeal to her.

"Am I, or am I not your master, Nancy?" said I, in a very melancholy tone.

"*You* my master! Come up, mister himperence," replied Nancy. "My master is in yonder bed, young man. Run, Sip, and call a policeman. He'll make you know *your* master, jail-bird."

"Ah!" thought I, "it's all up, I see. That fellow's me, and I'm somebody else, but hang me if I know who. Well, as I don't choose to take a morning airing at Hatton Garden, I might as well abdicate

at once. But," cried I, "you scoundrel, you shall pay for this."

"Turn him out, Sip!" grunted my former voice from the bed. How hateful it sounded! "Turn him out, and don't let me be disturbed till twelve. My head aches confoundedly."

I sneaked out of my own room like a detected pickpocket, Nancy and Scipio attending me down stairs, and delivering a brace of running lectures upon the evil courses which I was pursuing, admonishing me likewise of the certain and ignominious end which awaits such depraved and dissolute characters as I was presumed to be. At the foot of the stairs, Scipio insisted upon searching me, an operation to which, crest-fallen as I was, I did not pretend to make the slightest opposition. I was then dismissed in the same manner with Master Candide from the *château* of Thonderdentronck, namely with *grands coups de pied dans le derriere*, pretty well administered by a brace of sturdy valets, whom Scipio had summoned to his assistance from a neighboring area.

This ejection from my own mansion took place about half past nine o'clock. In the first impulses of my rage and despair, I resolved to apply to my friends, in order to establish my identity by their testimonies. It was early; too early in fact to find any of them up, and I was fain to stroll the streets until the lingering hands of the clock should signify the proper and canonical hour of rising. So I patrolled Hyde Park for an hour or so, until my insides began to give me very unequivocal tokens of their desire for breakfast. Rage, as well as love and all other sublunary matters, must yield to the calls of hunger. I entered a coffee-house in Upper Brook street, and ordered my morning meal. I drank a couple of cups of tea, ate a French roll and a modicum of raw beefsteak, and walked to the bar to pay my bill. I put my hand into my pocket in search of my purse. It was not there. I tried another, and another, and yet another pocket. Horrid to relate, I could not meet with the smallest coin of the realm! The waiter began to look very black, and I could overhear the monosyllable "*bilk*" ground out between his teeth in a tone which indicated profound aversion and contempt. My hair fairly stood on end. Nevertheless I thought it best to brazen it out.

"Do you see, my good fellow," said I, and I assure you, I spoke in a very bland and courteous tone, "I have most unaccountably forgotten my purse—"

"Gammon!" was the very significant response of the Ganymede. "How d'ye know you ever had one?"

"Confound your impudence, fellow!" said I, nettled by the coolness of the query. "What d'ye mean by insulting a gentleman?"

"More like a swell out o' luck," growled the servitor. "Come, young 'un, this here kind of a job 's no go. Post the cole, my boy, or it 'll be the worse for somebody."

As luck would have it, I thought of my diamond breastpin, and taking that article of jewelry from my shirt front, I offered it to the waiter.

"Blast your Brummagem traps!" quoth that gentleman. "D'ye think I don't know a diamond from a Bristol stone, or gold from pinchbeck?"

It was pinchbeck, by Jupiter!

The waiter must have been touched by the despair depicted upon my countenance. With a grim smile,

"Come, my fine chap," said he, "if you are a bilk, it 's plain that you 're a new hand at the trade, and I don't care about being too hard upon you. Give me your wipe, and I 'll let you off for this time, but you take care you does n't come the swell mob again over this 'ere house, that 's all."

My heart was too full for speech. I gave him my handkerchief with a profound sigh, and throwing the pinchbeck breastpin into the coal-scuttle, I vanished with all convenient speed.

Leaving the coffee-house, I espied my crony, Dick Buffers, across the street. To join him was but the work of a moment.

"Hollo, Dick!" said I, slapping him heartily upon the shoulder. This was the irrepressible outpouring of a bosom, into which a ray of light, imparted by hope, had penetrated, cheering the darksome abode with its enlivening presence. Quickly was my joy turned into sorrow.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Dick, drawing himself up with magnificent reserve. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Come, Dick," said I, in a sort of whimper, for I was really becoming very much alarmed, "don't put a strange face on the matter. It is n't possible that you do n't know your old friend, Flashington Highflyer? Why we only parted at midnight, and dined together no later than yesterday."

"Highflyer!" said Buffers. "To be sure I know him, and very well, too. We undoubtedly did dine together yesterday, although I cannot account for your knowledge of the fact. But it will take even more than your impudence to convince me that you are the man. You must be either drunk or a fool. Flashington Highflyer! ha! ha! Your very dress convicts you of a lie."

Buffers might have spared this sarcasm.

"Upon my honor, Richard Buffers," said I, solemnly, while the tears actually stood in my eyes, "I am that most unfortunate man."

"You are? Why, the man 's mad! View that looking glass in yonder shop-window, and if you hav n't been looking into the glass too often this morning already, you will discover that your countenance bears not the slightest resemblance to that of Mr. Highflyer, that is, if you are at all acquainted with the physiognomy of the gentleman to whose name you have laid claim."

I stepped to the window. One glance was sufficient. Oh! how I cursed my super-lunatic folly, and how I longed for my former shape.

"Egad, it 's true," I soliloquized. "It 's all correct, as my Yankee friends have it. That rascal has got into possession of my goods and chattels, as well as of my person, and has left me nothing in return but a most confoundedly disagreeable sense of my own

individuality. What a horrid piece of business to be sure!"

I turned. Dick was gone.

"Who am I, then?" was my next very natural self interrogatory.

It was needless to disturb my remaining acquaintance for proofs of my identity, as, indeed, if any body had demanded of me my address, I should have been amazingly puzzled to give it. I turned about, entirely reckless of whither I went. Twelve, one o'clock went by. I met many of my acquaintance, but there was no recognition. I was in despair, and could have sat down upon the curb-stone and wept. My walk procured me one thing, it is true, namely, a very good appetite; but I could have readily dispensed with that, inasmuch as I was painfully conscious that, without pawning my coat, I was utterly unable to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The hours rolled on. The force of habit, I presume, led me to Hyde Park once more. All the world was abroad. Beauty, rank and fashion were collected in one splendid, aristocratic mass. Carriages and four, with servants in gorgeous liveries; every variety of vehicle, from the dashing tandem to the humbler carriage and pair, tilburies, buggy-wagons, and cabs thronged and thundered around the ring. Horsemen dashed along the carriage-ways, and pedestrians crowded the footpaths. I sat down upon a bench and mechanically surveyed the scene. Every well-known face, which was wont to greet me with smiles, but which now bestowed upon me, *en passant*, but a vacant stare, struck a pang to my heart. My despair would have been uncontrollable, and I should have groveled and bit the ground with fury, but an innate self-respect, and a desire to appear to every possible advantage, qualities which I presume I gained together with my once admired, but now odiously detested figure, prevented me from making such an exhibition, although I verily believe that I was haunted with demoniac incitements to perform all manner of curious antics.

The crowd was now at its thickest. A chariot, with servants in splendid liveries, which I immediately recognized as my own, whirled onward. Julia was seated in it by *myself*, or the devil in my shape. There I was, perfectly plain to behold. The face, the form were the same, but the dress superlatively exquisite, and beautifully adapted to the figure. The turn-out of Fitzcrocky dashed by at the same time. He glared furiously upon my happy representative. With matchless insinuation this latter ogled and flirted with Julia. She returned his smiles with eyliads of incipient affection. As they passed me by, the fellow who had thus impudently usurped my figure and property winked—yes, he absolutely WINKED at me. My veins boiled with rage. Shrieking out a fearful oath, I seized a fragment of paving-stone and hurled it frantically at him. A scream, a rush, and I turned and fled, without stopping to ascertain the amount of damage inflicted by my missile, and ran as if the furies had been after me. But I ran not alone. A dense crowd of policemen, servants and gentleman on horseback dashed in pursuit. Never did fugitive from the galleys exert his legs with a better will, or with more effect, than I did. *Timor additit alas.* On I rushed, amidst the clamor, and dust, and clatter of the yelling multitude, as if the avenger of blood had been behind me. I had been a sportsman, and never did a Leicestershire fox lead a squad of Meltonians such a circumbendibus as I did my pursuers. One by one they gave in—the noise died away gradually, and I was safe.

When partially recovered, I found myself within a queer, dark-looking old court, in the neighborhood of Hertford street and Brick Lane. I was surrounded by a multitude of crazy, tottering, reeking houses, apparently the abodes of no living beings, save Jew clothesmen, oyster venders, pawnbrokers, and gin dealers. A squalid, miserable, broken-down dog-kennel it was too! Tattered children ran about, dabbling in the filthy gutters, indulging in the mockery of play. Rough looking men, wrapped in heavy pea-coats and coarse jackets, with red and bloated faces, lounged about the doors of the various dealers, and haggard, wretched-looking women might have been descried entering the dens of the pawnbrokers, in hopes to raise some pittance of money for the purchase of food or liquor, by pledging paltry articles of dress or furniture. I sat down on the pavement side and stared around me. The scene was altogether dissimilar to any thing I had been in the habit of witnessing, and it was an interesting though a painful novelty. Good God! the misery, and wretchedness, and grinding poverty, deadening to the heart, which exist in large cities, within ken of opulence, of luxury and of splendor! O! could the voice of these wretched throngs be heard, in its collected wailing, what a cry of despairful agony would go up to the throne of the Everlasting! Dead souls in living sepulchres, stalking their gloomy round of poverty, neglect and wo—uneducated, ungodly, famine-stricken—what hope is there for them in this world, and, word of horror, what in the next!

As I sat in revery, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up. A stout, heavily built man, with a pimpled and swollen face, attired in a rough drab over-coat, with leather gaiters and hob-nailed bootees, stood beside me.

"Hollo, gen'l'mn Bill," quoth this interesting personage. "Vy, vot brings you in these parts?"

I knew the fellow at first glance, but, by Jupiter, I had never seen him before.

"Well, old fellow," said I, with a hilarity that disgusted me, although Heaven knows I could n't help it, "what news from your ken?"

"I'tell thee vot," said Gabriel Sooterkins, for the gentleman was familiarly known by that appellation, "a'ter this night, Billy, my bo, you had better change your tramp. The beaks 'ave nabbed Ikey about that 'ere job on Saffron Hill, and they say he 's peached upon it. Confound the trade, say I, if pals can't be true to one another."

I recollected perfectly the matter he alluded to. It was a burglary committed upon an old miser, who had fixed his dwelling in that delicate abode, and I very well remembered, now that Mr. Gabriel Sooter-

kins mentioned it, that I had been the head and front of the offending, and that Ikey and himself were accomplices in the business.

An exceedingly reputable exchange of persons I had made.

"Well," said I, "if it 's done it can't be helped, you know, and I 'm off this night" although I had not the most remote idea of where I was going.

"If I 'd a known vere you vos," said Mr. Sooterkins, "I 'd ha' blowed this here spot o' work afore. But step in here. I 've a vord or two to say to you, for I s'pose there 's very little dust at the bottom of your fob."

Mr. Sooterkins plunged downward into a dingy cellar, and I followed him very obediently.

The place into which I accompanied him was a filthy divlng, or slap-bang shop, in which retreat was collected as motley an assemblage as the imagination of man can conceive. A long table extended from one end of the cellar to the other, covered with pewter mugs and dishes, cheap crockery ware, and knives and forks, which latter implements were chained to the table. A very satisfactory idea of the morals of the guests might be gathered from this circumstance; although, indeed, if that hint had been wanting, the variety of villany stamped upon the faces of the profligate crew which surrounded the table, gave proof satisfactory that they were not of that number who rank with the honest of this world.

Mr. Sooterkins nodded to this amiable assembly upon entering, and I obeyed his example, inasmuch as I recognized among these gentlemen some very familiar acquaintances. We were received in a remarkably hilarious manner, and some of the most jovial of our friends pressed their regards rather closely, by playing off two or three practical jokes upon Mr. Sooterkins. The application of a quart pot to the head of the most forward of these wits sent him howling into a corner, and, to my unspeakable satisfaction, put a very sudden conclusion to the incipient merriment.

"Take that," growled Sooterkins, "and now, as you 'gen'l'mn seems to be so 'ighly delighted at this here cheerful occasion, you 'll just 'ave the goodness to leave me and my pal to our own cards for a brace of minnits. You see, Bill, ve must speak to Sal, and git posted up on this last score. Hollo! Sal! you old limb of Satan, move yer shanks this way, I tell ye!"

A withered crone, who seemed to be the mistress of the cellar, came hobbling forward, being thus politely conjured to appear.

"Wot!" said she, extending her wrinkled hand to me. "Gentleman Bill here! Here 's a sight for sore eyes!"

"Dight your gab," interrupted Sooterkins. "Bill 's here, but he 'll be obliged to cut and run this darkey, for the beaks are a'ter him 'bout that job of Ikey's. Now *he 's* got no stump, and the devil a mag have I, so you must fork over, for the purchase wot come in vos fairly vorth double as much nor you paid for it. Bill, and Ikey, and I, are all in fur the business, but the blackguard dare n't peach on me, 'cause if he gits off from this scrape, I knows enough of other matters about him to bring him to a hemp crawat wery speedily. You 've got the plunder, you old hag, and it 's only fair as you should come down with the tin for the tramp."

"Ah, Gabe," said the old woman, "you will drive hard bargains with me. But I can't well refuse for the pretty face of him."

Singular as it may appear, I felt gratified by the compliment of the hag.

"Yes, mother," said I, "change of air is good for the constitution, and I 'll cheat Jack Ketch of his fees in spite of fate for this bout."

"How much can you do vith?" queried Mr. Sooterkins, who had lighted a fragment of a clay pipe, and commenced to smoke most industriously.

"Ten pounds will carry me on to Portsmouth," said I, for the localities and resources of roguery were fast becoming familiar to me.

"Too much," grumbled the crone. Gabe was about to make a savage reply, when two females descended the ladder, and entered the cellar.

"By my forks!" whistled Gabe. "This 'ere is just wot I hoped vould n't 'appen; but these cussed gals is everlastin'ly a riggin a man, till he trots over the Old Bailey valls on a vooden oss."

"Bill!" cried one of the females, recognizing and running to me. "Is it you, Bill? I 've been over the whole of this blessed town after you, for I heard that Ikey Solomon had let all out, and I feared that you were caught. But, thank Heaven, you 're safe—you 're safe!"

With an hysterical burst of laughter, the girl threw her arms around me and embraced me tightly. Her laughter gradually ceased, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

Amazed at first, and not knowing what she could mean, the truth began to break upon me. Poor girl! The burglar's mistress! What a world of guilt and wo are in those words! Her face was handsome, but oh! how deadly pale, save on the summit of the cheek-bones, where the fire of the hectic blazed. Her large, dark orbs were sunken, and gleamed like the reflected glow of a furnace from their deep cavities. Her apparel, which was a shade or two better than that of her companion, and her language, which showed her to be superior to the wretched assemblage around us, told a tale of sorrow—which, although a common tale, struck deeply on my heart.

"Hang it, Bess," said Sooterkins, endeavoring to push the girl away, "vot dost mean, crying and sniveling about a chap ven his wery life hangs on his speed in gettin' out o'Lunnun? Stand aside, thou foolish jade, and let me have my say out vith him."

"Stand by, Bess dear," said I, "and I will speak with you directly."

The girl obeyed.

"Now then," said Sooterkins, "As I 've vormed the ten pounds out o' Sal, all you 've got to do is this. Be off now, d'rectly, and take all the by cuts till you 're out o' town, snug in the fields. I 've a friend as goes down on the mail in the morning, and mind,

give him this jark. He 'll be down on the sly with you, for my sake. Then pull for Common Hard, and off over the Channel, till this 'ere job blows by. Lose no time, the night 's dark, and make forward like the wind."

"And Bess?" said I, for the girl's affection had interested me, and the emotions of my burglar friend began to quicken in my breast,

"Pshaw!" said Sooterkins, "why canst not mind thine own affairs, and let the girl alone?"

"I must speak to her before I go, Gabe," I replied. "What she is, I have made her, and it would break my heart to leave her thus."

"Speak, then, fool, and be spry about it."

"Bess," said I, stealing my arm around the waist of the unfortunate girl, "I must be off for Portsmouth."

"Are you going, Bill?" she said, in a low and tremulous voice, as she lifted her eyes anxiously to mine; and that expression cut me to the soul, keen as a knife, "I never shall see you again."

"Hush, dearest, you must not speak so. We shall see each other soon, and live as happy days as ever."

The eyes of the young girl became suffused with tears.

"Happy! No, Bill, I never shall know happiness again. I have been weak and ill of late. I'm dying. Bill, and I know it. Before you will dare to return here, I shall be laid, in the parish shell, cold enough in the grave of a pauper. Do you remember the little cottage near the Downs? Ah! those were my happy days. Then I was innocent, but you—but I wont speak of that, dearest, for I would not distress you."

"Nay, Bess, compose yourself—"

"In the sleep of death? There is no other composure for me. You are going, and the strings of my heart snap as I look upon you for the last time. Oh! through misery and crime, Bill—and we have been miserable and criminal—I have loved you, dearer than the light of heaven! But, dearest, if you do escape and return, quit this awful life, for the sake of her whom you once vowed never to abandon—quit this den of villainy, and for God's sake, oh, never enter it again!"

The tears gushed from my eyes at this appeal, and my whole frame was shaken.

"I promise—I swear it," whispered I.

"Thank you, dearest. Take this little ring. You know its history. And now, for the last time, this kiss. Farewell!"

Her head sunk upon her breast. Bestowing an embrace upon her, I darted from her side, and sprang up the steps of the cellar. At the foot I paused for a moment. Bess had hidden her face in her lap, and the heaving of her breast, plainly perceptible through its thin covering, testified the agony of her spirit.

The labyrinths of the dark and dingy by-streets seemed familiar to me as the interior of my own house. In fact, I was becoming rapidly identified with the character, as well as with the person of the burglar. But as I sped on, the recollection of my former condition was forcibly recalled, as I came upon a tailor's shop, ostentatiously placed at the corner of a well lighted street. The view of that shop acted as a talisman. It recalled me to a due sense, and to a most painful recollection of the transactions of the preceding night, and of my rencontre in Hyde Park with the usurper of my rights. I recollected perfectly well that I had received an invitation to a grand gala at Lord Flannery's for this evening, of which I doubted not for an instant that my representative would avail himself. Julia, I also knew, had promised to be there. Curiosity, no less than jealousy, spurred me on. I felt a strong desire to see in what manner and to what advantage I should appear. I determined to make my way to his lordship's, forgetting that if the police laid eyes upon me, I should dangle most loftily from the front of Newgate or the Old Bailey.

Onward I strode until I reached Grosvenor Square, from near which point I had started on my morning peregrinations. It was past eleven o'clock. I stationed myself in front of Lord Flannery's mansion, where the glow of lights, crowds of liveried menials, and the sound of music indicated the commencement of the rout. Equipage after equipage rolled up, and depositing their inmates at the door, drove off in rapid succession. Crowds of fashionables swarmed the apartments. I waited for Julia's arrival until my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was upon the point of giving the matter up in despair, when a magnificent turn-out drove up to the door, and Flashington Highflier, Esquire, descended from the vehicle, attired in a most *recherché* evening dress, and handed out—*proh pudor!*—the Honorable Miss Julia Adeliza Dashleigh!

I was petrified with astonishment. There was the figure which had excited her laughter but the previous night, and which was evidently the present object of her favorable regard. As the pair passed me, the light from the hall shone strongly upon my features. My representative gave me, *en passant*, a most facetious dig in the small ribs with his elbow, and suddenly clapping his hands upon his pockets, exclaimed,

"There are thieves here! I have lost my snuff-box and my handkerchief?"

"Dear Mr. Highflyer!" said Julia, with a winning glance.

"Secure this fellow," said the hateful scoundrel, for whose crimes I was penitently atoning, pointing to me. "He has a suspicious look. Bring him into the hall. Come, *dearest* Julia, I will attend you to the dressing-room, and will then return to examine this man."

Instantly I was pounced upon by a police officer, assisted by a dozen servants, and in spite of my cries and protestations of innocence, was dragged into the hall. Mr. Highflyer was not long in making his appearance.

"Search him, officer," said he, as he drew out his tooth-pick, and planted himself in a very Lara-like style, with his back to the banisters.

"You infernal, thieving, rope-cracking blackguard!" I roared, goaded to the very verge of insanity by these accumulated misadventures.

"Gag him," said my tormentor. "Have you found any thing, officer?"

"All right, sir," replied that functionary. "Is this here vipe yours?"

Shocking to relate, the missing articles were found upon me!

"That handkerchief is mine, as well as the snuff-box. I shall appear to prosecute. Off with him to Bow Street. A p-r-e-e-tt-y good-looking chap for a pickpocket," continued he, as he turned his head with a supercilious smile, and examined me through his eye-glass. The smile gave way to a sneer of the most diabolical description as he ascended the staircase. I had never thought myself so confoundedly ugly as I did at that moment.

Of course I was dragged off to the police-office, upon the charge of robbing myself. All that I could say would be of no avail, therefore I kept a most stoical silence. Having arrived at our destination, I was walked in before the head of the police, who, after a long and scrutinizing survey of my person, whispered an officer, who went out. I was then desired, or rather commanded, to extend my wrists to another officer, who placed upon them a very ornamental, but not very agreeable appendage, in the shape of a pair of manacles. I had subsided into a dogged, sullen, almost unconscious state of mind, and was becoming, in fact, very careless as regarded consequences. Half an hour had elapsed, when the officer who had spoken with the chief of police, returned. He whispered the presiding functionary, who grinned approvingly.

"Well, my kiddy," said he, "the Saffron-Hill job war n't enough for you, eh? But I've caged you now, bird, and you'll be made to sing plenty loud for that matter, outcepting this altogether."

"I never heerd the like of this lark," said the understrapper. "It 's a rigler demeanin' of the trade. Here 's one of your Jimmy burglary swells come down to a-sneak of a pickpocket!"

It would be a work of supererogation to detail the variety of insults and the tortures of mind that I was forced to undergo from my appearance before the magistrate the next morning, until my final trial at the Old Bailey upon the charge of burglary. I had heard nothing of my ingenious tyrant, who was evidently, at the time I saw him last, in a very fair way to lead my lady-love to the altar. Nor, indeed, had I any opportunity of hearing from him. I saw no persons save my keeper, and a little, seedy, Jew attorney, whom I discovered to be in pay of the gang of which I was a worthy member. After various consultations with this gentleman, who informed me that he would be able, in spite of the veracious testimony of the respectable Mr. Ikey Solomons, to produce a satisfactory alibi, it was decided that I was to put in the plea of Not Guilty.

The day of trial arrived, after a weary and solitary residence within the walls of my prison of a month. None of the gang came near me, and I could never learn any tidings of Bess. At the appointed time, I was escorted into the court, and being duly arraigned, the charge was read to me, in that agreeable nasality of tone peculiar to the clerks of all legal tribunals. During this process, to which I paid not the least attention, I espied a newspaper lying by the side of the dock. I picked it up, and was vacantly pouring over the columns, unseen by my jailers, when my attention was riveted by the following paragraph, which filled my breast with horror and despair.

"Married, by the Right Rev. Doctor Dumfungle, at St. Martin's in the Fields, Flashington Highflyer, Esq., to the Hon. Julia Adeliza, daughter of Sir Poins Dashleigh, Bart."

The climax to my sorrows had then arrived. The whole man was quelled within me. Spectators, judge and jury were all forgotten, and the tide of my woes rushed irresistibly onward, overwhelming me in the vortex. The question was put in the usual form, "guilty or not guilty?" Life had cloyed with me. I longed to occupy a resting place where I should be secure from the scorn and the persecutions of the world. The grave offered this refuge, and I gladly embraced it.

I therefore rose from my seat, and replied to the query of the clerk, "guilty."

My attorney fairly fell under the table with atonishment. The whole assemblage seemed utterly confounded at my audacity, and a voice was heard above the general buz of tongues, which I recognized as appertaining to my acquaintance, Mr. Sooterkins,

"Vell, by blazes, h'aint you gone and done it!"

Of course I was sentenced to be hanged. Day after day dragged on its weary course, and as I gazed at the gray walls of my dungeon, my heart seemed to harden like the stone itself. In vain did the ministers of the gospel strive to arouse me from my apathy. All was cold and dead within me. The day before that which was fixed for my execution, to my extreme surprise, Mr. Flashington Highflyer entered my cell.

For some time indignation chained up my tongue. I experienced a choking sensation as I stared furiously upon my visiter, whose countenance was drawn out into the most hypocritical length. This did not very long continue, for the solemn visage which he had chosen to exhibit at his entrance soon gave place to a most malicious and devilish sneer.

"Well," said he, with an odious chuckle, "my fine fellow, how d' ye like your bargain?"

"Avaunt, fiend!" I exclaimed. He certainly manifested no symptoms of departure, but lolling upon my bunk, produced a Havana from his mother-of-pearl cigar-case, and igniting it by means of a Lucifer, commenced to smoke with great *sang froid*.

"Pretty pleasant lodgings, those of yours, my old chap, but your wardrobe was horridly low and vulgar. In fact, I was compelled to make a bonfire of all your old clothes, before I could manage to put it into tolerable order."

"You infernal scoundrel!" I roared, goaded to madness by this last insult. "I told you that you should pay for your rascality, and, by heaven, you shall pay for it now!"

As I spoke, I rushed upon him and grappled tightly with him. He resisted strenuously, but rage had nerved me with the strength of a dozen men, and seizing him by the throat, we rolled upon the ground together.

"Ya—ya—yough! Gollamity, massa, what you do? Want fur choke Sip?—oh, murder! murder!"

I looked with bewildered eyes around me. I had upset the table, tumbled from my chair upon the floor, and had grappled poor Scipio by the throat, until his eye-balls protruded an inch from his head.

"Hollo!" I cried, "where the devil am I?"

"Why, you home, be sure, massa," replied Scipio, whimpering from the effects of the rough salutation I had bestowed upon him, "and he broad daylight, and you no bin to bed yit."

I looked at the decanter. It was empty.

"Oh!" ejaculated I.

The odious apparel of the preceding night still decked my person and strewed the room. There was a sickening odor of stale tobacco-smoke hovering through the chamber, and, with a very clear perception that I should require a tumbler of Hock and soda to reinvigorate the inner man, I arrived at the comfortable conclusion that I was still in *propria persona*, the "man who could never dress well."

P. S. I'm off to Paris. Fitzcrocky has Julia's promise. A pea-green coat with gilt buttons, and a scarlet satin lining has done my business.

SUMMER'S BACCHANAL.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

FILL the cup from some secretest fountain,
Under granite ledges, deep and low,
Where the crystal vintage of the mountain
Runs in foam from dazzling fields of snow!

Some lost stream, that in a woodland hollow
Coils, to sleep its weariness away,
Hid from prying stars, that fain would follow,
In the emerald glooms of hemlock spray.

Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling
As the sunlight of October morns—
Not for us the crimson wave, that darkling
Stains the lips of olden drinking-horns!

We will quaff, beneath the noontide glowing,
Draughts of nectar, sweet as faery dew;
Couched on ferny banks, where light airs blowing,
Shake the leaves between us and the blue.

We will pledge, in breathless, long libation,
All we have been, or have sworn to be—
Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration—
Summer's lusty bacchanals are we!

Fill again, and let our goblets, clashing,
Stir the feathery ripples on the brim:
Let the light, within their bosoms flashing,
Leap like youth to every idle limb!

Round the white roots of the fragrant lily
And the mossy hazels, purple-stained,
Once the music of these waters chilly
Gave return for all the sweetness drained.

How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor
Mocked my palate in the fever hours,
When I pined for springs of coolest savor,
As the burning Earth for thunder-showers!

In the wave, that through my maddened dreaming
Flowed to cheat me, fill the cups again!
Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming—
Fresh as this to manhood's heart and brain!

Fill, fill high! and while our goblets, ringing,
Shine with vintage of the mountain-snow,
Youth's bright Fountain, clear and blithely springing,
Brims our souls to endless overflow!

THE PLANTATION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

WE present our readers this month with the first of a series of views which, by permission, we have caused to be engraved expressly for this Magazine, from Mr. John R. Smith's celebrated Panorama of the Mississippi River. It represents the cotton plantation belonging to the recently elected President of the U. S., General Zachary Taylor. It is situated on the eastern branch of the Mississippi River, in Jefferson county, Mississippi, seven miles below the town of Rodney, between the estates of James Sug-gett, on the north, and Colonel Barker, on the south. The view embraces the overseer's house, and the cottages of the laborers, with a small portion of the broad acres which are comprised in the plantation. The spot is interesting, not only as being the property and the occasional residence of a distinguished public man, but as affording a specimen of those cotton estates, the culture of which exerts so important an influence on the commercial and financial destinies of the republic.

FANCIES ABOUT A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

What is this dream that o'er me now
 Comes with its bright and sunny spell,
As starlight falls on childhood's brow?
 Haply this lock of hair can tell.

Ah me! how thoughts of early years
 Are linked with this dear gift of thine—
The doubts, the memories, and the tears
 That cluster round this bygone shrine.

The air seems filled with boyhood's flowers,
 The perfume of the summer fields;
The dreams and gladness of the hours
 That freshness to our pathway yields.

Times when the heart was glad and young,
 A thousand scenes of love and truth,
That, rose-like, from our track have sprung,
 Amid the dreamy times of youth.

Hours when each gushing fount of life
 Leaped high amid this desert wild,
Come angel-like to calm the strife,
 As once they did when Eden smiled.

Not often on life's beaten track
 Come such rich summer times,
To bring the heart's pure sunshine back,
 Like old remembered rhymes.

But now I see, deep in a wood,
 Two lovers 'neath the trees so hoary;
She, blushing to the solitude
 Beneath his simple touching story;

Her sweet face coyly turned away,
 To hide the thoughts that on her cheek
Are mantling like the wakened day
 Upon the mountain's highest peak.

And he, perhaps some poet who
 Had filled the world with golden dreams,
Hopes, that around his path upgrew,
 As wild flowers deck the singing streams.

And thus, as hand in hand they go,
 He tells her much we may not hear—
How his heart swelled to overflow
 Under a sky so dark and drear—

How on the soul came *Care* and *Pain*,
 Twin-sisters of the soulless *Real*,
The race and haggle for the gain
 That those who win the world must feel.

The striving to become a part
 Of that great sea whose tideings ever
Bears on its waves each manly heart,
 That, struggling, droops its pinions never.

And now there is a bridal throng
 Slow winding through the moss-grown aisle;
The ring, the vow, the nuptial song—
 From age a tear, from youth a smile.

A cot with jessamine-covered door,
 A streamlet singing all the day,
And on the dew-bespangled floor
 A thousand golden sunbeams play.

Gay groups of happy children there,
 The old oak and the breathless swing,
The shouts of laughter on the air,
 The chaplets that the young girls bring.

All 's gone! except these gushing tears,
 Sad relics of the joyous past,
The shrines that memory uprears
 To shield the incense from the blast.

Some sleep beneath the ocean's wave,
 Some 'neath the flowers that loved ones tend,
Others have found an early grave
 Where stranger skies above them bend,

And she, the cherished one, she sleeps
 Beneath the violet-covered earth,
Where spring-time's earliest cloudlet weeps
 And roses have a dewy birth.

Enough, she sleeps—would that my dreams
 Could rest forever by her side,
As peaceful as the morning beams
 Are pillowed on the sleeping tide.

THE PRECIOUS REST.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Once on a lovely summer day,
I saw a little child at play,
 While in a garden straying—
Till suddenly I heard him say,
 "I am tired with playing!"
Then running to his father he
Laid down his head upon his knee,
And slept, oh! how contentedly?

So life is but a summer day,
And man—a little child at play—
 While through the world a-straying:
And often, too, we hear him say,
 "I am tired with playing!"
Till hast'ning to his Father, he
Lays down his head upon his knee,
And rests, oh! how contentedly!

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

This singular bird is found throughout the greater portion of the United States, and by the notes from which it derives its name is known to almost every farmer. The species was long considered identical with the Night Hawk; but this fallacy was fully exposed by Wilson. The Whip-poor-will appears in the Middle States toward the end of April, when its low, sad wail, may be heard at evening along the creeks and by the woods of the country. So peculiarly mournful is this sound that the ignorant almost invariably consider it an omen of approaching evil. By the Indians it is regarded as a spirit-voice, boding death or perhaps national calamity. The bird articulates pretty distinctly the syllables *whip-poor-will*, the first and last being uttered with great emphasis. A kind of chuckling sound sometimes precedes the principal tone. At these times the bird is generally on the wing, flying close to the ground in the manner of swallows, and sometimes skimming around houses. The notes of the Whip-poor-will are continued until about midnight, and on fine moonlight nights until morning. The shady banks of creeks and rivulets are favorite haunts. During the day they remain in the darkest parts of the forest, hushed to silence like owls, and apparently annoyed at the presence of sunlight. The cry of the Whip-poor-will is not heard after the middle of June; and early in September it departs for the south.

The Whip-poor-will is nine inches and a-half long, of a beautiful mottled-brown, relieved by other colors. It is noted for an extravagantly large mouth, beset on each side with thick bristles, and for a very strong bill. The female is less in size than the male, and rather lighter colored. She begins to lay toward the middle of May, choosing for this purpose a dry situation, covered with brush, decayed leaves, etc., but building no nest. The eggs are two in number, dark and marbled. The young appear early in June.

The Goatsucker, Night Hawk, and seventeen other species belong to the same genus as the Whip-poor-will. Of these fifteen belong to America. Nuttall has the following remarks on some of these.

"But if superstition takes alarm at our familiar and simple species, what would be thought by the ignorant of a South American kind, large as the Wood Owl, which, in the lonely forests of Demerara, about midnight, breaks out, lamenting like one in deep distress, and in a tone more dismal even than the painful hexachord of the slothful Ai. The sounds, like the expiring sighs of some agonizing victim, begin with a high, loud note, '*ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha! ha!*' each tone falling lower and lower, till the last syllable is scarcely heard, pausing a moment or two between this reiterated tale of seeming sadness.

"Four other species of the Goat-sucker, according to Waterton, also inhabit the tropical wilderness, among which is included our present subject. Figure to yourself the surprise and wonder of the stranger

who takes up his solitary abode for the first night amidst these awful and interminable forests, when, at twilight, he begins to be assailed familiarly with a spectral equivocal bird, approaching within a few yards, and then accosting him with '*who-are-you, who—who—who are you*?' Another approaches, and bids him, as if a slave under the lash, '*work-away, work—work—work-away!*' A third, mournfully cries, '*willy come go, willy—willy—willy come go!*' and as you get among the highlands, our old acquaintance vociferates, '*whip-poor-will, whip—whip—whip-poor-will!*' It is, therefore, not surprising that such unearthly sounds should be considered in the light of supernatural forebodings issuing from spectres in the guise of birds."



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

This lively and beautiful bird is widely diffused through the United States under the names of Oriole, Hanging-Bird, Golden Robin, Fire Bird, and Baltimore Bird. According to Catesby, the latter name originates from the colors of its plumage being the same as that of Lord Baltimore's livery. It is seven inches in length. The head, throat, and upper part of the back, are black, and the remaining portions bright orange, inclining to vermilion on the breast, with some white among the feathers of the wings. The colors of the female are less bright than those of the male, and she is somewhat smaller. The male does not acquire his full plumage until the third spring, undergoing in the intermediate time many singular changes.

The Oriole family are distinguished for the singular manner of building. "For this purpose," says Wilson, "he generally fixes on the high-bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width of the nest. With the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair; the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural pent-house or canopy of leaves." The solicitude of the Baltimore to obtain proper materials for his nest, often leads him to commit depredations on the farmer's hemp, or the thread and silk of the housewife. Skeins of these materials have been found in the nest after its being deserted by the young.

According to Nuttall, the Oriole possesses a propensity to imitate other birds. He is particular in describing their natural notes. "The mellow-whistled notes which they are heard to trumpet from the high branches of our tallest trees and gigantic elms, resemble at times, *tshippe-tshayia too too*, and *'tshippee-'tshippee, too too*, (with the two last syllables loud and full.) These notes are also varied so

as to resemble *'tsh, 'tsh 'tsheetshoo tshoo tshoo,** also *tsh, 'tsheefă 'tsheefă tshoo* and *'k'túfătúf a túf a téa kĕrry.*† Another bird I have occasionally heard to call for hours, with some little variation, *tu teo teo teo too*, in a loud, querulous, and yet almost ridiculously merry strain. At other intervals, the sensations of solitude seem to stimulate sometimes a loud interrogatory note, echoed forth at intervals, as *k'rry kerry?* and terminating plaintively *k'rry k'rry tu*, the voice falling off very slenderly in the last long syllable, which is apparently an imitation from the Cardinal Grosbeak, and the rest is derived from the Crested Titmouse, whom they have heard already in concert as they passed through the warmer states. Another interrogatory strain which I heard in the spring of 1830, was precisely *'yip 'k'rry, 'yip 'yip k'rry*, very loud and oft repeated. Another male went in his ordinary key, *tsherry tsherry, tshipee tsh'rry*, notes copied from the exhaustless stock of the Carolina Wren, (also heard on his passage,) but modulated to suit the fancy of our vocalist. The female likewise sings, but less agreeably than the male."

This particularity in describing sounds which are almost indescribable may seem frivolous to some of our readers, but those who have ever listened to the melting notes of the Baltimore Oriole will pardon this accurate observer of nature the attempt.

The common food of the Oriole is insects, especially a species of small beetle. They are said to love the honey in the blossoms of trees. If domesticated, they must still be fed on animal food, principally minced meat, soaked in milk. When adult, they will also eat fruit-cakes and meal. They are not difficult to tame, and form a pleasant pet. Their eggs are four or five in number, white, with dark lines and spots. In the Southern States they sometimes raise two broods; but further northward only one. The Oriole extends over the continent as far south as Brazil, where hundreds of nests are found in every forest.

* The first three of these notes are derived from the summer Yellow Bird, though not its usual notes.

† The last phrase loud and ascending, the *tea* plaintive, and the last syllable tender and echoing,

THE PINE-TREE.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

How dear to my heart and my memory
Is that old majestic evergreen tree!
It stands like the guardian of our cot
Time-honored friend! it shall ne'er be forgot,
For I 've spent bright hours of glee,
And of quiet rest
More deeply blest,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

A rose-tree lived 'neath this aged one,
Concealed from the noontide rays of the sun,
And 't was sweet to mark in his resting hour,
(The only time he could look on the flower,)
How he smiled on her lovingly,
Till her rosy hue
Still rosier grew,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Up by its trunk I would stand and lean,
Gazing with rapture upon the soft scene,
(On the feathery-outlined isle that lay
Where the river and stream together play,)
For beauty and love seemed to be
Everywhere felt,
The spirits that dwelt
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And, laid at its feet, I oft tried to read,
But the breeze would play with my book, and plead
For my heart and ear, in a witching song
Which I could not resist, for 't was never long,
And plaintive as plaintive could be;
So I listened, and sighed
When the sweet breeze died
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And there in the quiet I fain would rhyme,
And weave loving lays with a measured chime,
But my thoughts, as wild as the birds, would fly
From the beautiful earth to the beautiful sky,
Unfixed, unfettered, and free,
In a dreamy joy
Which naught could destroy,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

I loved to be up on a merry May morn,
When musical sounds and bright clouds were born,
And join in the earliest chant of praise,
Which all that had life seemed glad to raise,
The clear carols of gushing glee
The birds would make,
Just at day-break,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And I loved in the summer twilight dim,
To sing with my sister some holy hymn,
And watch the green shades as they deeper grew,
And a strange mysterious darkness threw;
And most dearly I loved to see
O'er the wavy grass
The night-wind pass,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Then since I have loved both in shade and shine
Under its sheltering bows to recline—
Since what I once love I love to the end,
Be it tree, bird or flower—book, music or friend—
When death cometh I fain would be
There laid to sleep,
Lowly and deep,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.





Plantation of General Taylor

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY MRS. GORE.

But few of those who examine the reminiscences of their own hearts, and the incidents of their own lives, will deny that scarcely a given moment of their youth admitted of swearing to a solitary object of attachment. Till the heart throbs with the master-passion which impels a man to seek a partner for life by an impulse as overmastering as that which prompts an heroic action, or generates a *chef-de'œuvre*, it is pretty sure to experience a succession of feverish spasms; the commencement of one of which is as hazily interblended with the conclusion of another, as with nocturnal darkness the glimmerings of a summer-day dawn, when "night is at odds with morning, which is which."

BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON, ESQ.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

I was a bard—she listened to my lay
As there her questioning soul had answer found.
She stooped to pluck my wild-flowers on the way,

Fancies that teem from the prolific ground
In the heart's solstice—in whose inner light
Through all the pleasant paths of earth we wound.

And sometimes through her music of delight
An undersound of sadness softly stole,
And floated 'twixt the fountain pure and bright

Of her deep joy and heaven—a cloud of dole
That almost seemed relief—for scarce below
The noon of rapture is allowed the soul.

Hence even in life's summer sunbeams throw
Shades on the very path they glorify—
And ecstasy would perish but for wo.

I asked not if she loved me; for reply
To every doubt, I read her glance and tone,
And made them oracles of destiny.

They whispered love—I deemed that love my own:
Nor guessed that in the mirror of my song
She saw an idol face to me unknown.

Nor that the chords of my devotion, strung
To feeling's highest tension for her sake,
And on whose notes with breathless hush she hung,

Were prized for memories which they did awake—
To her an echo what to me was life.
O God, the strings that quivered would not break!—

He came! Can I forget that inward strife
Which made me calm?—The mightiest grief is dumb.
They met:—he clasped her—called her plighted wife!—

A frost was in that moment to benumb
My very sense of anguish—and I smiled.
Freed by despair—what after-pang could come?

She was his own—both Love's. They roamed the wild,
And knew not it was bleak:—the wooded dell
They called not fair, for love had reconciled

And blent all difference. From their spirits fell
A glow that bathed creation. Where they stood
Light was their shadow:—bliss unspeakable

Became at once their being and its food:—
The world they did inhabit was themselves;
And they were Love's—and all their world was good!

As o'er a barren reef that sea-ward shelves
Waves dash, their gladness sported o'er my fate;
But in the abyss no line of pity delves

Lay the wrecked hope which naught could re-create—
At least I deemed so then: and yet we parted
With blessings, and her eyes were dim with tears.

She told me I had been her friend true-hearted—
The friend she would recall in other years.
These came; and when the storm was spent there darted

Over my sombre deep as from the spheres,
The memory of those words, at first revealing
More present gloom from all the past endears.

In time, their light and beauty o'er me stealing,
Softened despair to grief; and in its dew
My whithered heart put forth one bud of feeling.

I dared not hope its life:—fierce tempests blew
From the cold east of Youth in day's decline,
And shook its tender petals:—still it grew!

It grew and blossomed to a hope divine:—
I might be like her in her nature's worth;
I might live for her though she was not mine!

From her each better impulse should take birth—
For her my song should raise and cheer mankind,
And I would sow her influence through the earth.

And, as by great attraction are combined
All kindred essences—as waters blend
With waters, flame with flame—and though confined

By bounds material, each to other tend—
Released from the division of our clay
Again might be united friend with friend.

For then, immortal and beyond decay,
The store of love partaken richer grows:
The torch that burned for one—for all, a day!

Oh, ye whose hearts in *happy* love repose,
Your thankful blessings at its footstool lay,
Since faith and peace can issue from its woes!

BY MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH.

With most of us it is only when we are nigh unto death that we learn what it is to live. We talk of acquainting ourselves with the lives of eminent persons, when we read a record of the events through which they have passed; we call our own lives desolate, because events of a painful nature have befallen us; but these are not our life. Life—the principle which makes us sentient, intelligent, active beings; the principle by which we hold converse with the living spirit of beauty and goodness, by which—if we pervert not its heavenly aims—assimilating with that spirit incarnated in the adorable Saviour, we rise from the finite to the infinite, and, resting on the bosom of love, find blessedness when that which made our happiness has vanished from our grasp; this life no events can make desolate. Sorrow may darken our sky, but the loving, trusting child of God rises above its gloomy cloud, and there shines his life supremely bright.

Who shall penetrate into the spirit's mysterious intercourse with Him, who inhabiting eternity, yet dwelleth with the humble and contrite heart? Reverently and humbly to illustrate this precious truth, to show that in His presence earth's discords are harmonized, and peace and strength arise where all was disorder and weakness may be permitted—but there let us pause, lest we be as the fools who "rush in where angels dare not tread."

BY G. A BERTIE.

STANZAS.

I am not what I was—the time 's gone by
When, bright and cloudless as the summer's sky,
My day of life began;
When all was music to my raptured ear,
And, bounding onward, without grief or fear,
Eager my course I ran.

I am not what I was—the sense of youth,
And hope, and joyous feeling, and the truth
Of earth, hath passed away;
The heart that once throbbed high with health and life
Beats faint and wearied with the ceaseless strife
Which there has held its sway.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Long experience of any thing existing, has shown mankind all its benefits and all its evils; but beside this, there is an indirect advantage in retaining that which is, namely, that it has adjusted itself to the things by which it is surrounded; and there is an indirect disadvantage in change, namely, that one can never calculate what derangements of all relations may take place, by any great alteration of even one small part in the complicated machine of any state or society.

It is difficult to find words to express the infinite; and although it may seem a pleonasmatic expression, I must say that all the varieties of human character have infinite varieties within themselves. However, the easily impressible character, that which suffers opinions, feelings, thoughts, purposes, actions to be continually altered by the changing circumstances around—the chameleon character, if I may so call it—is, perhaps, the most dangerous to itself, and to those it affects, of any that I know. It goes beyond the chameleon, indeed. The reptile only reflects the colors of objects near, retaining its own form and nature. The impressible character, on the contrary, is changed in every line, as well as in every hue, by that with which it comes in contact. Certain attributes it certainly does retain. The substance is the same, but the color and the form are always varying. In the substance lies the permanence and the identity. All else is moulded and painted by circumstance.

The pure, ingenuous, open-hearted candor of early years, would be a better friend to man, if he did but cling to it with affection, through life, than all the worldly friends we gain in passing through existence—shrewdness, caution, prudence, selfishness, wit, or even wisdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE."

A high, pure earthly love is powerful above all other earthly principles for overcoming evils; but even in its highest purity, it has not sufficient power to lead to full perfection. It is from Heaven, but it is not Heaven itself; it is but as an angel messenger, and fails in its office if it does not lead on to love, perfect, unchangeable, divine.

BY MRS. GREY.

Is there a woman to be found who is not insensibly flattered, even against her better reason, by devoted incense to her charms?—Very few, we fear!—poor human nature is full of vanity. A woman will indignantly spurn such love—her sense of right will make her shrink with shuddering from such feelings; still there is too often a latent, lingering spark of gratified self-love hovering about the heart; although the spark is prevented from spreading into a flame, by the preponderating influence of strong principle and purity of mind. It is, as we before said, *human nature*—and this same nature is miserably full of weakness and vanity.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA L. COLEMAN.

I WATCHED a rose, one lovely morn,
Parade herself a summer queen,
While by her side a bud, new-born,
Lay locked in leaves of softest green:
As that fresh bud to beauty blew,
That rose lost all its scent and hue:
Alas! I cried, that this should be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

I watched a parent bird that fed
Her fledgling many a vernal day,
Training his dainty wings to spread
And lightly flit from spray to spray:
Away—afar—I marked him soar,
Never to own fond guidance more.
Can care and love thus wasted be?—
Sadly I thought of thee and me.

I watched the moon rise sweetly bright,
With one fair star that lay below,
Each lovelier shone from mutual light,
As hearts united gentler flow:
Though moon and star in heaven divide
Time brings them ever side by side.
Glorying I spoke, thus may it be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Merry-Mount; A Romance of Massachusetts Colony. Boston: James Monroe & Co 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

This novel is the production of a New England writer of fine talents and large acquirements, but of talents and acquirements which have not been as bountifully expressed in literature as the Public, that exacting leech of intellects raised above the mass, had a right to demand. The work, with some obvious defects, evinces a range of characterization, and a general opulence of mind, which place it above many novels which can claim more felicity in the evolution of a story and more variety of incident. The scene is laid in the early history of Massachusetts, commencing about eight years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and its peculiarity consists in vividly reproducing to the imagination a period which even the driest annalists have hardly touched. The novel might with propriety be called, "The Cavaliers in Massachusetts," for its originality, as an American story, consists in bringing together Cavalier and Roundhead on New England ground. The hero, Morton, is a loose, licentious, scheming, good-natured, and good-for-nothing English "gentleman," engaged in a project to outwit the Puritans, and to obtain the ascendancy in Massachusetts of a different code of principles and a different kind of government from those which the Puritans aimed to establish. Connected with this reckless Cavalier is a deeper plotter, Sir Christopher Gardiner, a villain half after James's and half after Bulwer's heart, pursuing schemes of empire and schemes of seduction with equal ingenuity and equal ill-success. These two, with the followers and liege men of Morton—a gang of ferocities, rascalities and un-moralities from the lowest London taverns—constitute the chief carnal ingredients of the novel. Opposed to these we have grand and life-like portraits of Miles Standish, Endicott, Winthrop, and other Puritan celebrities, with only an occasional view of the Indians. The business of the affections is principally transacted by two persons—a pure, elevated, large-hearted and high-spirited woman, and a noble-minded but somewhat irascible man; and this portion of the novel has the ecstasies and agonies which are appropriate to the subject.

We think the novel a real addition to American literature, whether considered in respect to the amount of new information it conveys, or the splendor, vivacity and distinctness of its representations both of character and scenery. A dozen passages might be extracted, which, viewed simply as descriptions, are grand enough to establish a reputation. But the author's great merit consists in having as clear and distinct a notion of the Cavalier, in his daily life and conversation, as of the Puritan, and this merit, rare in an American, he could only have obtained from a profound study of the elder dramatists of England, and a vivid insight into the very heart of their characters. Out of Scott, we do not know where to look for finer representations of these two great classes of English society, as they must have appeared when brought into opposition to each other. No one familiar with Marston, Deckar, Beaumont and Fletcher, or any other dramatist in whose plays the bullies and minor reprobates of the Elizabethan age appear, will call even Bootefish, Cakebread and Company, improbable or unnatural

The leading defect of the novel is the lack of a steady, orderly and artistical development of the plot. The narrative wants rapidity of movement; the rich materials of the work are imperfectly fused together; and occasionally things good in themselves seem to be in each other's way. All those faults which beset the creations of the most fertile intellects, when they aim to give great variety of incident and character without having a grand, leading, ever-present conception of their work as a whole, are visible in this novel, and mar its harmony as a work of art. But these defects inhere in many romances which are read with delight by thousands, and though the splendid talents of the author of Merry-Mount may not always hide the heterogeneousness of his plan, they are amply sufficient to prevent it from interfering seriously with the interest of his novel, and sufficient also to delineate persons and scenes which leave on the reader's mind a strong impression of power and beauty.

The Female Poets of America. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 *vol.* 8*mo.*

In the space of four hundred closely printed pages, Mr. Griswold has here brought together some ninety of our female poets, and introduced them with critical and biographical notices. Of all Mr. Griswold's various works, the present evinces the greatest triumph over difficulties, and best demonstrates the minuteness and the extent of his knowledge of American literature. Very few of the women included in this collection have ever published editions of their writings, and a considerable portion of the verse was published anonymously. The labor, therefore, of collecting the materials both of the biographies and the illustrative extracts, must have been of that arduous and vexatious kind which only enthusiasm for the subject could have sustained. The volume is an important original contribution to the literary history of the country, and nobody, whose mind is not incurably vitiated by prejudice, can make dissimilarity of opinion with regard to some of the judgments expressed in the book, a ground for denying its general ability, honesty and value. Most of the materials are strictly new, and this fact of itself is sufficient to stamp the work with that character which distinguishes books of original research from mere compilations.

Mr. Griswold has given us a fine preface, in which he ably vindicates and acutely limits the genius of women. The biographies and extracts which follow, commence with Mrs. Anne Bradstreet and close with Miss Phillips. Between these two he has included an amount of beautiful and touching poetry which will surprise even those who are inclined to take the most elevated view of the intellectual excellence of their countrywomen. We have here the lofty and energetic thought of Miss Townsend, the bright fancy and primitive feeling of Miss Gould, the impassioned imagination and deep discernment of Maria Brooks, the holy and meditative spirit of Mrs. Sigourney, the tender and graceful sentiment of Mrs. Embury; Mrs. Whitman, with her grasp of all literatures, her keen thought which pierces through nature's most mystical symbols, and her ethereal spirit casting on every object that light "which never was on sea or land;" Mrs. Oakes Smith, with her constant sense of the pure and the good, her daring and shaping imagination, before whose creations and revelations her soul shrinks awed and subdued, and her deep feeling of the spiritual significance of things—a woman worthy to be the companion of Plato; Fanny

Osgood, the most brilliant and graceful of poetesses, with her quick decisive sensibility, and her teeming and exhaustless fancy, eloquent of love and romance, and high-heartedness in every relation of life; Miss Lynch, simple, austere, bold, despising ornament as ornament, and keeping her raised eye fixed on the vanishing features of the elusive thought she aims to shape into almost sculptural form; Grace Greenwood, with her fine combination of the tender and the impassioned in feeling, and the subtile and grand in thought, "with a heart in her brain and a brain in her heart;"—all these, and many more whom we lack epithets to characterize rather than desire to celebrate, appear in Mr. Griswold's volume in all the royalty of womanhood. To proceed further in description would be merely to enumerate names, without being able to suggest things. In addition to the notables, whose names are known to all readers of the magazines, Mr. Griswold has included in his collection, many a timid violet and daisy of womanhood, too modest and sensitive not to feel the fear of notoriety, and has transplanted it to his book with a delicacy as commendable as the taste which dictated it.

In conclusion, we have only to observe that a volume, so complimentary to the genius of our countrywomen, can hardly be read without a feeling of exultation and pride. We trust it will meet that wide circulation it so richly deserves.

Acton: or the Circle of Life. A Collection of Thoughts and Observations, designed to delineate Life, Man, and the World. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This beautiful volume is the result of a life of observation and thought. The author has traveled in every part of the globe, and viewed mankind in a greater variety of aspects than most of those who meditate as well as observe. He has thrown his reflections into a somewhat quaint form, and has but a few words for even the greatest topics, but whatever he touches he either adorns or illuminates, and his book furnishes numberless texts for essays. Like most writers of maxims, he has a sardonic element in his mind, and occasionally disposes of an important matter, deserving serious discussion, with a gibe or a fleer, and sometimes descends even to flippancy and impertinence; but these are the almost inevitable vices of the form of composition he has chosen, and he has fewer of them than might be expected. A good part of the raciness of such books as Acton comes from the occasional substitution of the writer's impressions or prejudices for general truths. The didactic tone of such compositions is in this way relieved, and a paradox or a piece of acute nonsense thrown in, here and there, reminds us that it is a person who is thinking, not a moral and reasoning machine. The author of the present work has been especially successful in giving an individuality to his general remarks, and preserving them from the abstract and "dome-good" character of impersonal morality.

The volume is so laden with striking thonghts and observations, that it is difficult to fix upon any deserving especial quotation. As a specimen of the writer's manner, the following on Genius and Talent may serve:

"Talent is strength and subtlety of mind, genius is mental inspiration and delicacy of feeling. Talent possesses vigor and acuteness of penetration, but is surpassed by the vivid intellectual conceptions of genius. The former is skillful and bold, the latter aspiring and gentle; but talent excels in practical sagacity, and hence those striking contrasts so often witnessed in the world, the triumph of talent through its adroit and active energies, and the adversities of genius in the midst of its boundless but unattainable aspirations.

"Talent is the Lion and the Serpent; Genius is the Eagle and the Dove.

"Or the first is like some conspicuous flower which flaunts its glory in the sunshine, while the last resembles the odoriferous spikenard's root, whose sweetness is concealed in the ground.

"The flower displays itself openly, the root must be extracted from the earth."

Here is a piece of verse, in a different vein, on a very common dispensation of Providence, the Mean Fellow. We fear that few are so fortunate as not to be able to apply it to some acquaintance or enemy:

"Born but to be some snarl or plague,
Vile product of a rotten egg,
In every feature of thy face,
A want of heart, of soul, we trace;
By every honest man contemn'd,
By your own looks betray'd, condemn'd—
Of shame in front there is no lack,
And curses ride upon your back."

The Sacred Poets of England and America, for Two Centuries. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Illustrated by Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

There is a strange impression current even among people who ought to know better, that religious poetry is a form of composition confined to poets of the third or fourth class, and chiefly valuable for Hymn Books. The existence of any verse, instinct with the finest essence of poetry, and glowing with the rapt and holy passions of the religious bard, is practically denied. Now nothing is more certain than that poetry, impassioned imagination, is essentially religious both in its nature and its expression. It springs from that raised mood of mind in which the object present to thought is worshiped. This is true even in poetry relating to the senses and to human passion, for if we scrutinize it sharply, we shall find that the object which fills the poet's mind, however low in itself, is still deified for the moment, and made the exclusive object of his adoration. In this way bards often make gods of persons and things very questionable in themselves, but this is owing rather to the direction than the nature of the poet's powers. If these powers instead of being devoted to the idealization of appetite or destructive passions, be directed upward to the true object of worship, the poetry will be really more beautiful and sublime than if it were merely confined to spiritualized sensations.

No one can glance over Mr. Griswold's beautiful book without feeling how rich is English literature in song, celebrating the beauty of holiness and the infinite perfections of God. The compilation comprehends the early as well as the later English poets, and contains some exquisite but not generally known extracts from Spenser, Gascoigne, Drayton, Sir Henry Wottan, Davies, Carew, Ben Jonson, Drummond, Fletcher, Donne, Sir John Beaumont, Wither, Herrick, Quarles, Vaughan and Herbert. The holy poets of a later date, both of England and America, are likewise profusely quoted, and the whole collection is well deserving a place in every family library in the country.

Benjamin Franklin: His Autobiography. With a Narrative of his Public Life and Services. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers are publishing this work in numbers, to be completed in eight. It is illustrated with numerous engravings after designs by Chapman, and is printed in large type on fine paper. The edition promises to be altogether the best which has been issued in the country, and will

tend to make more familiar to his countrymen the great American philosopher's genuine character and real services to the world.

The Haunted Man. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This new Christmas story by Dickens is hardly worthy of him, though it might be considered a triumph to almost any body else. It has a *jobby* air, as though it had been written in accordance with a contract, and without any especial inspiration. The materials are, in great part, the old capital of the author, and repetition is stamped on almost every page. The Tetterbys and the baby, however, and Mrs. William, are full of beautiful humor and pathos, and succeed in saving the book from positive condemnation and failure.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My Dear Jeremy,—Your name would be euphonious in the stock-market, at times; but I believe stocks are muddied waters in which you seldom dabble. You are wise. But do you find yourself at all in the ~~vein~~ speculative, particularly now, when the streams of that new El Dorado, California, sparkle invitingly with yellow pebbles? and its many broad acres spread themselves out temptingly, with their bowels of undug gold, begging for pickaxe, shovel and basin? How many ears heretofore closed to the artifices of the speculator, are pricked up, or belie their masters, at the all-enchanting sound of the word Gold!! With all the close calculation and keen spirit of inquiry which mark us as a nation, I fear me that Jonathan has his weakness, and that his soft side is metallic. There is something in the clinking of gold and silver that sets aside his ordinary caution and shrewdness, and leads him to do very silly things to get at it. It belongs to his nature to be impetuous, and continued success leads him into very rash ventures. A more interrupted fortune would, in this case, have allowed him breathing time to make a "calculation;" and when Jonathan does that coolly, he is seldom overreached. But he has flogged the Mexicans, taken the territory that he wanted—as he knew he would—and he is ready now to believe that the golden pavements of the Inca's were no fable, and that the streams in California are walled in with gold, if you will. At least he will believe it until he sees for himself. He is a little taken by surprise with this glittering bait, and no trout dashes at a tempting fly with a more ravenous bite than he does at these shining "placers." What cares he for the thousands of miles that intervene; for the storms of winter that howl around the Horn, and threaten danger and death! At the first glimpse of the prospect, a thousand sails are set, and whitening the ocean, bear him to fortune. No ordinary comforts, no moderate success here, restrains his keen thirst of adventure. Were home a paradise, and California a desert, with its shores bristling with opposing bayonets, and parked with roaring artillery, he would go. Yes! he would, perhaps, rather go then than now. The glory of the achievement would enhance the value of the wealth. The founder of Nations—he must work out a prophecy. Already the cry of a great people goes up with a shout from the once desolate hills, and ardent, panting thousands, answer the cry with, "we come!" and the shout swells with a louder triumph, a more emphatic joy, for "*a nation is born in a day!*"

The impetuous rush to that far-off land is not in itself striking or marvelous. Other and feebler nations have shown the same avidity for gold. The Spaniards have dared more, to quench the same insatiate thirst. But the Anglo-Saxon heel, upon that soil, seals its greatness and proclaims its destiny. From every wooded hill-side and babbling stream—from the snow-capped mountain to the fertile valley—yea! even over the great desert plains, where the footstep cracks the crisp soil, a voice has gone forth, which the Nations hear and obey, proclaiming—Be ye Free!

Do you not think that the abandoning of all domestic and personal comfort, sundering of all social and friendly ties, and rushing into the doubtful companionship of California, for the mere sake of gold, is a pretty accurate data from which to estimate a man's heart, or brain, or both? Is it not something so absolutely sordid, that one cannot help losing a little of the respect heretofore entertained for a friend who is seized with this yellow fever? As if life had nothing to mitigate the evils of existence but wealth—indeed, as if we were born only to worship that as a god—upon whose shrine we are to sacrifice time, friends, health, and even life itself, to be the masters of so much tinsel as you can clutch at the altar. Bah! Is there not in home enjoyments and the society and friendship of men who know us well, and love us truly, more *real* wealth than all that will ever be attained by the slaves who sweep the dirt from the streams in California—live upon frogs and beetles, and fill the air with curses. Think of men, of even the most ordinary sense of decency, herding—*for any sum*—for months and years with the scum of every clime; with souls sickened and minds defiled with their abominations; to be of them, "or not to *be*" at all—is there any consideration that could tempt your avarice or mine? None that I can think of, unless to gratify some darling revenge, vigilant and sleepless for years, which men sometimes cherish for wrongs, and which nothing but gold could furnish the means of satisfying—even in that case it would be the *last* resort.

If any friend of yours is solicitous to enrich a patch of soil, two feet by six, I think I can recommend an Undertaker who will arrange the thing nicely for him here; it is not worth while for him to go to California with his benevolence. For *you*, he would be reasonable, as you are *Short*.

But, my dear Jeremy, I had no intention of wandering from my purpose, of giving you a reminding hint of "Copper Mining." as a sort of sedative to the gold "placers." Some of Jonathan's younger sons were then severely bitten, and were so thoroughly innoculated with the virus, as to have rather a sharpened recollection of metals. The most of *them*, I should think, would be safe from this *later* disease, even in its most violent and contagious forms. Yet there is something very attractive, and most dangerously seductive, in delving for minerals, counting each shovelfull as so many guineas coined, and already in your pocket. There is no enthusiast more dangerous than your professional miner. The gentle mad-

ness is so infectious that his example may turn the heads of a whole district. Yet *his* bite is not half so venomous as that of another species—a kind of ground-shark—who affects the same sort of insanity, and while digging below ground, puts his "placer" on the "Stock List."

It is astonishing, too, that we will be caught once in a while in this way, while there are people all around us, *anxious friends*, who exclaim, "I knew it!" but who never hinted a word about the matter. Did it ever strike you that we live in a very sagacious and knowing world—the mind of each man being simply the reflection of that of another? Our brightest fancies are but the suggestions of other people's brains—our good fortune in life is always known beforehand—our reverses have always been most indubitably predicted by parties, who confirm their sagacity with a consolatory—"I told you so." We are, after all, then, but the mere creatures of the impulses of other people—our destiny it is to work out their predictions. The iron energy, the indomitable perseverance, sleepless vigilance, untiring industry—have all been weighed beforehand—duly appreciated and predicted. There is no such thing as surprising any body. It is all perfectly understood.

W—, by a keen sagacity in detecting, and ready tact in managing a new business, has struck the tide that bears to fortune. But *he* has made no discovery. Forty other men, with scarcely brains to comprehend, much less originate an idea, knew all about it. *They told you so!* W— goes on, originates new combinations of trade, enlarges business ideas, and still succeeds. But *Toldyeso* knew it, and was indifferent.

SHARP has his eye upon W—. "AH!" says he "there is a man who has a soul above buttons—a *genius* for business. Every thing *he* touches turns to gold."

But W—, with his multitude of irons in the fire, incautiously takes hold of the hot end of one of them, and is maimed. "BAH!" says Sharp, "I knew how it would be! He was always *rushing* business up against the stream. Bound to fail—*I told you so!*" And yet nobody ever knew Sharp to originate, or succeed in, any thing—but *he knows*—and that must be some consolation to a ninny.

But, Jeremy, not to imitate the folly of this world in regard to the past, nor to affect the wisdom of the next, to tell of the future, I have a story about mining to give you in my next, in which you will find both Sharps and Flats, which I think will induce you to believe with me—that people who have cultivated a dangerous intimacy with Copper-Heads ought to be cautious, and particularly shy how they *now* run after Gold-Bugs with a *hum*.

C. has been in town, and I passed an evening with him since last I wrote you. He has still the same joyous laugh, that used to set the table in a roar, and it is quite as contagious. At every jest he would burst out with a sort of a shout in his hearty guffaw, which, if practiced at home, must wake the echoes of his native mountain. I was thoughtful over the past, and became partially a convert to your theory, in regard to the chilling effects of extra city refinement; and your beautiful picture of country life, with its honest, hearty friendships, came to my mind forcibly. It must be true, for I confess I *felt* that I had grown older, and colder, too. Can you, Jeremy, laugh as of yore—as loud and as long?—with the same hearty good will and utter *abandon*. Or is your mirth choked and clogged with bitter remembrances, which will steal upon the heart even in its gayest moments? Thought! is *it* a companion with which you can entertain hilarity? Or is your joy overshadowed with the darkness of evil that has been, or that you anticipate, you scarce know why? I cannot experience the light-heartedness we had formerly. Perhaps it is that I attempt its cultivation. It must come of natural buoyancy of spirits, I think, to be genuine. It is else but a hot-house plant in a snow-storm—its leaves torn off by the blast or shriveled in a frosty embrace. I doubt much whether our intellectual pleasures, as we proudly call them, are half as exhilarating, and deeply steeped in genuine happiness, as were those more animal sensations which we experienced when boys, as we went hallooing and shouting along in the very exuberance of our spirits, with a gay, glad, spirited defiance of care and all its imps. This was the riches of the heart and not of the pocket. Was it not? We had no gold in those days, so it could not have been *that!*

G. R. G.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—Our number for the last month has been pronounced, everywhere, the very best of the Magazines for the month, and has thus far so largely increased our sales, that we shall be obliged to issue a very greatly increased edition of future numbers. The year 1849 seems to have opened with most unparalleled promises for magazine literature; and while our own sales have augmented on all sides, we have the gratification, in our good fortune, to feel that we are not impairing the prosperity of our neighbors. Indeed, the Philadelphia magazines, high as they have heretofore stood before the country, and widely as they have been circulated, seem just now to have made a bound in popular favor that savors of romance. Fifteen or twenty thousand copies of a monthly magazine was formerly regarded as the highest point of success to enterprising publishers, and ambitious editors, but the dawning of this brighter day promises such results as a simple matter of *increase* on the year's business. We hope that our readers see, in the growing improvement of "Graham," a disposition to impart a higher value to the book, as patronage increases, and a careful catering to taste, which shows no falling off in efforts to please, as well as to instruct our literary household. Our *aim* has been to furnish our readers with a work, in point of literary excellence, that is unsurpassable, and in pictorial beauty at once chaste and elegant. We could multiply, *ad infinitum*, second rate articles and engravings, but we feel that we are consulting both the reader's taste and interest in adhering rigidly to the course we have adopted, and we certainly have sufficient evidence of its good policy, in the ample support we have received.

The March number may fairly challenge a rigid scrutiny, and we invite a comparison between the literary matter and that of the other magazines. The embellishments are all most beautifully executed; but the plate of "*Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem*" is a gem in the way of engraving, and we refer to it with a conscious pride that it can neither be successfully imitated nor excelled. Our eyes linger over it with something like exultation, as we present to our readers a plate of such exquisite beauty. In this effort *even Tucker* seems to have surpassed himself.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This is one of the cheapest and best of the weekly newspapers. Its circulation is equal to its deserts, numbering *now* some sixty thousand readers. It has so long held its position before the newspaper world, and is so widely and well known, that we but endorse the general opinion, when we say that it is one of the best Family journals in the nation. How the enterprising publisher can furnish it at a dollar per annum is a wonder to us, and we have no doubt to its thousands of subscribers. A specimen copy is furnished to any person who may wish to see it, by application, post-paid, to the publisher.

OH HAVE I NOT BEEN TRUE TO THEE:

A SONG,

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL MELODY,

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

Presented by G. Willig, No. 171 Chestnut St. Published by G. Willig Jr. Baltimore.

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OH! HAVE I NOT BEEN TRUE TO THEE.



SECOND VERSE.

Thy falcon now has thy caress,
Thy hound leaps gladly to thy beck;
But she who loves to wild excess
Cannot one pulse of feeling wake.
This should not be, I cannot brook
The icy smile thou givest me;
There's death in each reproachful look—
Oh! have I not been true to thee















THE BRIDGE & CHURCH OF ST ISAAC,

Petersburg

UNIV. OF MICH.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1849. No. 4.

THE POET LI.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE CHINESE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE. H. BUTLER, AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA," "MAID OF CHE-KI-ANG," ETC.

PART I.

Do not draw upon you a person's enmity, for enmity is never appeased—injury returns upon him who injures—and sharp words recoil against him who says them.

Chinese Proverb.

ON the green and flowery banks of the beautiful Lake Tai-hoo, whose surface bears a thousand isles, resting like emeralds amid translucent pearl, dwelt Whanki the mother of Lí. *The mother of Lí!* Ah happy distinction—ah envied title! For where, far or near, was the name could rank with Lí on the scroll of learning—receiving even in childhood the title of the "Exiled Immortal," from his skill in classic and historical lore!

Moreover, he was of a most beautiful countenance, while the antelope that fed among the hills was not more swift of foot. Who like Lí could draw such music from the seven silken strings of the Kin! or when with graceful touch his fingers swept the lute, adding thereto the well-skilled melody of his voice, youths and maidens opened their ears to listen, for wonderful was the ravishing harmony.

Yet although the gods of learning smiled upon this youthful disciple of Confucius, poverty came also with her iron hand, and although she could not crush the active mind of Lí, with a strong grip, she held him back from testing his skill with the ambitious *literati*, both old and young, who annually flocked to the capital to present their themes before the examiners. For even in those days as the present, money was required to purchase the smiles of these severe judges. They must read with *golden* spectacles—or wo to the unhappy youth who, buoyant with hope and—*empty pockets*, comes before them! With what contempt is his essay cast aside, not worth the reading!

Sorely vexed, therefore, was poor Lí—and what wonder—to know that he might safely cope with any candidate in the "Scientfic Halls," yet dare not for the lack of *sycee* (silver) enter their gates, lest disgrace might fall upon him.

Yet Lí was of a merry heart—and, as all the world knows, there is no better panacea for the ills of fortune than the spirit of cheerfulness. Thus, although poverty barred the way to promotion, it could not materially affect his happiness—no more than the passing wind which for a moment ruffled the surface of the lake, yet had no power to move its depths.

Now it happened that one day taking his nets Lí went down to the lake, and as he cast them within the waters, not knowing any one was near, he broke forth into a merry song, which sent its glad burthen far off to the lips of mocking Echo, like Ariel, seeming to "ride on the curled clouds." Now it also chanced, that within a grove of the graceful bamboo, which skirted the path down which Lí had passed on his way, walked the great Mandarin Hok-wan.

"*Hi!* by the head of Confucius the fellow sings well!" he exclaimed, as the song met his ear, (for, as we have said, Lí had a voice of rare melody,) and forthwith issuing from his concealment, Hok-wan seated himself upon the bank and entered into conversation with the young fisherman.

If the mere melody of the voice had so charmed the mandarin, how much more was he captivated by the wit and learning of the youth, who, thus poorly appareled, and humbly employed, seemed to share wisdom with the gods! Hok-wan stroked his eyebrows in astonishment, and then bidding Lí leave his nets, he bore him off as a rare prize to his own house, where he that day feasted a numerous company.

First conducting Lí to an inner apartment, he presented him with a magnificent robe richly embroidered, together with every article necessary to complete the toilet of a person of distinction, and when thus appareled, introduced him into the presence o

his guests. And truly Lí walked in among them with all the stateliness and hauteur of a man who feels that he is conferring an honor, instead of being honored, as no doubt Lí should have considered himself, in such an august assemblage of grave mandarins. With what an air he seated himself at the sumptuously loaded table! where, according to Chinese custom of the higher classes, the various dishes of meats, soups, fish, preserves, etc., were all nearly hidden by large bouquets of beautiful flowers, and pyramids of green leaves.

And now no sooner had Hok-wan delivered with all customary formality the speech of welcome, and drained to the health of his guests the tiny goblet of crystal, embossed with gold, than rising to his feet, and joining his hands before his breast, in token of respect to his host, Lí called a servant, and bidding him take a part from all the good things spread before him, said:

"Carry these to the dwelling of Whanki, the mother of Lí. Say to her that as the sands on the lake shore, countless are the blessings of the gods, who have this day smiled upon her son. Bid her eat—for although from hunger he should gnaw his flesh, and from thirst drink his blood, yet not one morsel of this banquet shall pass the lips of Lí unless his aged mother be also sustained by the same delicacies."

At hearing which, all the mandarins, and Hok-wan himself, loudly expressed their admiration. Such is the esteem which the Chinese entertain for filial piety.

This duty discharged, Lí attacked the dainties before him like a hungry soldier, yet seasoning all he said and did with so much wit and humor, that the guests laid down their chop-sticks and listened with wonder. With the wine, Lí grew still more merry—his wit cut like hail-stones wheresoe'er it lighted, and at his jovial songs the grave dignitaries forgetting their rank, (somewhat washed away by copious draughts of *sam-shu*,*) snapped their fingers, wagged their shorn heads, and even rising from the table embraced him familiarly. At length, when after an interval of a few hours their hilarity was somewhat abated, during which the guests walked in the beautiful gardens, or reclining upon luxuriant cushions, regaled themselves with their pipes, or in masticating their favorite betel-nut, Lí made bare his bosom before them, and to their astonishment they found it was only a needy scholar whose praises they had been shouting.

A needy scholar!

How firmly they clutched their fobs, lest a *candareen*† might jump into the pocket of the needy scholar. But of advice they were as profuse as grasshoppers in August.

"Go to the capital—go to Kiang-fu" (Nankin the ancient capital of the empire,) "thou wilt perplex the learned—thou wilt bewilder the ignorant!" said one.

"*Hi!* this fellow Lí will yet stand with honor before the emperor," cried another.

"Appear boldly in the 'Scientific Halls' before the Examiners," said a third, "and never fear but thy name shall be cried at midnight from the highest tower in the city,* as the successful Lí, with whom no other candidate can compete!"

"When the wind blows over the fields does not the grass bend before it!" said Hok-wan. "When the great Ho speaks will not inferiors obey! the learned academician Ho is my brother—to him then you shall go—one word from him, and even the judges themselves shall cry your name."

"Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth, or gold from brass clippings," thought Lí, as he listened to these remarks—"a few candareens now would be better for me than all this fine talk—truly I must be a fool not to know all this stuff before. Yet by the sacred manes of my ancestors, I *will* go to the capital, and that, too, ere another sun ripens the rice-fields—furnished with a letter to the illustrious Ho, I may dare admittance."

Giddy with wine, and with the excitement of high hopes for the future, at a late hour Lí was borne in a sumptuous palankeen to the humble dwelling of Whanki.

The poor old soul at first knew not the gay gallant who stood before her, so much had the gift-robes of the mandarin changed his appearance.

"*Heigh-yah!* but, Lí, thou art as fine as a magpie," quoth she, raising her head from the pan of charcoal, over which she seemed to be simmering something in a small dish—"*Heigh*—and now I look at you again, I see you have drank of that cursed *sam-shu*—forever abhorred be the name of I-tih!† with all thy wit dost thou not know the wise saying of Mencius—'*Like a crane among hens is a man of parts among fools!*" (It may be inferred, I think, that the good old Whanki was something of a scold.) And while thou hast been guzzling, see what I have prepared for thee—what had *I* to do with birds-nest soup, and with shark's fins, and with pigeon's eggs from the table of Hok-wan! My poor Lí will be too modest to eat with the great company, I said to myself, and I will not eat them, but warm them up to comfort him when he comes back—look, here they are," (lifting the dish from the fire) "and yet thou comest home like a well-fed, stupid swine!"

"Now tush, mother," answered Lí, "if thy son has been drinking with fools, they wore fine feathers—and now embrace me, for I am going to the capital."

"Lí, thou art drunk—go to bed—the capital indeed! Ah cursed, cursed I-tih!" exclaimed the old woman.

But when at length Lí convinced her that he was neither drunk nor crazy, but in reality about to start for Nankin, as a candidate for honors in the Scientific Halls, and with a letter to the great Ho in his pouch, Whanki knocked her head reverently before the shrine of the household gods in token of gratitude.

The remainder of the night was passed in prepa-

* A deleterious liquor distilled from rice.
† A Chinese coin.

* The custom of announcing the names of the successful candidates at the examination.
† The god of intoxicating liquors.

rations for the journey, and just as the golden ripples of the lake danced in the rays of the rising sun, Lí tenderly embraced his aged parent, and set forth on foot for Nankin, more than a hundred miles distant.

"Ah, the blessed bug," quoth the old woman, gazing after him so long as she could catch a glimpse of his large bamboo hat, "he will not want for rice any day—no *sycee* has he in his pockets, but such a tongue in his head, as will bring him food and honors."

Whanki was right. In every hamlet he passed through—in every cottage by the wayside, Lí found a shelter and a welcome—the good people considering themselves amply repaid for their hospitality if the young stranger would but touch the strings of the *pipa*, or recite to them odes from the Shoo-king.

In this manner he reached the capital, and crossing the marble bridge over the great canal, upon the eastern side, entered the city at the Gate of Extensive Peace. Going into the first barber's shop which offered, Lí carefully plucked *out* his beard, (hear this, ye exquisites of modern days!) shaved his head anew to the crown, and platted his long black hair with red ribbons. Then entering an adjoining tavern, he exchanged his dusty, travel-worn garments for the rich dress presented him by Hok-wan, which he had preserved with great care for the occasion, and holding up his fan, to shield his eyes from the sun, stepped forth into the busy streets, to look for the dwelling of the illustrious Ho.

And next, within the Hall of Ceremony, in the elegant mansion of Ho, behold Lí in the presence of the great man himself—for with the same audacity which marked his behavior at the dinner of Hok-wan, had Lí given the door-keeper a vermilion card, leading Ho to expect a visiter of rank. Advancing three steps to meet him, Ho bows low to his stranger guest—then with graceful ease Lí also advances three steps, and bows still lower—Ho again gravely steps forward and makes another salutation—upon which Lí again does the same—with a still lower bending of the body, Ho once more advances—whereupon Lí, nearly touching the marble pavements with his forehead, steps forward yet another three steps! By this time their united and solemn paces had brought them near the couch upon which visiters are expected to repose themselves. And here again the same formalities were gone through with, as to who should first be seated thereon. But *being* seated, Lí at once burst forth with such a flow of wit and fancy, that Ho was completely captivated ere he knew the name or business of the daring youth!

Now this was a capital stroke of Lí. For the academician cared not so much for any dignitary under the Emperor Supreme, as he did for a man of learning, or even for one who could tickle the moments as they flew with witty jests, provoking laughter. Ho saw at once that Lí not only possessed this recommendation, but that his knowledge could also ring on as many topics as there were bells to the Porcelain Tower. When, therefore, he had perused the letter af Hok-wan, which, after securing his ground, Lí put into his hand, and after having listened to the history which the youth gave of his hard struggles, of his poverty, and earnest desire to come before the judges on the day of examination, than Ho, embracing him, bade him be of good cheer.

"Now, by the sacred Budha!" he exclaimed, "learning like thine shall win its crown without the aid of propitiatory gifts, save to the gods themselves. Know, O Lí, that Yang and Kau, who enjoy the smiles of the great emperor, are this year the examiners. To them shalt thou go, with no favor but my name—humble as it is, it shall cause thine to be enrolled among the *literati* of the Imperial Academy!"

No doubt Ho manifested great vanity in this, in so much as hinting that his "*humble*" name could balance with gold in the scales of avarice! Nevertheless Lí was delighted, and immediately set about piling up such a cloud castle as spread over his whole heaven of glory.

And now the day of examination approached, and confident of success, Lí boldly presented himself for admission.

Offering the memorial of Ho, which was to insure him, as he supposed, the favor of the judges, he was much surprised to see those great men, Yang and Kau, after turning over the missive with elevated noses, expressive of their contempt, cast it from them with scorn.

"*Heigh!* the academician Ho thinks to cheat us with bubbles! He sends us a scrawl devoid of meaning, to bespeak our favor for an upstart without degree or title! Yes—*we will remember the name of Lí!*" Saying which, they cast looks of bitter disdain upon the needy scholar.

Then commenced the tedious formula of the examination. The candidates, hundreds in number, were all obliged to undergo the strict search of the officers in attendance. Their robes, pockets, shoes, and even their nicely platted queues were examined, to see they had not secreted some essay or composition of some kind, which they might substitute for one written on the spot without preparation, when the examiners should command them. This done, they were all seated on long benches with their paper and pencils ready for the trial—the doors and windows in the meanwhile being closely barred and guarded, that no one from without should have the power of smuggling any written paper into the hands of the students.

At a signal-gun the theme for composition was given out, and, like the velvet feet of butterflies, the pencils of the rival candidates glided smoothly and fleetly over the tinted paper. With perfect composure and ease, Lí wrote off his essay in the most beautiful characters, without a single erasure or omission—handling the subject with great skill and judgment, and gave it into the hands of Yang.

"*Heigh!*" said Yang, without giving himself even the trouble to glance over it, but drawing his pencil derisively over the fair and beautiful characters, "I remember the name of Lí! What stuff is here—why the fellow is only fit to grind my ink!"

"To grind your ink!" quoth Kau, "say rather he is only fit to lace my buskins!"

And laughing loudly at their own wit, the great judges Yang and Kau turned their backs upon the unfortunate Lí.

Overwhelmed with mortification and rage, he rushed to the lower end of the hall, and there was obliged to remain until evening, as not until then could the doors be thrown open to give egress to any one. Here he had the vexation of listening to the jibes and sneers of those around him, and of seeing others promoted to honors, who were as far inferior to him as owls to eagles! What a bitter day for poor Lí! and when at length dismissed with renewed contumely from the Scientific Halls, he rushed into the presence of Ho, swearing loudly that he would one day ride over the necks of the proud Yang and Kau, "and by the head of Confucius when I do—*Yang shall grind my ink*, and *Kau lace up my buskins!*" he cried with bitterness.

Ho was terribly indignant at the treatment of his *protégé*, as well as incensed for the insult he imagined his own dignity had received. But, although he was himself high in favor with the emperor, Yang and Kau stood still higher, therefore he dissembled his anger, lest his head might pay the forfeit, should those two powerful courtiers incense the emperor against him.

When he found Lí preparing to return home, he embraced him kindly, and bade him tarry yet another year in the capital.

"In the end thou wilt surely succeed, O Lí. The next year the examiners will not be the same, and thou may'st then be certain of success," said Ho. "Remain with me until the time comes round—thy days and nights shall roll off bright and rosy as morning clouds—wine, wit, and music, yes, and the smiles of women, shall make thee forget the insults thou hast received."

But Lí remembered his aged mother, sitting solitary in her humble home by the side of the lake, and his resolution strengthened.

"Know, O Ho, that an old mother waits for Lí afar off. Summer and harvest will come, but Whanki has no one to sow her rice, and desolation will sit in her dwelling. The fish sport and gambol amid the waters of the lake—Whanki has no strength to draw them forth, therefore hunger and death will await her! What profit, O wise Ho, should I gain if my aged parent suffered! Would not the gods curse the race of Lí!"

"Noble youth, take this purse—it is heavy," exclaimed Ho—"hasten to relieve the necessities of thy mother—a happy mother in so dutiful a son—then return without delay and await the examination. I promise thee, thou shalt not this time lack a present for the greedy judges—though, by Budha, I would like to give it them at the dagger's point!"

Accordingly Lí bade farewell to his generous friend, promising to return as speedily as possible.

PART II.

A man who has a tongue may go to Rome. *Chin. Prov'b.*

Within the "Tranquil Palace of Heaven," Hwant-sung sat upon the Dragon's Throne, with all his court prostrate before him.

There was evidently "something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the clouds which veiled the august features of the Celestial Monarch were black as night—thunder might soon be expected, and low in the dust his humble courtiers awaited the outpouring of his terrible wrath.

Before his footstool knelt the Premier Yang, bearing in his hand an official document inscribed with curious hieroglyphics.

"By my ancestors," exclaimed the emperor, with a wrathful look from one to the other of his trembling courtiers, "a wise court is sustained by the bounty of Hwant-sung! say rather a pack of idiots, asses, dolts, fatted dogs! What! shall we become a jibe in the mouths of foreign nations! Shall barbarian kings mock the court of Nankin! *Hi!* Is there not one then of my learned counsellors—not one of my renowned warriors can decipher me this scroll! Tremble, then, ye hounds! Yang, I command thee to make known to us the purport of the missive which the foreign ambassadors have brought to our court."

At this order well might Yang turn pale—for there was no more meaning to him in the characters on which his eyes were fixed, than in the slimy trail which the green lizard draws upon the sand. Over and over he turned it—now on this side, now on that—watched narrowly and jealously meanwhile by all around—for when was one high in favor with princes also the favorite with the mass! At length, nine times reverently knocking his head before Hwant-sung, Yang said:

"Let not the displeasure of Earth's Glory, before whose frown the whole world stands affrighted, annihilate his slave that the gods have not granted him power to do the will of his majesty in this thing. He cannot read."

Then did Hwant-sung call up one after another of those whose scholastic lore was famed throughout the empire. In vain. Not one could understand the mysterious scroll. At which, becoming exceeding wroth, Hwant-sung swore that unless within three days his ministers could make known to him the signification of the embassy, their *offices* and *salaries* should all be taken from them—and if in six days they were still in ignorance, their *death* should release the empire from so many stupid owls!

Then did the academician Ho humbly present himself at the foot of the throne.

"Will the emperor deign to open the ears of graciousness while the humblest of his slaves speaks? Know then, O mighty sovereign, there arrived last night at my house a man in whom all knowledge seems to centre. His mind, keen as the lightning, penetrates the most hidden mysteries—there is no science, no art, which he hath not already mastered. Command then that he appear before thee to make plain that which doth perplex thy majesty's servants."

Hwant-sung rejoiced greatly at this information, and bade Ho bring the learned scholar at once into his presence.

But when Ho, eager with joy, related to Lí the good fortune he had secured him, that audacious youth positively refused compliance with the commands of the emperor! offering as an excuse, that as he was but a poor scholar, without title or degree, he dared not presume to appear before so much majesty.

With this answer then the unhappy Ho returned to the palace, not doubting but the rage of Hwant-sung would vent itself not only upon Lí, but also upon himself.

Kneeling before the monarch, Ho exclaimed reverently—

"Will your majesty once more graciously listen. At the last examination, this man of whom I have spoken was turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace—his essay rejected by the Premier Yang and the General Kau. Will it then please thee to bestow some favor upon Lí, that he may with more propriety come into this august presence?"

"It shall be done," exclaimed the emperor. "We confer upon Lí the title of Doctor of the first degree, together with the purple robe and yellow girdle. Go bring him before us."

With this mark of royal patronage, Ho retraced his steps with all the alacrity of a lover, and made known to Li the gracious favors of the emperor, supposing, doubtless, that the student would rejoice as one long blind now suddenly restored to light, or as a famished man at a feast. But lo! coolly putting on the robes of office, as if he had but just cast them aside, with the air of a prince, Lí signified to the great academician Ho his readiness now to obey the mandate of the emperor.

Entering the hall of audience with all the grace and ease of a man bred in courts, Li advanced to the throne, and after paying the customary homage, rose to his feet and looked proudly around upon the assembly of grave men and gallant courtiers.

The knees of the Premier Yang smote each other, as he recognized the youth he had treated with so much contumely now suddenly brought into notice —and well did Kau now *remember the name of Lí*— and it seemed as if hot pins tore his flesh, into such agitation did that name now throw him.

Hwant-sung received the new doctor with condescension, and placed in his hand the document which he was required to make plain.

But Lí, casting a meaning glance upon Yang and Kau, said:

"Can an indifferent scholar like myself presume to know more than these learned men! Know, O mighty emperor, thy servant was deemed unworthy of favor by thy commissioners Yang and Kau— surely, then, they must be more wise than Lí."

Charmed with the boldness of the youth, the emperor graciously smiled upon him, and motioned the two mortified examiners to withdraw.

Then standing erect, his head thrown back, yet in an attitude of careless ease, Lí opened the important missive, and without even glancing his eye over it to understand more fully its nature, read it aloud from beginning to end, in a clear, melodious voice.

It proved to be a demand from the king of Po-Hai, couched in the most insulting language, requiring the emperor to restore a part of Corea, consisting of no less than a hundred and eighty towns, and also demanding tribute from the time of its "*usurpation*" (as the memorial expressed it) by the Emperor of the Tang Dynasty. Thus, but for the skill of Lí, the empire would have been plunged in irretrievable disgrace through the ignorance of its ministers.

The countenance of Hwant-sung grew black as midnight as he listened to this insulting claim, and but for the bold remonstrance of Lí, he would have ordered the bearers of the embassy to instant death.

"May it please your majesty to summon the boorish ambassadors before us," cried Lí boldly, "I will myself confer with them, and teach them how to respect the mighty Emperor Hwant-sung."

Immediately, therefore, the ambassadors were brought before Lí, who conversed with them in their own language with the same haughty bearing as if he himself were emperor, interpreting as he did so to the indignant Hwant-sung. At length Li dismissed them, saying:

"To-morrow his sovereign majesty, to whom your prince is but an earth-worm, will indite an answer to your insulting embassy. Retire—and tremble as ye walk! Thank the gods that the gracious emperor deigns ye to live."

The audience chamber rang with acclamation, as the ambassadors obsequiously withdrew in compliance to the orders of Lí, and all the courtiers pressed forward to compliment the young doctor—while the emperor, embracing him, conferred upon him at once the rank of academician, and ordered apartments to be prepared for him in the palace of the Golden Bell.

With continued graciousness, he also directed a sumptuous banquet to be got in readiness, and at which all the learned men and wits of the court were expected to appear. Wine was poured for the guests by beautiful young girls of the "*golden lilies*"*— ravishing music swept around them, while at intervals of the feast, the emperor sent from his own apartments a choice theatrical corps for their entertainment.

Now did it seem that all the trials of Lí were over, his poverty but a dream long past, and that now upon the pinnacle to which his ambition had pointed from early youth, he stood ready to hurl back in the teeth of his enemies the disgrace which, only a few months before, they had heaped upon the name of Lí.

The feast wore on even into the night—the wine circulated freely, and in the same breath the courtiers exalted the name of the emperor and of the young academician. What wonder that under the attendance of such charming cup-bearers Lí should have drank more freely than was consistent with his new dignity! How from such hands could he resist the tempting goblet!

The result was, that when the next morning the emperor repaired to the Hall of Audience to treat with the embassy from Po-Hai, the academician Lí was not in attendance—nay, did not make his ap-

* Small feet.

pearance until after being twice summoned by royal mandate!

The courtiers whom Lí had feasted the night previous, shook their heads and looked significant. The Premier Yang and the General Kau resumed their usual boldness of demeanor, for no doubt this upstart, this vagabond Lí, would find the anger of their Celestial Monarch more than his head was worth—decapitation would certainly follow such contempt of royalty!

To be *twice* summoned—what audacity!

At length Lí walked carelessly into the hall—his dress somewhat disordered, and his feet thrust negligently into slippers. But for those who were hoping his ruin, what rage to see the emperor not only extend his own royal hand in signification that he would raise him from the ground, but also condescend to inquire after his health!

"I think, learned doctor, the wine was to thy fancy, yet methinks the fumes are still troubling thee! Ere we proceed to our public duties I would have thy wits clearer."

Saying which, Hwant-sung ordered a plate of hot-spiced fish-broth to be brought from the royal kitchens, that its effects might dissipate the evils of last night's debauch.

And when with unprecedented condescension their sovereign even took the chop-sticks, and himself cooled it for the palate of Lí, amazement almost turned them to marble.

When his majesty deemed the senses of his new favorite sufficiently restored, the ambassadors were summoned into the hall.

Upon the top of the platform, near the foot of the "Dragon's Throne," was placed, by the order of Hwant-sung, a cushion or divan of the Imperial Yellow, embroidered with gold and silver, and upon a tablet formed of mother-of-pearl, and richly set in a band of emeralds, was a cake of perfumed ink—a sheet of flowery paper—a hair-pencil set in a gold tube, together with a small *jade* stone, with which to rub the ink.

Waving his hand condescendingly to Lí, the emperor spoke: "Ascend the platform, learned doctor, and repose thyself upon the cushions at my feet, while I indite to thee our answer to these slaves."

"May it please your majesty," replied Li, "my feet are not in proper dress to approach so near the 'Glory of the Earth.' Will it please thee to command new buskins to be brought thy servant, that he may with decency ascend the platform."

This bold request was no sooner proffered than it was granted. And then, with a significant glance to the spot where stood Yang and Kau, pale with rage and envy, the audacious Lí again addressed the emperor:

"The humblest of thy slaves would not be officious—but he has one more request to lay at the feet of his gracious sovereign. At the examination this year, thy servant was repulsed by Yang, and turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace by Kau! Will it therefore please thee to command the Premier Yang to *grind my ink*, and the General Kau to *lace my buskins!*"

Never, perhaps, was an audience-chamber so insulted! Even the awe which, in the presence of the Celestial Monarch, rendered the courtiers less men than jackals, failed in this case to suppress a murmur of indignation which passed from one end of the hall to the other.

But Hwant-sung, well pleased to punish the injustice of his commissioners, immediately ordered them both to approach and do the bidding of Lí!

To disobey was death. They wanted courage to die, therefore preferring disgrace, they obsequiously advanced. Kneeling, *Kau laced the buskins of Lí*, who then ascended the platform, and while reclining at his ease upon the soft cushion at the feet of the emperor, Yang stood at his side assidiously *rubbing his ink!*

Thus did Lí accomplish his revenge, and triumph over his enemies!

Taking the pencil, he now, with rapid and easy strokes, proceeded to indite the answer, which the emperor vouchsafed to the Po-Hai embassy, and while he did so, Hwant-sung bent over him in astonishment, beholding the characters which he traced with so much rapidity to be identical with those which had so perplexed his court.

Then standing erect upon the right hand of the "Dragon's Throne," in clear distinct tones, Lí read aloud the imperial answer—the ambassadors trembling with fear as they listened.

"And now return," exclaimed Lí, "and teach your king that foxes may not war with lions, nor the cuckoo steal into the eagle's nest! He is like a vexed grasshopper striving to combat the mighty chariot about to crush him, or like a fly in the jaws of the dragon! When the mighty Hwant-sung, at whose name fear sits in the hearts of all nations, shall send a handful of men to seize upon the petty territory of Po-Hai, blood shall flow a thousand *li*!"*

Kneeling reverently before the throne, and knocking their heads in token of submission, the ambassadors then withdrew to relate to their king that the "Celestial Empire was upheld by an Immortal from the skies!" who stood ever by the throne of the Dragon, and to whom all men did reverence.

From that day the star of Lí was in the ascendant, and for many years he enjoyed the undivided confidence of the emperor, and attained a rank in the scale of letters, which renders the name of Lí celebrated in Chinese literature. Many volumes of his beautiful poems and other works are still preserved in the Imperial Libraries.

* Leagues.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(*Continued from page* 164.)

MR. GILLESPIE and his daughter had retired below when the sweeps were gotten out, and had now returned to the deck. Unconscious of danger, they looked admiringly upon the shining and beautiful scene. Nearly abreast the island of Porto Rico, in full view, lay basking in the beams of the setting sun, the dark, rich green of its luxuriant growth of cane, here and there varied by groves of the cotton-tree, amid which were seen clustering the settlements of the planters. Astern, but farther distant, Cape Engano stretched far to seaward, while inland, ridge over ridge, wooded to their summits, rose the picturesque mountains of St. Domingo. The numerous vessels in sight, mostly running before the wind, varying in size, in rig, and in the color of their canvas, enlivened the view, while nearer, the frigate in her towering proportions was borne majestically toward them.

"Oh, Edward! what a glorious sight!" said the maiden to her lover, who had stepped to her side, as she gained the deck. "Look, father! look at that splendid ship, does n't she cleave the waters 'like a thing of life?' But what is the matter, Edward? You are silent, and seem dejected, do tell me?"

"In a moment, dearest," he whispered, as he left her to approach the captain, who had beckoned to him.

"Mr. Talbot," said the last, "my little craft is in great peril, and less than an hour must decide her fate. The Spaniard will not be silent much longer, and I advise you to get the passengers below."

"I was about to propose it," replied Talbot, and returning to Miss Gillespie's side, said, "summon your fortitude, Mary, the ship which you admire so much, is a Spanish frigate, and is endeavoring to capture the vessel we are in."

"Oh, how unfortunate! and will they harm us? Can they hurt you and father and Frank? Good God! what is that?" and she shrieked as the ship luffed to the wind, and fired a shot, which went plunging across the bows of the schooner.

"Come below, dearest! come quickly! Help me, Mr. Gillespie, for she has nearly fainted."

The maiden and her father were conducted to the most secure place below, when, resisting the entreaties of his mistress, Talbot returned to the deck, which Frank had refused to leave.

At the first report of the frigate's gun, the captain had called out, "Edge her away, quarter-master, keep her off a point; let the guns alone," he added, addressing some of the crew, "let them be, it would be worse than useless to fire them—the 'Bird' must now trust to her wings alone."

The little vessel was in fact at the very crisis of her fate. The last shot had told that they were within reach of the guns of the enemy; they felt that their only avenue of escape was through a gauntlet of fire, and that the loss of a single spar would certainly insure their capture. It seemed perfect madness for such a wee thing to abide the wrath of the huge leviathan, panoplied in thunder, and possessing almost the power of annihilation. But, in the forlorn and desperate hope of sustaining the enemy's fire for a few moments, without material injury her captain steadily pursued his way, but cut his anchors from the bow, and threw four of his guns overboard. If the wind had been light, the schooner's chance would have been a fair one; but the breeze instead of lulling, seemed to freshen as the sun went down. As it was, however, there was a bare possibility of escape, for already the little vessel, lightened of so much weight, began to increase her velocity—still there was an abiding, a stunning fear of being sunk or disabled by the broadside of the frigate. The latter had already opened her fire, and near the chase, the fierce, iron hail had fairly lashed the water into foam, but the schooner was yet materially unharmed, when a voice more potent than that of gunpowder, hushed the loud artillery.

Unobserved by either, a light and fleecy speck, more like a wift of smoke than a fragment of a cloud, had risen over the land, and swift as a meteor shot across the sky. It was what sailors term a "white squall," and it had caught the chaser and the chased wholly unprepared. Almost simultaneously it struck them both. The frigates fore-mast and main-topmast went by the board, and every sail that was set, was blown into perfect shreds. The "Humming Bird," light and resistless, felt the blast but to succumb before it—she was whirled over and capsized in an instant. A number of the crew, entangled in the sails and rigging were immediately drowned. The remainder clambered to the upper-rail, to which they clung with the tenacity that endangered life. In a paroxysm of anguish, Talbot had thrown himself down the cabin-hatchway as he felt the vessel going over, and at imminent hazard had rescued Miss Gillespie, but her father and the servant-maid perished. Frank had been saved by one of the seamen, who held him firmly with one hand, while with the other he clung to the shrouds.

As soon as the survivors were assured of their immediate safety, they looked around to see if there were any hopes of being rescued from their position before the night set in. The frigate had driven past them, and under a single after-sail was hove-to, clearing her hull of the wreck. To the westward, distinct in the reflected light of the sun, which had descended, were several vessels again unfolding

to the breeze the canvas which they had wisely furled to the passing gust. Some of the larger ones were again standing boldly out to seaward, while the others like affrighted wild-fowl, were hovering toward the shore. They were all too distant, and the air was fast becoming too obscure for them to see the wreck, or the unfortunate beings who were perched upon it.

On the first recovery from her swoon, the grief of Miss Gillespie for the loss of her father was almost inconsolable. It required all the endearment and entreaties of her lover and her brother to prevail on her to struggle against the spasms which threatened her very existence.

The survivors strove to cheer each other, but the indiscreet cry of one that he saw the fin of a shark cleaving the surface of the water, led them to fear that they were environed by yet greater peril. In about two hours the moon arose, and her clear, chaste light silvered the crests of the waves, as they curled to the now gentle breeze. She had risen scarce more than her diameter, when the watchers on the wreck discovered two or three dark objects which seemed to creep upon the water. Their hopes and their fears were equally excited, but presently they heard the splash of oars, and they knew them to be boats from the frigate. As eager now to be taken as before to escape from capture, by shouts and cries they attracted the notice of those who sought them. They were soon removed to the frigate; the lady and her brother being led to the cabin, and the remainder, including Talbot, promiscuously confined on the lower deck.

Under jury-foremast and new main-topmast, the frigate was the next morning standing under easy sail, along the southern side of St. Domingo.

Repeatedly but ineffectually Talbot had endeavored to convey a message to Miss Gillespie, and spent the night in sleepless anxiety on her account. He knew not into whose hands she had fallen, and whether her youth and beauty might not, in the hands of unprincipled men, tempt to ruffianly treatment. Her brother was with her, it was true, but although spirited, he was young and feeble compared to the strong men around him.

Early in the morning, Talbot had asked to see the officer of the watch. He was told that he could not communicate with any one but through the officer of the marine guard, who would not make the rounds for three or four hours. Talbot impatiently waited for him, and it seemed an age before he made his appearance. When he did so, and was told that Talbot wished to speak to him, he superciliously asked, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I wish," replied Talbot, "to communicate through you to the commander of this ship, that I hold a commission as lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and that with the family of Mr. Gillespie, I was a passenger on board of the privateer."

"This is a singular tale," remarked the other, incredulously; "have you any proofs of your identity —where is your commission?"

"I hav n't it; with all my baggage, it was, unhappily, lost in the schooner."

"This seems incredible," said the officer, "your dress, too, does not indicate the position you claim."

"I am aware of it," replied Talbot, "for I scrupulously avoided wearing any part of my uniform, that in appearance even, I might not be classed among the complement of that unfortunate vessel. But here is her commander, who, as well as his crew, will bear testimony to what I say."

"Let them answer for themselves," was the abrupt reply. "If they escape being hung as pirates, they will fare well." After a moment's hesitation, he added, "I will state what you say to Count Ureña, our commander, although I do not myself believe it; but let me advise you not to rely upon the evidence of these wretches," pointing to the prisoners, "if you have no other proof you will fare badly." As he said this, he turned upon his heel and walked away, Talbot with difficulty restraining himself from throttling him for his coarse, unfeeling rudeness.

Again, hour after hour passed away in fruitless anxiety. Every step upon the ladder which led from above, exciting a thrill of hope, only the instant after to be crushed in bitter disappointment. At length, about 2 P. M., an orderly, with a file of marines came to conduct him to the commander. With alacrity he obeyed the summons, and when he reached the gun-deck, from habits of association, he felt cheered at the sight of the long lines of massive artillery, the stacks of muskets here and there, surmounted with their bristling bayonets, and the bright sheen of the sharpened cutlases. As the cabin-door was thrown open by the sentry stationed there, he cast a quick and searching glance around the apartment, in the hope of seeing his betrothed. She was not there, and but for the guns projecting from either side, he could not have realized that he stood in the cabin of a man-of-war, so rich was its furniture and so gorgeous its decorations. Gracefully festooned across its entire width, and partially concealing the white and highly polished lattice-work of the after-cabin, was a deep curtain of crimson embroidered and fringed with gold. On either side, in the recesses between the guns, were magnificent couches canopied and covered with the same material, intertwined with white. Between the forward and the after gun, on each side, were collections of flowers and fragrant plants. A large mirror in an arabesque frame, was inclined over a rose-wood sideboard, laden with massive plate and a profusion of crystal. A richly chased silver lamp was suspended over a table, the cover of which was of white cloth, like the curtain, fringed with gold. Around were a few rose-wood chairs, and from several cages were heard the cheerful and melodious notes of canary-birds. The deck was covered with the finest matting. On the couch, in the recess to the left, was seated a man of middle age and rather delicate features, except the chin and under lip, which were massive and sensual, and a peculiar glance of the eye, which gave a sinister aspect to an otherwise singularly handsome countenance. He was spare in figure, and to a casual observer, even as he sat, it was perceptible that he stooped, and his whole appearance indicated a frequent participant

in the orgies of dissipation. Before him stood the officer of marines, who had just made his official report. At a signal from the latter, Talbot advanced toward the count, who said, "I understand, sir, from the officer of the guard, that you declare yourself to be a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, but that you have no evidence to sustain you. How can you expect me to credit the assertion of a stranger under such suspicious circumstances as you must admit your present position to be."

"You have a lady on board, sir, my affianced bride, who, with her brother, is here under the same circumstances with myself, they will tell you that I am not an impostor."

"Your affianced bride," said the count, not heeding what he had last said, "you are then the friend for whom she has been so restless and uneasy?"

"I knew that she would be so," replied Talbot; "may I ask now to see her, that she may corroborate what I have said?"

"Not so fast," exclaimed the count, "that you have gained the affections of the young lady is no proof of your being what you profess, indeed, you may have won them under an assumed name and character."

"It ill becomes you, sir," cried Talbot, highly incensed, "it ill becomes you to insult a man who for the time being is in your power; but I warn you that if I, or those with me, are unnecessarily detained or harshly treated, you will be held to a severe accountability."

"And by whom, sir," exclaimed the count, turning pale with rage, "by a man who has no other vouchers to a most improbable tale, than a horde of pirates, a mere boy, and a love-sick maiden?"

"The proofs are sufficient, sir, for any impartial mind, but I see plainly that you have some purpose in seeming to disbelieve them—what that purpose is your conscience best can tell."

"What mean you, sir, by this insolence; but I know how to curb and to punish it!"

"Insolence! and punish!" contemptuously answered Talbot, "those are words used by cowards when addressing slaves. I defy alike your malice and your power. You may maltreat me, but a day of reckoning will surely come. I demand to see Miss Gillespie and her brother," he added, as his ear caught the sound of stifled sobs in the after cabin.

The count pulled a bell-rope by his hand, and at the summons, the sentry who had admitted him, opened the door and looked in, while from another door, the steward entered and stood obsequiously by his master. The latter, pointing to the door, said,

"Mr. Manuel, take out your prisoner and confine him apart from the rest; sentry, let them pass."

Talbot hesitated a moment, and then said, "I am unarmed and helpless, and it would therefore be madness to resist you—but, in the name of humanity, I ask you, can you listen unmoved to the distress of the unhappy lady within there; as a man, an officer, and a nobleman, I appeal to you in her behalf. She has recently lost her father, as you know, and, save myself, her young brother is now her only protector."

"She will be sufficiently protected, sir, without your interference—take out the prisoner, Mr. Manuel."

The above conversation had taken place in Spanish, which Talbot spoke fluently, but when he found that for some sinister purpose, he was not to be permitted to see Miss Gillespie, he advanced toward the lattice-work and called out in English, "Mary, dear Mary, be upon your guard! Frank, do not leave your sister for a moment; I fear that she is in the hands of a villain."

"That I will not," cried the boy, who vainly tried to force the door, while his sister sobbed convulsively.

The count, who, although not understanding the language, comprehended the import of the words, with a gesture of frantic impatience, motioned the officer to lead his prisoner away.

Talbot, satisfied that the danger was lessened by the timely warning he had given, without resistance, submitted to be led from the apartment.

When left alone, the count remained for some time in a thoughtful attitude. "If I could but speak their horrid language," he said, soliloquizing with himself, "or if she understood mine, I should certainly succeed, for as to this would-be bridegroom, I can easily get rid of him, and of the brother also, if he prove intractable. Let me see! can I trust Gonzalez? From the expression of his eye sometimes, as well as from his never speaking of her, I fear that he knows all about his unhappy sister; and yet I must trust him, or abandon all, for he is the only interpreter we have. There is no help for it; I cannot give up the game so freshly started—but I will be wary and watch him closely." He slightly touched the bell, "Send Gonzalez to me," he said to the attendant, who obeyed the summons. A few moments after, a young man of 23 or 24 years of age entered the apartment, and bowing to the count, awaited his commands in silence. From his spare figure, he looked taller than he really was. His hair and moustaches were glossy black, curling in their rich luxuriance. His eye-brows, thick and bushy, formed one continuous arch, and the eye beneath, black and lustrous, was soft and subdued in its ordinary expression, but at times, in a single glance, would convey a startling idea of latent but indomitable energy. His features were almost femininely regular, and his voice musically clear and sweet. The count's fears were not without foundation; his secretary, for such was the position of Gonzalez, knew his sister's wrongs, and like a true Spaniard, thirsted for an opportunity to revenge them. His commander scanned him closely where he stood for some minutes, the young man at first returning his gaze with a look neither too humble, nor yet audacious, and then deferentially turned his eyes in another direction.

"What is the matter, Gonzalez? You seem of late unusually taciturn and moody."

"I think, señor, that my health is suffering from long confinement to the ship. I need recreation on shore."

"What mean you by long confinement—were you not on shore repeatedly last month in Havana?"

"No, señor! If you will recollect, I applied several times to go, but on each occasion you had important letters or despatches to write."

"Did you hear from home before we sailed," and the count's look became intensely riveted upon him.

The young man slightly colored, "I heard indirectly, señor, that all were well."

"From whom?"

"From a muleteer who resides in the adjoining village."

"Did he give you any particulars?"

"None, señor, worth relating."

The count paused. He was dissatisfied, yet feared that by further questioning he might excite the very suspicions he wished to repress. Assuming a bland and conciliatory tone, he said, "I have been to blame, Gonzalez, and will make amends. When we reach port, you shall have ample opportunities to recruit on shore. Should you need funds, consider my purse at your service."

"Thanks, señor! my salary is more than sufficient for all my wants."

"Well, should you be in need, remember my offer; but come nearer, I have now something confidential to impart. You are aware that the lady brought on board last night is now in the after-cabin."

"I am, señor."

"One of the prisoners, doubtless an impostor, assumes that she is his betrothed. I wish you to see her and ascertain how she is affected toward him."

"It is needless, señor. At the invitation of Lieutenant Flores, I accompanied him in his boat last night, and in rescuing the prisoners from the wreck, witnessed how tenderly that lady clung to the man you speak of."

"It may have been the convulsiveness of fear!"

"If so, señor, it would have subsided with the occasion that gave it birth; but it continued to the last, and while she evinced for the lady the solicitude of an elder sister, she seemed to regard the American as her chosen and sole protector."

"How were they separated?"

"I understood, señor, by your orders," replied the youth with an air of surprise."

"I mean," said the count, somewhat confused, "how did they bear it?"

"He was at first disposed to resist, but a moment after submitted with an air of stern resignation."

"And she?"

"She at first seemed bewildered, and could not comprehend the purport of the order; when she did so, she implored her lover, for such he must be, not to desert her, but after he had whispered a few words to her, she too submitted, and with such meek gentleness as moved the hardest hearts to sympathy."

"Sympathy," exclaimed the count, reddening; "where there is no real distress, there can be no occasion for its exercise. In common humanity, I am bound to protect her from the acts of an impostor" There was a slight twitch of the secretary's upper lip, but he said nothing.

"At all events, I wish you to converse with her, Gonzalez. Try if you cannot reconcile her to a short separation from her lover, and assure her that as soon as I am satisfied that he is what he represents himself, he shall be free."

The secretary bowed in acquiescence, and the count rising, led the way into the after cabin. It was fit for the boudoir of a queen. A carpet of the richest Persian dyes and softest texture was under foot. Except in front, the whole apartment was lined with fawn-colored tapestries; the windows framed into the after ports had party-colored curtains of fawn and cherry colors. An ottoman and several chairs were covered with embroidered damask corresponding to the tapestry; a small, richly-carved book-case was filled with handsomely bound books. There was a pair of globes upon stands, and a harp, a guitar, mirrors and candelabra, with a few small but exquisite paintings completed the equipment of this cell of a Sybarite.

With disheveled hair, and eyes inflamed with weeping, in all the abandonment of grief, Miss Gillespie lay with her head upon her brother's breast, who, as the door was opened, threw his arms around, as if more perfectly to protect her. With a courteous air, and all the finished breeding of an artificial gentleman, the count advanced and paid his respects through the medium of the interpreter. "Had she sustained no injury from the accident of the night before? Had she recovered from her alarm! Had she slept well? Could he do any thing for her?"

The three first questions she answered in monosyllables. At the fourth, she made an effort to speak, but maiden bashfulness overcame her, and she looked imploringly to her brother. The youth construed her feelings rightly, and said,

"We wish, sir, to see our friend, Mr. Talbot, who was, with us, a passenger in the schooner."

"At present it cannot be," answered the count, "but when we reach Havana, he will doubtless prove his character, and then you can be again united, but," addressing her, "so much beauty should not be marred by untimely grief. A few days more and your friend will be restored to liberty. Here I cannot make any distinction between him and the other prisoners. Let me therefore entreat you, Miss, to dry up your tears, and let a smile once more wreath itself upon your lovely cheek."

"Say to him," asked Miss G., of the interpreter, "that I am in deep affliction. Yesterday I lost my father, and now, when I am most helpless, I am by his act" (she looked toward the count) "separated from the friend whom that father had chosen as my protector through life. I am therefore in no mood to listen to compliments, which would be ill-timed from any one, most of all from him."

The count stifled his vexation and said, "I beg pardon for this intrusion. I will await a more seasonable time to express my sympathy and make a proffer of my services;" so saying, he withdrew, desiring Gonzalez to remain and gather the particulars of their history.

An unprincipled man, in his sphere possessing almost unlimited power, he felt himself baffled by an unarmed prisoner and a helpless maid. "Till now," he said to himself, "I thought Dolores beautiful, but her features want the intellectual grace and harmony of this northern houri. At all hazards, she must be mine. If all else fails, the drug must be resorted to. It is certainly the speediest and I know not but that it is the best; but I am neglecting my first precaution. He rung the bell for the steward, a dark, swarthy Italian, with the body of a man surmounted on the legs of a dwarf

"Domingo," said his master, go into the secret passage and watch Gonzalez, who is now with the lady. Note every thing that he does, and try to gather the meaning of what he says."

The steward obeying, disappeared through a panel that opened with a spring.

In about half an hour, Gonzalez came forth from the inner cabin, and stated what he had learned of the prisoners, which, as there was no concealment, is precisely what is known to the reader. When he had retired, at a peculiar signal from the count, the panel noiselessly flew open, and the steward reappeared before his master. His account was any thing but satisfactory, and the count's brow was darkened with deep mistrust, as he listened to the recital.

About sunset, Miss Gillespie, aroused by some incentive, sent to ask if her brother and herself might be permitted to walk on the upper deck. Assent was most graciously given, and the count himself escorted her. Finding that she would not converse, and that his presence was evidently irksome to her, he smothered his chagrin, and after a few turns, left the orphans to themselves.

It was an hour and a scene fitted to captivate the eye and refresh the soul; and such was its soothing influences, that Miss G. frequently found her mind wandering from the contemplation of the perils which environed her. The night previous, the ship, driven before the blast, was whirled with resistless velocity along a bed of seething foam. Now, the gentle wind borne from the land, wafted fragrance on its wing, and the sea, slightly ruffled, seemed to enjoy the refreshing embrace of its sister element; the ship, too, under a cloud of canvas, snow-white and full distended, pressed majestically on, the spray, like fairy fret-work curling and combing beneath the bow and the rippling wake sparkled in the rays of the setting-sun. The gorgeous western sky was tinged with the hues of crimson and gold; the south was a boundless expanse of blue, the island of St. Domingo, lofty, picturesque and beautiful, bounded the northern and eastern horizon. The land, but little cultivated, seemed fertile in the extreme, and was covered with lofty and umbrageous trees, the tangled and luxuriant undergrowth seeming so interlaced as even at high noon to entercept the light of the sun. The near mountains were covered to their very summits with verdure, not the tawny verdure of a northern clime, but the brilliant green of the tropics, while the loftier mountains wreathed their bald and craggy tops with the clouds that floated in the distance.

The sun had gone down and the moon was up: still Miss Gillespie paced the deck with her brother. It was evident that she had some purpose in view, and by those who watched her, she was observed to cast frequent and furtive glances around. At length a figure that had been stealthily gliding along under the shadow of the bulwarks to leeward, suddenly stepped beside her, and whispered, "Lady, I have endeavored to see him, but failed. Some time to-night I will surely succeed. In the meantime there is but one resource. Take this powder, and when you go below, dissolve it, and take a part yourself, giving the remainder to your brother. If you would be safe, neither of you should sleep a wink to-night. Be careful of what you eat or drink. But, hush! there is a man's head raised above the rail—he has been observing us. I must away—but do not forget this." He handed a small folded paper as he spoke, and immediately disappeared.

Miss Gillespie had brought a book on deck with her, and by occasionally seeming to read it, had at first given a pretext for remaining. Into this book she inserted the paper, and soon after turned to leave the deck, when some one brushed rudely against her, and the book fell. The person, who, in her confusion she did not recognize, instantly picked it up, and in seeming eagerness to return it, let it fall a second time. Frightened almost beside herself, Miss G. now snatched it up and hurried below. Unfortunately, the paper was not to be found. So dreadful seemed the fate before her, that with difficulty she restrained herself from shrieking aloud. Frank cheered her all he could, although he had but a faint conception of the danger. They determined to deny themselves food and liquids of every description, hoping thereby to avoid the administration of an opiate. Alas! they knew not the infernal arts of the demon in human shape, who had them in his power.

That evening, as was his wont once a week, the count supped with his officers in the ward-room, and he remained until near midnight; but in the meantime his diabolical agent had not been idle.

About 11 o'clock Frank and his sister were sensible that they were inhaling an aromatic and fragrant vapor. At first they enjoyed it; but it soon occurred to them that they were fast becoming drowsy. With desperate exertions they endeavored to force the doors, or to obtain assistance by their loud and vociferous outcries. The breeze had unfortunately freshened on deck, and there was much tramping and running overhead, so that they were unheard, or if heard, unheeded. One would suppose that this agitation and fear would have proved an antidote to the insidious effects of the drug; but no! gently, imperceptibly, they felt their systems relax; they soon began to wonder at their alarm; a delicious langour enthralled them, and as volume after volume of the scented vapor rolled into the apartment, they surrendered themselves to its influence, and pressed in each other's arms, were soon wrapped in a profound and insensible sleep.

About an hour before, Talbot, to whom the night

previous had been a sleepless one, although racked with anxiety, had fallen into a light and fitful slumber, when he was instantly aroused by a hand being laid upon his chest, and a voice whispering in his ear, "Do not speak, but follow; imitate my motions as exactly as you can. For God's sake be cautious, you know not how much is at stake."

The speaker, who was lying beside him on the deck, then rolled over toward the hatchway; but when the sentry turned in his round, he remained perfectly still. This he repeated, slowly and cautiously; Talbot followed his example, until they reached what sailor's term the combings of the main-hatch, i. e. the elevated pieces around it, to prevent the water from running into the hold. He there waited for some time until he saw the sentry loiter at the furthest end of his round, when he quickly threw himself down the hatch, and crept on one side out of sight. As soon as Talbot had done the same, he led the way among the casks and barrels. When they had proceeded a little distance, he whispered, "The master's-mate of the hold, who is a fellow-townsman of mine, had this passage opened for me to day. Had he refused, and he hesitated for a long time, that villain in the cabin would inevitably succeed in his plans."

"What plans," eagerly asked Talbot. "I know not who you are, or whither you are leading me—explain."

"You will soon know me; but let it content you now that I lead you to save your mistress. But that I feared the interference of that ruffian, the steward, I would have gone alone."

"Lead on, then! lead quickly!" said Talbot, his fears strongly excited.

They resumed their way, groping along in the dark, and taking every step with the greatest caution. In a short while they distinguished the faint light admitted from the deck above through the fore-hatch. As soon as they had gained this opening, Gonzalez, for it was he, taking the opportunity when the sentry was furthest off, and had his back toward him, sprung quickly up, and blowing out the light in a lantern which hung to an upright timber, immediately returned to Talbot's side. As was anticipated, the sentry, supposing the light to have been extinguished by a flurry of wind, took the lantern down, and proceeded to the main-hatch, to relight the lamp. As he did so, they both, unperceived, succeeded in gaining first the gun and then the upper-deck. Then separating, each one quietly and undetected reached the quarter-deck, and again rejoining each other, they slipped through a port-hole to a narrow platform outside, called the main-chains, and there, in intense anxiety, concerted their future movements, for the most perilous part of their enterprise was yet before them.

CHAPTER III.

The convivial party in the ward-room had been broken up by a squall, and with the other sea-officers, the count had repaired to the quarter-deck. For a short time the wind blew with violence, and was succeeded by a heavy fall of rain. In less than an hour there was a perfect calm, and the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts as the ship moved with the undulations of a light ground-swell.

In the cabin, the solitary lamp, suspended from a beam, through the gauze-like vapor shed its soft light upon the rich and costly furniture, and revealed the forms of the sleepers, whose deep breathing alone proclaimed their existence, so immovable was their position—so much deprived did their bodies seem of the watchful guardianship of the spirits within them. The faint and silvery light, the attenuated vapor, the fragrant odors wafted from the flowers in front, the boy, with his noble brow undimmed by sin or sorrow, the lovely maiden, one arm upon her breast, and one clasped around her brother, formed an atmosphere and a group in and around which angels might love to linger. But a serpent had stealthily glided in, and the count, with maddening pulse and gloating eye, looked upon his unconscious victim. Incapable of any feeling but that of a hardened libertine, no thought of the dire ruin he was about to inflict for one instant stayed his purpose. As the spider, after weaving its web, contemplates the struggles of the entangled fly, before clutching to devour it, so he stood, reveling in anticipation on the sensual feast before him. At length he approached, he gently touched, then breathed upon, and called them by their names, and then more rudely shook them. As he anticipated, they neither heard nor heeded him. The stillness was death-like and profound. He removed the boy from the girls embrace, and she lay resistless at his mercy. For an instant longer he paused; he fondled her hand, he played with her tresses; he stooped to kiss her moist and parted lip.

The fiend-like purpose was frustrated: a crashing blow descended upon his head, and he rolled over and fell senseless on the deck. With one foot upon the prostrate form, and the massive bar again uplifted, Talbot stood over him, while from the doorway Gonzalez looked on.

"Hold!" said the last, as Talbot was about to repeat the blow, "Hold! another stroke may finish him, and that is a task reserved for me alone." He advanced as he spoke, and proceeded to examine the wound. "It is a very severe contusion," he added a moment after, "and if it had fallen a little more direct, the blow would have been a fatal one. He is now wholly insensible, and unless my skill in surgery fails me, he will remain, for some days at least, in a perfect stupor. It is most fortunate. We need not now attempt an escape, for no one can suspect us, and before he recovers, we shall probably be in Havana. Let us place him in his room and retire; the vile, pandering steward will not dare to enter during the night, and in the morning, I will be hovering near. It is useless, no human efforts can awake them now," he added, as he saw Talbot endeavoring to arouse the maiden: "but they are safe, and that they may continue so, we must not lose a moment."

With a sigh, Talbot relinquished the hand of his mistress, which he had clasped within his own, and pressing his lips to her fair forehead, turned to assist

Gonzalez in removing the wounded man. They then effaced all traces of their presence, and retired as they had come, through the window of the quarter-gallery.

The next morning the table in the forward cabin was spread for breakfast; the steward, in passing to and fro, grinned leeringly as from time to time he looked toward the after cabin. One of the midshipmen of the watch came to report 8 o'clock. The steward tapped lightly at the state-room door, but receiving no reply, and not presuming to disturb his master, took it upon himself to report to the officers that the count said "Very well"—the usual reply. By 9 o'clock, he began to be uneasy, not that he apprehended any thing to have happened to his master, but that the lady might awake before the count had left her apartment. At the lattice-work, and to the key-hole of his master's door, he alternately placed his ear. At the last he thought that he distinguished a deep and smothered breathing; at the first he could hear no sound whatever. Satisfied that his master was in his state-room, he felt more easy.

At 10 o'clock, the wonted hour, the drum beat to quarters for inspection. When the first lieutenant came to make his report, the steward intimated that the count was indisposed.

"Has he directed that he should not be disturbed?" asked the officer.

The steward admitted that he had not.

"Have you been summoned to him in the night?"

"No, sir!"

"Then I must make my report." He advanced to the door and knocked, at first gently, and then louder and more loudly still. There was no reply; and the officer, turning the bolt, to the surprise of the steward, the door yielded to his push, and flew open. (That their mode of entrance might not be suspected, Gonzalez had unlocked it before retiring.) The count was found with his wrapper on, lying in a profound stupor, the blood clotted thickly over the wound he had received. The orphans were buried in a sleep which the surgeon pronounced unnatural; and the steward was suspected of having drugged them, and afterward attempted the life of his master. This miserable wretch was thrown in irons as the supposed murderer of the man in whose contemplated villainy he had been a willing and a free participant.

Light and baffling winds detained the frigate, and on the evening of the fourth day after the incident above related, she had just cleared the windward passage, and with Cape la Mole astern, was standing along the northern shore of Cuba, for the port of Havana. The count had laid in a comatose state since his accident, and his constant heavy breathing and frequent moans, showed how much pressure there was upon the brain, and how much he suffered. In the course of this day his respiration had become more regular and less oppressive, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he awoke to consciousness and a sense of pain. By degrees his recollection returned, and after making a few inquiries, to the surprise of every one, he ordered the steward to be released, and again summoned in attendance upon him. These two, the master, just rescued from the grave, and the servant who would have found an ignominious one had his master died, conferred for a long time together. After questioning his steward closely, the count said, "I am satisfied, Domingo, that it was not from your hand that I received the blow. I left you in the forward cabin, you could only have entered on the starboard side, and in that direction my head was turned, and I must have seen you. The blow was on the other side—probably from some one secreted there. Were you at any time absent from the cabin, after I went to the ward-room?"

"Not an instant, señor!"

"It is strange! Could he have entered by the quarter-gallery?"

"It must have been so, señor, although I can discover no marks."

"I suspect Gonzalez," said the count; "indeed, I am sure that he has been concerned, but then he had not the vigor to deal such a blow. That hateful American must have been the man. I will be deeply revenged!"

Late that afternoon, as Talbot, sitting aloof from the other prisoners, was grieving that Mary's persecutor had recovered his faculties before the arrival of the ship in port, and from which he feared the most serious consequences, he was accosted by the master's-mate, who said, in passing, "Courage, my friend, you will soon be at liberty—take a cigar to cheer you."

Talbot thanked him, and was about to decline, when he caught the eye of the officer, and noticed that he pushed a particular one out from the small bundle he held in his hand; Talbot took it, and watching his opportunity, opened his cigar unobserved. It contained a small slip of paper within its folds with these words. "We are strongly suspected, if not discovered; I know it from the searching examination I have undergone. We must fly and reach Havana before the ship if possible. Be on the alert for any opportunity that may present to slip up the main-hatch ladder, near which I will be hovering. Do not hesitate! Here you are absolutely within the power of the tyrant. He will throw you into the Moro Castle as soon as we arrive, and before your case can be investigated, months must elapse, and in the meantime, the lady will be lost to you forever."

This note agitated Talbot exceedingly. It was agonizing to think of leaving Mary and her brother in the hands of their unprincipled captor; and yet, from his own experience thus far, he felt sure, that if he remained, he would be kept separated from her, and most probably confined in a dungeon until her ruin was completed. His only consolation was, that the count could not recover sufficiently to renew his nefarious designs before the ship had reached her port of destination. This consideration determined him to make his escape if possible.

There had been some water heated in the coppers, (anglice—boiler,) for the purpose of giving the count a prescribed bath. It so happened that while the cook's attention was drawn another way, a piece of

meat was thrown in, which rendered the water greasy and unfit for its destined use. The master's-mate was therefore directed to have more drawn from the hold. Accordingly he came upon the lower or birth-deck, and as he stepped from the ladder, said, sufficiently loud for Talbot to hear, who was reclined beside it, "Look out!" and passed immediately on. The latter, taking the hint, but uncertain how to apply it, remained for a few moments in great suspense, when the master's-mate called the sentry forward to hold the light for him. As the latter moved forward, Talbot availed himself of the opportunity, and instantly hurried up the ladder, although yet uncertain if such were the plan concerted by his friends. He was very soon assured, however, for nearly abreast of him, from the shadow between two of the guns, a figure advanced a few steps and immediately retired again. It proved to be Gonzalez, and together they clambered out over one of the guns, and found themselves by the small skiff of the privateer, which had been saved and hoisted up immediately under the anchor in the waist. Fortunately, the wind had hauled nearly ahead, and with the yards sharp-braced up, the ship was sailing sluggishly along, with her head rather diagonally inclined toward the shore.

"We must remain quiet here," whispered Gonzalez, "until some movement be made on deck, in the noise of which we can lower the skiff undetected."

The wind was gradually freshening, and the ship began to plunge with the increasing swell. After a while the topgallant-sails were taken in, but it was an operation so quickly performed, that before the boat was lowered half the distance it was suspended from the water, the noise ceased, and they were obliged to hold on. In about half an hour after, which seemed to them an almost interminable space of time, they were cheered with the welcome order,

"Man the main clew-garnets and buntlines," preparatory to hauling up the mainsail. As the men ran away with the ropes, and clued and gathered the large and loudly flapping sail to the yard, Talbot and Gonzalez lowered the boat, and casting her loose, the ship passed by without any one observing them and was soon lost to view in the obscurity of the night. They had exchanged apprehended evils from human malignity for instant and appalling danger. The moon, struggling through a bank of clouds and shorn of her brilliancy by the opposing mist, cast her furtive beams upon the fretted sea. Instead of the prolonged and easy swell of the mid-ocean, the gulf, as if moved by adverse tides, whirled its waves about like some huge Briareus, tossing his hundred arms in the wildest and most furious contortions. The skiff was so light, so frail, and so difficult of trim, that they were every moment in danger of upsetting. The swell rapidly increased, and as they sunk into the trough of the sea, and shut out the faint horizon, the succeeding wave overshadowed, and its crest seemed to curl in anger above them. Sometimes a wave, like some monster rising from the deep, looked down black and threatening upon the tiny boat, and then rolling its seething foam along the sides, it rushed ahead, and gathering into a mass, seemed to await her coming. Thinly clad, and soon wet to the skin, as they rode upon the tops of the waves, they suffered bitterly from the coldness of the wind. In the hollow of the sea, they were sheltered one moment only to be more exposed the next. Sometimes riding upon the broken crest of a wave, they felt upon their bed of foam, as insignificant and far more helpless than the gulls which, disturbed in their slumber, screamed around them. The oars were of little service, save to steady the boat in the dreadful pitchings and careerings to which it was every instant subjected. One managed the oars, or sculls rather, while the other steered and occasionally bailed. There could be no transfer of labor, for it was certain death to attempt a change of position. Although the current set along the land, the wind and the heave of the sea, drove them indirectly toward it. After five hours incessant fatigue, cold, cramped and wearied to exhaustion, they reached the near vicinity of the shore, and running along it for about a mile, in increased danger, for the boat was now nearly broadside to the sea, they made the mouth of a small harbor, into which, as their frames thrilled with gratitude, they pulled with all their might. As the peace and the joys of heaven are to the wrangling and contumelies of this world, so was the placid stillness of that sheltered nook to the fierce wind and troubled sea without. The transition was as sudden as it was delightful, and with uncovered heads and upturned gaze, each paid his heartfelt tribute of thankfulness.

On one side of the sequestered little bay, through the dim and uncertain light, they discovered two or three huts, embowered and almost concealed by groves of the umbrageous and productive banana, whose large pendent-leaves waving in the wind, seemed at one time to beckon them on, and at another to warn them from approaching. It was evidently a fishing settlement, for there were some boats hauled up on the shore, and a long seine was hung upon a number of upright poles. Pulling toward what seemed the usual landing, their light skiff grated upon the pebbly beach, and they leaped, overjoyed, upon the silent shore—silent and mute in all that pertains to human action or the human voice, but eloquent, most eloquent, in the outpourings of a rich and teeming earth, and the gushing emotions of thankfulness it awakened in the bosoms of those two weary and persecuted men.

[To be continued.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

To-DAY, with loud acclaim the welkin rings
In praise of deeds the shout of VICTORY brings:

To-morrow, not e'en Echo will repeat
The praise of deeds then canceled by DEFEAT.

TO MOTHER.

BY ANNIE GREY.

Oh! wake, my mother! wake! and hail
With me this dawning day;
Oh wake, my mother! wake and list
Thy daughter's fervent lay.

She comes to seek thy blessing,
And to whisper in thine ear—
That warmer glows her love for thee
With every added year.

Wake, mother! wake! while faintly steal
The sunbeams pure and bright,
And playful throw around thy couch
Their most bewitching light.

For this is a hallowed day, mother!
A hallowed day to me;
'T was at its dawn, four years ago,
That first I greeted thee.

We love the sunbeams, mother,
And wheresoe'er they rest,
We feel their sacred influence,
As though some angel guest

Concealed itself mid golden rays,
That from God's holy shrine
Fall as night-dews or summer-showers,
Refreshing and divine.

We love the sunbeams, mother!
What beauties they awake,
When first from the clear eastern sky
All gloriously they break.

Oh! how the flowers delight to feel
Their warm kiss from above,
And brighten 'neath it as the heart
Beneath a kiss of love;

And merrier dance the waters,
When every ripple shows
A sparkling crown like diamond gems,
As carelessly it flows.

But wake, my mother! wake and list
The strain I have to sing;
'T is not of these glad sunbeams,
Though joy around they fling,

But of a sunbeam brighter,
That cheers me all the while,
And never knoweth change, mother!
The sunbeam of thy smile.

How often, oh! how often,
When my heart feels lone and drear,
Its thrilling presence banishes
All thoughts of grief or fear.

How often, often, mother!
When I 've mourned, but scarce knew why,
I 've hailed its light, and soon forgot
The tear-drop and the sigh.

For thoughts of sadness will intrude
Upon my soul ofttimes;
They come and bid me ne'er forget
That there are purer climes.

And still I trust its radiance
May fall upon my soul
Through all my future hours and days,
As onward still they roll.

And, mother! oh, my mother!
When this dream of life is o'er,
When God calls back his wandering child
To Heaven's unclouded shore,

Amid the pure and golden beams
That fall around me there,
The gentle stir of angel wings
And harp-strings softly fair,

I 'll not forget thee, mother!
Though fleeting years have flown,
But come sometimes and watch o'er thee
When thou art all alone.

Thou wilt not see me, but I 'll come
Upon the summer breeze,
Or hidden lay amid the shade
Of young, gree nsummer leaves,

And whisper in thine ear, mother,
Of what I feel too well,
But words of mortal dialect
Can never, never tell.

I 'll whisper of my fervent love,
And breathe low thanks to thee
For all the tenderness and care
Thou hast bestowed on me.

And I shall hope to meet thee
In the sinless land on high,
Where we can lisp in tones of love
The language of the sky.

Oh! I shall be waiting, mother dear!
And watching all the while,
To greet again, with happy heart,
The sunbeam of thy smile.

ON A DIAMOND RING.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

Rare is the diamond's lustre, and the mine
No richer treasure hath than yellow gold;
Yet were its jewels of a price untold,
Still dearer charms this little ring doth shrine.
Circling thy taper finger, how divine
Its lot; oft to thy fair cheek prest,
And by such contact past expression blest,
Or sparkling mid those sunny locks of thine!
Oh! these are uses which might consecrate
The basest metal, or the dull, vile earth;
Enhance the diamond's price, or elevate
The clod to an inestimable worth.
Would that so dear a gem, which thus hath shone
Upon thy snowy hand, might ever bless my own!

THE RECLUSE. NO. I.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the series of papers (and they will have the rare merit of being short) which I am about to offer to the reader, I shall not so far follow the ill fashion of the day as to strive to be "original." I do not mean by this remark to signify that I shall not give my own thoughts in my own way. But I shall not twist the English language out of all shape and comeliness; I shall not Germanize and Frenchize and Italianize; I shall express my ideas in the simplest possible words; I shall always choose the Saxon rather than the Norman; I shall endeavor to write so that "he who runs may read." Were I a teacher of youth, I should recommend as the best models of style Swift and Southey, Addison, Steele, Channing, Sir James Macintosh, Irving, not Carlyle, Gibbon, Johnson, Emerson. I set plain Nature above gorgeous Art. The epithet "natural" conveys to my mind the highest praise of verse or prose. A style may indeed be eminently artistic, but still appear to be natural.

I have said enough to show the manner in which I shall try to convey my ideas. Fewer words will set forth the character of my matter.

I have no subject. I think, in my solitude, of many things. As thoughts occur to me I put them down. Though a Recluse, and having but little society except that of woods and fields, rocks and waters, I am fond of contemplating the events of the hour. Many of my topics will therefore be of immediate interest. They will at least have the charm of variety, and my "mode of treatment," to use an expression of physicians, the merit of brevity.

This is sufficient introduction. Courteous reader, I salute you.

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I.—THE CROTON CELEBRATION.

Of all public displays, that which affected me most deeply was the celebration of the opening of the Croton river into the great city of New York. A day had been appointed by the powers in being. Arrangements were made for a mighty civic procession. It was a jubilee of Cold Water. The Temperance Societies figured chiefly on the occasion. Those trades which best flourish by the practice of temperance were numerously represented, bearing before them their symbols and instruments. I remember a printing-press on a platform, borne triumphantly along, working as it went, throwing off handbills, on which odes were printed, to the eager and amused crowd on both sides of the way. By the side of that printing-press sat, in smiling dignity, Colonel Stone, as everybody called him, then editor of the Commercial Advertiser. Kind-hearted, conscientious, hospitable, credulous, verbose gentleman! thou art sleeping as silently as those aboriginal lords of the soil whose lives thou commemoratedst!

I have seen a great many multitudes, but never a more quiet, so orderly, so well-dressed, so happy a concourse as that which filled the windows and balconies and door-steps, and absolutely covered the sidewalks, on the morning of the Croton celebration. Throngs of gayly clad women and children moved merrily about; for there was not a solitary drunkard that day in all the streets of the city to molest or make them afraid. An individual under the influence of any liquor more potent than that which was gushing from a thousand fountains, would have been an anomaly too hideous to be borne. Braver than Julius Cæsar or Zachary Taylor must he have been who dared to look upon wine red in the cup on such a day as that.

I well remember the reflections which passed through my mind as I stood gazing on that happy and soul-comforting scene. The treaty of peace, as it might well have been called, establishing the North-Eastern boundary of the United States, settling a *questio vexata* of long continuance, which had again and again threatened war, had just been concluded between this country and Great Britain—thanks to the pacific dispositions and noble talents of the negotiators. Thinking of this, as I looked at the mighty civic array, at the procession, which was like an endless chain of human beings, the head of it, after having traveled through six miles of streets, meeting the tail of it, which had not yet drawn an inch of its slow length along, below the Park—as I looked at the smiling faces and the sporting fountains—I exclaimed to myself How glorious a scene is this! How much worthier of a free people than the martial triumphs of old! A great good has been done. Energy and Skill have effected a stupendous work. Thousands and thousands are met together on an appointed day, to commemorate an achievement which shall prove a blessing to many generations yet unborn. Indeed, indeed this is more to be desired than the most complete of victories.

I went on thus with my cogitations. Let me suppose that these negotiations between two nations, strong in men and the resources of warfare, negotiations skillfully conducted to a most fortunate issue, and the establishment of a peace in which all the world is interested, had proved to be unsuccessful. Suppose that war had been declared, that we had no longer ago than yesterday received intelligence of a conquest on the sea, that a fierce battle had been fought, and that our ships had come into port laden with spoils and crowded with prisoners. How different to-day would have been our rejoicings! The outward demonstrations might, in some respects,

have been the same. The streets would have been filled with multitudes of men; the bells of the churches (oh sacrilege!) would have pealed long and loudly; the flag of our country would have waved from many a house-top and "liberty-pole"—yet, in the midst of all this, there would have been distinguished the trophies of wo and of disaster. The cannon, which had dealed death to the brave, would have been borne through the streets, and the banners of the conquered trailed in the dust. Execrations would have mingled with shouts, and frowns of hatred with smiles of joy. Sorrow and anguish would have been comates with exultation and delight, and the hilarity of all hearts deeply subdued by the sad faces of many mourners.

And how different would have been our inward emotions! Instead of "calm thoughts regular as infant's breath," we should have experienced a tumultuous rapture, a demoniac triumph, an uneasy and restless joy, a trembling pride, a satisfaction with the present embittered by fears for the future. Now we rejoice with cheerful consciences. No "coming events cast their shadows before" to cloud the horizon of hope. We look upon a cloudless firmament above us and around us. We are indeed proud of the task which has been accomplished; but ours is a pride unmixed with any baser emotion—a pride honorable to humanity. Ah, how much more glorious is this than a victory! It is a sight to make the old young—a sight worthy of perpetual commemoration. It will be always recollected. We shall tell it to our children's children. From time to time our authors shall write of it—so that it may always live in the memory of the age.

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II.—ON A BIBLE.

Could this outside beholden be
To cost and cunning equally,
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxury of curious eyes—
Yet would I have my dearest look
Not on the cover, but the Book.

If thou art merry, here are airs;
If melancholy, here are prayers;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit;
If hungry, here is food divine;
If thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with zeal and mark with care;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall be,
First in the Book, and next in thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them therefore with a song;
And, that thy music praise may merit,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit,
That, as thy voice doth pierce men's ears,
So shall thy prayers and vows the spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very earth a Heaven shall be;
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy mind,
And, singing thus, before thou die
Thou sing'st thy part to those on high.

I have modernized the orthography of the foregoing quaint and beautiful stanzas, from the dress in which they are clothed in the second part of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, just published by John Wiley, bookseller, in New York. They are happily imitative of the style of the poets of olden time. They remind one of George Herbert—that "sweet singer in the Israel" of the English church, of Donne, of Wotton, and of other lyrists, who chanted the praises of our God. To my ear, much dearer are such simple, tuneful verses than the grandiloquent outpourings of the more modern muse. They come home, as it were, to one's child-like sympathies. They awaken the thoughts of "youthly years;" they freshen the withered feelings of the heart, as heaven's dew freshens the dried leaves in summer.

Let me recommend this most tender, most soul-touching of "late works"—these passages from the Diary of Lady Willoughby. It is not a *real* "aunciente booke," but an imitation; yet, like certain copies of a picture by an old master, it may boast some touches better than the original. Chatterton's forgeries were not more perfect in their way, though this be no forgery, but what it pretends to be—namely, an invention. I feared, when I took up the second part of this remarkable production, that it would deteriorate in interest, that the hand of the *artist* would become manifest. But it is not so. Here, throughout, is the *ars celare artem* in perfection.

How touching a lesson do the feigned sorrows of the Lady Willoughby present to her sex. What absence of repining! What reliance on the justice and mercy of God! What trust in the merits of her Redeemer! Her faith is never shaken. Her soul is never dismayed. With an expression holier than Raphael has imparted to his pictures of the Madonna, she looks upward and is comforted. Ever into the troubled waters of her soul descends the angel of peace. Perfect pattern is she for wives and mothers. Excellent example of a Christian woman.

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III.

Are not some of the prophecies being fulfilled in these latter days? Trace we not in the decay of old empires the tempest of God's wrath? Is not the arm of the Lord stretched out over the people and over the nations of the earth? Breaks he not thrones to pieces as if they were potter's vessels? Where are the kings and princes who were born and chosen to rule over men? "How are the mighty fallen!" Even now, as by the mouth of his holy prophet, Isaiah, may the Lord say, "Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen. To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdened, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

Truly has my mind, shut out as I am from commune with the busy world—truly has my mind been deeply, solemnly affected by the wondrous events which are passing in those realms, the pages of whose history are printed in blood. I see the hand of God in all. I trace the fulfillment of prophecies

contained in the Book of books. I am oppressed by a sensation of awe as I read the words of inspiration and discern their truth in these latter days.

Was not the heart of Louis Philippe before his sudden and terrible overthrow as stout as the heart of the King of Assyria? Did not he, too, say of his monarchy, his rule and his riches—not only to himself, but even to the stranger in his land—

"By the strength of my hand I have done it and by my wisdom; for I am prudent; and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man; and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people."

And was he not likewise cast down? Was not a burning kindled under his glory like the burning of a fire? "And behold at evening-tide, trouble, and before the morning he *was* not."

"This is the portion of them that spoil us," shouted the people of France at the overthrow of the family of Orleans. "This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us."

ROME.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

In the heart of Rome eternal, the Coliseum stands sublime,
Lofty in the midst of ruins, like a temple built to Time.

Vast, colossal, 't is with piles of broken arches reared on high,
But the dome is gone, and nothing roofs it but the summer sky.

And the walls are rent, and gaping wide, and crumbling fast away,
And the columns waste, but moss and grasses cover their decay.

When the sky of June was bluest, melting as the eye of love,
And the breezes from Campagnia bore the city's hum above;

Poring o'er the rich and classic authors of the Age of Gold,
Virgil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, Livy and historians old,

I imagined Rome restored as in the glorious days of yore,
Peopled by the great and mighty, as it shall be nevermore.

I beheld the Past before me, and the fallen circus rose,
And the leaning columns righted, and the ruins seemed to close;

Flags were streaming on the lofty walls, and standards of renown,
Plucked from out some hostile army, or some sacked and burning town;

Proud patricians filled the boxes, judges, senators, in white,
Consuls from remotest provinces, and hosts of ladies bright;

And the emperor sat among them, in his regal purple proud,
And below a countless sea of heads, the common plebeian crowd;

Wrestlers struggled in the ring, and athlete and equestrians bold,
And the steeds and dashing chariots raised a cloud of dusty gold;

Troops of sworded gladiators, Dacian captives, fought and bled,
And the lists were strewn with wretches lying on their bucklers dead;

And in the arena Christian saints and martyrs, old and gray,
Were trampled in the dust, and torn by savage beasts of prey.

Sick of this, I turned and looking out the arches in the street,
I beheld a mighty multitude, a crowd with hurrying feet.

Nobles with their flowing togas, simple artisans bedight
In their holyday attire and badges, maids with eyes of light.

Waving hands to lovers distant, and the little children clung
To their mother's gowns, and nurses held aloft their infants young,

And afar and pouring through the city gates a long array,
And in front, in his triumphal car, the hero of the day;

And his coursers champed their frosted bits and pranced, but all in vain,
Braced he stood, with streaming robe, and checked them with a tightened rein:

And a mournful group of kingly captives, dusty, drooping low,
Followed, fettered to his chariot, gracing his triumphal show;

Augurs and soothsayers, flamen, tribunes, lictors bearing rods,
And gray-bearded priests, with olive boughs and statues of the gods,

Shaking from their brazen censers clouds of incense to the skies,
Leading lowing steers, in wreaths and garlands decked, to sacrifice.

Sacred nymphs from temples near, in spotless white, and vestal throngs
Followed solemn, dancing mystic dances, singing choral songs.

Cohorts of the Roman soldiers conquering legions marched behind,
With their burnished armor shining and their banners on the wind;

And, with distance faint, the brattling drums, the trumpet's mighty blast,
And the clarion rung and sounded like an echo from the Past.

All at once the glorious vision melted, faded in the air,
Like a desert exhalation, leaving all its ruin bare.

And, in place of glory and the beauty of the olden day,
I beheld the Queen of Cities wasted, fallen in decay.

THE MISSIONARY, SUNLIGHT.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"Her presence makes thick darkness light—
Hope's rainbow spreadeth o'er her path;
Through her, weak souls are filled with might,
And Mercy triumphs over Wrath."

A SWEET Sister of Charity, a faithful, never-wearying missionary, is the beautiful Sunlight, daughter of the proud monarch who reigns supremely over the broad dominions of the "upper blue!"

Six long, tedious months in her father's gorgeous palace, had the lovely maiden been constrained to mingle in the festal scenes which enlivened the monarch's dwelling during that dreary time when the poor earth lay helplessly beneath the iron hand of winter. How often from the palace-windows had she looked with eyes dimmed with tears, and most melancholy glances on the world that was subject during all those months to a *natural* kind of heathenish slavery! Despoiled of their rich garments the old princes of the forests stretched forth their naked arms toward her in supplication of her presence and charitable aid. A voice, to no ear audible save her own, crept up from beneath the winding-sheets which envelopes streamlet and river; and a wail that broke forth from the poor in their agony and want, reached her gentle heart, and her tears fell afresh. And even the children of gayety and fashion felt an irresistable yearning in their hearts to listen once more to her soft and gentle teachings!

But "'t is always the darkest the hour before day;" and while Sunlight was half-despairingly revolving in her mind all possible means by which she might again, without the utmost danger of sudden death, be enabled freely to wander over earth to beautify and bless it, the discerning old king, her father, saw how pale her cheek was growing, and how dimness was creeping over her bright eyes. He knew she wearied of, and longed heartily to escape from the heartless pomp and magnificence which surrounded her; so he resolved to carry into immediate execution a plan he had long been contemplating. He would make a sudden and strong attack on his old foe who was lording it so magnificently over earth! He would teach the rough, boorish chieftain, in a way he could not mistake, that there were other and mightier powers in existence than his own.

So he fought long and valiantly, and won the victory—a glorious one it was, too. In a few days many sharp, fierce conflicts had taken place, the glittering crown of winter was broken, his staff of office taken from him, and the disagreeable old gray-beard was forced to skulk away in silence and shame and confusion of face, to his bleak and fitting home at the North Pole.

(Would he were wise enough not to attempt again another short-lived triumph! But he is so Napoleon-ish in his nature, we may well have our fears on this point.)

When the king had returned to his palace the night of the last decisive victory—after he had thrown aside his golden armor, though weary from the conflict, he paused not a moment to rest till he had summoned his young daughter to his presence, and thus made known to her his will.

"To-morrow, my child, put on thy most beautiful and radiant garments, and let the bright smile come back once more to thy face, for I have work for thee to do. I have subdued the army of King Winter, and now it shall be thine to make joy in the place where he has sown desolation. It is thine, to restore order and comfort and happiness and beauty in the dwelling place where he reigned in such a rude, uncivilized, mobocratic manner. Ah! that light in thine eye tells me it is no ungrateful task I set for thee! it is very plain now, the cause of all thy sighing and tears for so long back; the old bloom will revisit thy cheek again I see. But remember, thy mission is one all-important. Do all things well, and nothing hastily—and now to rest! This shall be no gala-night, thou needest all thy strength for thy work; so haste to thy couch, and be stirring early in the morn."

When the maiden was thus assured of the fulfillment of her greatest hope, she bended down at the king's feet and said, joyfully, "Oh, my father, I bless thee for thy goodness. The dear earth, she shall swiftly know thy mercy, and array herself in glorious garments in which to honor her deliverer! To-morrow, to-morrow shall see that if thou, my father, art strong to make free, thy daughter is loving, and patient, and full of good-will to help and adorn the miserable captives thou hast delivered from bondage."

And early the next morning the lovely princess went forth alone, rejecting all offers of a body-guard, a most devout and devoted missionary, whose end and aim was to make glad the waste-places, and to cause the wilderness to blossom.

There were as yet, here and there, stubborn patches of snow on the ground, and a vindictive, sharp-voiced wind, a wounded straggler belonging to the white king's retreating army, and his chief object seemed to be to exhaust the patience of all who were within hearing wherever he moved, by his rude insulting speeches. But totally unmindful of him, and maintaining a most dignified silence, Sunlight passed by him, well knowing that he too would

speedily be compelled to follow whither his master had gone.

Sometimes dark, threatening clouds would flit before her eyes, for a moment totally obstructing her vision, but a brave heart was that maiden's, and when these petty annoyances were passed, she continued on her way patiently and hopefully as before. An apparently hopeless and endless task was that Sunlight had undertaken. She must, as it were, perform the part of resurrectionist. She must breathe life into a breathless body, and call the seemingly dead forth from their graves. The labor seemed too vast for her gentle hand, it appeared almost impossible that she should accomplish it. She was alone, too, in a strange, unpleasant kind of silence. There was not the voice of even a bird to cheer her on, and stiff and mute the brooklets lay in their coffins of ice.

But she is very far from despairing. And her strength is, indeed, perfectly wonderful. Stealing with quiet steps along the banks of the little streams, she speaks to them some words apparently powerful as the "open sesame," for the waters begin to open their eyes, faintly the pulse begins to throb, and the heart to beat, and ere long they have wholly thrown off that cold shroud which enveloped them, while it in turn becomes part and parcel of their own rejoicing life. Then they set forth rejoicing in their strength, and glorying in their newly-gained liberty, careering through the just awakening fields, and astonishing them by the beautiful soft songs of thanksgiving they unremittingly sing. The princess is not alone then—one class of prisoners she has released, and their glad voices cheer and encourage her in her work of love.

Day after day she returns unweariedly to the great field of her pleasant labor, and day by day perfects the evidence of her progress. A most efficient coworker whom she arouses and entices to join her in her work, is the gentle spirit of the summer wind. Encouraged and excited by her smile, he takes the oath of fealty, and heartily strives to aid his mistress. From the brow of earth he wipes away the tears the stars have wept, and multitudinous are his kind unceasing offices, for she has promised him a dominion which shall spread over many rejuvinated forests, and freshly garmented fields!

In the old woods she lays her hand upon the myriad branches, and on the softening ground beneath which lie the buried roots. From every bough she calleth forth the tender buds, and ere long she spreads with kindly hands a rich, green mantle over all the forests. And in those "leafy-pavilions," the returning birds she has summoned from the south, build their nests, and sing merrily through the long, happy days.

Quickened into life by her presence and word, over all the barren fields the soft and tender grass springs up; the moss becomes aspiring, too, even the humble moss, and disowning its gray garments, it dons the more beautiful and universal green livery. A thousand thousand insects spring into sudden existence—the voice of the croaking frog is once more found in tune. Violets bud and blossom, the air grows increasingly more mild; even the wind learns a sweeter song; the heavens finding it impossible to resist the general rejoicing which follows the most successful labor of the missionary, put on a brighter and a more resplendant garment, and the dear Sunlight is filled with unfeigned rejoicing when she sees how speedily the regenerating influences of her glance are recognized.

It is spring-time then!

Weeks pass on, but Sunlight does not tarry in her work; the grand commencement she has made, but the work of perfecting is yet to be done.

Gradually she spreads a richer green over all the meadows; all along the banks of streams and lakes the grass grows long and soft—the leaves hang heavier and fuller on the forest boughs—a softer voice whispers through the day-time and the night—flowers blossom more richly and abundantly, and the air is filled with their fragrance. Sunlight has spread the perfection of beauty over earth, and filled with unutterable affection for the world she has beautified, more warm and tender grow her embracings—and in return the voices of all the earth go up in a fervent declaration of love and gratitude to the fair missionary who has so generously, so gloriously labored for them. The good, beautiful Sunlight! no wonder all creation loves her, and blesses her; no wonder that innumerable objects, on all other subjects dull and voiceless, discover a way in which to sing her praises!

It were idle to attempt a detail of all the *homes and hearts* that even in one day she blesses and enlivens by her presence; but let us for a few moments follow her in her wanderings, perhaps thereby we may gain a proper appreciation of the labors of this good angel.

It is morning, and she has just alighted on the earth; and see now where her light feet are first directed. On yonder hill there stands a lofty building—secure as a fortress, made of stone, and brick, and iron. It is a gloomy, comfortless looking place; the windows, though it is a warm summer morning, are fast closed, and bars of iron stretch over them! It is a prison-house; but, though its inmates are guilty criminals, the pure and high-born Sunlight does not disdain to visit them. She is looking through all those grated windows fronting us—will you also look in?

There is a criminal condemned to death—a hardened villain, whose unbridled passions have worked his ruin. He is yet far from old, not a gray hair is there in all that thick black mass which crowns his head! From his youth up his life has been a life of sin, and little remorse. Heaven has at last overtaken him, and he will soon fearfully expiate, in part, his guilt.

Yesterday, justice delivered to him the sentence; he listened to it as though he heard it in a trance, and ever since they brought him from the presence of the excited court, he has sat on that hard pallet, immoveable as now. His food is untouched—he has no time to feel the wants of nature; his arms are closely, convulsively folded upon his breast; the black, large eyes, have a fixed and stony glare, in which it would seem few tears had ever gathered; firmly compressed are the pale lips; no prayer or

sigh, or moan shall issue from them! He knows there is no way of escape for him—that on such a day, at such an hour, he will perish by the executioner's hand; and that dreadful fact it is which is constantly staring in his face, and writing such a record of shame and terror in his heart.

He feels no penitence—nothing but anger, that he has stupidly suffered himself to be overtaken by the hand of the law—that his crimes have been detected. It is not the fear of God that is before his eyes; it is not dread of the hereafter which so overpowers him, but hatred of his fellow men, and a desire to wreak his vengeance on them who have brought to light his guilt!

Through all the long, dark hours he has rested on his hard bed, listening to the "voices of the night," and not one softening thought has entered his heart, not one repentant sigh has he breathed. It seemed then as though nothing could arouse him as he so coldly beheld the reality, death staring him in the face. But now see, there is a faint glow on the narrow window-pane, and it grows brighter and brighter. Creeping slowly along the wall it reaches him at last—it falls upon his breast—it glances over his hard face, where sin has written her signature with a pen, as of iron—it looks into his stern eyes—that light arouses him, and while he returns the piercing gaze of the sunbeam, human feelings are aroused in his breast once more. He rises from the place where in his rage he had flung himself—he gazes round the contracted, miserable cell in which he is secured! Alas! and he has fallen so far that humanity acknowledges the justice of immuring him in a prison! and as he gazes on the gentle spirit whose presence fills his cell with light, the recollections of his far-off, innocent childhood—of his early home, from whence not a great many years ago he went with the blessing of his old mother sounding in his ears, steals over him—his heart is softening—his lips tremble—the stolid, hardened look has passed from his countenance—he is human again—he weeps! Blessed Sunlight! Fairest and holiest of the missionaries, who come from the halls of heaven to purify the earth, she has subdued him! Oh, we will hope that now, since the heart of stone has been changed to one of flesh, the good, redeeming work may not stop there; we will hope that when he is standing in his last hour upon the scaffold, when she comes to him again, it may be with a faith-supported heart that he will behold in her brightness a token of the blissful rest which awaits his repentant, pardoned spirit!

Close adjoining this cell there is another which likewise has its guilty inmate—a miserable, abandoned woman. She is sleeping. For her violation of the laws both of God and man she is now imprisoned.

She is sleeping, but hers is a troubled slumber, for conscience is at work night and day in the mind of that woman, accusing and condemning—yet she sleeps. She is dreaming of the husband of her early years—of the child in whom, when she was young and innocent, and of contented mind, her hope and joy centered; she is dreaming of her maiden home—of her bridal morning. The voices of her former, youthful friends are ringing in her ears; the innocent thoughts and hopes of girlhood fill her heart again. She wakens weeping—for in imagination she is standing once more beside the death-bed of her mother, listening to the words of warning and counsel that mother forces herself to speak when she beholds with all a parent's agony that the girl of her hopes is treading in the wild paths of shame and sin.

She wakens in tears, with a strange feeling of contrition that she has seldom or never felt before agitating her bosom, to see the Sunlight looking down with pitying glance upon her—to see the good spirit whose mission it is to make glad and bright the earth, deigning to creep through those prison-bars to speak a word of counsel and hope to her. Thoughts of her husband, on whose honest name she has cast such dishonor, and of her deserted, innocent child, come to her full of most sorrowful reproach. A longing for the restoration of her lost virtue—a conviction of the peacefulness and happiness and exceeding reward attending goodness, ever make her unsealed tears flow more freely. Beside that narrow bed, on the stone floor of her cell, she kneels down in her sorrow and contrition, and on her knees she breathes forth such a prayer as never before went from her heart. And the dear Sunlight is witness of that prayer! She looks upon the kneeling penitent with joy—and from that now hallowed place she does not steal forth hastily, leaving the cell dreary and comfortless as before; she is there when the woman rises from her supplication, as though to assure of the smile of Heavenly forgiveness, which may yet await her. She remains to give encouragement to the hope that the corroding stains now resting on her soul may be ere long effectually wiped away—that reconcilement and love and peace, are yet for her on earth.

Near this woman's cell there is another where a youth, unjustly accused, singularly blameless and innocent in his life, is singing a morning hymn of praise and adoration. Hemmed in as he is by the prison-wall, deprived of that freedom which is the good man's *best* possession, confined with guilty men, and bearing himself the heavy imputation of crime, yet is he supported by the comforting knowledge of his innocence, and by the assurance that the eye which is strong to pierce the secrets of the heart, knows his innocence. The dreariness of his confinement does not fill his soul with terror; his faith is strong in the power and goodness of his Maker, and so it is with patience he performs the labor apportioned him, looking confidently for the hour of his release, and the honorable conviction of his uprightness in the minds of all honest men.

And when the kindly Sunlight appears before *him*, her presence but serves to foster these hopes. It is a sweet message of patience and faith she whispers to him, and after she has departed, through all the long day its remembrance strengthens and cheers him. Blessed be the good spirit who remembers to visit these sad, afflicted, guilty ones in the hour when

they are well-nigh forgotten of all the world, and by their own kin!

Beyond the prison, on the same range of elevated grounds, just without the city, there is a cemetery—a quiet place where the dead sleep in peace. And thither Sunlight bends her golden, sandaled feet. How brightly her shadow lies on the white monuments, and on the grass and flowers. How quiet and holy is this place, there is no sound of the tread of living feet to disturb the rest of the slumberers; no human form at this early hour is treading in this solitary place to muse on the "vanity of all earthly things," or to weep over the departed! Oh, yes! there, by that newly-made grave, where the sod has been placed so recently, there, where the print of the feet of the funeral-train is yet fresh on the loosened ground, there stands a child with flowers in her hand; she has come to lay them on the grave of her mother! The Sunlight knew that she would meet her there, for every morning since the day the funeral-train paused there, and laid the loving mother in the dark, cold, "narrow house," the little girl has visited that grave, bringing with her to beautify it, and make it seem a rest more sweet and cheerful, the flowers from her little garden, which early in the spring her mother planted there. When the child goes back to the city, the vast crowds of life will have awakened, and the rush, and jar, and strife, will have begun; happy were it for all those multitudes, if a voice, gentle and holy in its teaching as has spoken to that young girl, whispered also to them, ere they mingled in the whirlpools of business and pleasure!"

Then amid the dwellings of the city Sunlight wanders next. And by no means is she sure to honor first with her presence the mansions of the rich; for at such an early hour she would hardly receive a welcome there; perhaps, however, this is not the sole reason why the very first place which she chooses to enter is the cot of the humble laborer. Gently does she lay her fair hand on his rude, weather-worn frame, and tenderly she kisses his hard-browned face, as a loving mother embraces her infant. And if the man does not at once awaken at the call of her royal highness, she does not go away and leave him in *humanly* anger, but yet more lovingly does she caress him, thinking meanwhile to herself, "poor man, he was worn out by his hard work yesterday." And so at last by her patient gentleness she succeeds in awakening him—and when he rubs his eyes, and sees her waiting for him there, with her soft hand, on which the regal ring is glistening, resting so lovingly upon him, how he reproaches himself that he has dared to sleep while she was honoring his poor roof by her presence! and how fervent is the blessing with which his heart blesses her, as he hastens away to his labor with a light heart and renewed courage.

Later in the day, peeping into the small windows of the unpretending school-room, she beckons to the little children to come out and ramble with her among the fields, to hunt for the ripe strawberries in the grass, and to gather the violets, and lilies, and wild-geraneum flowers which grow in the shady woods. A beautiful song she sings to the merry youngsters—a song whose burden has more of wisdom in it than many gather from their books in the course of years—a lesson of reverence of freedom, and of innocent love for nature.

Sunlight is not content with merely resting like a *visible blessing* on the head of the gentle girl whose breast is throbbing with a "love for all things pure and holy," she steals into her guileless heart, and makes *that* glorious by her smiling there; and the little one laughs while she lingers, because she fancies that all the future to which she looks forward, will prove as bright and joyous as the unclouded present. And as for the king's daughter, she knows when she hears that joyous ringing laugh which always welcomes her presence, that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive!

The bright-eyed maiden *loves* children, with all the earnestness of her soft, true heart, and how earnestly they return her love, let every man and woman and child answer! She is, indeed, like a kind and gentle elder friend to them—like a friend whose heart has not grown cold or hard from much mingling with the world, who knows how to sympathize with them in their simple joys, who listens to their merry voices with a tender interest, which time has not been enabled to make cold or false.

Well may the children love her, whose smile is the grand main-spring of their joy—the constant inspirer of their never-ceasing hope!

Look for a moment into this alms-house. Poor people, the wretchedly poor, who were rendered at last, by long destitution utterly unable to work with the rude elements of life, which lay like broken useless tools around them, are gathered here for rest, that they may gain strength for a renewal of their conflict! For a few weeks, and perhaps a longer time, they may dwell in this comfortable shelter, and partake of food, *not* gathered from the refuse of rich men's tables—they may partially rest from their hard, unsatisfactory, unproductive labor. Let us hope that Sunlight may not speak vainly to them now, as every day she livens up their new home, let us hope they may understand the cheering messages she brings to them, and as they learn more of the goodness and justice of their Creator *than they have ever yet had time* to learn, perhaps with more of hope and resignation they will endure their burden. It were well to go through necessity to a poor-house, even if we can find no other school in which to learn the grand lesson of endurance and continuance in well-doing; there, perhaps, it would not be impossible to understand the messages dear Sunlight delivers every day to our unappreciating, slow-hearing minds.

Notwithstanding all our boasted democracy, there is scarcely a being on the face of the earth who embraces with quite such heartiness its principles, and so understands its precepts as—Sunlight. How graciously her hand is laid on the matted locks of those children of want; how lovingly and earnestly is her kiss imprinted on their toil-grimmed faces—how radiantly her smile envelops them. Ah! well-a-day! would there were in human hearts as much of genuine

love! No sham-tenderness, nor aristocratic, cold-blooded, *repelling* fondness, is there in her embracing, stronger than a *human* heart's beating is that which proclaims the life that is in *her!*

See now in this other place, where helpless orphans are collected and cared for, children whose parents have died and left them helpless and dependent on the bounty of the world; Sunlight has not forgotten them either. Kindly hands and charitable hearts have gathered these little ones from hovels of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and nurtured by the good and the wise, in early manhood and womanhood they will be prepared to struggle for themselves, and to bear their own life-burden.

Day after day the affectionate Sunlight visits these assembled little ones, and adds her cheerful blessing to that which God has already pronounced on them, whose love has prompted them out of their abundance to support and comfort the destitute and friendless.

And there is another place teeming with human life, where this good friend of earth and her children comes daily, but where there are very few who may welcome her smiling approach, but few to know certainly of her departure when she is gone. This is the home for the blind.

How many are the fair young faces and graceful, gentle forms and innocent hearts, how frequent are the kindly words in that place; and yet, alas! how small the power to see and know the beauty of the world; how few the eyes to behold the approaching of the fair daugher of the sun! The blind live there, but Sunlight does not shun them! When she enters their dwelling-place unsummoned, and only attended by that glory with which God has adorned her, they may, it is a fact they often do, know that something blessed and heavenly is nigh, because they feel it in their enlivening senses, in the warmth of her caressing. But they may not touch her hand; and when they speak to her she does not answer them; and so they know she is not a mortal, but a spirit who may not speak with an audible voice to them—a spirit though which loves and blesses them!

Let us follow on further in her path, where polished doors are fastened against the intruding world. It is a home of fashion, but from the parlor windows no token of life are seen. The blinds are closed—the dwelling looks uninhabited. But there *is* life within, ay, and death, too! Around the silver door-knob, and circling the door-bell handle, where the hands of the wealthy and gay have so often rested, (but very rarely those of the poor and needy,) there is wound a scarf of crape, and mournfully the death-token flutters in the morning air. For two days scarcely a form has entered those doors; the sufferers within, however much they may have rejoiced in display in former days, have no wish that there may be spectators to their sorrow.

Yet there is one—a not often heeded guest, though a seldom failing one—who comes to them now they cannot shut her out; she longs to utter some soothing and consoling word. She penetrates to the very scene of their grief. She looks into the silent chamber where the father and mother are weeping over their only child—the child of whom they had made an idol, whom God, who hath said "thou shalt have *no* gods but me," hath taken away from them. They have with their own hands laid their child in her coffin, ere long they will see her borne away from them forever; so it is with unutterable sorrow they stand beside that little one and gaze on her pale face. The blinds are closed, and the curtains partly drawn, but through an open shutter the Sunlight enters the darkened room, and drawing near to the bereaved parents, she lays her hand, oh, so gently on the forehead of the child!

The clustering curls which fall upon that brow seem almost illuminate beneath the pressure of that hand—and the mother's tears fall faster as she looks on the beautiful little one that will be so soon hidden away from the pleasant day-light and the hopes of life. But as the father looks, his sorrow is abated, his voice is lifted up, there is hope in its tone, he says, "Mary, let us weep no longer over our child, her spirit has already won a brighter crown than that the sunlight lays upon her head."

And the mother's grief becomes less wild, and humble is the voice with which she makes answer,

"God help us, it was his to take away who gave."

And now with more of submission under their affliction, with much of hope that cheered even in the midst of their bereavement, they will see their child laid in the funeral-vault to meet their eyes no more until the resurrection morning—and with chastened hearts, and more thoughtfully they will tread the path set before them, feeling convinced and thankful that sorrow has taught them a lesson of wisdom they never could have learned in a life like that they had lived.

Through the opened Gothic windows of the old church she is speeding, for what? To make beautiful by her presence the temple of the Lord. See! before the altar there is gathered a little group, and a maiden and a youth are answering the binding, "I will," to a question than which none more fraught with deep and solemn meaning was ever propounded to mortal man and woman.

The bridegroom has placed upon his companion's finger the uniting ring—she is his wife. You see she has arrayed herself gayly; it is the great festival of her life—may it not prove the adornment has been for the ceremony of the sacrifice of all the dearest and best hopes of her trusting young heart! Around these happy ones are gathered their most familiar, dearest friends; before them the "solemn priest," and, hark! with mingled words of warning, and of counsel, and of blessing, he pronounces them now man and wife. And upon the newly-wedded ones is resting the congratulatory smile of Sunlight! She bids them joy in their love, and gives the bridegroom the comforting assurance that his will not prove a cross and turbulent bride, for his wedding-day is calm and bright, and over all the sky there is not one speck of cloud!

But why does the Sunlight linger when the bridal party has gone forth? She is about the altar and chancel, as though there were others yet who would need her presence and her blessing there.

Ah! there are steps—another group is approaching the awaiting "holy man of God." A woman comes, bearing in her arms a child for baptism. The font containing the regenerating waters is there in readiness. Troops of invisible angels are nigh to listen to and make record of the solemn vows now to be made, and the spirit of the living God is there also, a witness, merciful in his omnipotence.

There are but few who accompany the woman—she comes in no pomp and state to dedicate her child to God in baptism; neither is the offering she brings adorned with the pride of wealth. The mother is poor—the child an heir of poverty. But will He therefore spurn the gift? "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The father of the child, the husband of the mother is dead—and her widow's weeds but "faintly tell the sorrow of her heart." Therefore it is with so much the more trustful confidence she has come with her child to the altar, she will give him into the watchful care of the Almighty Father of the fatherless! With what a solemn earnest voice she takes upon herself, for the child, the vow of renouncement of the world and its sinful desires; and when the sign of the cross is laid upon the brow of her infant, and the holy waters which typify its regeneration are poured upon his head, it is with heartfelt gratitude she lifts her heart to heaven, with heartfelt confidence she implores his watchful love and care. And all the while on the uncovered head of the child the glance of the sunlight has rested, as if in token of the acceptance of the offering the mother has made, in token that the blessing and mercy of God would be upon that child for whom a holy vow was registered in heaven, which he must one day redeem, or else pay the fearful penalty.

And now the mother with her child and friends have left the church, and a sacred quiet reigns there once more; yet the priest lingers by the altar, still arrayed in his robes of office, and Sunlight also remains.

And, hark! once more the "deep-toned bell" is ringing now—tolling mournfully—no wedding-peal of joy is that, from out the heart of the strong iron is rung the stern tale that another mortal hath put on immortality! Now they come, a long and silent train, and foremost move the bearers treading heavily; "it is a man they bear"—an aged man, the measure of whose cup of life was well filled, reaching even the brim; and following after them are the children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the deceased, and the procession is closed by his many friends and neighbors. Of all that lengthened train there is not one who set out on the path of life with the dead man. One by one his early companions passed away, there are none who retain a recollection of that aged face when it was smooth, and of those locks now so very white and thin, as they were in earlier years; not one who shared the hopes of his childhood with him—few who mingled with him in the scenes remembered now as of the old, old time. Yet the mourners weep, and the bells toll mournfully.

The old man has finished his course with honor and with joy. Reverenced and loved, he has gone down to the grave—no, I must not say that, he has gone upward *to rest on the bosom of his Father!* In boyhood he was wild, and fearless, and reckless—his manhood, generous and upright, nobly redeemed his early days—and happy, and peaceful, and honorable, was his "green old age." And now he has "gone to his reward"—his race well run, his labor all fulfilled, it seems strange that any should weep. They have laid back the coffin-lid that the assembled people may once more look on their venerated friend. Oh, how peacefully he sleeps, and lovingly, as on the unconscious infant, the Sunlight, that messenger of consolation, looks upon the calm, cold face, and the mourner's grief is stayed as they behold the brightness which once more illuminates those lifeless features.

Upon the infant, dedicated to God in the days when he lies helplessly at the portal of life, on the maiden and the youth, entering on a state of existence, either supremely blessed or supremely cursed in its *eventuation*, and on the dead old man, whose race is long, and of mingled pleasure and hardship, is over at last; on these the faithful Sunlight has pronounced her blessing within the walls of the old church. But now all the human beings have gone away, the minister with the funeral train to the burial, and the sexton has fastened the church-doors and gone too; but still the Sunlight remains, and it seems as though she were kneeling before the altar now, craving God's blessing on all those who have this day stood within His courts, and before His altar, brought there by joy or sorrow to rejoice or to weep.

Not, however, within the sanctity of walls alone does the Sunlight make herself visible. Through byways, and in the open street, where the stream of life goes rushing on violently, does she tread, brightening up by her presence dark and dismal corners, and enlivening the gloomiest and dreariest places.

In the intervening places between the high brick dwellings and stores she stations herself; there, like a priestess, she stands to pronounce a benediction on all who pass by her. On the blind old beggar, led by a little child, who pause a moment to rest in the sunshiny place, for they have walked on wearily amid a heartless crowd, that had but little feeling for the poverty-stricken old man, whom Heaven deprived of sight; and on the gaudily decked form of the shameless woman, as a reproach and condemnation; on the proud, hard man, whose haughty head and iron heart care little for the Sunlight or for Sorrow, whose honorable name has safely borne him through the committal of sins and crimes, which, had he been poor and friendless, would have long ago secured for him a safe place among convicts and outlaws! Little recks *he* of Sunlight. A blessing so freely bestowed on all, as is her smile, is not what he covets; so through shade and light he hastens, and soon enough he will arrive at the bourne. What bourne?

There go by the wandering minstrels, men from Scotland with their bagpipes—Italians with hurdy-gurdy—girls with tamborines, and boys with violins

and banjoes—there are professors of almost all kinds of instrumental music, and vocal too, a great many of them there are, but sure, almost all of them, of winning coppers from some who would bribe them into a state of quietude, and from other some, harmony-loving souls, who delight in the dulcet sounds such minstrels ever awaken and give utterance to! And Sunlight blesses *them!*

And here comes an humble, tired-looking woman—a school teacher she is, whose days are one continued round of wearying, and most monotonous action. You would scarcely err in your first guess as to her vocation—it speaks forth in her "dress a little faded," but so very neat, but more loudly still in that penetrating glance of her eye, and in the patient expression of her features. Though she is evidently hurried, for she has been proceeding at a most rapid pace along the streets, you could tell she has some appreciation of the glory of Sunlight, for how she lingers whenever she comes near the places enlivened by her presence! Her feet, too, press less heavily the pavement, perhaps she feels as though she were treading on sacred ground!

Then, there comes another, a little, frail, youthful creature, with bright, black eyes, (which have obviously a quick recognization power for "every thing pretty,") a person of quick and nervous movement, a seamstress. She has not time often to pause and take note of the beautiful. Her weeks have in their long train of hours only twelve of daylight she may call her own! She, too, steps slowly, almost reverently, over the flags where the princess is stationed, and with an irresistible sigh thinks of earlier and happier days, when a merry country child she rejoiced in her delightful freedom, though clad she was then in most unfashionable garments, and almost she regretted the day that sent her into the great, selfish city to fashion dresses for the rich and gay. Poor girl! before she has half passed over the shady place which succeeds the glimpse of Sunlight, she has forgotten the hope which for a moment found refuge in her breast, wild as it was, that one day she might indeed go into the country again, and find there a welcome and a home; for must not Miss Seraphina's and Miss Victoria's dresses be finished that very night in time for the grand party; and the flounces are not nearly trimmed, and numberless are the "finishing touches" yet to be executed.

Alas! before night comes again, when she will go alone, and in the darkness, through the noisy street, in her weariness and stupidity, (for continued labor, you know very well, reader, will make the brightest mind stupid and weak,) she will hurry to her bed, forgetful of her bright dream of the morning, unmindful of her prayers, in the haste to close her weak and tired eyes. But in the morning, perhaps, the Sunlight will give to the overworked girl another gleam of hope, another blessing.

And now goes by an interesting, white-gloved youth, fresh from "the bandbox," as you perceive. Let him pass on; for there is but little chance that Sunlight will be recognized by *him*, and so *we* will not waste our comments, for could he even see where lies the brightness, I cannot say but the inevitable eye-glass might be raised, and such a glance of idiocy and impudence be directed toward the gentle daughter of the mighty king, as would warrant her in annihilating him at once with a powerful *sunstroke!*

Here comes another, a benevolent, but solemn-featured, portly gentleman, who seems in musing mood, for he goes slowly along with head bent down. He is a judge, proceeding toward the scene of his trying duties, feeling the responsibility which rests upon him, and nerving himself to meet the solemn and affecting scenes and circumstances which may await him. Oh may it be that as he passes by those small illuminated places, that a stronger voice than he has ever heard before may find utterance in his heart, charging him to remember that the highest attributes of the Heavenly Judge are mercy and love, and that only as he employs them in his decisions, can he justly imitate his Divine prototype!

And now there is another going by, whose disappointment is legibly written on his face. Either of two doleful things has happened to him. His prayers have been unheard by his "lady-love," and she looks coldly upon him, or—scarcely less to be dreaded climax—his first attempt at literature has met with unqualified failure. Let him but bear in mind that "faint heart never won fair lady," or honor in the "literary world;" let him take one intelligent look at the sweet Sunlight, as so patiently she stands there before him, and small will be the danger of his ultimate defeat.

But—but how fast the crowd increases—it is growing late, and between the increasing crowd of fashionables, and of people of all sorts and conditions, we are really in danger of being soon unable to distinguish who of all the host stop for the blessing of Sunlight, and who unmindful pass by her. And indeed it were an endless task to impose on one's self the attempt to speak, or even to think, of the myriads who in their hours of sorrow, despondency, tribulation or joy, have had occasion to be thankful for the cheerful smile of glorious Sunlight!

Her mission—ay, never was there one so blest—and never was there so faithful a missionary! She comes with a message of love for the whole world! How perfectly she has learned that lesson taught her by our own, as well as her Almighty Father! How nobly has she obeyed his sublime precepts, how truly is she the joy-diffuser of the human race!

And now what remaineth to be said? But one thing only.

In a necessarily more contracted sphere of action may there not from *our* faces, and *our* hearts, go forth a beam of light that shall be poweful to cheer up a desponding spirit, or to encourage a drooping heart, or to give comfort to a sorrowing soul, or to increase the faith and courage of a lonely life?

Cannot the sunshine of a human face, in the dark forest of a sad heart, have power to make the old trees bud, and the birds to sing, and the violets to spring up and bloom, and the ice-bound streamlets to go free? From many a love-lit eye, from many a

brow from which tender hands have erased the record of care, from many a rejoicing heart lightened of its dread burden, there comes to me an answer, "Yes—oh yes!"

Blessed forever be the sweet Sister of Charity, the angelic, untiring Missionary, the lovely princess—daughter of the Sun!—and, also, blessed forever be that human heart which doth not disdain to learn the heavenly lesson Sunlight teaches, ay, twice blessed of God, and of man!

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

'T was night; the gleaming starlight fell
On helmets flashing high;
The glancing spears and torrent swell
Of armed men sweeping by.

No clarion's voice was on the breeze,
No trumpet's stormy blast;
The hollow moan of distant seas
Was echoed as they past.

With measured step and stealthy tread,
In stern and proud array,
They sought the camp in silence dread
Where the slumb'ring Persian lay.

Then long and loud the battle-shout
Rung on the startled air,
There was fitful torch-light flashing out
And sudden arming there.

The shriek of death and wild despair,
And hasting to and fro,
When like the lion from his lair
The Spartan charged the foe.

Then hand to hand and spear to spear
The hostile armies stood;
The tempest's note rung loud and clear
And shook the solitude

And 'mid the fearful tide of fight,
Where thousands met to die,
The lances gleamed athwart the night
Like lightning in the sky.

On! on they swept their land to bless,
And fast around their way
The Persians gathered numberless
As leaves in summer's day.

Morn dawned upon that battle-field,
And shivered spear and lance,
And banner torn and broken shield
Reflected every glance.

But where were they—those patriots bold,
Of bright and fearless eye?
Each noble heart in death was cold,
Each spirit in the sky.

Fair Greece! of glorious deeds the clime
By dauntless valor wrought;
Of daring minds, and souls sublime,
The pioneers of thought!

No marvel that thy skies should boast
A fairer, sunnier blue—
Departed day illumes the west
With many a radiant hue.

LOST TREASURES.

BY P. D. T.

I am coming, I am coming, when this fitful dream is o'er,
To meet you, my beloved ones, on that immortal shore,
Where pain and parting are unknown, and where the ransomed blest
Shall welcome treasures left on earth, to Heaven's eternal rest.

I am with you, I am with you, in the visions of the night,
I feel each warm hand pressing mine, I meet each eye of light.
Oh these are precious seasons! they bring you back to me,
But morning dawns, and with it comes the sad reality.

I dare not trust my thoughts to dwell on blessings that were mine,
Or, "hoping against hope," believe one ray of joy can shine
Across my path, so dreary now, that late was bright and gay,
But, meteor-like, hath left more dark the track which marked its way.

Yet I feel that thou art near me! my guardian angels thou,
Who fain would chase all sorrow and sadness from my brow.
For thou hadst strewn my pathway so thick with thornless flowers,
I quite forgot that *Death* could come to revel in our bowers.

But now, I 'm oh so lonely! my "household gods" are gone,
And though my path 's a dreary one, I still must journey on.
Yet Faith steps forth and whispers—Time flies, look up and see,
For in his wake swift follows on a blessed eternity.

THE BROTHER'S TEMPTATION.

BY SYBIL SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"You look sad to-night, Alice," was the remark of Mr. Colman as his young wife entered the sitting-room, and took a seat beside him with a countenance expressive of unusual dejection; "and where is Maggie this evening that you have been obliged to take upon yourself the duty of nursery-maid to our little ones?"

"Maggie has gone upon an errand of mercy—to watch over a sick and suffering fellow creature," replied Mrs. Colman. "It is a long story," she added, in answer to the look of inquiry which her husband cast upon her, "but I will endeavor to relate it if you will listen to it patiently. This morning, Harry, after you had left home, I resolved to set forth in search of a seamstress who was making some dresses for our little girl. She had failed to bring them home at the time appointed, and as I had never employed her before, and knew nothing of her character, I felt rather anxious concerning the safety of the materials I had given her to work upon, and determined to go to the dwelling which she had described as her residence and learn the cause of her disappointing me. The house was in a miserable street some distance from here, and I hurried along till I came to it. It was a wretched-looking dwelling, such as none but the very poorest class would have chosen. The door stood open, and several ragged little Irish children were playing upon the steps. I inquired of them if Mrs. Benson, the seamstress lived there? They did not seem to recognize the name—but they told me that a young woman who took in sewing hired the back rooms of the third-story. Following their direction, I ascended three flights of stairs and found myself at the door of the apartment, where I knocked, and a faint voice bidding me enter, I unclosed the door and stood upon the threshold. What a strange and unexpected sight now met my gaze! Upon the floor, almost at my feet as I entered, lay a young and very beautiful girl apparently bereft of all consciousness. She looked so thin and pale that at first I thought her dead, and starting back in horror I was about to leave the place, when a feeble voice, the same which told me to come in, besought me to stay. Looking round to discover whence it proceeded, I saw the emaciated form of a man reclining upon a couch in a distant part of the room. Hastily I approached him, for I felt it to be my duty to render what aid I could. As I drew nearer to his bedside, I read the tale of confirmed disease in that pallid face and in the wild sunken eyes whose gaze met my own. In a few words he informed me that the maiden who lay there senseless was his daughter. While busily engaged at her work about an hour previously, she had fallen from her seat and remained thus in a state of unconsciousness. He said that his limbs being palsied he was unable to help her, and so he had lain upon his couch agonized by the thought that his child was dead, or that she might die for want of proper assistance. And he now besought me to endeavor to discover if there were any signs of life, and if possible to restore her to her senses. The appeal was not in vain. I turned from him to his inanimate daughter, and raising that light and fragile form in my arms, placed her upon a couch in a small closet-like apartment adjoining the one I had first entered. For a long time every means of restoration were vainly tried—but at length my strenuous efforts were rewarded, and the young girl once more unclosed her eyes. But she evidently recognized nothing about her—those dark and strangely beautiful orbs glared wildly around, while a few broken, incoherent sentences burst from her lips, and as she sunk again upon the pillow the bright fever flushes rushed to her cheek, and I knew that her brain was suffering. Great was her parent's joy that she once more breathed—but my heart was full of sadness, for I could not help feeling that her life was in jeopardy. It was my wish to have a physician summoned, but I knew not how this was to be done, for I dared not leave my charge, and there was no one near to help me. At this moment I heard footsteps in the hall, and quickly opening the door, beheld a boy ascending the stairs. The promise of a piece of silver easily procured his assent to go for the nearest doctor, and accordingly he set off, while re-entering the room I resumed my station by the sick girl's bedside. In a few minutes the physician arrived and my suspicions of the nature of the young girl's disorder were confirmed, for he pronounced it to be a fever of the brain, and said that his patient would require constant watching and careful nursing. The father listened anxiously and attentively to the doctor's words. His countenance fell as he caught the last sentences, though he said not a word. It was not till after giving his prescription, the physician left, promising to call early on the morrow, that he spoke what was passing in his mind.

"'Julie must die!' he said, bowing his head upon his hands, while bitter, hopeless anguish was depicted upon his face, 'for I have no means of obtaining for her the care she needs.' It was all that passed his lips, but it spoke volumes to my heart, and my resolution was instantly taken. I told him that I would not desert his child, that I would continue with her part of the day, and when I was obliged to leave that I would send some one to take my place. Oh, Harry! if you could only have seen how grateful that poor invalid looked! Most amply repaid was I by that glance for whatever I had undertaken. I re-

mained with the sick girl several hours longer, and in the intervals when she slumbered, I had time to observe the appearance of things around me. The furniture was mean and scanty. There were but two chairs in the room, and the carpet was worn almost threadbare Every thing betokened extreme poverty —but neatness was plainly perceptible in the arrangements of the apartment, and I felt from the appearance of its occupants that they had seen more prosperous days. A book lay upon a table close at hand, I took it up, and discovered it to be a volume of Bryant's poems. On looking over the pages, I found several of the most beautiful passages marked. Upon one of the fly-leaves was writen, 'To Julie—from her father.' The book was evidently the young girl's property. There was also a small portfolio of drawings upon the table, which evinced signs of both talent and cultivation. For an hour after the physician's departure the parent of Julie—for by her name I may as well call her—showed little disposition to converse. He seemed exhausted by the emotions of the day—but I knew that though he said nothing, his gaze was often upon me when he imagined that I did not observe him. At last he roused himself to answer some inquiries which I thought it necessary to make. He told me that he was very poor, and that for more than a year, during which his infirmity had appeared and increased, his daughter had maintained him by the proceeds of her needle. He said also that two years previously he had resided at Baltimore as one of its wealthiest merchants—but having failed under circumstances that cast a cloud upon his character, though he was in reality innocent of intentional wrong, he had left the city of his birth and hastened with Julie, his only child, to New York, where he would be sure of never more meeting the scornful gaze of those who had been his friends ere misfortune overtook him. Here he hoped to procure employment—but fate seemed against him. Shortly after his arrival in this city, he was seized with a dangerous illness which left him in his present helpless condition, and his lovely and accomplished child found herself very unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources for her support and that of her invalid parent. Bravely for many months had she borne the burden, but continued anxiety concerning the means of obtaining life's necessaries had at last done its work—and in the delirium of fever, the fair and noble girl now tossed restlessly upon her bed, a mere wreck of what she had once been.

"This brief sketch of their history, as you may imagine, dear Harry, interested me greatly. And when, at its conclusion, the speaker again expressed his fears for the future and his doubts as to the recovery of his child, for whom he had no power to provide necessary attendance, I again assured him that I would watch over her until she became quite well, and that after this I would endeavor to find some more healthy and suitable employment for her than that in which she had latterly been engaged.

"Toward the close of the afternoon, being desirous of going home for awhile, I dispatched the boy whom I have once before mentioned, for Maggie, that she might supply my place as attendant upon the sick Julie, until evening, when I proposed to bear her company and resume my post at the bedside. She came, and her sympathies were soon all enlisted by the tale which I hurriedly repeated to her. But she decidedly opposed my wish to return—reminded me of my late indisposition, and declaring that I was not strong enough to bear the fatigue of sitting up all night, insisted upon being allowed to exercise her skill as nurse without any other assistance. I thanked her for her consideration, while I felt that she was right. So I left her and proceeded home, where, as you may suppose, I was welcomed most joyfully by little Willie and his sister, who had mourned incessantly over mamma's protracted absence.

"And now, Harry, that I have finished my somewhat lengthy narrative, tell me whether you approve of what I have done and promised to do?"

"Certainly, dearest Alice," replied Mr. Colman affectionately pressing the little hand that rested within his own, "while you continue to follow, as you have hitherto done, the dictates of your own pure, loving heart, I can never do aught but applaud you. The present objects of your benevolence, are I am sure from the account, well worthy of whatever you may do for them, and I would advise you to persevere in your efforts for their welfare. But you quite forgot to tell me, my dear, if you discovered in your *protégé* the seamstress for whom you were searching."

"No, indeed," she replied, while her countenance wore a look of vexation, "*my* seamstress was a very different sort of a being from this beautiful Julie. Nor do I think that I shall ever discover her, for just before I returned home I made inquiries as to whether a person answering her description lived in that house, and was assured that no one of that name had ever dwelt there. How foolish I was to trust those dresses to an entire stranger."

"And pray what may be the name of the family whose history has interested you so deeply?" asked Mr. Colman.

"The father's name is Malcolm—Walter Malcolm, as he informed me. With the daughter's I believe that I have already acquainted you."

"Walter Malcolm! Julie Malcolm! And you say they are from Baltimore?" As he spoke Mr. Colman's cheek grew suddenly pale, and rising from his seat he paced the apartment with a hasty and agitated step.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry?" exclaimed his wife in a tone of the deepest solicitude, as she sprung to his side, "pray tell me what has moved you thus?" But it was some moments ere he seemed able to reply. At length with emotion he said—

"Alice, what if I were to tell you that this man—this Walter Malcolm is my brother—the brother who in my early youth drove me away from his luxurious home, an orphan and unprotected, to seek my fortune in the wide, wide world?" Alice Colman started and raised her eyes wonderingly to her husband's face, and after a brief silence he resumed with a sternness unusual to him—

"In that hour, Alice—in that hour of utter desolation, when lonely and uncared for I left my brother's roof forever, a fierce, burning desire for revenge took possession of my soul. In the first bitterness of despair I called upon Heaven to avenge my wrongs. I wished that Walter's wealth might take to itself wings—that one day he might come to me for bread; and I resolved were this ever the case, to give him—a stone! My desire has been fulfilled, and my proud and unfeeling brother is now a beggar at my door!"

He paused—while his wife shuddered and looked appealingly up into his face.

"Harry!" she exclaimed in a low, earnest tone, "you surely do not mean that you will not forgive the sorrow your brother's conduct once caused you—that you will now look exultingly upon his woes, and turn a deaf ear to the wants of his sweet and suffering child?"

The reproving expression of the dear face now anxiously upturned to his, at once recalled the husband to a sense of error, and drawing the form of the beloved one closer to his side, he said—

"Oh! how fervently should I thank Heaven who has given to me such a monitor in the hour of temptation! Pardon me, my Alice, if by giving way to impulse I have wounded your sensitive spirit, and that in the moment when passion held its sway, I slighted the divine lesson of forgiveness, through your influence first impressed upon my soul. Nay, dearest, look not thus surprised, for it was really by your means that the wish to quell the thirst for revenge upon my brother, entered my heart; and if you will listen a few seconds I can explain to you the words that at present may well seem mysterious. You will doubtless remember, Alice, that some months before our marriage, I experienced a severe fit of illness. One pleasant Sabbath evening shortly after I was declared convalescent, I was reclining upon a sofa in the sitting-room at your uncle's residence. My spirits were just then very much depressed—I felt inwardly fretful and uneasy—and as is not uncommon at such a time, many little circumstances which before had been almost forgotten, rose up in my mind, and woke anew in my bosom sensations according to their nature, of pain, anxiety, or indignation. Among other things came forcibly to view the memory of the grievous wrong I had received at the hands of him who should have been a parent to me; and a feeling of the deepest hatred toward my brother stole to my heart, together with a hope that at some future time a chance might be mine of returning him measure for measure of the unkindness which he had so unsparingly dealt out to me.

"At that instant, Alice, you re-entered the room from which you had been a few minutes absent, and at the request of your uncle, opened the family Bible and began your usual Sabbath-evening duty of reading a series of chapters from the holy book. There was a passage in the first which you read that affected me strangely—for it came as a reproof from Heaven delivered to me through the medium of one of earth's angels. It was the following—'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' The sentences awed me, coming upon my ear as they did at a period when my spirit needed the precious warning and rebuke contained in them, and I breathed a silent prayer to Heaven for strength to enable me to heed it. The hour of my trial has arrived, and to-day have I again felt the promptings of the tempter. You cannot imagine with what force these old feelings have been driven back upon my soul, but, Alice, your voice has once more stilled the tempest, and I know that I have passed the ordeal in safety."

Harry Colman ceased, and this time as his gaze met that of his companion he saw that her eyes were full of tears—but they were tears of grateful joy. For a little while there was silence between them, but at length Mr. Colman continued:

"Let me recount to you, Alice, as briefly as possible, a few circumstances connected with my early history. I have never done so before, because the effort was a painful one, and there was no exact necessity for the repetition. As you are aware, I was so unfortunate as to lose my father when I was a mere infant, and my mother lived only till I had attained my twelfth year. I was the child of her second marriage, and she had one son by a previous union who was many years my senior. At the period of my mother's death, my brother, Walter Malcolm, had been married nearly five years, and was now a widower and the father of one little girl, who had just reached her third summer. Upon her deathbed my parent left me beneath his care, desiring Walter to attend to my wants and to be kind and gentle to me when she was no more. As soon as the funeral was over, my brother took me with him to his own dwelling. I was now entirely dependent upon him for maintenance. Walter Malcolm was wealthy, for a large estate had descended to him from his father, who had also left my mother a life-annuity, which while she lived had supported us. At her death I was of course unprovided for, for my own father had possessed no worldly goods to bequeath me. My new home seemed very different to me from the hearth of my early, sunny childhood. I was lonely and desolate—for between Walter and myself brotherly love had never existed. Not that *I* would have denied him his meed—but I was too proud to award the gift that I was confident would never be valued, for my memory could not boast a single instance wherein he had evinced for me the slightest regard. Nay, I even felt that I was an object of dislike to him, though I knew not the cause. During my mother's life I had been greatly indulged, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that I was frequently very wayward. Upon such occasions, a word of love had always been sufficient to control my passionate nature; but when the sweet affectionate tones that ever had power to calm me, were hushed in the tomb, my faults were met by my new guardian with harshness and contempt, and this never failed to

rouse a spirit of continued opposition. There was but one voice in my brother's household that ever spoke lovingly to me. It was that of his child—the little Julie. From the first hour of my residence beneath Walter's roof, the little creature had conceived a passionate attachment to me, preferring my presence to that of her nurse or even her father. And, as you may imagine, Alice, I did not slight her proffered affection, and during the three years that we dwelt together the little one was the sole sunbeam upon my shadowed life-path. How gladly did I greet her graceful bounding step! How dear was the sound of her clear ringing laughter as I joined in her sports!—and more precious still were the moments when weary of play, she would steal to my side, and twining her tiny arms about my neck, murmur forth, in lisping accents, her sweet child-like terms of endearment.

"I had reached my fifteenth year when the incident occurred that separated me from my brother. An error was laid to my charge of which I was really guiltless—and as I proudly refused to acknowledge and repair the fault—Walter Malcolm turned me from his dwelling, declaring that thenceforth and forever he disowned me! Time was merely given me to collect a few little articles that I could really call my own—I was not allowed to bid farewell to the child whom I yearned to look upon once more before I went—and so, an outcast, I passed from that stately mansion. Alice, I dare not linger over a description of my sensations in that hour of anguish—for it might perhaps arouse them again within my soul. You know the rest of my history—the circumstance of my adoption by your uncle who was then visiting Baltimore, and first beheld me in a store where I had entered in quest of employment. To him I confided the facts relating to my former life; he pitied and sympathized with me, and bore me with him to his own home in this city, and from that day was in every respect to the lonely orphan all that a kind and generous parent could be to his only son."

CHAPTER II.

The morning succeeding the events last recorded, at an early hour, Mrs. Colman was on her way to the dwelling of the now destitute and infirm Walter Malcolm. She had new motives for the advancement of her charitable purposes, and her interest in the sick girl had deepened since she knew her to be the one whose infant steps her own husband had guided. Hastening up the stairs she knocked at the door, which was soon opened by Maggie, who looked weary enough with the fatigue of the past night. The young girl had been very restless, she said, and she believed that the fever was rapidly progressing. "But is she not a beautiful creature?" remarked Maggie to her mistress, as she bent over the couch and parted the rich curls from the fevered brow, "ah, ma'am, I have nursed many a one before this in sickness—but never a person whose appearance so won upon me as hers has."

Alice Colman did not wonder at the observation—but as she now glanced round the room she met the gaze of Julie's father, and her morning salutation to him was full of gentleness and sympathy.

Through the whole of that day Mrs. Colman maintained her station in the chamber of sickness and poverty. The physician came at the appointed hour, and gave it as his opinion that Julie was growing rapidly worse, and that there were even doubts whether in any case her life would be spared. Oh! how the thought of her dying affected Mrs. Colman.

"Let every thing be done that may be of benefit to her," she said anxiously to the doctor, "spare no expense whatever if you think you can by any means preserve her from the grasp of death. I will be answerable for whatever remuneration you may require."

And not even content with his advice, she sent for her own family physician determined to try all the means she could for the preservation of the life of her husband's niece. She noticed that Walter Malcolm looked very pale all day, but attributed it to anxiety for his daughter He seemed too languid to converse—but once, as she handed him a glass of water, he said—"Lady, Heaven will reward your kindness to the suffering."

That evening when Alice Colman returned home, her husband surprised her with the intelligence that Walter Malcolm was aware of her relationship to him. Before she went there in the morning, Mr. Colman had advised her on no account to allow his brother to suspect from whom he received the needful aid, for he feared that Walter still entertained against him the old feeling of hatred, and that it would awaken unpleasant emotions in his heart if he knew that the brother he had deserted was now destined to be his chief reliance. But the caution to his wife was unnecessary. Walter Malcolm had made inquiries of Maggie concerning the family to whom he was indebted, and from their minuteness Harry Colman was confident that he had been recognized. And that his brother had not forgotten his former aversion to him he deemed evident from the fact that he had said nothing of his discovery, during the day, to Mrs. Colman. The latter however thought differently. Julie's father had spoken his thanks for that draught of water too earnestly for her to join in her husband's belief, and she expressed her conviction that he repented his past conduct, and that he merely wanted courage to confess his penitence.

But day after day passed on, and yet there was no allusion to the subject on the part of Walter Malcolm. Meanwhile his daughter had passed the crisis of the fever and was declared convalescent. If the appearance of Julie Malcolm in the hour of delirium had attracted the fancy of Alice Colman and her nurse, how much more were they drawn toward her when her mind was freed from the chains that bound it—for gentle and loving-hearted, her grateful spirit manifested itself in various little touching ways toward those who had watched over her during her dangerous illness. When she grew stronger and was able to enter into conversation, a perfect understanding arose between Mrs. Colman and herself that they were always to be friends. Alice Colman felt that

she already loved Julie dearly—and the latter was not slow in returning the affection of one whose timely succor had saved her life Still the young girl suspected not that they were kindred by law as in heart.

It was soon settled that when Julie became entirely recovered, she should undertake the duties of governess to Mrs. Colman's children, and this new office was to afford her the means of support. A more suitable residence had been sought by Alice Colman for Julie and her father, and they were to remove into it as soon as the former had gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigue. Two more weeks elapsed ere this last project was effected—and they were then comfortably settled in their new abode.

And still there was no sign from Walter Malcolm that he knew of his brother's agency in the change wrought in his affairs. He was now generally reserved when Mrs. Colman was near, and his countenance often wore a deep shade of gloom.

CHAPTER III.

The first day that Julie Malcolm felt equal to the exertion was spent at the house of her new friend, and then it was that for the first time since her childhood, Harry Colman beheld his niece. So strongly impressed upon his mind was the recollection of her early fondness for him, and the soothing influence which her winning, affectionate ways had possessed over his spirit, that had he now obeyed the voice of impulse he would fain have clasped Julie once more to his heart; for though he now looked upon a beautiful and graceful maiden of eighteen, he could scarcely view her in any other light than as the darling child whose caresses had so often comforted him when greeted by every other voice with coldness. Yet recalling the fact that their relationship could not be breathed to her by himself, he was obliged to meet her with the reserve of a perfect stranger. But all formality between them soon vanished, and an hour after their introduction found them conversing together with the ease of old acquaintanceship. Nor had Julie forgotten, in her own frank earnest manner, to thank him again and again for the services his family had rendered her father and herself—while her soft dark eyes filled with tears as she spoke of the debt which by gratitude only she could repay. Harry Colman longed to tell her that *he* was the debtor—and that by his wife's attention to her, Julie had but been rewarded for the love she had accorded him when all other hearts were steeled against him.

Mrs. Colman saw with delight her husband's increasing predeliction for his niece—for by renewing his former affection for Julie, she hoped to make the young girl at some future day, the instrument of reconciliation between the estranged brothers.

The day of Julie's visit to the Colmans was a happy one to all parties. Even little Effie Colman and her brother Willie, though at first rather shy of the lady, who, as they were told, was to initiate them into the mysteries of the primer, had become very fond of her, and were exceedingly loath to let her go when the time appointed for her return home arrived. Then, with her arms entwined about Julie's neck, little Effie besought her to say when she was coming to them daily—and the following week was accordingly named for the commencement of her career as preceptress to the children.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning agreed upon by Julie and Mrs. Colman for the beginning of the former's labors arrived, but the young girl did not appear. Knowing well her eagerness to enter upon her new duties—the eagerness of a noble spirit to throw off the yoke of dependence—Alice Colman might well feel anxious at Julie's non-fulfillment of her promise. For the first time a thought crossed her mind that the suspicions of her husband concerning his brother's continued ill-feeling toward him, might be just, and that Walter Malcolm had resolved to oppose his daughter's constant association with them. But not long would she allow herself to imagine thus. Perhaps Julie was ill again—or some unforeseen circumstances had prevented her coming. So Mrs. Colman determined to wait till the following day, when if the object of her solicitude was still absent, and she received no message from her, she felt that she would then be more capable of judging the matter.

It was not until near the close of the afternoon that she was relieved of uncertainty upon the subject by the reception of a note from Julie. The latter stated that her father was very ill of a dangerous fever, brought on, as the physician averred, by distress of mind—and that it was doubtful whether in his enfeebled condition he could live a week longer. She added that only a few hours previously he had informed her that their benefactress was the wife of his brother, and also of the unfeeling treatment which that brother had received from him. And Julie said that from the hour when he had learned the circumstance of their relationship, remorse and the knowledge of his unworthiness to accept assistance from the one whom he had injured, preyed upon her father's spirits, and at last caused the fever that threatened soon to terminate his existence. His last earthly wish now was to see his brother and ask forgiveness of the past—and Julie concluded by begging Mrs. Colman to use all her influence in order to bring her uncle to her parent's couch, if it were possible, that very evening.

And that evening Mr. Colman, accompanied his wife to the abode of Walter Malcolm. The meeting between the brothers was a painful one. There was mingled shame and penitential sorrow on the part of the elder, while the countenance of the younger was expressive of the deepest agitation as he stood by the bedside of him who had cast so dark a cloud upon his youth. Harry Colman had yielded to the entreaties of Alice for this interview, while he felt that it would have been wrong to have denied it—but it was not until he looked upon Walter's pallid face, and heard that once stern and familiar voice supplicating forgiveness, even with the humble avowal that it was undeserved, that the lingering spark of resentment was entirely extinguished within

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

POWER, consequence, importance, greatness, are relative terms; they denote position or attainment, comparable with some other. And hence a queen is a queen at the head of a band of gipsies as much as if she sat upon a throne, at the head of a nation whose morning drum beats an eternal *reveille*. It was therefor, and for another cause yet to be told, that I lifted my hat with particular deference when I opened suddenly upon the head woman of a gipsy tribe, as I was passing through a small piece of woodland. Though, truth to say, I had been looking at her for some time, an hour previous, as she was giving some directions to one or two of her ragged and dirty train. Now I had known that woman in other circumstances. I had seen her in the family, had heard her commended by the men for her graceful movements, and berated by the women for exhibiting those movements to the men, and being as free with her tongue in presence of her female superiors as she had been with her feet before her male admirers. But neither the admiration of the men nor the rebuke of the women produced any effect. All that this woman received from a long sojourn with the people of the village, was a little loss of the darkness of the skin, and a pretty good understanding of the wants and weaknesses of society. Everybody knew that she had been left in exchange for a healthful child—and some years before it had been discovered that the healthful child would be worth nothing to the gipsies, and the gipsy girl would, at the first opportunity, return to her "brethren and kindred according to the flesh." And such was the skill which she manifested on her return, such her ability to direct, such her knowledge of the wants of the villagers, and her power to take advantage of these wants, that she became the head of the tribe with which she was associated, and might have directed numerous tribes, could they have been collected for her guidance.

I could not learn that there was much of a story connected with the life of the queen, much indeed that would interest the general reader. But she was a woman—and her heart, a mystery to the uninitiated, would, if exposed, have been worth a world's perusal. A woman's heart—alas! how few are admitted to loose the seals and open that secret volume! How very few could understand the revelation if it were made. I could not, I confess; and it is only when a peculiar light is thrown upon here and there a page, that I can acquire even a partial knowledge of what is manifested. The Queen of the Gipsies, though elevated by right, and sustained by knowledge, was no less a woman than a queen. She could and did command male and female, old and young. She was treated with all that marked distinction which, even among her rude people, continues to be paid to preeminence. And while she sought to do the best for all, she received all this homage with that ease and that apparent absence of wonder, which denote the right to distinction—this was a part of her queenly character admirably sustained, natural, easy, dignified. But the queen was a *woman*. I had heard her give orders, which sent certain of the most active of the young, male and female, to the other side of the village, and then she gave employment to the old and the young in the moving hamlet, and seeing the last depart, and the last busy, she left the camp, and took her way through the wood. I followed her and traced her rapid steps to the burying-ground of the town, which stood a distance from any dwelling.

Seating myself out of view, I saw the queen walk directly to a recently sodded grave, upon which she looked down for a moment, and then clasping her hands wildly above her head she threw herself with a subdued cry upon the grave. I was too far from her to distinguish all the words of her lament, but they were wild and agonizing.

After a short time the woman arose, and said with a distinct, clear voice, "With thee and for thee I could have endured the mockery of their boasted civilization, and suffered the ceremonies of their tame creed. With thee and for thee I would have foregone my native tribe and my hereditary rights. So persuasive was thy affection that I could have forgotten—or at least would not have boasted—that I was of the glorious race that knows no [illegible] of body or of mind, but what it chooses to [illegible]. But thou art gone, and with thee all my [illegible] to the idle, wearisome life of thy race. I have [illegible] to my people, and I may lead them, and [illegible] and activity may for a time weaken my [illegible] need no longer sacrifice my love for my race. [illegible] one sacrifice I will make, and thy grave [illegible] the altar. With thee my heart is buried. [illegible] do I here swear an eternal fidelity—and [illegible] by year will I lead my tribe hither, that I may pour out my anguish upon the sod that rises above thee. And I may hope that such devotion may lead the spirit that made our race for future happiness as for present freedom, to give thee back to me when I enter on my world of changeless love and glorious recompense."

Kneeling again, the Gipsy Queen kissed the grave, and gathered a few blades of grass and one or two flowers, shook away the tears which she had let fall upon them, and placing them in her bosom turned and left the burying-place, and proceeded toward the camp. I left my position by the other route, and



THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

Original painting in the Boston Museum

BY T. H. WELCH FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF

UNIV. OF MICH.

passing through the wood I met her. Her face was cleared from every cloud, no trace of a tear was evident; she had prepared herself to meet her party in a way to excite no inquiry.

The little that I knew of the Gipsy Queen previous to that day, and what was told me by one who had lived in the village very long, I have set down. I never saw her after I passed her in the woods. But she made an impression on my mind that will not be easily removed. And she bore in her heart motives for action which few but herself and me will ever know.

THE BROTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

One moment more, beneath the old elm, Mary,
Where last we parted in the flowing dell—
One moment more through twilight tints that vary,
To gaze upon thy grave, and then, farewell!
Ere from this spot, and these loved scenes I sever,
Where still thy lovely spirit seems to stray—
One look—to fix them on my soul forever—
And then away!

Mary, I know my steps should now be shrinking
From this sad spot—but on my mournful gaze
A scene floats up that sets my soul to thinking
On all the dear delights of other days!
I 'm gazing on the little foot-bridge yonder
Thrown o'er the stream whose waters purl below,
Where I so oft have seen thee pause and ponder,
Leaning thy white brow on thy hand of snow.
I 'm standing on the spot where last we parted,
Where, as I left thee in the fragrant dell,
I saw thee turn so oft—half broken-hearted—
Waving thy hand in token of farewell.
I start to meet thy footstep light and airy—
But—the cold grass waves o'er thy sweet young head;
Would that the shroud that wraps thy fair form, Mary,
Wrapped mine instead!

In vain my heart its bitter thoughts would parry,
An adder's grasp about its chords seem curled,
For you were all I ever thought of, Mary—
Were all I doted on in this wide world!
And yet, I 'd sigh not while thy fate I ponder,
Did memory only bring thee to my eyes
Pale as thou sleepest in the church-yard yonder—
Or as an angel dazzling from the skies!
I then at least could treasure each sweet token
Of thy pure love—and in life's mad'ning whirl
Steel my crushed heart—had not thine own been broken,
Poor hapless girl!

But, Mary—Mary, when I think upon thee,
As when I last beheld thee in thy pride—
And on the fate—oh God!—to which *he* won thee—
I curse the hour that sent me from your side!
Oh why wert thou so richly, strangely gifted
With mortal loveliness beyond compare?
The look of love beneath thy lashes lifted—
Its fatal sweetness was to thee a snare!
Yet sleep, my sister—I will not upbraid thee—
Thou wert too sweet—too innocently dear;
But he—the exulting demon who betrayed thee—
He lives, he lives, and I am loitering here!
Even now some happier fair one's chains may bind him
In dalliance sweet—but I 'll avenge thee well!
Avenge thee?—Yes! a brother's curse will find him,
Though he should dive into the deeps of hell!
I swear it, sister—as thou art forgiven—
By all our wrongs—by all our severed ties,
And by the blessedness of yon blue heaven,
That gives its world of azure to mine eyes!
By all my love—by every sacred duty
A brother owes—and by yon heaving sod,
Thine early grave—and by thy blighted beauty,
Thou sweetest angel in the realms of God!
I swear it, by the bursting groans I smother,
And call on Heaven and thee to nerve me now.
Mary, look down!—behold thy wretched brother,
And bless the vow!

Sister, my soul its last farewell is taking,
And I for this had thought it nerved to-night,
But every chord about my heart seems breaking,
And blinding tears shut out the glimmering sight.
One look—one last long look to hill and meadow—
To the old foot-bridge and the murmuring mill,
And to the church-yard sleeping in the shadow—
Cease tears—and let these fond eyes look their fill!
One look—and now farewell ye scenes that vary
Beneath the twilight shades that round me flow!
The charm that bound my wild heart here, was Mary—
And she lies low!

SONNET TO MACHIAVELLI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MAMIANI.

Thou mighty one, whose winged words of yore
Have spread on history's page Italia's wars,
The sad mischances of intestine jars,
Like beacons blazing where the breakers roar.
Still canst thou glance our civil discords o'er?
Some solace for us canst thou not divine?
Canst thou not oil on troubled waters pour,
And soothe each petty tyrants ruthless mind?
Why else unveil the falsehood of our land,
Which sees not why its tale thou deign'st to tell?
Why else didst thou with an unsparing hand
Make bare the wounds whose angry scars will tell
The lasting shame of ignomy's brand,
All petrified at history's command?

THE DARSIES.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

Don Pedro. I pray you, hold me not responsible for all these travelers' tales. I am but the mouthpiece of others: therefore, if I question the infallibility of the Pope, summon me not before the Inquisition; if I speak treason against the king, clap me not up in the Tower; and if I utter heresy against the ladies, let me not be flayed alive by the nails of enraged damsels. OLD PLAY.

"THERE is no use in wasting words, Cousin Charles; you never can persuade me that men love more devotedly than women."

"How can you be so unreasonable, Anne? I only want to convince you that affection being an essential part of woman's nature, she cannot help loving something or somebody all her life. The most she does, even in her most intense devotion, is to *individualize* the general sentiment which pervades her character; but when men love, they actually take up a new nature, and concentrate upon it all their strength of mind and force of character."

"You have certainly a droll method of reasoning, cousin; because women are *loving* creatures, therefore they cannot love as well as the rougher sex."

"You are willful, Anne, and are determined not to understand me. I mean that love is usually a habitude with women, while with men, if it exists at all, it is a positive, determinate thing—a graft, as it were, upon their sturdy natures, and partaking therefore of the strength of the stock which nourishes it."

"How can you say so when men are always in love, from the time they quit the nursery until they are gray-headed, or *married?*"

"Such attachments are mere fancies."

"Pray, how is one to distinguish between a fancy and a fact in so delicate a matter?

"It is difficult to decide at first, because in their inceptive state they are much alike; but time is the true test. A fancy, a mere intoxication of the senses, is scarce worth talking about; but in a genuine manly love there is a depth, a fervor, a disinterestedness, a devotion, such as woman can never feel—nay, which they can rarely appreciate."

"Heresy—rank heresy—Cousin Charles. I appeal to Uncle Lorimer, who has heard our whole discussion, if you do not deserve excommunication with 'bell, book and candle,' for holding such opinions."

The cousins were sitting together in the twilight, and, as the shadows of evening deepened around them, the light of the soft-coal fire in the polished grate gave a beautifully cheerful look of home comfort to the pleasant apartment. An old gentleman, whose silver hair glittered in the fire-light, had been sitting in the chimney-nook, and, thus appealed to by his merry niece, he smiled good-humoredly as he replied—

"If you submit the dispute to me, I must decide against both."

"Why so?"

"Because you are both too generalizing in your remarks. In this work-a-day world of ours there is a daily and hourly need of the tender, watchful, kindly ministry of sympathy and affection; now the peculiar attributes of woman's nature are such as fit her for this ministry; and whether it be a mere habitude or not, it is the quality most needed by men and most generally possessed by women."

Anne clapped her hands, and looked triumphantly at her cousin; but Uncle Lorimer continued—

"I must agree with Charles, however, that when men give out their whole strength to a genuine affection, it is a more unselfish, magnanimous and higher emotion than ever could dwell in the bosom of woman. The same qualities which make her the gentler half of man mingle their leaven in her affections. For instance, a woman will make any sacrifice for one whom she loves, she will bear all kinds of privation and suffering for his sake, but earth holds not the creature more pitilessly exacting of affection than she is, or more jealously awake to every whisper of distrust. Another weakness in her character is vanity; and I must confess I never yet found a woman so much in love with her lover, that she would not curl her hair and dress in her best to meet the eyes of other men."

"Oh! uncle. You are worse than Charles."

"But perhaps you will like to hear my whole opinion, Anne. I have said that women possess most of the quality which is required in daily life; as I am not one of those who pretend to despise *good habits* because they are not *heroic virtues*, I think you ought to be satisfied with my decision."

"But you attribute so much nobler a quality to men."

"That is true, but let me comfort you by just whispering in your ear, that not one man in a thousand is capable of such an affection. True sentiment is the rarest thing upon earth. To use the language of your favorite poet—

Accident, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving,
often bring together hearts which habit afterward keeps united. Few, very few, create an ideal in their youth and see it substantiatize into a reality as life goes on. Still fewer of those men who are capable of real love ever bestow its treasures upon one who can appreciate them. I think I have never known a single instance of such an attachment being reciprocated and rewarded."

"Did you ever know more than one man who possessed this faculty of loving, uncle?"

"In the course of my long life I have known *three;* and if you choose I will tell you the history of one of these, to prove my theory."

"Among my earliest school friends and playmates were Edgar and Herbert Darsie. They were twin-brothers, the only children of a widow, whom I remember as a tall, pale lady in close mourning, which she never laid aside till the day of her death. There was little of that resemblance between the twins which generally makes the pleasant puzzle of mothers and nurses in similar cases; for, though alike in feature and height, and even in their peculiarity of gait and manner, yet Edgar had the fair complexion, blue eyes, and light silken hair of his mother; while Herbert's olive complexion, dark eyes, and curling black locks betrayed the French blood which he derived from his father. They were cheerful, happy-tempered boys, and possessed a certain natural sweetness of manner, which made them universal favorites with old and young. Their mother lived in the retired but handsome style which, in those days, was considered the proper mode of showing respect for the memory of a husband. She kept up the establishment exactly as it had been during Mr. Darsie's life, and seemed to find her only pleasure in doing precisely as he would have wished. She was apparently in the enjoyment of a handsome income, kept her carriage, and had a number of servants, while the house and grounds exhibited taste as well as no stint of expense.

The boys were about twelve years of age, when an accident happened to Herbert, which, though apparently slight at first, finally led to the most disastrous consequences. While skating, he fell and received some injury, which, after months of suffering, finally developed itself in an incurable disease of the spine, entailing upon him a life-time of pain, and branding him with frightful deformity. The tall, lithe, graceful boy, whose step had been as light and free as the leap of the greyhound, was now a dwarfed and distorted cripple. As soon as he was able to leave his sick-room, Mrs. Darsie placed Edgar at boarding-school, and sailed for Europe, with the intention of giving Herbert the benefit of all the modern discoveries in medicine. She designed to be absent a year, but, led on by fallacious hopes, she traveled farther, and remained much longer than she had anticipated. Three years elapsed before her return, and to all appearance Herbert had derived little benefit from the various experiments to which he had been subjected. He was still dependent on his crutch, and his gnarled and stunted figure presented a pitiable contrast to the tall and well-knit form of his brother. But his health was somewhat improved; his paroxysms of pain were less frequent, and he could now enjoy weeks of comparative ease and comfort.

The brothers had early been remarkable for their affection for each other, and their unbroken concord, but their long separation had not been without its effect upon them. Edgar was gay, active, volatile, and not destitute of a leaven of selfishness; while Herbert had become grave, quiet, gentle in manner, and most thoughtful and considerate for others. To him suffering had been a teacher of all good things, and the misfortune of being cut off from fellowship with the world had taught him to find resources within himself. He could not and did not expect Edgar to sympathize in all his tastes, for he was conscious that their paths must henceforth be divided ones. He schooled himself to overcome the pang which this reflection gave to his sensitive spirit, and tried to find in his brother's enjoyments of outer life, a pleasure which he could only receive from the reflection of another's joy.

Soon after their return from Europe, Mrs. Darsie received into her family the orphan child of a poor clergyman, partly from charity, partly with a view to furnish a companion and attendant for Herbert. Jessie Graham was a pale, delicate-looking child, about twelve years old, when she took up her abode with her benefactress. Her thin and almost transparent cheek, her bloodless lips, and large gray, timid-looking eyes, spoke of fragile health, and of a certain shyness of character which might be the result of early anxieties, or perhaps denoted feebleness of mind and indecision. But she was a sweet-tempered, gentle little girl, and her compassion for Herbert's melancholy condition soon dissipated her shyness toward him, though to every one else, even to Mrs. Darsie, she was as timid as a startled fawn.

To divert his lonely hours Herbert undertook her instruction. He was but a boy of fifteen, but sorrow had given him the stability of manhood; and never did a more discreet, tender, and watchful Mentor attempt the training of a female mind. Jessie was docile and intelligent, quickly acquiring every thing which called forth the perceptive faculties, but utterly incapable of abstract reasoning or profound reflection. Her mind possessed a certain activity, and a kind of feminine patience that enabled her to do full credit to her teacher, without ever attaining to his high reach of thought. To cultivate her mental powers, to impart to her a portion of his accomplishments, and to train her moral sense, now became Herbert's chief occupation. That such employment of heart and mind saved him from bitterness and misanthropy there can be no doubt; but whether he did not pay dearly for his exemption we shall see in the sequel.

Time passed on without making any great change in the affairs of the Darsies. Edgar went through college rather because it was necessary to a gentlemanly education than from any love for study, and, immediately after graduating, he set off on the tour of Europe. In the meantime Herbert continued to lead his usual quiet life, driving out in his low pony-carriage every day, teaching Jessie all she would learn, and surrounding himself with pictures of his own painting in the intervals of his severer studies.

It was on the anniversary of their birth—the day they attained their twenty-first year—that the brothers again met upon their own hearth-stone. Mrs. Darsie's health had begun to fail, and Edgar, at Herbert's suggestion, had unwillingly torn himself from the enjoyments of Parisian life to return to his quiet home. He found his mother sadly changed, and evidently suffering from the insidious disease which

so slowly saps the foundations of health and life. Herbert, like all deformed persons, had early lost the freshness of youth, and he was not surprised, therefore, to find him looking at least ten years older than himself, but he was astonished at the intellectual beauty which seemed to radiate from his noble countenance. To the shapeless form of a stunted tree he united the head of a demi-god. The beauty of his classical features, the splendor of his deep, dark eyes, and rich glossy hair curling in heavy masses round his temples, gave him the appearance of a magnificently sculptured head joined on to some distorted torso.

But if Edgar was startled at the change in his mother and brother, how was he amazed and bewildered when he saw Jesse Graham! The pale, puny, frightened-looking little girl had expanded into one of the very loveliest of women. At eighteen Jessie had all that delicate yet fresh beauty which a painter would select as his model for a youthful Hebe. "A rose crushed upon ivory" was not too extravagant a simile for her cheek; her lips were like the berry of the mountain-ash; and her eyes so soft, so tender, with just enough of their former shyness to make them always seem appealing in their expression, were like nothing else on earth."

"You are extravagant, Uncle Lorimer; pray how did you avoid falling in love with such a creature?" asked Anne, saucily.

"By the best of all preventives—*pre-occupation.* But my story has to do with others, not with me. Soon after Edgar's return, his mother took an opportunity to inform him of her plans with regard to Jessie. She had watched the progress of Herbert's attachment to his young pupil, and she believed it to be fully reciprocated by the docile girl. She had, therefore, as she thought, fully provided for Herbert's future happiness; and, lest Edgar should be attracted by Jessie's loveliness, she hastened to tell him that in the beautiful orphan he beheld his brother's future wife. Mrs. Darsie was a weak woman, though kind-hearted and affectionate. She proceeded to inform Edgar how the idea first came into her head—how she had told Herbert of it—how she had been at first shocked at the thought of sacrificing Jessie's youthful loveliness to such a union—how she discovered his secret love even from his heroic self-denial—how she had finally succeeded in persuading him that Jessie really loved him better than any one in the world—and how he had at last consented to entertain the hope and belief that Jessie might become his wife without repugnance. To Edgar's very natural question, whether Jessie was really willing to marry Herbert, his mother replied that as yet Jessie knew nothing of their plans, Herbert having forbidden her to use her influence in the matter, being determined that if he won Jessie, it should be through her own free and unbiassed will.

Whether it arose from that perverseness in human nature, which teaches men to value a thing just in proportion to its difficulty of attainment, or whether Jessie's loveliness was irresistible to a man of Edgar's temperament, I cannot determine; but certain it is, that from that time he looked upon her with far different eyes than he had at first regarded her. Edgar was precisely the kind of man who is always successful with women. His talents and accomplishments were all of the most superficial kind, but he danced well, sung beautifully, played the guitar gracefully, and withal was exceedingly handsome. His voice was perfect music, and when he bent down in a half-caressing manner over a lady's chair, flinging back his bright, silken hair, and gazing in her face with eyes full of dangerous softness, while his rich voice took the sweetest tone of deference and heart-felt emotion, it was next to impossible for any woman to resist his fascinations."

"Was his character a perfectly natural one, uncle, or was this exquisite manner the result of consummate art?"

"It was natural to him to wish to please, and he aided his natural attractions by a certain devotedness of manner, which made each individual to whom he addressed himself *appropriate* his tenderness as her own right. Jessie had lived in such close seclusion that she knew nothing of the world or its ways. It is probable that had Herbert asked her to become his wife before the return of Edgar, she would have easily consented, for she certainly loved him very dearly, and long habit of associating with him had accustomed her to his deformity. To her he was not the shapeless dwarf, whose crippled limbs scarce bore the weight of his crooked body. He had been her ideal of excellence—the friend, the Mentor who had made her orphaned life a blessing, and she could imagine no stronger, deeper affection than that which he had long since inspired.

But after Edgar had been at home a few months, she was conscious of a great change in her feelings. She loved Herbert as well as ever, but she had learned the existence of another kind of affection. Edgar's sweet words and honied flatteries were unlike any thing she had ever heard before, and unconscious of any disloyalty to Herbert, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of this new sensation of happiness.

Herbert was tried almost beyond his strength, for it was when his mother lay on what was soon to be her death-bed that he first suspected the fatal truth respecting his brother and Jessie. A lingering illness, protracted through many weeks (during which time Herbert was his mother's constant companion, while Edgar enjoyed the opportunity of unrestrained companionship with Jessie,) finally terminated in Mrs. Darsie's death; and, as Herbert closed her eyes, he could not but feel that sinking of the heart which told him that he was now alone upon earth. Immediately after his mother's funeral he was taken alarmingly ill, and for several days his life was considered in imminent danger. It was not until his recovery that he again saw Jessie Graham, who, in compliance with the world's notions of decorum, had left the home of her childhood on the decease of her benefactress. She had found her temporary abode in the family of a friend in the neighborhood, and Herbert's sick-bed had known no other attendance than that of the housekeeper and servants. In his first interview

with Jessie after his convalescence, he drew from her a confession, or rather an admission of her love for Edgar. The manner in which she confided this to him—the frank, sisterly feeling which seemed to animate her, stung him to the heart. But he possessed great self-command, and Jessie never suspected the actual state of *his* feelings while she confided to him her own.

As soon as practicable after Herbert's recovery, his mother's will was opened, and then arose a new subject of wonder and dissatisfaction. No one but Mrs. Darsie and her lawyer had known that she had been merely in the enjoyment of a life interest in her fortune; but it was now ascertained that her husband's estate had been very trifling, and that her large income was the product of a handsome fortune bequeathed to Herbert by an old uncle, in consideration of his physical misfortunes. The yearly product was given to Mrs. Darsie during her life, but at her death the whole reverted to Herbert. His father's property, amounting only to a few thousand dollars, was bequeathed solely to Edgar, and a legacy of five hundred dollars, (to purchase her wedding-dress, as the will stated,) marked the testator's wishes regarding her protégé, Jesse Graham. Every body was surprised at this development, but no one more so than the brothers. Why their mother had left them in such close ignorance of their affairs, it is impossible to say, but they certainly had no suspicion of the facts until they were thus legally made known.

One of the first wishes of Herbert's heart was to see Jessie placed in her proper position, and he therefore nerved himself to speak to Edgar on the subject. What was his surprise, therefore, when his brother treated the whole thing as a boyish affair, and avowed his determination to spend his pittance (as he termed it) abroad, and then to repair his fortunes by a wealthy marriage! If ever the gentle spirit of Herbert entertained a feeling of abhorrence for any living creature, it was at that moment. His own hopes had been ruthlessly blighted, and Jessie's heart estranged from him, merely to gratify a *boyish fancy!*

What he suffered, and what he felt, however, it is not for me to attempt describing. He had garnered up all his treasures of affection in Jessie and his brother. Now Jessie was lost to him, and Edgar was a villain. How he, with his delicate sensibility, his high sense of honor, and his stern principles of duty, must have suffered, I leave you to imagine. But his love for Jessie conquered all other feelings. He knew that her happiness depended on her union with Edgar, for she was precisely that kind of character, which, though infirm of purpose in the outset, yet have a certain tenacity of feeling when once a decision has been made for them. He revolved many schemes in his mind before he could form a practicable one, and at last he suffered his frank and candid nature to lead him with its usual directness to his object. He asked Edgar to be more explicit in his confidences, and when Edgar declared that had he been the heir of wealth he would gladly make Jessie his wife, but that nothing would ever induce him to tie himself down to a life of privation and poverty, Herbert's decision was at once made. He proposed dividing his income with Edgar, on condition that his brother should marry Jessie, and reside in the home of their childhood, while he himself should travel into distant lands. But Edgar, with the quick-sightedness of selfishness, saw how deeply Herbert's soul was interested in the matter. Pretending a jealousy of his brother's influence over Jessie—a jealousy of which he declared himself ashamed, yet which he could not subdue—he said that if he had the means he would marry Jessie, and take her far from all her early associations, but that he would never let her live in Herbert's house, or in a place where she might at any time be subject to his visits.

Pained as he was by this appearance of distrust, Herbert's conscience accused him of cherishing a wicked love for one who was about to become his brother's wife, and he therefore submitted meekly to this new trial. What terms were finally decided upon could only be known at that time to the two brothers.

Six months after Mrs. Darsie's death Edgar was united to Jessie Graham, in the little village church, and immediately after the ceremony, the wedding-party left for New York, from whence they sailed a few days afterward for Havre.

Herbert dismissed the greater part of the servants, shut up all except one wing of the large house, sold off the carriage and horses, (reserving only the little pony-carriage, without which he would have been deprived of all means of locomotion,) and restricted his expenses within such narrow limits, that people began to consider him mean and miserly. He withdrew entirely from society, and lived more utterly alone than ever. His books, his pictures, his music, were now his only companions. Yet he did not forget that earth held those to whom even he might minister. The door of the poorest cottages often opened to admit the distorted form of the benefactor and friend, but the sunlight on the rich man's threshold was never darkened by his shapeless shadow.

Edgar Darsie went to Paris with his beautiful wife, and there he lived in luxury and splendor, surrounded by every thing that could minister to his love of pleasure. Only himself and one other, the lawyer who had drawn up the papers, knew whence his wealth was derived. Even Jessie never suspected that Herbert was living with the closest economy in order that the poor should not suffer from the lavish generosity which had induced him to secure to his brother more than three-fourths of his whole income as a bribe to insure her happiness.

Ten years passed away, dragging their weary length with the lonely and suffering Herbert, winging their way on golden pinions to Edgar, weaving their mingled web of dark and bright to the womanly heart of Jessie. She had witnessed the changes of a fickle nature in her husband—she had learned to endure indifference, and to meet with fitful affection from him—she had borne children, and laid them sorrowing in the bosom of mother earth—she had drunk of the cup of pleasure and found bitterness in its dregs; and now she stood a weeping mourner beside the

dying bed of that faithless but still beloved husband. Edgar Darsie had inherited his mother's disease, together with her beauty. His excesses had hastened the period of its development, and ten years after his marriage he was withering like grass before the hunter's fire, beneath the touch of consumption. Day after day he faded—his stately form became bowed, his bright face changed, his silken locks fell away from his hollow temples. Health was gone, and beauty soon departed.

With the approach of death came old memories thronging about his heart, and filling his sick chamber with fantasies and spectres of long by-gone days. "Take me home! take me home!" was the bitter cry. But his "*home-ward*" came too late. Never again would he leave his bed until he was carried to the house appointed for all living. At the first tidings of his illness Herbert had sailed for Havre, and traveled with all speed to Paris; but when he arrived there his heart failed him. He remembered Edgar's avowed jealousy of him, and the wild, fierce joy which thrilled his heart when he found himself once more near to Jessie, taught him that he was not entirely guiltless toward his brother. He accordingly took lodgings in the same hotel, that he might be near Edgar, in case he should wish to see him, well knowing that the mode of life in Paris secured him the most perfect privacy. He made known his present abode to a certain business-agent, through whose hands letters had usually been sent to him from Paris, and thus he received from Jessie's hand constant tidings of his brother's condition.

But this state of things could not last long. His impatience to be with Edgar led him to seize upon the first faint intimation of a wish to see him, and he soon found himself welcomed with tears of joy by Jessie, while Edgar thanked him with his eyes—those tender eyes—for his thoughtful kindness in coming without waiting for a summons. During three months Herbert shared with Jessie her care and watchfulness over the invalid. All the lovable qualities of Edgar's nature were brought out by his sickness, and Herbert could not help feeling the full force of those fascinations which had won for him the love of every one. Weakened in mind as well as in body by his disease, he was like a lovely and gentle child, so docile, so affectionate, so helpless, so tender, and so altogether lovely did he appear, as the dark wing of death flung its shadow broader and deeper above his couch.

He died with penitence for past misdeeds deep-rooted in his heart, and prayer for pardon lingering on his lips. He died clasping his brother's hand in his, and the last act of his life was a vain attempt to unite Jessie's hand in the same grasp. There was no time for the indulgence of selfish feeling at such a moment. The presence of death had hushed the whispers of earthly passion, and the grief of both the brother and the widow was the genuine tribute of affection to the departed.

As soon as Edgar's affairs could be arranged, the widow, with her only surviving child, returned to America under the protection of Herbert. Ignorant as a child about pecuniary affairs, Jessie left every thing to Herbert, and consequently never knew at what sacrifice he rescued Edgar's good name from obloquy, and paid his enormous debts. Nor did she ever know that the money which had supported their extravagant expenditure in Paris, was the free gift of Herbert. But daily and hourly did she experience Herbert's considerate kindness. Fearing to awaken her suspicions relative to his agency in her marriage, he determined to continue to her an allowance similar to that which he had bestowed upon his brother. But to do this required new retrenchments, and the sacrifice of a fine landed property; for Edgar's lavish prodigality had cost him so large a portion of his fortune that it now needed the most careful and judicious management.

If Herbert hoped to marry his brother's widow, he at least determined to leave her free to choose for herself. Jessie found herself pleasantly domiciled in a new home, with a handsome provision for herself and child, and surrounded by all the appliances of American comfort before she had yet recovered from the dull torpor of her grief. For fifteen years Herbert had lived but for her. During the five years preceding her marriage his whole soul had been devoted to her; and when afterward he tried to banish her image, he found though he might dethrone the idol, the sentiment of loyal love, like a subtile perfume, had diffused itself through his whole being. Was it strange, then, if he should once more dream that his love and faith might do more than remove mountains—that his devotion might veil the unsightliness of his person—that he might yet be beloved and rewared?

"Now tell me, Annie, how do you think my story is going to end?"

"In the marriage of Jessie to the devoted Herbert," replied Annie. "It is not in the nature of woman to be insensible to such devotion."

"Remember that Jessie knew nothing of his pecuniary sacrifices, had no suspicion of his agency in bringing about her marriage; did not dream of his self-denying, self-forgetting love."

"But no woman could doubt the true meaning of all his devotedness."

"He had never flattered her with gentle words; never wooed her in courtly phrase; never played the lover in the most approved fashion. He had been the adviser, the Mentor, the steady friend; love had been the pervading and animating soul of all he thought and all he did, but his very magnanimity had been as a cloak to conceal his affections. Do you think a woman like Jessie—an ordinary woman, lovely and gentle, but withal having no perception of that inner life which so few can penetrate—do you think she could see through this magnanimous reserve, and detect the hidden love?"

"Surely, surely!"

"Recollect that she had early learned to pity him for his personal defects, and though 'pity' may be 'akin to love' in our sex, yet no woman ever loves a man she must look down upon with compassion."

"But his nobler qualities must have commanded her respect."



UNIV. OF MICH.



"Suppose they were so far above her perceptions as to inspire her with *awe* instead of respect? A woman never loves the man she *pities*, nor will she love the man whose superiority she *fears*. Jessie compassionated Herbert's bodily weaknesses, and she had a vague terror of his stern, uncompromising ideas of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I am sure she married Herbert, uncle."

"You are mistaken, Annie. Herbert continued his devotion for years; he learned to love her child as if it were his own, and gave proofs of disinterestedness and tenderness such as no woman could misinterpret; but he never offered her his hand."

"Why not?"

"Because he *knew* it would be rejected, and he preferred being a life-long friend, to occupying the position of an unsuccessful suitor."

"Then I suppose she never married again."

"You are wrong again, Annie. At forty years of age, when her beauty was faded, and her character had deteriorated amid the follies of society, she married a man some ten years her junior, who, tempted by the income which *Herbert* had bestowed upon her, flattered her into the belief that she had inspired him with the most passionate love."

"And her child?"

"Was adopted by Herbert Darsie, and at his death inherited his estate."

"Poor, poor Herbert!"

"He suffered the penalty which all must pay who give to earth the high and holy sentiment which is only meant to make us companion with the angels in heaven. Not one in a thousand can love thus, and that one always finds that in the world's vast desert, he has expended his strength in vain—'hewn out broken cisterns which can hold no water.'"

THE UNMASKED.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

The struggle is over—my pulses once more
Leap free as the waves on the surf-beaten shore;
And my spirit looks up to that world of all bliss,
And heaves not a sigh for the faithless in this.

'T was in Sorrow's bleak night, when the sky was all dark,
And the tempest shrieked loud round my storm-beaten bark,
That arose, 'mid the darkness, thy radiant form,
Like the rainbow illuming the brow of the storm.

An angel thou seemedst, that had come to the earth,
To guide me—to nourish my heart in its dearth;
And blindly, as Paynim kneels down to his god,
I have loved thee—have worshiped the earth thou hast trod.

But this waste of affection—this prodigal part—
Is over—the mask has been torn from thy heart—
And back with affright and amazement I shrink—
At a fount so unholy my soul cannot drink.

MORMON TEMPLE, NAUVOO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By permission of Mr. J. R. Smith, we have caused a view of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo to be engraved from his splendid Panorama of the Mississippi, and we give the engraving in this number. As the building has been recently destroyed by fire, our engraving, the first ever published, acquires additional value. We copy from Mr. Smith's description of the Panorama, the following account of Nauvoo and the Temple:

"*Nauvoo.*—A Mormon city and settlement, now deserted. It is one of the finest locations for a town upon the river, it being situated at the second and last rapids below the Falls of St. Anthony, which extend from this place to Keokuk, a distance of 12 miles. The great Mormon Temple stands out conspicuous. It is the finest building in the west, and if paid for would have cost over half a million of dollars. It is built of a white stone, resembling marble, 80 feet front by 150 deep; 200 feet to the top of the spire. The caps of the pilasters represent the sun; the base of them, the half moon with Joe Smith's profile. The windows between the pilasters represent stars. A large female figure with a Bible in one hand is the vane. An inscription on the front, in large gilt letters, reads as follows:

"The House of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1841. Holiness to the Lord."

There is in the basement of the temple a large stone-basin, supported by twelve oxen of colossal size, about fifteen feet high altogether, all of white stone and respectably carved. A staircase leads up to the top of the basin. It is the font where all the Mormons were baptized. It is seen in the Panorama standing aside the Temple, *but in the basement is its real situation.*

ROSE WINTERS.

A TALE OF FIRST LOVE.

BY ESTELLE.

"I SHALL never have another hour's happiness as long as I live!" exclaimed Rose Winters, weeping passionately. "You wouldn't let me marry him, father, and now he's gone to sea, and said he should never come back."

"Don't believe it, Rose," said Mr. Winters. "He'll be glad enough to come back, I'll warrant you—and the longer he stays away the better, I'm thinking, it will be for you."

"It's not like you, father, to be so unfeeling," said Rose, sobbing almost hysterically.

"Nonsense, child—unfeeling, indeed! ay, ay, it may be so in your judgment, I dare say, but I must judge with the head, and not with the heart."

"I think I ought to be allowed to judge for myself, now I'm of *age*," answered Rose, with sudden spirit. "I was eighteen my last birthday."

"True, Rose, you have had great experience of mankind, no doubt. But come, now, just tell me what you could have done if you had married Bob Selwyn, with no fortune yourself, and he nothing to depend on but his hands?"

"We could have done as other people do," said Rose—"we could have worked. Have I not always worked at home, father?"

"To be sure you have. You have been a good, industrious girl, Rosy, that I sha'n't deny; but your work at home was not like pulling continually at the rowing oar, which would have been your portion all your life, I'm afraid, with Robert. I can't see, for my part, what you wanted to marry him for."

"Because I loved him, and he loved me. Didn't you and mother marry for love, father?"

Mr. Winters could not forbear laughing at this question, notwithstanding Rose's grief—and his natural droll humor struggled with his former seriousness as he replied, "Well, I must try to remember. It is nearly twenty years ago, now—so long that you have come of *age* in the meanwhile, and fancy you are wiser than your father. But I can tell you one thing, Rose, if we did marry for love, we had something to begin the world with, which is quite as necessary. You know the old proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'"

"I don't believe any such thing, father. Whoever wrote that proverb never knew what love was. It was a mean thing in any man to say so; and what would never have come from a woman, I'll be bound."

"Well, well, Rosy, you may dry your eyes. I wish I was as sure of a fortune for you, as I am that Robert will be back with the ship, if his life is spared; but if that should n't be the case, you will be young enough then, and pretty enough, too, to get another beau."

"I wont have any other!" exclaimed Rose. "I am determined to wait for him, if he stays twenty years"—and with this resolution she hastily turned away and ran to her own room, where, secure from observation, she might give free vent to her full heart in a long fit of weeping.

We are at a loss to imagine what sort of an impression our rustic heroine, Rose Winters, has made on the minds of our readers, from her unceremonious introduction to them through the foregoing dialogue: but at all events, she is deserving of a more detailed description. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer on Long Island, who resided in a country village, situated on the Atlantic ocean, and near a large seaport town. Mr. Winters was a shrewd, practical man, of strong natural powers of mind, and excellent plain common sense. Rose was his eldest and favorite child, and inherited his independent spirit and natural gifts of understanding, which had been improved in her by a useful and solid education at a first-rate country school. She was not, perhaps, strictly beautiful, but her cheeks were bright with the hue of health, and her dark-blue eyes sparkled with animation, and the joyousness of a young heart, over which a lasting shadow had never passed, until her lover left her to try his fortunes on the sea. Her figure was small, but of exquisite proportions, and her steps sprang elastic with the unchecked spirits of happy childhood. She was always agreeable and entertaining without effort, for her words flowed in the easiest manner possible, from a mouth which nature had made perfect; and then there was nothing on earth more inspiring than her merry laugh, which seemed like the very chorus of joy, and insensibly imparted a portion of her own gayety to all around her. Rose had but little of imagination in her heart or feelings. She was a young, gay creature, full of spirits and activity, and only actuated by the every-day scenes of life, from which she extracted mirth and enjoyment to diffuse unsparingly among all who came within her influence. There was also a truthfulness and integrity in her nature, which could not fail to give beauty, strength, and elevation to her thoughts and character. The visions of romance which so often pervert the minds of the young, and throw a false coloring over the world, were all unknown to Rose. She had been nurtured amid scenes where there was but little to excite or enrich the imagination, but much to awaken bold and lofty sentiments. Born and brought up within sight and sound of the grand and magnificent ocean, she de-

lighted to gaze on its rolling and breaking billows, and listen to its ceaseless sounding roar, which had often been the solemn lullaby to her nightly slumbers. The wide and level fields outspread before her native home, and the few bare hills which skirted here and there the distant outline, were but little calculated to inspire those enchanting, but unreal dreams, which seem insensibly to arise amid the mountain scenery so wildly beautiful and picturesque in many parts of our western world.

Rose had never been twenty miles from her father's dwelling. All that she knew of the world had been learned in her own village, which was an occasional resort for a small number of strangers during the heat of summer; but its situation was too remote to be very generally visited before there were either railroads or steamboats to facilitate and add comfort and convenience to traveling. Communication with New York, which was the nearest city, was at that time tedious and fatiguing, as the road lay for many miles through sandy woods, or over a bleak and rough country. By water, the journey was performed in sloops, taking from three days to a week to accomplish the voyage. In consequence of these disadvantages, the transient sojourners in the village consisted chiefly of sportsmen, who sought its solitary retreat for the purpose of enjoying the game which was formerly found there in great abundance. The birds were seldom frightened away from the lanes and meadows, excepting by the gun of the stranger, who, having once found his way to that lonely yet delightful part of the country, returned again and again, not only to scare the plover from their haunts, but to enjoy the refreshing and invigorating breezes from the ocean, and revel in the luxury of freedom from fashion and restraint. There was a primitive simplicity in the manners of the inhabitants of the village which was peculiarly pleasing; and in which school Rose had received her first model. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Among her associates, she was a universal favorite. Her presence was sure to be in requisition at all the balls or merry-makings in the neighborhood, for nothing of the kind could go off well, unless Rose Winters, with her quick wit, irresistible good humor, and gay spirits, made one of the party. Her father, though a man of severe morals and true piety, was far from being puritanical in his views or feelings. He loved to see Rose happy, and enjoyed the sunny atmosphere which her never-failing cheerfulness and vivacity spread around the household dwelling. The bright sallies which flashed from her lips, instead of being checked by the farmer, frequently occasioned a repartee of wit from him, which gave Rose a habit of sharpening her own against her father's weapons. Thus it was that she learned to respect her parent without fearing him. She knew him to be possessed of the most inflexible principles of truth and rectitude; and that his jocose and lively temperament could never induce him to swerve for a moment from the straight-forward course of honesty and honor. In his judgment she placed the most unbounded confidence; and it was only in the one instance in which her heart rebelled against it, that she yielded to its mandate with bitter and unsatisfied feelings. Her mother, whom we have not yet mentioned, had been dead several years; and three sisters, considerably younger than herself, partook more of her care than her confidence. It thus happened that her father had been her companion, more than is usually the case in such relationships. She had been accustomed to consult him in all affairs of consequence; and self-dependent as she was by nature, she durst not incur the responsibility of acting in direct opposition to his counsels. In this slight sketch we have endeavored to give a faint outline of the character of our heroine, unlike, we are sensible, to the usual heroines of romance; but the portrait is drawn from real life, with its beauties unflattered, and its blemishes unconcealed; and we leave it as it is to make what impression it may on the opinions of others.

Robert Selwyn was a native of the same village. He was a few years older than Rose, but had been accustomed to mingle in all the country pleasures and amusements of which she had been for a time the principal attraction. His handsome form, his manly and pleasing countenance, and his gay and careless manners, were his only passports to favor. He had no fortune to assist him in winning his way, but he had energy and ambition, which were yet to be aroused into action. There was a distant connection between the families of Winters and Selwyn, which served as a plea for frequent and familiar intercourse. Rose called him Cousin Robert, and under that name he was received as a sort of privileged guest at her father's house. The farmer always welcomed him; and Rose chatted and laughed and flirted with him, until at last the flirtation ended in a serious attachment. Mr. Winters, with all his habitual foresight, had not looked for this result. To part with Rose, was an event for which he had made no calculation, and he could not persuade himself to believe that her affections were irrevocably engaged. The application of her lover, therefore, for his consent to their marriage, was met by a decided refusal.

"Pooh, pooh, Robert," said he, in answer to his solicitation, "I wonder what you would do with a wife. Tell me first, how you expect to make a living for yourself, let alone Rose?"

"Why, if I can do nothing else, sir," said Selwyn, "I can follow the sea, and at least get a living out of the whales. You know others here have got rich that way."

"Yes, yes, Robert, but it 's a hard life, and not much to your taste, I reckon."

"It might not be my choice, Mr. Winters; but I 'm not afraid of hardships any more than other men —and I should think nothing hard with Rose."

"Oh, that 's the way all young men talk when they 're in love; but have you no other plan than that?"

"Yes, sir—I thought of either setting up a store, or trying to get the school, as the old master is going away. I believe I know about as much as he does."

Mr. Winters laughed as he replied, "Very likely

you may, Robert, and be no Solomon either; but it wont answer. Set up a store on credit, and break next year; and as for school-keeping—no, no, I must see some surer prospect of your being able to support a wife, before you can have Rose with my consent."

"But, Mr. Winters, none of our girls here expect to marry rich. I wonder where they'd find husbands, if they looked for money! not in this town, I am sure."

"There must be something to look to, though, either money or business. Take my word for it, young man, you would find love but light stuff to live upon without something more substantial along with it."

Selwyn was silent for a few moments, and then said in a tone of severe disappointment, "Well, I must say, sir, that I did not look for this refusal. You never objected to my visits to Rose."

"No, but I wish I had, since neither of you have as much sense as I thought for. I have been to blame, and am sorry for it; but there has been enough said now, Robert—all the talking in the world will not alter my mind at present."

It was after this conversation that Selwyn, finding the farmer inflexible, and Rose determined to sacrifice her love rather than disobey her father, formed the resolution to go out in a whaling ship, just about to leave the port. Rose sought in vain to dissuade him. He told her his mind was made up. "If you wont have me, Rose," said he, "I may as well be on the ocean as the land, for I shall never marry any one else; but I shall not hold you bound—for most likely I shall never return."

"I did n't expect to hear you say such a thing as that, Cousin Robert," answered Rose, with her eyes full of tears; "but you may hold me bound or not, just as you please, I shall wait for you. If you should forget me, I could never believe in the love of any man afterward."

The ship sailed unexpectedly, and Selwyn, much to his disappointment, was obliged to depart without again seeing Rose; and the sudden news that he had gone, occasioned the burst of feeling in her, with which our story opened.

We must now pass over a few anxious and tedious years. Rose waited and dreamed of her lover's return, until her spirits flagged, and her young heart grew sick with "hope deferred." Mr. Winters was puzzled and confounded. He had mistaken his daughter's disposition, and was not prepared for the depth of feeling and affection which she had garnered in her bosom. That his bright and merry Rose should suddenly become the reflective and thinking being, and perform her household duties with methodical and earnest care, instead of flying like a bird from room to room, and singing or laughing off a thousand grotesque mistakes, which before were continually occurring under her management, was to him a matter of serious consideration. In truth he did not much like the change; for what was gained in order and regularity in his house, was lost in that inexhaustible fund of animating gayety which had been wont to beguile him at night of the fatigue of daily labor, and cast an unfailing charm over his retired dwelling. Not that Rose had altogether sunk into the sober and serious mood—that it was not in her nature to do—but an indescribable change had passed over her former manner, which had somewhat of a depressing influence on her family. She could not help laughing and being lively, any more than she could help the beating of her pulse, or the breath that came without her will or agency; but there was something missing in the inward spring from which her spirits flowed. It was the heart's happiness—and the spring, in consequence, sometimes yielded bitter waters.

Three years had fulfilled their annual revolutions before the ship returned in which Selwyn had embarked, and then, alas! it returned without him. The voyage had been a most disastrous one. They had been nearly shipwrecked, after being but a few months out, and had been obliged to put in at one of the islands in the Pacific to repair and refit. This operation necessarily detained them a long time; and the second year of the voyage, Selwyn got sick and discouraged, and left them at a port where they had stopped to winter, and went to London. It was hinted that he was wild and reckless, and would never do any thing for want of stability and perseverance. Rose was indignant at these innuendos. Her sense of justice and generosity spurned the meanness of traducing the absent, and her woman's love shielded him in her own mind from every attack on his reputation. She received a letter from him shortly afterward, the first he had written since his departure. The general tone of it was sad and desponding, but it breathed the most unabated affection toward herself, while at the same time it set her perfectly free from her engagement to him.

"I cannot ask you, dear Rose," he wrote, "to wait for me, when it is so uncertain if I ever can return to claim your promise. I have made nothing by this voyage, and am determined never to see your father again until I can give him a satisfactory answer to his question of 'how I am to support a wife.'"

Rose wept over the letter, and then consigned it to her most secret hiding-place, and returned with unshaken resolution to her usual train of duties. She had lost none of her beauty, for the healthful exercise of necessary and constant employment, preserved the bloom on her cheek, and kept her from giving way to useless repining. Among the beaux of the village, she continued to have her full share of admirers; and there was one of the number, Edward Burton, an enterprising and promising young man, who sought earnestly to gain her hand. It was all in vain. Rose was deaf to his entreaties, and laughed at his remonstrances, until he was obliged to give up his suit.

In the meanwhile Robert Selwyn was seeking encouragement and advancement from a foreign people. He continued to follow the sea, but without returning to his native place. He went out from London, and had risen by the usual gradation of ship-officers,

lastly to captain. At the expiration of three more years, Rose received another letter from him; but the time of meeting seemed still further and further in the future. He knew not when he should return. His employers kept him constantly engaged, and he hoped in the end to realize an independence; but it might be long yet before it was accomplished.

Such was the burden of the letter, and Rose decided promptly on a new course of action for herself. She had long had it in her mind to leave home. Her eldest sister was fully competent to take her place in the management of the house, and the other two were old enough to be companions and assistants; but Rose felt that she should have to encounter the opposition of her father. She therefore determined on making all her arrangements to go before apprising him of her intention. Much, indeed, then, was the farmer astonished when Rose took her seat by his side, after he had finished his evening meal, and addressed him as follows:

"Father, I am going to New York to live."

"Going to New York to live!" repeated he, slowly, as if unable or unwilling to comprehend her words, "Why what has put that notion in your head, Rose?"

"I've been thinking of it for a year, father, but put off telling you till the time came. Last summer, when Mrs. Sandford was here, she often advised me to go to New York; and a few days ago I had a letter from her. She says she can get me a situation as teacher in a school, where I shall have many advantages, and I have made up my mind to accept it."

"You ought to have consulted me about it first, Rose; I'm doubtful if it will be for the best.

"Well, I shall do it for the best," answered Rose, "and if it should n't turn out so, I can't help it. You know I 'm too much like you, father, to give up any thing I judge to be right; and I hope you wont blame me for leaving home now, since Betsey is quite as good a housekeeper as I am."

Mr. Winters bent his eyes downward, and was silent. It was not his habit to betray any outward emotion, but there was grief in his heart. His fortitude was sorely tried. The departure of Rose would cause a sad break in his home enjoyments, and the philosophy of the man was destroyed for the moment, by the feelings of the father. Inwardly he struggled, till unable to control himself longer, he rose quickly, and snatching his hat, went out from the house.

After some time, he returned calm and composed, and simply remarked to his daughter, "You say you've decided to go, Rose, so there's no use in arguing—but you'll find a great change in a city life. If you should n't like it, come back to your old home—that 's all. Now call the girls in to prayers—it 's nigh bed-time."

Rose did as she was bid—and that night the farmer prayed earnestly and fervently for the child who was about to quit his protection, and committed her to the watchful care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. The prayer over, he retired immediately to his pillow, which was wet before morning with an old man's unwonted tears.

In the course of the following month, Rose was duly installed in the authority of her new station. Her active and energetic mind, on which the useful branches of education had been thoroughly grounded, soon comprehended all the mysteries of her office, while her sprightliness and good humor, joined to her unusual decision of character, fitted her admirably for her occupation. The first term of her initiation, however, passed wearily away. Her spirit pined in the confinement to which she had voluntarily subjected herself—and with a feeling of *home-sickness* gnawing at her heart, she repaired to her patroness, Mrs. Sandford, to tell her that she could remain no longer. "I get thinking of my father," said she, "when I ought to be attending to the lessons—and sometimes my mind gets so confused, that I almost imagine myself mad, and the school a bedlam. Indeed, Mrs. Sandford, I cannot engage for another quarter. I find I was not made for a city life, after all. The confusion distracts me, and the high houses and narrow streets, make me gloomy and low-spirited. I feel as if I could n't breathe in the smoke and dust here. Oh, if you only knew how I long for the pure air of the country, and the sight, once more, of the wild, free ocean."

"But, my dear child," said the lady, "you cannot think of returning now, in the depth of winter. The communication by water is closed, and you know it is a three days' journey by land in the best of traveling. At present, they say the roads are nearly impassable. Come, take my advice and content yourself till spring. Believe me, you will not find every thing as you expect when you return to the country. A short absence from home, often produces a great change in our own minds, and we are led to view the same objects in a different light. New impressions of life and manners frequently destroy the power of old associations to bring back past happiness; and we are left to experience a painful disappointment, without being at first sensible that the change is in ourselves. We can never be again what we were before."

Rose listened attentively, and though far from being fully convinced by the reasoning of Mrs. Sandford, she bent her will to a seeming necessity, and consented to remain. Naturally buoyant, she rallied her spirits, and overcame her transient depression. Interested continually in receiving as well as imparting knowledge, she said no more about returning home until the summer vacation left her at liberty to revisit her native town. Then it was that she understood the change which the more experienced woman of the world had sought to picture to her imagination. She was once more in the bosom of her family; on the very spot where life had opened to her with such bright anticipations of happiness. The same scenes were around her. The extended range of level country, and "The sea, the open sea," with its mountainous and heaving billows, presented itself, as in former days, to her unobstructed view. What then was lost? It was the simple taste, the unsophisticated mind, the feelings untainted with the world, and, most of all, the heart at peace! She

was no longer contented. The quietude and sameness of the country left her too much time for thought; and her restless spirit wandered again to the thronged and bustling city, and the ceaseless routine of her labors in the school as a sort of necessary means of relief. The sight of the ocean grew painful to her, from its reminding her too forcibly of her absent lover. Selwyn wrote not, came not. Some said he was married in London, and there came not a word from himself to contradict the report.

Edward Burton took advantage of it to renew the offer of his hand to Rose.

"No," answered she, decidedly, "if Cousin Robert is really married, as people say, my faith in man's love is destroyed forever. I hope you will never ask me again, Edward, for my answer will always be the same."

So Burton gave her up, and consoled himself by marrying another; and Rose returned to New York, and again devoted herself to the arduous task of teaching, which often filled her heart with weariness; yet no one would have imagined her to be a disappointed girl. *Love-sick* she was not; she had too much strength of mind—but she was true-hearted and constant. Nine years had elapsed since she had heard a word of Selwyn, and she knew not whether he were living or dead. They had been parted *fifteen years;* and who will wonder that time had robbed her of some of her early bloom; but there was an added expression of intellect in her countenance, and a certain refinement of manner imperceptibly acquired, which she had never possessed in her father's house: so that altogether she was more attractive, more to be admired at thirty-three years of age, than when she first appeared at eighteen as a country belle.

And where was Robert Selwyn, while by slow gradations from year to year this change had been silently wrought in his heart's first idol. His migrations in the meantime had been many, and his fortunes varied. Profits and loss were for some years nearly balanced in his accounts, but at length the brighter side predominated. Misfortunes and mishaps were cleared away from his horizon, and his sails swept onward through a tide of unexpected success. It was then that he began to weary of his long, self-imposed exile, and turn his thoughts and wishes to home and "native land." Energetic in purpose, and prompt in action, he no sooner formed the resolution of returning than it was put in execution. The voyage, quickly accomplished, he once more found himself among his old friends and townsmen, who shook him heartily by the hand, and welcomed him back with right good will. Some author remarks, that "one of the greatest pleasures in life, is to be born in a small town, where one is acquainted with all the inhabitants, and a remembrance clings to every house." He no doubt felt this on his first arrival, and his satisfaction was unalloyed; for, like Rose, he had yet to know himself as he now was. Most of his youthful companions were married, and settled down into steady, sober-minded, every-day sort of people—having made but little improvement either in mind or manners; but they were not slow to perceive that the Selwyn who had just returned was quite a different man from the Selwyn they had formerly known. There was certainly a change in him, but in what it consisted, they found it impossible to decide. He lacked nothing in cordiality—he assumed no airs of superiority—he was neither *elegant* nor *fashionable*—but he was not what he used to be. Perhaps it was that he had acquired more manliness of character; and there was the least bit more of dignity in his manners; he was the smallest possible degree more guarded in his expressions; and his frank and easy address was entirely free from the most distant approach to awkwardness. It is true, he was still the gay and jovial sailor, noble-spirited and generous to a fault—but he was more the gentleman, more the man of the world than before he went to foreign parts; and upon the whole, the conclusion was that he was greatly improved, and would most likely turn out to be quite a credit to the town. He had certainly grown handsomer, as he had grown older. His face wore no traces of any inward discontent or disappointment, and it is probable that he had worn his love either lightly or hopefully in his heart. His first inquiry, after his return, however, was for Rose; and hearing she was in New York, he hastened thither to meet her. It was at the close of a summer afternoon when he found himself at the door of the house where he was told she boarded. He inquired for her, walked in, and sat down in the parlor in the dim light of the fading day, which was rendered more obscure in the shadow of the curtained windows.

Rose had gone to her room fatigued and somewhat dispirited. The name of her visiter was announced, and as she descended with a languid step to the parlor, she was little prepared for the surprise that awaited her.

Selwyn rose at her entrance with a confused and doubtful air. "I beg your pardon, madam," said he, "I called to see Miss Winters—Rose Winters—I understood she was here."

"And so she is, Cousin Robert!" exclaimed Rose. "She is before you, and yet you do not know her. Am I altered so very much, then?"

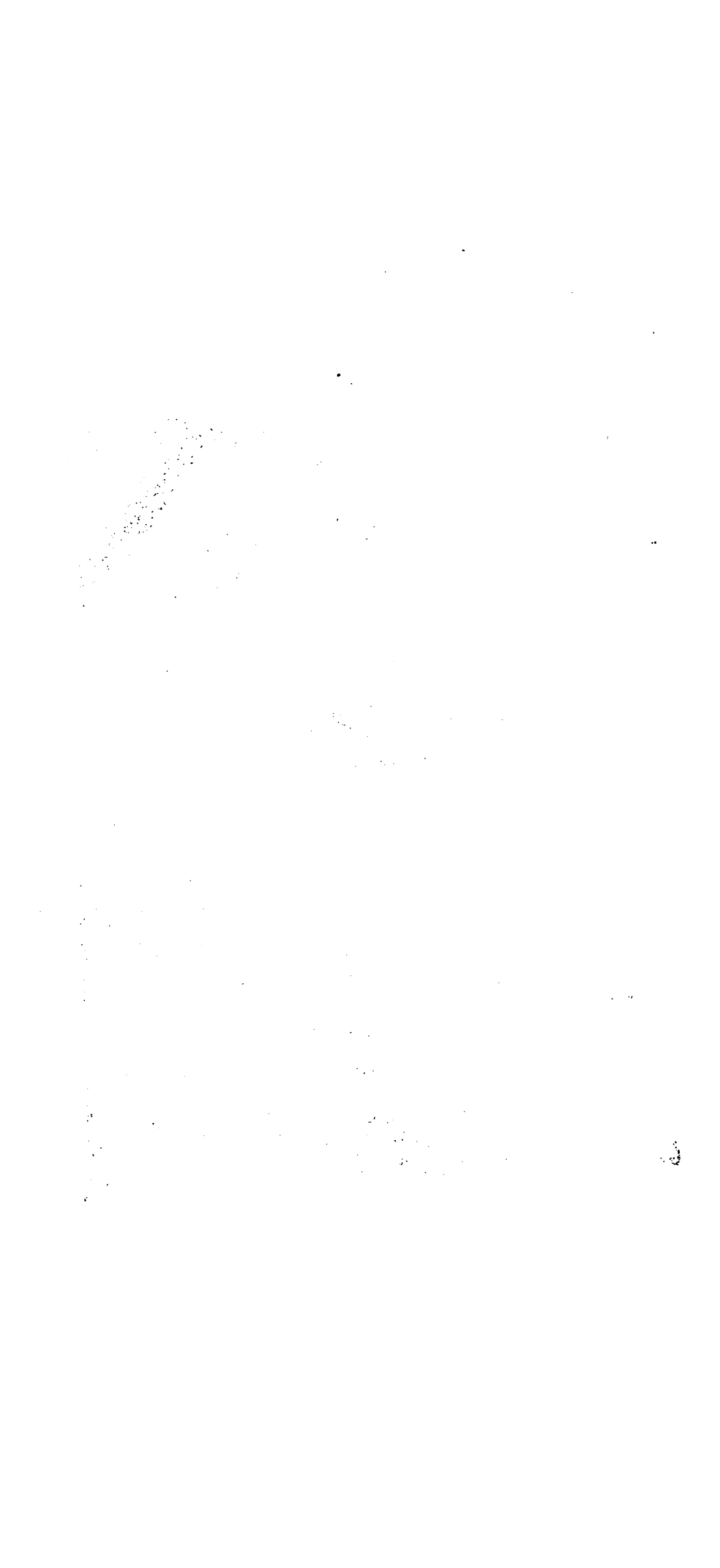
The question was accompanied with a painful blush, from the consciousness that the bloom of youth in which he had left her, had passed away forever.

Selwyn sprang toward her and caught her hand.

"Rose, my own dear Rose," said he, with real feeling, "forgive me. No, you are not altered; but if you were, I should know your voice among a thousand."

"Ah, I know I have grown old, cousin," said Rose, struggling to recover herself, "how could it be otherwise, when so many years have passed since we met."

"Well, Rosy, look at me! Has my age stood still, do you think? Look at the crow's feet and the gray hair, and tell me if you love me the less for them. You would be the same to me, if you were twice as old as you are; for you see I have come back for no earthly reason but to marry you, unless your own





moment is so hard to obtain here as your father's
was before."

"Why, your friends said you were married in
London."

"No, not my romantic Rose. If ever there were
any rumours who said that; but you know better.
Didn't I tell you I would never marry any one
but you?"

"Yes, Silvio, yours are Creole Rumours—no
promise would be outlawed by the time you got
home. You do not pretend to say that you thought
my faith in your word would hold out, without ever
receiving a line from you for full nine years?"

"Why not pretend to say it, nay, what I know it
was. Fancy it now if you can."

"But why didn't you write to me, Silvio?"

"Because I'm no writer, and except to make my-
self. You said you'd wait for me—and I knew you
never break your word. So now, my Creole Rose
knows, I've come to claim you. Still a poor soldier
I am, with love enough, but a scant fill of love,
but what is better, something to live on besides."

"You are in a great hurry now," said Rose,
surprised and blushing. "Suppose you say a little
more, you treat me as well as your comrades.
Why I have not had a chance yet to tell you what
hope you every so long."

"Never mind that, now. There'll be plenty of
time hereafter. Answer my question first, whether
you mean to have me or not, and let me know
which way to shape my course. If you've changed
your mind, and love your officer far more, just say
so at once. And I'm off to-night to the first ship. You'll
never be troubled with me again."

"What an impatient lover you are," said Rose,
"not to appreciate the sweetness of taking you
unawares."

"You came all on purpose, dearest one, to take
me by surprise?" "Why did you hesitate to tell me
your name. Never are still, Rose, let me know all
at once, or you'll punish me with a month more
patient, and you shall make me what you please."

Rose was silent. Her lover's pride was aroused
by cold manner (was he like so many other men?)
and when she did speak at length, her voice was cold
and indifferent, and she spoke nearly unintelligible.
The secret of course can be guessed, however, from
the fact that Silvio at once left the house, and that Rose
found her occupation as reader and companion
to the Colonel's lady. The wedding was soon
after celebrated with the sanction of the priest and
the governor—and report is, that the old minister,
who by the fireside days was the pastor of his
native village, had been married in the meanwhile
to another world, and the ceremony of her marriage
was performed by a stranger.

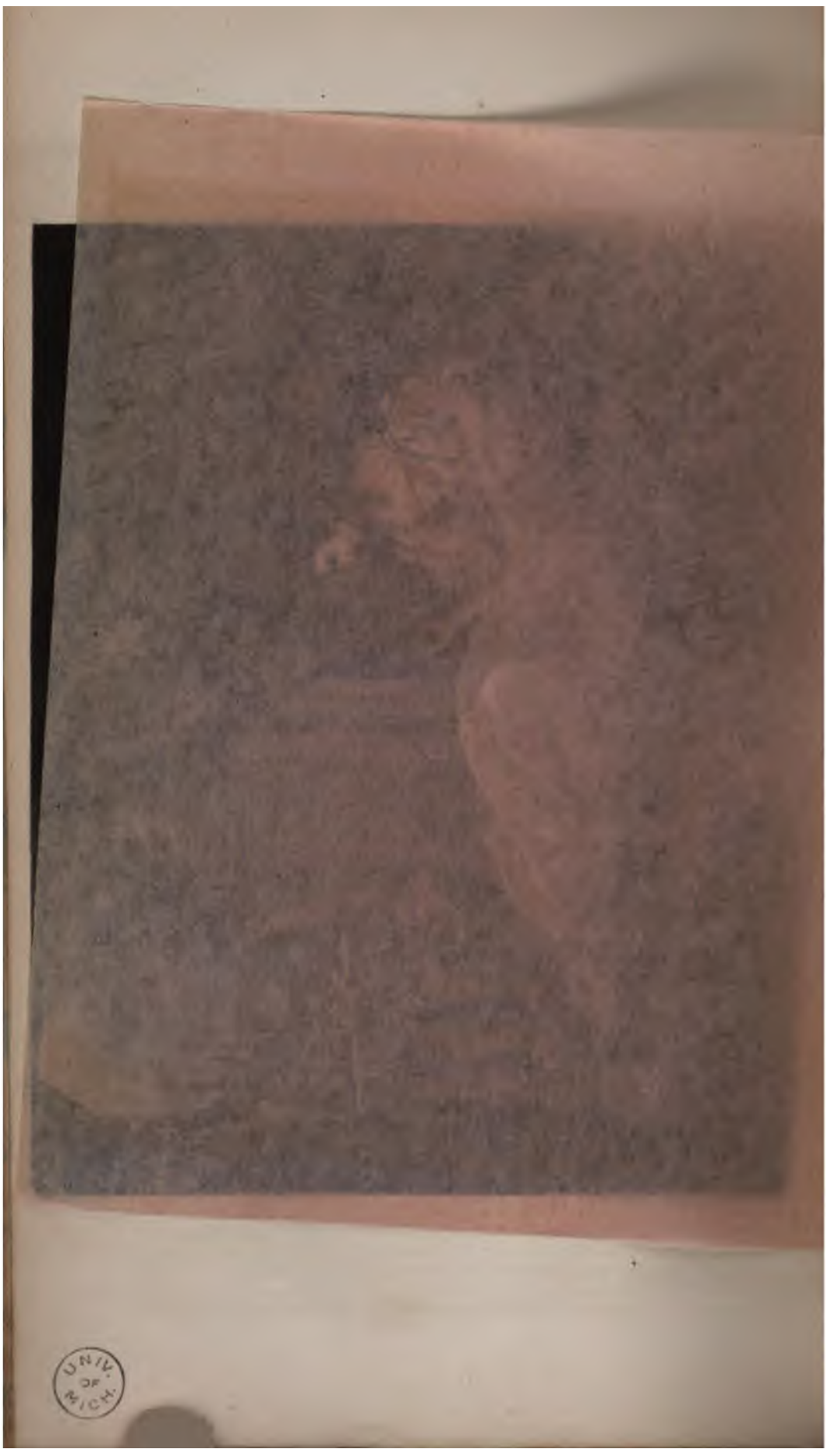
THE ZOPILOTES.

BY SAVAGE LANDOR.

[A Mexican officer, having quarrelled with and left the service of Iturbide, was pursued by his countrymen, and, finding himself upon the mountains of Guatimala, in extreme misery, wrote the following verses, and died on the very spot where he wrote them.]

Ye whom I loved, my brethren of the sword,
With whom I left my distant mountain-home,
Come, come to me. Alas! no single word

Not that I wish my failing strength to eke—
A soldier's death it was my joy to seek,
Wounded, alone, I have no other art
To save me. Let me die.


UNIV. OF MICH.

s as hard to obtain now as your father's
re."
r, your friends said you were married in
"
not my *friends*, Rose. It must have been
mies who said that; but *you* knew better.
I tell you I would never marry any one
?"
, fifteen years ago, Cousin Robert—but the
e might be outlawed by this time, for all I
You do not pretend to say that you thought
h in your word would hold out, without even
ng a line from you the last nine years."
hy not pretend to say it, coz, when I know it
Deny it now if you can."
t why did n't you write to me, Robert?"
ecause I 'm no writer, and meant to come my-
You said you 'd wait for me—and I knew you
broke your word. So now, my sweet little
r, I 've come to claim you, like a blunt sailor,
m, with few words, but a heart full of love,
what is better, something to live on beside."
You are in a great hurry now," said Rose,
hing and blushing. "Suppose you wait a little,
g you learnt the art so well in your absence.
y I have not had a chance yet to ask you what
you away so long."
Never mind that, coz. There 'ill be plenty of time hereafter. Answer my question first, whether you mean to have me or not, and let me know which way to shape my course. If you 've changed your mind, and lost your affection for me, just say so at once, and I 'm off to sea in the first ship. You 'll never be troubled with me again."

"What an unreasonable man you are," said Rose, "just as impatient and headstrong as before you went away."

"You knew all my faults, dearest, long, long ago," said Selwyn. "They did not hinder you from loving me once. Love me still, Rose, as you once did. Be mine, as you promised you would before we parted, and you shall make me what you please."

Rose was silent. Her lover's arm was around her, and memory was holding its mirror to her mind: and when she did speak at length, her voice was low and indistinct, and her words nearly unintelligible. The spirit of them may be guessed, however, from the fact that Selwyn did not go to sea, and she resigned her situation as teacher, and returned with him to her former home. The wedding was soon after celebrated with the sanction of her father, and but one source of regret to Rose, that the old minister, who in her youthful days was the pastor of her native village, had been removed in the meanwhile to another world, and the ceremony of her marriage was performed by a stranger.

THE ZOPILOTES.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[A Mexican soldier, being grievously wounded in one of the battles of Hidalgo, was deserted by his victorious companions. Unable to defend himself against the numerous Zopilotes, or vultures, which hovered around him, he put an end to his life with his own hand.]

I FEEL the motion of each heavy wing—
I hear the rustling of the air they cleave—
The shadows they, like sombre phantoms, fling
Closely around and o'er me, hovering,
Beget wild fears, which busy fancies weave
Into a dreadful certainty.

I hear the war-cry on the distant field!
I see the dust, by charging squadrons cast;
The cannon's blaze, the flash of burnished steel;
Bright banner's wave, the rapid march and wheel,
Where every step may be, perhaps, the last
A soldier e'er may take.

Closely, more closely, still I see them sweep,
Their wings are furled, and eagerly they tread,
Yet silently, as one who walks in sleep,
Swiftly, as tyrant monsters of the deep
Rush on their helpless prey, which seems to dread
Far, far too much to fly.

Ye whom I loved, my brethren of the sword,
With whom I left my distant mountain-home,
Come, come to me. Alas! no single word
I speak will ever by your ears be heard,
Where battle cries, the trump and stirring drum,
Salute your victory.

Was it for this I left my mother's side,
And bade to her I loved a last adieu,
The dark-eyed girl I won to be my bride?
Was it to watch this warm, empurpled tide
Of life come gurgling, like a fountain, through
My rent and gaping breast?

Wounded, alone, upon the field of strife,
The shouts of victory upon mine ear,
My comrades joyous, or bereft of life,
Martyrs, with fame and glory ever rife—
I do not dread to die alone e'en here,
As yon brave men have died.

But oh, great God! I would not feel the beak
Of yon dark vulture tear away my heart;
Not that I wish my failing strength to eke—
A soldier's death it was my joy to seek,
Wounded, alone, I have no other art
To save me. Let me die.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(*Continued from page* 198.)

Nor does the following present a much greater difference, and, but for the ear-rings and knee-breeches, would pass muster even now amid our infinite varieties of *paletots*, *sacks* and *Hongrois*. The boot-black represented in the cut is a miniature *bonnet-rouge*.



It is worth while to state that costumes, like opinions, reproduce themselves. As the ideas which were once in vogue, and have been abandoned, return and resume their influence and orthodoxy, so do the costumes of other days continually reappear, it is true, with a difference often striking enough, for men no longer wear either coats of mail or inexpressibles of velvet, yet the Norman cloak of the Black Prince, and the *sack* of Lauzun, the handsome French colonel, who, during our own Revolutionary war, turned the heads and carried away the hearts of half the women of Philadelphia, are still every day to be seen.

The same thing is observable in female costume. The long waists, tight sleeves and full skirts of old times have returned, and even the ungainly ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's age have shown a disposition to return. The mode of dressing the hair is also retracing itself, so that there is little real difference between the traditional court-dress of former times and that of every-day life worn at present, except the train.

The following is a caricature of that day, but scarcely more outré than the bearded creatures from time to time seen in our own streets. It may be remarked that the passion for hair on the face always is consequent on a war. In the time of Henri IV. all the world was bearded; so during the days of Cromwell were his ironsides, and now men who never saw a shot fired, force the sublime into the ridiculous, by parading a moustache in every thoroughfare throughout the country.



Who knows but that our own Mexican war may exert an influence on dress, and that some day the Ranchero's striped blanket and broad-brimmed hat may become the fashion. Men will stalk about the streets in boots of cow-hide, and instead of hunting with dogs and rifles, the *lazo* or *lariette* will be adopted universally. All the world knows that immediately after the return of the army of the Duke of Wellington to England, from Waterloo, the military black stock was adopted, and it may be that the green pantaloons with the brown stripe, now worn, are an imitation of the dress of the Mexican veterans who were defeated at Cherebusco. The same may be said of the cloth caps, with the covers of oil-skin, now so much in vogue. It may be remarked that this article of dress has always followed the *tenue* of the army, the flat cap replacing the hussar's, as the latter did the old gig-top leather apparatus.

Other nations of Europe did not participate in the French Revolution, but became imitators of the costumes it created. We have now come to the period of the Directory, which exerted its influence on costume, or rather the influence of which was reflected by the costume of the day.

The Directory and Consulate saw all France seized with fury for the antique. These were the days of the *Romaines* and *Athenienes*, when David was toiling with the pencil to effect a reform of costume, and when Talma sought to introduce correct ideas of dress on the stage. The men of Paris still adhered to the English costume, which, fortified by their *fiat*, became that of the world. They compromised their English predilections, however, so far as to wear their hair *à la Titus* or *à la Caracalla*, what that was may be seen from the following engraving.



They seemed, however, to struggle to make this costume as unbecoming as possible, wearing the coats loose, the collars immense, the breasts small, and such pantaloons and *shocking bad* hats as were never seen before or since. The costume of a dandy of 1798 consisted of a blue coat, a white waistcoat, open in the breast, a finely worked shirt-bosom, fastened with a diamond pin, a huge muslin cravat, Nankin pantaloons, with black stripes down the seams, and thrust into the boots. (In society the boot was replaced by a small and pointed shoe.) The everlasting bludgeon was as indispensable in the street as the boots and the hat. To young Thelusson, when thus dressed and armed, Madame de Stael, who wore an oriental *toilette*, said, "Citizen, you bear the sceptre of ridicule." "Madame," replied he, "you are certainly competent to award it to whom you please." Never were there so many strange costumes seen in any one city as in Paris at that time, when *perruques*, powder, hair *à la Titus*, cocked and round hats all were mingled together. Costume was indeed republican if the government was despotic.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

THE BEAUTIFUL OF EARTH.

All Nature's beauteous forms, of light, of earth, or air, or sky,
Compare not with the flexile frame, the lustrous, speaking eye;
The opening flower, the rainbow tint, the blue and star-lit dome,
Are things of naught, in contrast with the angels of our home:
All gentle acts, all noble thoughts, of Heaven-directed birth,
Are centered in the fair and good, the beautiful of earth.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



CAROLINA OR MOCKING WREN.

This interesting bird is strictly southern in its habits, being rarely found north of Maryland and Delaware, while it abounds during the whole year in the warmer states. Occasionally it strays to the vicinity of Philadelphia and even of New York; but this is so seldom that the indefatigable Wilson never found its nest north of the Maryland line. Like the House-Wren it is a sprightly, industrious and familiar bird, and a general favorite in the neighborhood where it abounds. Other qualities render its nature so ambiguous that some have hesitated to place it among the Wrens. One of the most remarkable of these is its power of imitating the songs of other birds. With much sweetness and accuracy it blends its own notes with the simple twittering of the Ground-Robin, the harsh noise of the Woodpecker, the trilling of the Blackbird and Warbler, and the whistling of the Cardinal. These are its favorite imitations; but its powers of mimicry embrace the songs of almost all our forest-birds. But notwithstanding this capriciousness in sounds, the Carolina Wren is said to have a favorite theme, repeated more regularly than any other. Nuttall thus pleasantly describes it. "This was the first sound that I heard from him, delivered with great spirit, though in the dreary month of January. This sweet and melodious ditty, *tsee-toot*, *tsee-toot*, *tsee-toot*, and sometimes *tsee-toot*, *tsee toot-see*, was usually uttered in a somewhat plaintive or tender strain, varied at each repetition with the most delightful and delicate tones, of which no conception can be formed without experience. That this song has a sentimental air may be conceived from its interpretation by the youths of the country, who pretend to hear it say, *swēet-heart*, *swēet-heart*, *swēet!* nor is the illusion more than the natural truth, for, usually, this affectionate ditty is answered by its mate, sometimes in the same note, at others in a different call. In most cases, it will be remarked, that the phrases of our songster are uttered in 3s; by this means it will be generally practicable to distinguish its performance from that of other birds, and particularly from the Cardinal Grosbeak, whose expression it often closely imitates, both in power and delivery. I shall never, I believe, forget the soothing satisfaction and amusement I derived from this little constant and unwearied minstrel, my sole vocal companion through many weary miles of a vast, desolate, and otherwise cheerless wilderness."

The food of the Carolina Wren consists of the insects found in old timber, and along the banks of streams, places which it delights to frequent. It is found among the thick cypress swamps of the south even in the middle of winter. It can see well in the dark, sometimes searching food in caves, where to most other day birds objects would be undistinguishable. Its building places are a barn, or stable, some old decayed tree, or even a post-fence. The female lays from five to eight eggs, of a dusky white, mottled with brown. Two broods are raised in a season, and sometimes even three. The adult bird is five and a quarter inches long, of a chestnut brown, beautifully mottled with black and other colors. The female differs little in color from the male.



THE CARDINAL BIRD.

This bird is known under the names of Virginia Red Bird, Virginia Nightingale and Crested Red Bird. It is one of the most beautiful of American songsters, and in power and sweetness of tone it has been compared with the Nightingale. The species belongs mostly to the United States and Mexico, but has been found in considerable numbers in the West Indies, Central America and Colombia. Although delighting in a southern clime, it is sometimes observed in Pennsylvania, and even New England. Being migratory, it often flies in large flocks, presenting a splendid appearance, especially when moving in relief over a clear sky, and in the rays of the sun. At other times several of these birds are found associated with Sparrows, Snow-Birds and other half domestic species. When alone his favorite haunts are the corn-field, small clumps of trees, and the borders of shaded rivulets. Corn is their favorite food, in addition to which they eat seeds of fruit, grain and insects. They are easily domesticated, even when taken quite old, and require very little trouble in order to thrive well. Loss of color, however, has often been the result of long confinement, although with care this might perhaps be obviated. They are lively in the cage, and maintain their powers of song to the last. Numbers of them are carried to France and England, where they are highly esteemed. Their time of song lasts from March to September.

The Cardinal Bird's song consists of a favorite stanza often repeated, with boldness, variety of tone and richness. Its whistling somewhat resembles that of the human voice, though its energy is much greater. In his native grove, his voice rises above almost every other songster except the Mocking-Bird. The powers of the female are almost equal to those of the male, of whom she is a most constant and affectionate partner.

Latham admits that the notes of the Cardinal "are almost equal to those of the Nightingale," the sweetest of the feathered minstrels of Europe. But, says Nuttall, "the style of their performance is wholly different. The bold martial strains of the Red Bird, though relieved by tender and exquisite touches, pos-

sess not the enchanting pathos, the elevated and varied expression of the far-famed Philomel, nor yet those contrasted tones, which, in the solemn stillness of the growing night, fall at times into a soothing whisper, or slowly rise and quicken into a loud and cheering warble.

The Cardinal Bird measures eight inches in length, and eleven from the tip of one wing to that of the other. The whole upper parts are of a dull dusky-red, except the sides of the neck, head and lower parts, which are of a clear vermilion. The chin, front and lores black. The head is ornamented with a high pointed crest. The bill is coral red, and the legs and feet are pale ash color. The female is somewhat less than the male, and a little different in color. Both sexes are noted for affection to their young, and to each other; but so jealous are the males that they have often been known to destroy those of their own sex.

JENNY LIND.

BY MISS M. SAWIN.

A WORLD'S sweet enchantress, unbounded in fame,
O how shall I sing of so peerless a name—
Thy tones, from the wilds of a picturesque land,
The billows of ocean have borne to our strand;
Though I ne'er have beheld thee, yet bound in thy spell,
My bosom thine echoes still onward would swell—
Would enshrine in my song the sweet soul of thy strains,
Till fresh incense should rise from our mountains and plains.
Though long on the altar thou 'st kindled the fire,
Oh how shall it burn on the strings of the lyre!
'T is the music of Nature sublimed in thy lays
Which has won thee thy guerdon of love and of praise;
T' is hence that the depths of the spirit it thrills,
That responses start forth from mountains and hills,
That no barriers the flight of thine echoes can bind,
Which are borne o'er the earth on the wings of the wind.

There is glowing within us, all restless, a lyre,
Which would swell like an angel's its anthems of fire,
But the shroud of mortality fetters its strings—
Yet thou while on earth hast unfolded thy wings,
Canst dwell with the fairies in chalice of flowers,
And glide with the wood nymphs in deep sylvan bowers;
Canst float with the moonbeams in dew-silvered trees,
And rise on the wings of the morn's fragrant breeze,
While sunbeams are waking the rapturous lays
Of dew-drops and birds, and yet all 'neath their blaze;
Canst hover o'er ocean when storm it enthrones,
And bear from the foam-crested surges their tones;
When dark are the skies and the thunder-clouds lower,
With the eagle's bold flight to the mountain's crest soar;
The streams of the forest to their fountains canst wind,
And caverns resounding in solitude find;
Enshrined in thy spirit their voices canst keep,
Sublimed by thine alchemy subtile and deep,
At thy will from thy spirit their harmonies sweep,
And I ween thou hast soared to the portals of Heaven,
Or some angel a tone to thy praises has given.

O, Jenny, the brightest cynosure below!
The fount in thy bosom must here cease to flow;
Like the sear leaves of autumn which shroud the old years,
Thy harp-strings must perish 'mid wailings and tears;
Thy lovers who bend at thy purity's shrine,
Enchained by the spells of thy carols divine,
When no temple's proud arches resound with thy strain,
In the wilds of thy forests shall seek thee in vain;
But when from thy tomb they despairing return,
In lyres immortal thine echoes shall burn.
Alas! that thy music should ever here die,
Should leave the sad earth and ascend to the sky;
Yet when thou art fled to the seraphim throng
Will fancy yet list to thy glorified song,
Will dream that no harp on the heavenly plains
Has music so sweet as are there thy high strains.
Though we never may list while on earth to thy lays,
For the boon of thy being high Heaven we 'll praise;
Where thy strains are ascending must Paradise be—
Humanity's scale is exalted in thee.

There is a tone in my bosom as yet unexpressed,
And fain would I bid it to ever there rest,
But the woes of the earth for its utterance plead,
Then may it go forth as a merciful deed:—
O, Jenny, while shining so brilliant on high,
Like the Lyrian star on the vault of the sky,
While the peers of the realms bow in homage to thee,
Dost never thy race in their miseries see?
To the charm of thy music we ever would yield,
By thee would be borne to Elysium's field,
And forgetful that wrong or that wo were on earth,
Forever would list to thine angel-like mirth.
But the heart fraught with sympathies true, must embrace
The lowest as well as the stars of our race—
Round the poor and the wretched in bitterness twine—
On devotion's wings rise to where pure seraphs shine;—
In our pathway to Heaven we encounter the thorn,
Each brother's woes feel and the proud tyrant's scorn—
The way that our holy Redeemer has trod
But leads us through tears to the throne of our God.
I know that thine own gushing spirit is free
As the winds that o'ersweep the high mountains and sea;
Thy genius has burst from all species of chains,
And freedom unbounded swells forth in thy strains;
But while ever exulting on fetterless wing,
Wouldst not the blest boon to each lorn spirit bring?
Thy music, which thrills to the depths of the heart,
Might bid us to deeds of true chivalry start;
Might bid the kind fountain in proud bosoms flow,
To heal the crushed hearts that are writhing in wo.
Both Knowledge and Virtue like angels descend,
The sad thralls of Sin and of Darkness to rend,
Perchance that the tyrant may yield to thy charms,
And avert the dread doom of the Future's alarms,
Till unwilling vassals no more bend the knee,
But rise at his bidding and ever be free.
And the gold thou hast won by the charm of thy name,
To its splendor might add the philanthropist's fame,
Till many an oasis from deserts shall spring,
When the arches of Heaven with thy praises shall ring.

STORM-LINES.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the rains of November are dark on the hills, and
the pine-trees incessantly roar
To the sound of the wind-beaten crags, and the floods that
in foam through their black channels pour:

When the breaker-lined coast stretches dimly afar, through
the desolate waste of the gale,
And the clang of the sea-gull at nightfall is heard from the
deep, like a mariner's wail:

When the gray sky drops low, and the forest is bare, and
the laborer is housed from the storm,
And the world is a blank, save the light of his home
through the gust shining redly and warm:—

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart with its tropical
fullness of life overflow—
If the sun of thy bliss in the zenith is hung, and no shadow
reminds thee of wo!

Leave the home of thy love; leave thy labors of fame; in
the rain and the darkness go forth,
When the cold winds unpausingly wail as they drive from
the cheerless expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was mantling before;
thou shalt hear the eternal despair
Of the hearts that endured and were broken at last, from
the hills and the sea and the air!

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the maternal, lar
the children she nurtured with tears—
How the forest but deepens its wail and the breal
roar, with the march of the years!

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall dwindle a
the lips of thy loved ones be still:
And thy soul shall lament in the moan of the ston
ing wide on the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at thy heart
sad eyes of myriads implore,
In the darkness and storm of their being, the ray
ing out through thy radiant door.

Look again: how that star of thy Paradise dims
the warm tears, unwittingly shed—
Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly wrung, i
on the dust of the Dead!

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold on thy c
the proud pulses chill in thy frame,
Till the love of thy bosom is grateful and sad,
turn'st from the mockery of Fame!

Take with humble acceptance the gifts of thy life
joy brim the fountain of tears;
For the soul of the Earth, in endurance and pain
promise of happier years!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Child of the Sea and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. Anna Lewis, Author of "Records of the Heart," etc. etc. New York: George P. Putnam.

A large edition of "Records of the Heart" was sold in a few months, and the fair author stepped at once into a very enviable position. "The Child of the Sea," etc. will add much to her poetical fame. The poem which gives name to the volume, and occupies most of it, is a romantic and passionate narrative, and embodies all the main features of Mrs. Lewis's thought as well as manner. The story is well conducted and somewhat elaborately handled; the style, or general tone, is nervous, free, dashing—much in the way of Maria del Occidente—but the principal ground for praise is to be found in the great aggregate of quotable passages. The opening lines, for example, are singularly vivid:

Where blooms the myrtle and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air—
Where the sad Bird of Night forever sings
Meet anthems for the Children of Despair.

The *themes* of the poem—a few lines farther on—are summed up in words of Byronic pith and vigor:—

—— youthful Love,
Ill-starred, yet trustful, truthful and sublime
As ever angels chronicled above—
The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime—
Virtue's reward—the punishment of Crime—
The dark, inscrutable decrees of Fate—
Despair, untold before in prose or rhyme.

We give a few more instances of what we term "quotable" passages—thoughtful, vivid, pungent or vigorous:

Fresh blows the breeze on Tarick's burnished bay—
The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray—
The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar.

The olive children of the Indian Sea.

That rayless realm where Fancy never beams—
That Nothingness beyond the Land of Dreams.

Folded his arms across his sable vest
As if to keep the heart within his breast.

—— Violets lifting up their azure eyes
Like timid virgins whom Love's steps surprise.

And all is hushed—so still—so silent there
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

—— There are times when the sick soi
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to Fate or to what haven
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

The dahlias, leaning from the golden vase,
Peer pensively into her pallid face,
While the sweet songster o'er the oaken door
Looks through his grate and warbles "weep n

—— beauteous in her misery—
A jewel sparkling up through the dark sea
Of Sorrow.

Delirium's world of fantasy and pain,
Where hung the fiery moon and stars of blood
And phantom ships rolled on the rolling flood.

"*Isabelle or The Broken Heart*" occupies some and is fully as good as "The Child of the Sea"—in a very different way. There is less elaborat haps, but not less true polish, and even more ins

The "Miscellaneous Poems" are, of course, v

merit. Some of them have been public favorites for a long time. "My Study," especially, has been often quoted and requoted. It is terse and vigorous. From "The Beleagured Heart" we extract a quatrain of very forcible originality:

I hear the mournful moans of joy—
Hope, sobbing while she cheers—
Like dew descending from the leaf
The dropping of Love's tears.

The volume is most exquisitely printed and bound—one of the most beautiful books of the season.

The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo.

No person, of whig or tory politics, could in the present age, propose to himself the task of writing the history of England, without feeling the delicacy and responsibility of his undertaking, and the necessity of exercising a different class of powers from those which may have given sparkle and point to his partisan efforts. The importance of the principles involved in the events and characters coming under his view, and their wide applications to contemporary controversies, would be sure to bring down upon the unlucky advocate a storm of moral and immoral indignation. It would seem on the first blush that Macaulay, with all his vast and vivified erudition, was not a writer calculated to experience the full force of a historian's duties, or to display in the analysis and judgment of events that intellectual conscientiousness which is a rare quality even in powerful minds. His historical essays bear as unmistakable marks of partisanship as ability, and are especially characterized by a merciless severity, which, in the name of justice, too often loses the insight as well as the toleration which come from charity. Sir James Macintosh, toward the commencement of his career, referred to him as "a writer of consummate ability, who has failed in little but in the respect due to the abilities and character of his opponents." Though as a partisan, Macaulay was a partisan on the right side, on the side of liberty and truth, the unmeasured scorn he poured, hot from his heart, on tyrants and bigots, and the fierce, swift sweep of his generalizations, often made his cooler readers suspicious of his accuracy when most dazzled and delighted by his brilliancy. In the present history a great change is manifest. The petulance, the flippancy, the dogmatism of the essayist, are hardly observable, and in their place we have the solid judgment of the historian. There is a general lowering of the tone in which persons and principles are considered, consequent upon the change in the writer's position from an antagonist to a judge. The style, while it has no lack of the force, richness, variety, directness and brilliancy, which characterized the diction of the essayist, has likewise a sweetness, gravity and composure which the essayist never displayed. Though the writer's opinions are radically the same as ever, they are somewhat modified by being seen through a less extravagant expression, and by being restored to their proper relations. In fact, the history presents Macaulay as a wiser and more comprehensive man than his essays, and if we sometimes miss the generous warmth and intensity, and the daring sweep of his earlier compositions, we also miss their declamatory contemptuousness and mental bombast.

The volumes which the Harpers have given to us in so elegant a form, (vulgarized a little by Dr. Webster's orthographical crotchets,) close with the proceedings of the Convention which gave the crown to William and Mary. A long historical introduction, containing a view of English history previous to the reign of James II., and a view of England, in its manners, customs, literature and people at the time of his accession, occupy the larger portion of the first volume, and are almost unmatched, certainly unexcelled, in historical literature, for the combination of condensed richness of matter with popularity of style. Then follows the narrative of the three years of folly and madness which produced the revolution of 1688, and hurled James II. from his throne. This narrative is detailed with a minuteness which leaves nothing untold necessary to the complete apprehension of the subject in all its bearings, and it evinces on almost every page not only singular felicity in narration, but great power of original and striking observation. Masterly generalization, and sagacity in seizing and luminousness in unfolding the principles of events. The whole history has the interest of a grand dramatic poem, in which the movement of the story and delineation of the characters are managed with consummate skill. The portraits of Charles II., James II., Danby, Rochester, Sunderland, Godolphin, Halifax, Churchill, and especially William of Orange, are altogether superior to any which have previously appeared. Halifax and King William seem to be Macaulay's favorites, and he has surprised many of his readers by his comparative coolness to Russell, Sydney, and the whig patriots generally.

The history closes with an eloquent passage on the "glorious" Revolution of 1688. It appears to us that the meanness and lowness which Macaulay has developed in the actors in the event, impress the reader with a different notion of it. The whole thing has a jobby air, in which no commanding genius is observable, and no sacrifices seem to have been made. Indeed Macaulay himself, in one of his essays, remarks truly that the only sacrifices made in the Revolution, "was the sacrifice which Churchill made of honor and Anne of natural affection." That the Revolution, in its results, was one of the most glorious recorded in human annals, there can be little doubt, but it had its birth in such odious treachery, and was conducted by men so deficient in elevation of mind or even common honesty, that its story is little calculated to kindle sympathy, or awaken admiration.

The History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

The author of this history is an English nobleman of large historical acquirements, who has managed to produce two or three valuable works demanding great study and research, without interfering with his duties as a member of Parliament, though, doubtless with some interference with his pleasures as a member of the English aristocracy. The present work is valuable for its accuracy, and interesting from its giving a connected view of the history of England during a period but little known except by the empty abstracts of stupid compilers, or the brilliant but prejudiced letters and memoirs of contemporary writers and statesmen. It comprehends the administrations of Harley and Bolingbroke, of Stanhope, Walpole, Carteret, Newcastle and Chatham, thus including the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne and the reigns of George I. and II. The period covers a wide field of characters and events, and Lord Mahon has been especially successful in unraveling the threads of the foreign policy of England, and indicating the difficulties experienced by her statesmen in sustaining the House of Hanover on the throne. In a narrative point of view the best portions of the history are those relating to the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. It is almost needless to say that Professor Reed

has added much to the value and interest of the work by his elucidative notes.

But the richness of Lord Mahon's materials and the interest of his subject cannot conceal the fact that he lacks both the heart and the brain of an able historian, and that he is essentially a common-place man. The reflections he appends to some of his narratives are commonly such obvious truisms, or such poor apologies for reason, that the reader is made painfully aware of his being in the company of a mediocre gentleman, who, while he always means well, never means much. Lord Mahon is deficient equally in historical science and historical imagination, and his work equally barren of profound principles and vivid pictures. A moderate tory, he holds the hearsays of his creed with a lazy acquiescence, without sufficient passion to be a bigot, and without sufficient logic to be a sophist. When he is tempted into historical parallels, or disquisitions on the changes of parties, as in that passage where he essays to prove that a modern whig is synonymous with a tory of Queen Anne's day, he adopts the argumentation of Fluellen rather than Chillingworth—shows that "there is a mountain in Wales and a mountain in Macedon," and leaves the reader to mourn over the misdirection of the human faculties. In his estimate of literature he is still worse. The disquisition on the literature of Queen Anne's time, in the present history, is a medley of mingled commonplace, which has been worn to rags, and critical nonsense, which has been long exploded. His history, therefore, must be considered simply as a useful narrative of important events, and carefully distinguished from those of Guizot and Thierrey, of Hallam and Macaulay, of Prescott and Bancroft.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678–9. *Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields*. 1 *vol*. 16*mo*.

This beautifully printed volume sustains both the reputation of its publishers for printing handsome books, and its reputed author for writing good ones. It is generally attributed to Whittier, and it certainly displays throughout the shrewdness with which that poet observes, and the facility with which he idealizes events. Here is a volume bringing up to the eye with the vividness of reality the scenes and characters of a past age, and making us as familiar with them as if we had ridden by the side of Margaret in her journey from Boston to Newbury, and yet through the whole book runs a vein of pure poetry, lending a consecrating light to scenes which might possess but little interest if actually observed. The quaint spelling undoubtedly adds to the illusion of its antiquity, but what makes it really seem old is its primitive sentiment and bold delineations. Margaret herself is a most bewitching piece of saintliness, with the sweetness and purity of one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, and as full of genial humanity as of beautiful devotion. Placed as she is amid the collision of opposite fanaticisms, the austere fanaticism of the Puritan and the vehement fanaticism of the Quaker, she shines both by her own virtues and by contrast with the harsh qualities by which she is surrounded. The book provokes a comparison with the Diary of Lady Willoughby, and that comparison it will more than stand, being superior to that charming volume in the range of its persons and events, and equal to it in the conception of the leading character. The author has shown especial art in modifying every thing, by the supposed medium of mind through which it passes—the heroine telling the whole story in her own words—and at the same time preserving every thing in its essential life. This is a difficult and delicate process of representation, but Whittier has performed it.

Democracy in France. By Monsieur Guizot, Late Prime Minister. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This little volume is well worthy the reputation of one of the greatest historians, philosophers and statesmen of the age—in other words, of the reputation of Guizot. It is marked by preeminent ability in statement, analysis, argumentation and composition, and we doubt not will exert some considerable influence on the politics of France. In his preface the author avers that nothing in the volume bears the impress of his personal situation, and he adds, "While events of such magnitude are passing before us, a man who did not forget himself would deserve to be forever forgotten." The book justifies the author's assertion. It is simply an examination of things without regard to persons, and is as philosophic in its tone as in its method. The chapters on The Social Republic and The Elements of Society are masterpieces of analysis and statement, and well deserve the attentive study of all who think or prattle on social science. It seems to us that the present volume is sufficient to convince all candid minds that whatever may be the faults and errors of Guizot as a statesman, he has no equal among the men at present dominant in France. Since his fall that country has been governed, or misgoverned, by soldiers and sentimentalists, with a pistol in one hand and the Rights of Man in the other, and is a standing monument of the madness of trusting the state to men of "second rate ability and first rate incapacity." The Red Republicans have principles; M. Guizot has principles; the legitimists have principles; but the present dynasty has the peculiar character of being, in an intellectual sense, the most thoroughly unprincipled government that French ingenuity could have formed.

Oregon and California. By J. Quinn Thornton. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

A pleasant book, well written, and containing much information just now, peculiarly valuable in relation to Oregon and California. Many strange phases of life in the wilderness and prairie, are described by one who knows its peculiar hardships and pleasures. The terrible sufferings, the awful stories told of the early emigrants, are faithfully given, and, if official accounts be true, are scarcely exaggerated. A valuable appendix on the gold country is added, undoubtedly to be relied on. The book is well illustrated in wood.

The Parterre, a Collection of Flowers Culled by the Wayside. By D. W. Belisle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1849.

A pretty looking volume, very creditable to the publishers in a typographical point of view, and containing a number of poems of various lengths, on a variety of subjects. The longest, Wallenpaupack, is an attempt, and a very creditable one also, to commemorate an incident of the history of the North American Indian, a source of poetical subjects too much neglected. The book is well worth attention. It may not be uninteresting to state that the type has all been set up by the author.

Roland Cashel. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by Phiz. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is probably the best novel of one of the most popular novelists of the day. Lever has not much solidity of mind, and accordingly never produces any masterpieces of characterization or passion, but he has a quicksilver spirit of frolic and drollery, and an intensity of mirthful feeling which have made some critics place him on a level with Dickens. The present volume will more than sustain the reputation which his former frolicksome audacities have attained.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My Dear Jeremy,—In my last I promised you a reminding hint, a sketch reflective and suggestive of mining operations, as an offset to the brilliant visions of "Gold Placers," which haunt the mind, sleeping and waking, of Uncle Sam's children. While multitudes are making haste to grow rich, by going around the Horn, and at the terminus of their long voyage will find themselves coming out of the little end of it, you and I may amuse ourselves over a subject somewhat kindred—a retrospective folly—feeling the while a good deal like the boy on getting rid of the jumping tooth-ache—"a *heap* better" are we, "now it is over."

Copper! You have heard of it before, I believe? and may have about you a memorandum of a few thousands, entered on the credit side, not available now at your bankers. It was a very happy delusion, was it not? I'll warrant me that you had already planned your cottage orné, and had the walks laid out, and the shrubbery planted quite tastefully and imaginatively picturesque. Several castles, with steeples rather airy, of my own, were toppled down, and elegantly bronzed as they were, are quite useless now for purposes of reproduction, so that we may say, that we have had some of the advantages of wealth without a present care in disposing of it. The servant girl who wished for riches "that she might ride in her carriage and feel like missus," had the delights of anticipation only, poor soul! while ours are embodied in the delicious reflection of having passed that "missus" on the road, with a pair of fast trotters—taking the air with quite an air, at the rate of "two forty."

"Come easy, go fast," was the remark of an old German Uncle, who, having made a fortune by hard knocks at the anvil, looked with a quiet smile at these thousands in perspective. In regard to the *horses*, the old gentleman was right—but as the *money* never came, I think his premises were altogether wrong. One thing is certain, real estate rose very rapidly in our vicinity at that time, and as several lots went off at spanking prices, to be kept out of our clutches, we may be said to have been benefactors to the sellers and conveyancers. So that *copper*—the vilest of metal—may, in some crucibles, be transformed into gold. But not to anticipate.

—

Grubemout had been upon the mountain-side, which overlooks the delightful village of Fleeceington, for a month or more, making careful chiselings from rocks, and excavations at their sides. Uptosnuff carried his pick-axe and his basket. The "collection" gradually swelled upon their hands, until it became quite formidable; and the "choice specimens," were without number, rich, and without reason, *rare*. Drawitwell, the host of "The Hawk and Buzzard," had his eye upon their movements, and always made it a point to take a peep at their basket when they descended in the evening. He was an open-eyed sort of an old lark, who had had his own way in the village at election times and at trainings, by virtue of a colonelcy and aidship to the governor—a cheap sort of payment for service rendered—and he felt as if nothing of importance ought to transpire in the place, unless he had a hand in it. Drawitwell did not like the air of mystery with which his lodgers slipped the covered basket up stairs, after they had performed their ablutions; nor the roaring noise made overhead, as the "specimens" were poured into the two great chests, previously prepared; and he was just the man to get at the bottom of a mare's nest. So, by virtue of appliances best known to himself, he contrived to get a look at the collected specimens, and made up his mind at once that the thing was too slily managed by half, and that if there was wealth in the rocks he would have a finger in the transaction. "*He would at any rate.*"

Crispin, the village cobbler, had thrown *his* eyes from his lapstone, across the creek, and up the hill-side, to take note of the motions of "the wandering stone-crackers," as he called them, and his brain was in a pother.

The blacksmith had sharpened their pick more than once, which had put on edge his curiosity, and had "contrived to pick their brains, while they pecked the rocks," as he jocosely remarked, and *he* had smelt metal in their movements.

Over their evening ale, at the tavern, the probabilities and possibilities of gold or silver being found in the mountain, were discussed with various degrees of profundity, and the certainty that something of the kind was there, was most sagely resolved on. Time, in whose crucible all doubts are solved, soon confirmed their sagacity by a "copper button" presented to the landlord with the compliments of Uptosnuff, with hints, but not positive injunctions as to secrecy. He knew his man.

"What do you think of that?" asked Drawitwell, of his cronies the same evening, with an air of authority, holding up the copper button. "What *do* you think of that, my lads?"

"*Hellow!*" exclaimed the bewildered cobbler, "landlord, why—why is *that goold?*"

"Gold, you fool! No, it's *not* gold—but it's a precious sight more valuable—because there is a great deal more of it used."

"Why what on earth is it, then?" asked the blacksmith, in amazement.

"It's *Copper!* my lads! Copper!!"

"Copper!!"

"Yes, I reckon it is!—and the genuine metal, too! And the mountain is as full of it as an egg is of meat! Only melt down one of the rocks up there, and you 'll see how it will fly out!"

To have stopped the spread of such information as this, would have surpassed the ingenuity of our clerical friend, who was opposed to the Magnetic Telegraph, as "a device of the devil." There was a California excitement in a village, with California itself in their own mountain. *He* would have been a lucky traveler, who could have had his horse shod for a guinea, or a bridle-rein mended for double the amount.

"You see, my lads!" says Drawitwell, haranguing the crowd, "they are going to do the fair thing by us, they have bought the land, and are getting their act of incorporation ready, and we are all to have shares in it at a reasonable rate—and I reckon I 'll have *a few*, or money must be scarce in Fleeceington. There 'll be high times at the "Hawk and Buzzard, *now*, I should say, when every man in this prosperous village can be an owner, for a small sum, in one of the richest mines on the face of the earth. You see it 's going to be most unconscionable high, too—it 's *now* twenty-two cents a pound—for the govern-

ment is advertising for it in the newspapers—no doubt to make bullets with to match the infernal poisonous Mexicans. Gad, we'll give the rascals a taste of their own physic, *now*, I reckon! And then don't they make water-pipes with it now, and sheetings. And don't they cover houses with it, and ships; and I guess the time is not far off when government will have her mint on this spot—and what's to hinder us, *then* from spending our own coppers, bran new, ha! ha! If any body here has got a farm for sale, I'm his man!"

As for buying farms, the thing was perfectly absurd now, and Drawitwell should have known it; for who could tell that there was not a copper-mine under every one of them. It was not to be supposed either that the good people of Fleeceington could keep the knowledge of such extraordinary wealth all to themselves, and our usually quiet city was all agog, with the wondrous stories of the extent and richness of the mines; and to confirm its truth, Grubemout and Uptosnuff were here with the charter, and the script elegantly engraved, and any number of specimens, and copper-buttons confirmatory.

In a day or two a few shares were in the market at "a slight advance on the original cost." Capitalists had been up who thought they "knew a thing or two"—and gudgeons began to nibble, the knowing ones among the number. The market advanced. One, two, three, four hundred per cent. was quickly achieved as competitors increased; and considering that the first cost was perhaps a dollar an acre, for an unwooded, untillable, rocky hillside, curved up and set down at a dollar per square foot as "original cost," the profit was tempting—the market active—ditto the original holders. There was a fierce avidity for a stock which advanced at such rapid strides, and the reckless became crazy, the cautious reckless and visionary. "The Board"—knowing dogs—looked on for a while doubtfully, but in amazement. The "Outsiders" indulged in ecstasies and fanciful millions. Thousands were added up upon stock-books, as if they were "trifles light as air"—*and they were*. Merchants cut the shop—lawyers the red tape and sheep-skin—editors told the messenger for copy to "go to the devil"—and all became "gentlemen on 'change." Healths were drank "to the United Copper-Heads"—and champagne and Havanas "suffered some." Fun and puns flashed fast and furious—and all this the while the great bubble rose up, expanding and beautifying as it ascended.

It was not to be expected that a single mountain should contain all this good luck exclusively, and in various quarters envious copper-rocks poked their noses out, quite seductively to anxious companies, who formed upon the spot. One gigantic intellect proposed the formation of a company to shovel the sand off of the whole State of New Jersey, so as to get at the substratum, at once and emphatically. Copper became substantially the *great* business of life—the *only* business of the board—the *board* being in fact rather a small affair while *copper* abounded.

Sharp occupied *his* time in buying up superfluous real estate, which seemed to have been infected by copper, and showed a disposition to *rise*—and he was afraid it might go up and never come down again. The conveyancers assured him that he ought to take it—like a sportsman—on the wing, right and left. He did, and clapped a heavy mortgage on it to keep it steady.

That disturbed the figures on Flat's memorandum—for he hoped to have bought and paid for it with his expected profit on copper, and to have staggered somebody else's property with a mortgage from the surplus. It was provoking.

Jones and Wilkins resolved to "take a shy at the copper anyway, while it was going;" but the stock of all the companies seemed shy of them. They "bid ten dollars through a broker"—it was twelve. "Bid twelve"—it was fourteen. Wilkins had had enough of it. He believed it was "only a bubble blown up to catch the eyes of fools. He was done with it." But Jones was down in the morning, as merry as a lark, and as early. He "knew some of the outsiders, and thought he would catch some of them before the morning was over." He did—and went home to dinner, having made "a fortunate hit."

"Five hundred shares," said he, "at fifteen, and the last sale 'after board,' nineteen and a half! Four dollars and fifty cents per share. Five aught is *naught*; five fives are twenty-five, five fours are twenty, and two are twenty-two. Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars—that will do for one day, *I* should say. Wilkins would like me to give *him* half, as we were to have gone in together yesterday, but I wonder what Wilkins ever did for me, that I should give *him* eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars! Not *quite* so green!"

The next morning Grubemout brought down some specimens, which "he thought" would yield forty per cent. *if they were assayed*, and thought that they ought to make an assessment of a dollar a share, so as to put on more hands and drive out the ore. Jones said that "that was right enough."

The assessment was called in, at which the stock hesitated for a day or two—made a start and went on—but a second installment being urged, it faltered a little, and then stopped. At the third it "*declined* a shade," at which the "bears" gave a shake and a growl.

But Grubemout had—in the nick of time—"just received a letter from the mines of the most important nature, which it would not do to show in 'the street,' or the stock would be ballooning it—Uptosnuff had *just* made *a cross-cut*."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Jones, rather nervously. "What is *that*?"

"A cross-cut, you see," says Grubemout, "is nothing more than 'a shaft' run at right angles past the old one we have been working. He struck some glorious 'deposites,' and—"

"Why I thought you always said there was a vein, Grubemout? These deposites are confoundedly leaky and treacherous affairs."

"And so there *is* a vein, my boy, and we are just getting into it; deposites are always the first thing we look for in copper mining. As long as we have them we get on swimmingly; but you are so confoundedly skittish! *I* was just going to tell you, that in making the 'cross-cut,' Uptosnuff has struck '*the master vein!*' and found an old '*drift*' in the mountain, which you will see after a while, is important. In it he found old hatchets, and hammers, and images in copper, supposed to have been the rude efforts at mining and smelting by the Indians long ago—say before the Dutch had taken Holland, or achieved the renowned name of Knickerbockers, and had gone home copper-fastened."

Information so desirable as this would work its way out somehow, and gentlemen would now bet you a trifle—say champagne and cigars—that a dividend of twenty-five per cent. would be declared on the stock the first year; or would *give* you a hundred dollars for agreeing to pay the annual dividend on a hundred shares.

Jones is "satisfied *now*," and forthwith buys five hundred shares more, as do other Joneses, and Browns, and Greens. Outsiders became as plenty as gooseberries, and as verdant; and it would seem, from the number of shares reported *at* the Board, and "*after*," that certificates had quadrupled, and never *could* multiply fast enough to supply the demand. Indeed, as one old gentleman was heard to

end a prolonged whistle, by exclaiming—"GAS!" the market became so inflated th t the J › eses, Browns, and Greens, declined the attempt of *cornering* the stock, in despair.

"The company," called for an additional installment at once. "Why, what the deuce," asks . ones, "does the company want with *more* installments? Hav n't they got copper enough!"

"Copper *ore*, my dear fellow," responded Grubemout. "Yes, *lots* of it. But Uptosnuff was n't brought up in a Cornish mine for nothing. The furnaces at Baltimore and Boston want it for half-price, but as they are nearly *out*, we intend to make them *smoke*, ha! ha! But we must go to the expense of an "*adate*" in the meanwhile.

"Why, what 's the use of *that*—what good will that do?" asks Jones. "What *is* an *adate*, anyway?"

Poor Jones had a good deal yet to learn about copper-mining, and felt naturally alarmed at these ominous terms. The "cross-cut" was the beginning of puzzlers. He had yet to see—I may as well say he ultimately did see, "the drift," to help along "the pumps," as well as the adate with installments, and to become familiar with a variety of mining lore, which assists knowledge in its acquisition, by obligingly allowing us to pay for it. But I believe he never *did* understand "what they wanted with so many work-shops—*he* thought they were *miners*!"

"An *adate*, Jones, is only a drain to relieve the mine when it is overcharged with water."

"Oh! is that all!"

But this calling in of installments seems to be a sort of patent condenser in the stock market, and shows with how much force a given quantity of air can be squeezed into a given compass.

Grubemout was as active as a bee at sunrise, and offered his advice gratuitously—but "confidentially"—to any number of anxious *inquirers*—but some of *them* having a copper-mine of their own, by the attractive and *taking* name of "*Penny*-wise Company," and others having taken a snap with the "Alligator Mountain Company," and not liking the bite they received, hook their heads at Fleeceington and looked knowing—the "New Jersey" chaps were quite sprightly, for as their *title* covered the whole State, they had a fair chance of *realizing* something when the "Mammoth Shoveling Company" got to work, and lifted the crust off.

Grubemout assured them—"on his honor"—that "the Company did not intend to sell an ounce of its ore to the furnaces. They intended to have '*a crushing machine*' of their own erected at once, and proceed in a style that would soon settle the whole business."

Jones was "ready for any number of crushers or smashers, grinders or pounders. Head up the creek—dam it! Put up the water-works and the mill-wheel, and give it to the *blasted* furnaces! Carry the war into Africa!" said he.

The installment to carry on the adate was paid, though it depressed the stock, but Jones could not see how having paid the company five thousand dollars in installments should depress *his* stock in the market. "Hang it!" said he, "the company is that much richer in property and excavations, and do n't I belong to the company—have n't I a thousand shares? It 's only paying money out of one pocket, and putting into the other. Wilkins may laugh, but he 's a fool! That 's a capital idea about the furnace. You 're a boy, Uptosnuff—*you* are?"

The installment for *crushing* purposes was soon called in also, and paid, though the stock looked sickly, and trembled as if it had the ague, or had passed through a crushing process on its own hook. It was just composing itself when Uptosnuff discovered that it was of the highest importance to the company to have a small engine and an iron *pump* erected at the mines at once, *as the richest ore is always found below water level!*

Jones—the active, energetic Jones—"had no doubt of it at all. The Cornish miners assured him, when he was up, that as soon as they got below water level, they would come to something that could n't be trifled with. If Wilkins was n't a fool he would go in soon, before it gets out."

Uptosnuff, too, had had a quantity of the late ore assayed, and Professor Stuffemwell, Geologist to Her Majesty, thought it would *do* bravely. If ore that yielded fifty per cent. would not, he would like to know how her majesty's subjects got rich, after paying the miners, on mines that yield but fifteen per cent.

Copper buttons now replenished the pockets of dealers, and the stock made several violent gasps and starts for a desirable existence. But it was consumptive—evidently going into a rapid decline. The crushing process and the iron pump having depressed its spirits, and exhausted still further its vital energy.

Grubemout thought that if the buttons were pressed into *bars*, and shown upon Change it might be encouraging, and mitigate the violence of the disease; but some wag of a broker suggested that it was "*a* BAR *sinister*;" which remark sinister ruffled the backs of the *bars*, caused the bulls to toss their horns unpleasantly, and shook still further the liveliness of the stock, which drooped visibly under the imputation.

Even *Jones*—the ardent, trustful Jones—got earnestly anxious about the state of the patient, and "suggested a consultation."

Brown was full of good intentions, but "pleaded debility of the pocket, which, under heavy depletion, was rather low."

Green was a little vivacious, and "suggested a new *cross-cut*."

Grubemout was pleased with the idea, and hinted at "a new installment."

Uptosnuff had "missed the stage, and was unable to get down to the meeting."

Wilkins, in answer to a pressing invitation to "*come in*," was "busy selling goods."

Sharp would not attend—"he had never had any thing to do with the rascally copper, and found his real estate bad enough just now."

Flat "had enough of copper stock—it was not very heavy, to be sure, having rather a tendency to dissolve into air, its original element, but he was satisfied."

The Stock grew feebler after consultation, as patients are apt to, in critical cases, from want of remedy.

The Bulls looked surly, as if they had been disappointed in pasture.

The Bears were as frisky as it is possible to be on a frosty morning, and were so much in their own element, that you looked involuntarily around for floating icebergs—and copper in this temperature of the atmosphere sunk into a torpor.

On Change, in this changing world of ours, copper looked blue.

The Outsiders had rubbed out their pencil-marks on stock memorandums, and dissipating the written evidence of thousands that had vanished into air, they themselves vanished. It was needless to say any thing to *them* about copper, they "never had any thing to do with it, beyond a hundred shares or so, which they sold out before the bubble looked like bursting." Stockdom was desolate, save that a few of the bears showed their teeth, and grinned as furiously as if they had just arrived fresh from the Polar regions, and had brought any quantity of wet blankets with them. Yet they looked as if they would

rather than not that any dealer in copper should take hold of them. The bulls were more plentiful—looked savage but knowing, but sh wed no sposition to dash at imaginary enemies in scarlet, having rather a taste left for their friends, the Browns and the Greens, who were urgently entreated to "come *in again*, and help sustain the market."

The case was desperate, and desperate remedies were resolved on. It was deemed advisable to "ask *the opinion* of the directors!"

The directors "*have* no opinion of the stock! They never *had*," of their own. They trusted to Grubemout, to Uptosnuff, to the Cornish miners. Their geological and mineralogical education, had been shockingly neglected in thei youth, and they have verified the fact, by having on their hands, thousand shares apiece at high prices, by having assisted to sustain the market in the various stages of the experiment. But "they *would* like to know who were the 'original' stockholders of the company who did them the honor to elect them."

Grubemout "thought it of the highest importance that they *should* know, and as the original book of minutes was up at the mines and as he was going up by the next stage, he would write and send them."

It would be, perhaps, as well to give his letter:

Fleeceington, Dec. 10, 18—.

GENTLEMEN,—I arrived safely at the mines last evening, after rather a fatiguing journey by stage, and found, to my unspeakable amazement, that Uptosnuff had exhausted the vein, and that as no more deposites are to be found he had thought it advisable to abandon the mine. The tools, viz four pickaxes, three shovels, and two wheelbarrows—rather dilapidated—the property of the company, I have put under shelter, to preserve them from the weather—subject to your order or disposal. The iron pump I should have removed also, but being rather heavy in the absence of the hands—who have gone back to their farms—I found it impossible to take in. It cannot, however, suffer from rust more than ten per cent nd as the original cost was but seventy dollars, the loss to the company will be inconsiderable. There is a trifle of two hundred dollars due, for boarding the hands, to the host of the "Roaring Lion," who will forward you his account by this mail. As Uptosnuff and myself have suffered a great deal from anxiety, and exposure in the mines of the company, we deem it proper to seek a genial clime Any little complimentary remuneration which you may see proper to bestow on us, you will please enclose to Mr. Drawitwell, of the Hawk and Buzzard, to whom we are indebted for various little civilities, in the shape of breakfast, dinner and supper, for the past six months, and which no doubt the generosity of your complimentary donation will amply cover.

Enclosed are "the original minutes." Uptosnuff wishes to be remembered *by* you. I join in the same prayer.

Yours, as ever,

CHRISTIAN GRUBEMOUT, *Pres't.*

To the Directors, Stockholders, etc.

P. S. Please ask Jones to think of us. Not that it is any of our business, but would like to know whether he ever divided with Wilkins—it would be civil, you know. Regards to the Bulls. Uptosnuff says ditto to the Bears, for there is no knowing when one may want a friend, and civility costs nothing. C. G.

MINUTES, FIRST MEETING.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the joyous and delighted inhabitants of the charming and romantic village of Fleeceington, held at "The Hawk and Buzzard Hotel," to elect officers for the newly discovered, freshly chartered, and highly valuable and productive Copper Mine, just incorporated by an act of the Legislature, under the name, style and title, to wit:

"*The Grand Open Sesame and United Catchem Copper Mining, Crushing, Stamping, Pumping and Smelting Company,*"

Christian Grubemout, Eliakim Uptosnuff, J. Drawitwell, T Crispin and John Smith, the original incorporators of the Company after regaling themselves, proceeded to the election of officers, and knowing th in the goodly city of Philadelphia there were a number of persons by the names of Jones, Brown and Green, and not a few Sharps and Flats, they, order to avoid giving offence, placed in a hat the whole of the names, as above, found in the Directory, (significant of the office they were to hold,) and drew the following first three names, A. Jones, B. Flat, C. Green, *directing* them to supply vacancies, and to fill additions to the number off five; adding in the meanwhile the names of the first two corporators, as *ex-officio* directors, to conduct silently the operations of the mines, and to enlighten the others as to the true plan of working copper-mines profitably and efficiently.

(Signed) C. GRUBEMOUT, *Pres't.*
E. UPTOSNUFF, *Sec'ry.*

The cleverness and explicitness of the whole transaction showed that it had *been done* neatly and the Directors with singular unanimity felt themselves included in the operation.

There can be no doubt that Grubemout and Uptosnuff are among the "placers" in California. The one being undeniably the man who sold the two barrels of brandy, by installments of thimblefull at a time, for $14,000—the other, with positive certainty, we aver to have been the man who confidentially" communicated the following *item* to the newspaper press, and he must have been there to have seen it:

"☞ *The Bigest Lump Yet?*—The following is about the latest news from the gold diggins that we have seen recorded in the 'papers:' A runaway soldier is said to have discovered a lump or a rock of gold that weighed 99 pounds and 11½ ounces; he was afraid to leave it, and mounted guard upon it, and at the latest dates he had sat there 17 days; had offered $27,000 for a plate of pork and beans, but had been indignantly refused, and laughed at for the niggardliness of his offer, by parties going farther on, where this article was said to be *more abundant*."

Jones is among the lame ducks, and pretty roughly plucked at that. But he still avers that if the furnaces had only paid a good price for the ore at the outset, or Wilkins had only helped him to sustain the market when asked him, he should have been the master of a pretty snug little fortune. If he only had it *now*, he would charter a steamer, and take his own freight and passengers for the gold mines.

The Hawk and Buzzard appears to have been "*pidgeoned*," for the last time I passed that way the house was shut up. The business having amused itself by stepping over to the Roaring Lion while the Hawk and Buzzard had flown to the city, "to watch the market."

Crispin "would only like to have one of those fellows tied for a while, until he had expressed his opinion on him with a stirrup."

Smith appears to be solicitous to "make them intimately acquainted with the red-hot end of a poker—he'd *smelt* 'em, *dam* 'em, and *crush* 'em too!"

The "Dam," the "Drift, the "Cross-Cut," the "Iron Pump" and the "Adate," you can see as you go woodcock shooting next August—but the "Steam-Engine" and the "Mill-Wheel" never arrived, owing to some informality in the order given to the mechanics.

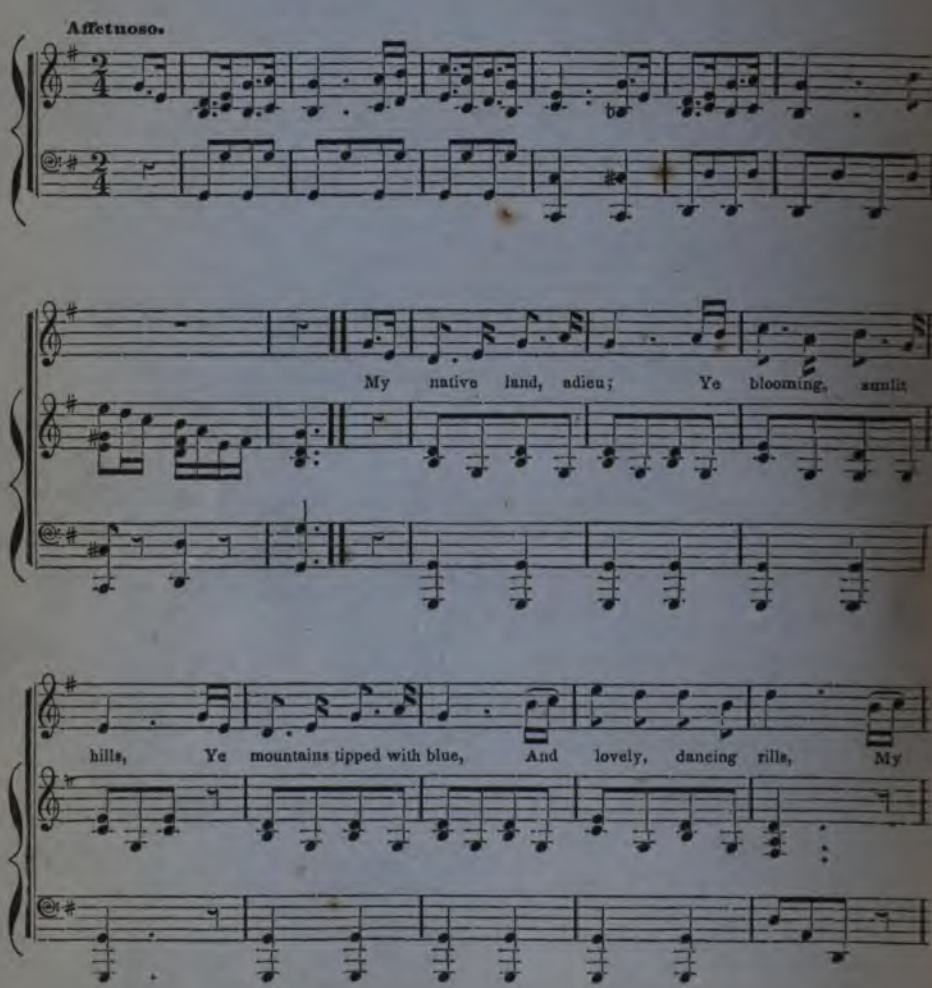
"THE CRUSHER," it is supposed, is in California with its friends. C. E. G.



ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND.

WORDS BY D. W. BELISLE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO, BY JAMES PIPER.





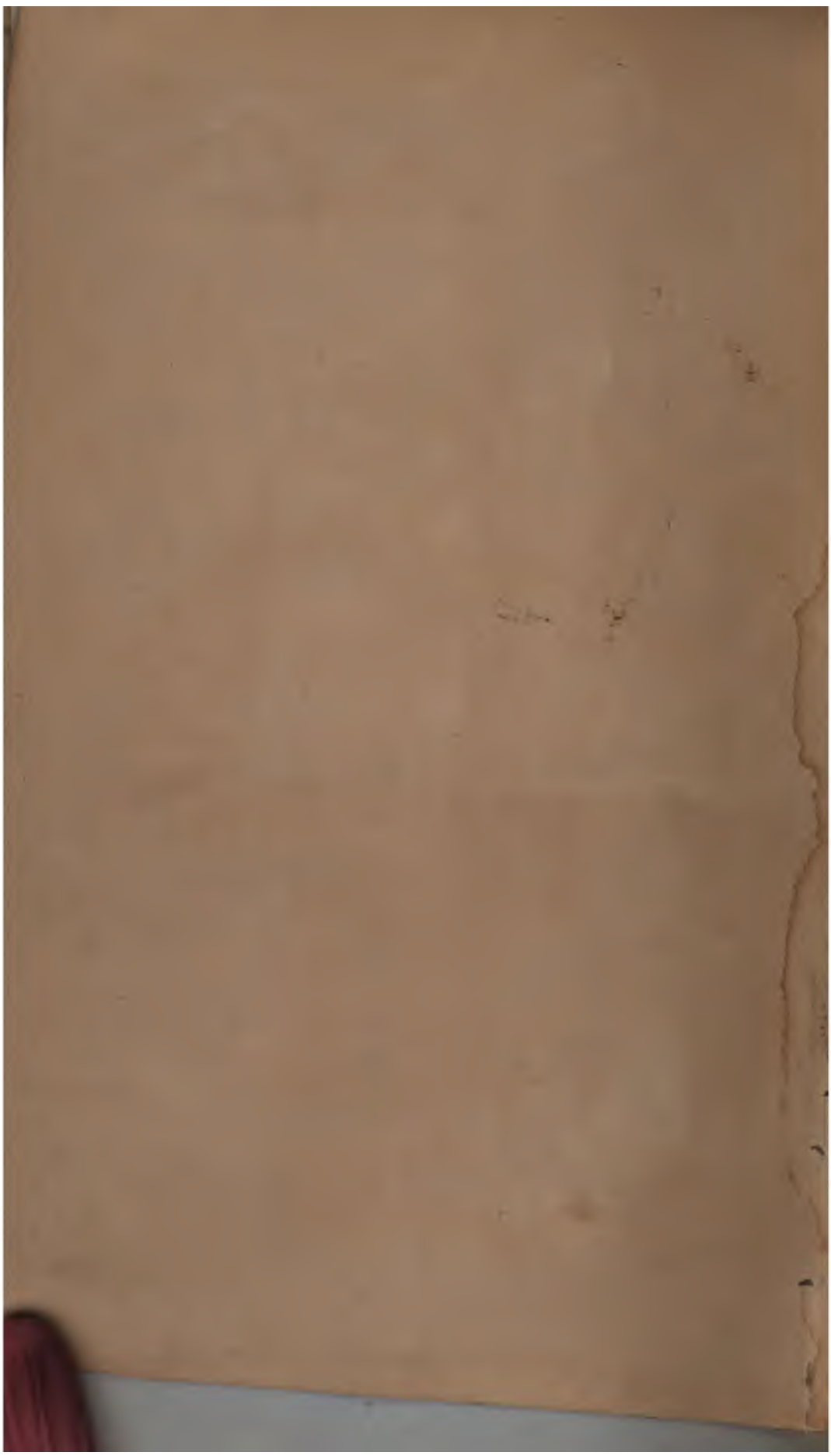
LE FOLLET

Boulevart St. Martin. 81

Robes de Mme Bara Rue Vivienne 8 Coiffures de Maurice passage des Panoramas 21

Fleurs de Chagot aîné Rue Richelieu 81 Dentelles de Violard Rue Vivienne 8

UNIV. OF MICH.



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1849. No. 5.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN JOHNSON JONES.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL,

"These are the spiders of society."

MR. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones were commonplace people, but like him who cried because there were no more worlds to conquer, they were ambitious. There was one sphere within whose sacred precincts they could not enter, and they wanted—to be fashionable. They looked around—they beheld others, who, like themselves, had once been excluded from the "land of promise," and with a mighty resolution, determined to die or conquer—to overthrow the *chevaux-de-frise* surrounding Japonicadom, with "the impudence of wealth;" and at length—at length the charmed gates at which Mrs. Jones had sat in an agony of despair, burst open to her delighted gaze, and she rose in public estimation high as the frothy pyramids with which she ornamented her expensive suppers and baited her guests.

After all, and in spite of the old copy that we have written, about the root of all evil, money is a "great invention;" especially here, where it bestows wit on fools, beauty on beasts, and covering the blots on all escutcheons, forces us to that promiscuous mingling which out-democrats democracy. How magnanimous it makes us! While the friends of the needy assist them down the hill of fortune and bid them farewell, they turn to help the lucky over its stepping stones, and lifting the pedlar's pack from his shoulders, rub them down, and push him into what we call "our first circle" And a pretty circle it would be, were the beginning known! But the shining gold that glitters through a handsome purse, is the *passe partout;* and like the princess in the fairy tale, nobody looks behind for fear of hobgoblin discoveries of his next door neighbor. Besides, reduced people are *so* contemptible! Put them out! With each new reign new peers arise, and so new houses should rear their tops over the old ones, when the owners are useless and the furniture tarnished.

Such a generation as we are! Such an age of refinement! Who would sit down in the year 1849, to a dinner on a square-table! Who would touch any but a Westphalia ham—drink champagne from a narrow glass—take a cup of tea from any but a silver urn—sit in any but a Louis Quatorze—kiss a baby that wore corals—notice an acquaintance with a last winter bonnet, or a *visite* instead of a Jenny Lind? Dear me! dear me! I have been thinking a long time, and don't know anybody that would!

Mrs. Jones knew better for one—so did Mr. Jones; and while they were as vulgar as pride and ignorance could make them, learned to look upon themselves as "glasses of fashion and moulds of form." They had to labor for the distinction with a zeal worthy a better cause; and my readers shall have the benefit of their attempts if they are not already too tired to proceed.

Mrs. Jones canvassed among her female acquaintances for popularity, by calling, flattering, cringing, and sending them delicacies made by her own fair hands; and Mr. Jones, who was very anxious to be "genteel," studied Chesterfield, and wondered what it meant. He belonged to one of the first families of a state, in which all the families were first—an universal right of distinction. His connections would have been titled in an aristocracy; but their respect for the American government made them condescend to be plain Misters, Madams, and Misses.

Mr. Jones himself was a little finnikin man, with sharp, black eyes, and high cheek bones, upon which rested two red spots like the remains of a fly-blister. He combed his hair into a stiff *toupet*, that made him look like an inverted furniture-brush, with the usual equivocal portrait of some very great individual upon it.

Fortune particularly distinguished Mr. Jones and saved him the trial of an impossibility—the one of distinguishing himself. She gave him the key to

every door when she made him wealthy, and in pure gratitude he converted his soul into a cent, and his heart into hard specie.

Then, Fortune bestowed on him the would-be-elegant Miss Pushaw, as high-born as himself; and he was certainly a happy man when he stood up with a bride whose dress was, like Margaret Overreach's, "sprinkled o'er with gold." He was soon dazzled by her manœuvering qualities, and touched by the congeniality of feeling which existed between them. An adoration of fine clothes, fine furniture, and fashionable people, was the sacred link that bound these loving hearts into one; and upon their removal from the country to the city, no marble-cutter labored harder, or struck more small pieces right and left, than did Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, when they fawned and flattered, and ran small errands for the neighbors that surrounded them, "the great Athenians."

Mrs. Jones kept a small confectionary establishment in her pantry, for all the ladies who fell sick; and Mr. Jones was kind enough to open a cigar and drinking establishment for the gentlemen who were obliging enough to call. They progressed, however, slowly in the affections of the proud ——ians, and were somewhat discouraged, but recollecting the pretty motto of "Hope on, hope ever," they did not despair, and contemplated taking larger strides toward gentility.

Mrs. Jones had been originally called Sally, but changed the appellation for the softer one of Sara. Spring came on, and she resolved to follow the world of fashion to one of its favorite resorts, the little village of Quiproquo. She persuaded her loving spouse to rent one of its cottages; and covering some old sofas and chairs with new chintz, furnished it nicely and neatly enough to have satisfied the most fastidious. But to every visiter the same apology was made for its plainness; and Mrs. Jones informed them all that "her house in town was furnished *elegunt*, but she did n't like to bring out her mahogany cheers," while her husband's invariable rejoinder was, "Why, Sara, there are plenty more where them came from!" A mere playful allusion to the amount of his fortune, a fact he never lost sight of, and in time it had its due effect on his listeners.

This house became at length the *pied-à-terre* for all the high-bred loungers that had nothing to do but smoke, drink, and play Boston in the summer months; the season of inevitable idleness for all Southerners of all professions—doctors excepted.

Mrs. Jones talked very loud and very much *du nez;* she took all the empty speeches she listened to for witticisms, and was forever busy in the service of others, running about shakiug a little basket of keys, to impress them with a due sense of her importance.

Mr. Jones's wine flowed freely, (so did his brandy par parenthesis. Brandy-and-water drinking becomes a solemn duty in the warm weather, among the inhabitants of Quiproquo.) Then the boxes of best Havanas were fast emptied, and clouds of smoke arose from the front piazza, frightening the neighbors into thinking the house was on fire until they were used to it. And Boston! and whist! there was no end to these favorite games, while the gossips of the village whispered that it was a very profitable amusement to Mr. Jones.

But there was still a Mordecai at the gate of poor Mrs. Jones's soul. Many had called to see her, whose nod a few months previous was as great as Jove's from Mount Olympus; but like all who strive for much, she wanted more. There was one card whose reception would at once stamp her "a peer," give her the right to place the golden grasshopper in her hair; for Mrs. Macfuss was one of the proud Autochthones whose boast was that she had never been but the first among the first. She had been heard to say that she could not think of encouraging such persons as the Joneses! And such a speech from the cynosure of all eyes threw Mrs. Jones into hysterics.

Mrs. Macfuss's house was the house par excellence; her suppers were given in the Hall of Apollo, where Lucullus supped with Lucullus. The dinners were triumphs of culinary art, over which the very spirit of Ude must have presided. Her toilette was ever in the most exquisite taste. Her dresses gave the *ton*, and her patronage decided the fate of a mantuamaker for life. The entire race of milliners would have credited her forever sooner than lose the honor of her custom; and she it was for whose favor poor Mrs. Jones pined in green and yellow melancholy. She cried for very spite, while Mr. Jones swore that he would trample on the d—n proud set after a while.

They determined to make a mighty effort, and commenced preparations for a ball. Invitations were written on scented paper, and put into envelops with embossed vines and bouquets over the seal. These were sent to her new acquaintances, and the "picked and chosen" of her old ones; and breaking through the charmed rules of etiquette, Mrs. Jones's cards were slipped into some of the invitations and left at Mrs. Macfuss's for herself and family. A band of music was engaged, and every thing prepared on a large scale.

Mrs. Jones was seen rushing in and out of the house in an old loose gown looking like—herself; sleeves up to her elbows, and said elbows covered with eggs, sugar and butter; while behind her ran Master Pushaw Jones, on a pair of hard fat, blue legs, his face besmeared with the same sweet compound that graced his mamma's arms, enlivening the scene with shrill screams for egg-shells, into which he concocted sundry messes that defy description.

In every sunny spot around the house were tables covered with cakes like pyramids of snow, so white and smooth was the icing poured over them. In the kitchen were fowls roasting and hams boiling; turkeys innumerable in their tin houses, getting basted and browned; and oysters getting plumped and pickled, peppered and spiced. There was more shuffling, running about, upsetting and breaking, than can be imagined, and fussing, to Mrs. Jones's content. Baskets of champagne arriving from town; blocks of ice; borrowed china and glass; lamps,

candelabras, &c., &c. Servants rushing out to assist the draymen, shouting, tumbling over one another in an agony of amazement at "Miss Sally's importance, and ransacking drawers and closets for cup-towels and tumbler-towels that were insufficient for all the wiping that was to be done.

The table was set out—and a magnificent one it was, if profusion is beauty. There was nothing wanting. Plenty of lights, too, were in readiness, and nearly all was completed the evening before, to poor Mrs. Jones's relief. She went to bed, endeavoring to think the fatigue a pleasure, and slept soundly enough to feel recruited.

But, alas! a bad day and a worse night damped her expectations, and she walked about, giving her directions with less buoyancy than the evening previous. *Then*, the fair moon was filling the earth with her silver light, and covering the galleries (whereon the guests were to have promenaded) with her radiance. *Now*, the air was damp and chilly, the rain was still dropping over the roof, and the roads were, of course, almost impassable. The grandees shrugged their shoulders at the idea of a wet drive to Mrs. Jones's party, and many who would have gone, remained at home for want of comfortable equipages.

The musicians called the quadrilles in hoarse voices, and their instruments were out of tune. The wind blew out the lights, and great confusion prevailed among the dancers. The icing ran down the sides of the cakes, the Charlotte Russes flowed over and the beautiful jelly, so perfectly moulded, melted away like a dream. Mrs. Jones was ready to swoon, but rallied, and talked louder than ever as she ran to and fro, in great agony of mind. Her husband suffered less; he was winning at cards, and the expenses of the party were much lessened as some of the guests pockets lightened. He even forgot the absent Macfusses, and wondered that Sara "took on so." Supper was announced—the champagne foamed and sparkled, the corks flew about like hail-stones, and every body was pleased but poor Mrs. Jones, who was glad when it ended, and lay down at length with a terrible *migraine*. Then came the nightmare in the shape of one of her own black cakes thrown at her head by Mrs. Macfuss—and so ended the party for her.

She had, however, the consolation of telling her next door neighbor, who was too sick to accept her invitation, what an "elegant supper she had, and how much it had cost her." She enumerated the number of empty bottles that *had* been full, the loaves of sugar that were broken up, and the hundreds of pounds of ice that had been used for freezing, &c., &c. The dozens of eggs, the ounces of gelatin! She had followed Miss Leslie's receipts, "and," added she, taking breath, "you know, Mrs. Hill, that you *must* go to vast expense for that, as she directs you to take the best of every thing."

Mrs. Hill did not doubt it, and as she afterward told her sister, heard an account so minute of the costs of the entertainment, that she could easily have made out the bills for the city confectioners and grocers.

"But she did not tell me who were her guests, Eda; and I really had no opportunity of asking," said she, smiling. "Now I might have learned something more interesting for your benefit"

"Not for mine, Fanny," returned Miss Seymour, laughing. "Poor Mrs. Jones! she could not tell you that Mrs. Macfuss did not accept her polite invitation, and in *her* absence, she considered her rooms empty. Is she not a host within herself?"

"I should like to have seen *her* reception of Mrs. Jones's envelopes and cards," exclaimed young Seymour, rising from the sofa, and seating himself at his sister's side. "It is certainly a bore to have such vulgarians thrust themselves among us. Fancy your compliance with the request I heard her make *you*, Eda, to 'Come over and be intimate!'"

"You may look as disdainful as you please, my exclusive brother," said Mrs. Hill, laying her white hand upon his own, "but I prophecy Mrs. Jones's rise in the world of fashion as a thing of certain occurrence, as much as we all now laugh at and despise her vulgarity and ignorance. She will be as well considered as you or I, and more, for she has wealth, and we have only education and high-breeding."

"Tell it not in Gath! What, Macfusses and all, Fanny!" cried her brother. "Impossible! No one is a prophet in his own country, my dear sister, and thus I console myself for the shock you have given me."

"*Nous verrons, se que nous verrons*, Harry," said Mrs. Hill, smiling, "but I think I am right. Human nature is the same all over the world, and I have learned to study it of late years. Did not Lady Montague write, that wherever she had gone in her travels in Europe and the East, she met with 'men and women!'"

"Very true, Fanny, but if what you predict comes to pass, I shall play Timon of Athens, and fly to Texas."

"O, lame and impotent conclusion!" said Eda, rising and running her fingers over the harp-strings, sending a full, clear strain through the apartment.

> "'If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that surfeiting—'

I may forget Fanny's shocking view of fashionable human nature. She is a perfect old Diogenes, and deserves no better than a tub! Play, Eda, that 'music for a time may change *her* nature.'"

"Nay, sing, sister," said Fanny; "'t will soothe his troubled spirit sooner. Sing something from Lucia di Lammermoor, and I will promise not to repeat my offence."

But Mrs. Hill was right. She did not presume to deny the title of every one in our own free country to the equality it claims. She would exclude none from the advantages of society, let their pedigree be what it might. She respected honesty, and venerated truth. She knew that wealth could not confer either, and was too often acquired in their absence; to her it covered no faults, mended no reputation, refined no coarseness of mind, and looking upon it as affording opportunities of relieving misery, ways of making others happy, of giving to genius the advantages of education and learning, it was no wonder

that she sighed, as she witnessed its daily influence on the minds and hearts of those with whom she mingled. There was no bitterness in her contemplation of its consequences, for she was too good and gentle to be envious, too pious to repine. She had been in the sunshine of the great world's favor, and was now beginning to see its clouds, as her means of affording mere entertainment to its votaries began to decline. But, although she felt privations, the want of comforts to which she had ever been accustomed; although she felt that wealth can bestow much happiness on those who know its proper use, she murmured not, nor thought more of those on whom fortune was conferring her choicest favors. No wonder, then, that she could foresee the success of Mrs. Jones, when with *her* accomplishments and fine, noble mind, the diminution of prosperity brought her less consideration. The mortification to her was, not the loss of fortune, but the mistake she made in fancying that her real worth had been appreciated. She knew that true hearts could not forsake her, that true friends could not be changed, and the rest passed from her mind as a dream that had lasted too long.

Winter approached, and after giving dinners, suppers, and picknicks innumerable in honor of her new acquaintance, Mrs. Jones prepared to remove into her house in town. At the same time Mrs. Macfuss was ready to do the like, and as mortified as the former felt at her palpable neglect, it was a comfort to know that their furniture-wagons went side by side for six good miles.

And so ended Mrs. Jones's first year of climbing. The ladder seemed not so steep, nor the ascent so difficult; she could look up and smile on those at the top, while hands were held out to help her as she mounted.

She dreamed of Paradise, and began to breathe and hope. Who would not in her place? She talked louder than ever, and began to patronize a few, offering to chaperone very young ladies, or ladies of a certain age. Her toilette was magnificent, and began to be elegant. Mrs. Jones had improved decidedly.

The house continued to be thronged with her usual visiters. Her parlors were a kind of club-room for young men who staggered about, half-sober, after having played cards all night, or rested their weary heads upon the satin pillows of her sofas, and dozed off the effect of the champagne. Mrs. Jones declined all further communication with her former friends, and wrote pompous notes to all who took any liberty with her name. It was a thing she could not think of allowing; she had certainly the right of choosing her associates, and neither herself nor Mr. Jones could permit any one to question their conduct in any manner. Indeed, she was often upon the point of requesting Mr. Jones to impress it upon the minds of the silly creatures, that she could not acknowledge the acquaintance of such a promiscuous set. They had fastened upon her during her residence at "the Creek," and she could not shake them off; she never dreamed of encouraging them, and had resolved on her return from the North, not to notice any calls paid her by such an obstinate set.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the bosom-friend of days gone by, upon hearing all this repeated; "she do n't intend to know us! Perhaps she forgets how glad she was when aunt invited her and her sister to a party, and they mortified us so, by coming with paper crowns on their heads, and little baskets filled with artificial flowers on their arms?"

"And every one laughed so!" cried another. "She came to see *me* once, with a colored dress on, trimmed all over with broad white ruffles. Was n't that a costume? I wonder who *she* is, to slight us! She would do better to recollect what she springs from. Indeed! the time was—"

But we have not time to repeat the angry sayings of Mrs. Jones' friends. Some were told to her, but she cared not a *sous*, since the old set and the new would never meet to canvass her pedigree or her paper wreaths of yore. So, bidding a long farewell to them all, she left for New York, in all the glory of traveling-dresses, trunks labeled "John Johnson Jones," and a white nurse for Master Pushaw.

CHAPTER II.

"I dressed myself from top to toe."

"Are you going out this morning, Sara?" said Mr. Jones, as he saw an unusual quantity of finery on the dressing-table, embroidered collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs and gay ribbons.

"Yes; I have some calls to make—no very important ones to be sure; I intend dining out to Mrs. Hill's place at Summerfield. But as I think it a duty to assist in putting down the pride of such people, I wish to go with some eeclaw, and will take Pushaw with me, to show off his handsome suit. Some of my friends told me it was folly in me to put myself to the trouble of calling, but I wish them to see how mistaken they were, poor things! when they took upon themselves to treat us with so much indifference when we were neighbors. The Hills are of no earthly use, everybody knows that! and I vow and declare that I saw Mrs. Hill wear that shine silk of hers two winters ago. I really must ask some of her acquaintances; it is worth while to ascertain it. I suppose I must go alone, for I could not ask any one to be charitable enough to go with me; and after this, I mean to cut the Seymour and Hill clique most decidedly."

Mrs. Jones took breath, and laughed at her own wit as though she relished it; and well she might, for the idea of her being able to "cut people" was a very funny one to be sure.

"Hill is doing a bad business this winter," said her husband, buttoning his coat, and straightening himself before the glass. "He 'll be 'done up' at the end of it, I 'll wager any thing, for he sold his beautiful horse a short time since, and a man must be in a poor way to part with such an animal as that is. Sinclair bought him, and hardly knows how to ride."

"Well, I 'm sure *I* do n't care, for one," remarked Mrs. Jones, with great elegance of manner and tone,

as she threw over her shoulders a Brussels cape that had been sent up by her modiste for her inspection. "This is splendid, I declare! I'm glad Mrs. Puff thought of sending this; it is exactly like one Mrs. Macfuss wore at the Ford's fine dinner, and so it must be the fashion. As I was saying, Mr. Jones, the Hills were rather high with me last summer; I never could get them to come over and be intimate. Now there 's Marian Fawney, as sweet a girl as ever lived, I had only to tell her once, and we 've been like sisters ever since."

"Yes; a little *too* intimate for my good," said Mr. Jones, as he thought of the constant visits of all Miss Fawney's family. "It may all be very fine for you, Sally, and she may be a very good girl, but I think she loves rich folks, and no others."

"Well, and who do n't?" replied his wife, who felt herself subject to a similar weakness. "Besides, Mr. Jones, her acquaintance has been an advantage, consider that! I have no doubt but that through her influence we shall have Mrs. Macfuss in our house before the season is out."

"D—n Mrs. Macfuss!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, forgetting Chesterfield in his indignation at the heartaches she had given him and his helpmate. "You expect the Saxons, too, I suppose! For they are as proud as the others, and as grand in their notions."

"The Saxons dine here on Monday," said Mrs. Jones, with a look of triumph. "They called this week, and I immediately asked them, reserving the news for one of your cross humors, and you were just beginning one at the Macfusses."

Mr. Jones "unknit his threatening brow" and congratulated his wife upon her cleverness. "And never mind, Sally," continued he, forgetting to use the more musical name of Sara, "I 'll pull down those Macfusses yet, with the fortune I 'm making; for I have sworn to be the wealthiest man in ——, and I do n't think Macfuss can say as much. I have the means before me, and if Will can help, 'there 's no such word as fail.' Hurrah, Sally! hurrah!"

Mr. Jones was like Richard, "himself again," and almost upset the chiffoniere in the middle of the room. His wife smiled benignantly upon his playfulness, but thought it time to end his exhilaration where it began; "for," said she to herself, "if any one should hear him!" So she dismissed him by reminding him of the hour, and Mr. Jones left his Penates for his sanctuary, the counting-room. In his mind, if mind it were, there was but one idea, the one of amassing wealth, and he was as unlike that being of superiority, man, as the sloth to the bee. While his limbs moved, while his fingers marked down the all-important figures, his mind lay dormant, his soul stagnant; and forgetful of the treasures that "neither rust nor moth doth consume, where thieves do not break through nor steal," he left uneared for the harvest which we are bound to reap—the harvest of a good and useful life. Where his treasure was, there also was his heart; but such things pass away, and will be like a drop in the ocean; where then would lie the benefit of all this toil, these struggles for the vain possessions of a passing world?

Equally heedless of *her* real fortune, his wife proceeded to her duty of *une grande toilette*. Calling her sable handmaid, she gave directions for Master Pushaw's outfit, upon this unusual occasion for display.

"Dress him in the suit that came from the North, Cilla," said she, with an air of Zenobian authority. "I wish to take him with me. Be prompt, and do not cross him, for he would cry, and I cannot have his face swollen. It will disfigure him."

There were few charms to destroy in Master Jones's little dish-face, but his mother descended to the front parlor with a Gracchi perception of greatness in embryo, and walked up and down before the pier-glass until her father's softened image followed her. Sundry shrill screams had found their way below, but as the injuries were entirely confined to poor Cilla's face and hands, Mrs. Jones was satisfied. She surveyed him attentively, and the result was satisfactory; although Master Pushaw looked very much as if he were about to mount Miss Foote for a race, or a circus pony for a ride around the ring. His clothes were remarkable for their gay color, and he wore a fools-cap, whose long gold tassel swung to and fro as his motions grew animated. We have seen little creatures dressed like, and resembling him —but they were not children.

Mrs. Jones was whirled off in triumph to Mrs. Hill's. A pretty cottage, elegantly but simply furnished, stood unmoved as the splendid equipage dashed up to the front door. A servant opened it, at sound of the bell, and answered in plain English that his mistress was "at home." Mrs. Jones descended the steps, and was ushered into the parlor. Still there was no unusual stir about the place, the pretty portraits kept in their frames on the wall, and the flowers remained unwithered at her approach. Mrs. Jones's astonishment redoubled, and when Mrs. Hill entered the room, her smiling, blooming countenance completed the disappointment of her guest. Nay, her quiet manner, and indifference to the mass of ribbons, flounces and embroidery that sat before her, gave Mrs. Jones nervous twitches at the mouth, and she at length asked for Mrs. Hill's little boy, certain of seeing him, as Master Pushaw looked when he was not "dressed in the suit that came from the North."

But the nurse entered holding by the hand a beautiful boy, whose smooth, fresh complexion was ornamented with only the bloom "Nature's cunning hand had laid on." His costume was as unlike a fancy one as possible, and Mrs. Jones felt the thorn deeper in her side, as his bright dark eye rested boldly and scrutinizingly upon his visiter.

"What a funny cap!" exclaimed he, as it swung to and fro when Pushaw turned his head.

"And so it is funny, dear!" replied the nurse with true Irish naiveté.

"Take the little boy with you, Charley, and get him a nice biscuit," said Mrs. Hill, and she felt relieved as the children left the room. "A glass of wine will refresh you after the drive, Mrs. Jones," continued she, hoping to direct her attention to a dif-

ferent channel; and pulling the bell, she ordered a tray of refreshment for her fashionable guest, not fearing to display the contents of her pantry to such practiced eyes.

Mrs. Jones swallowed a sponge cake, and washed it down with a mouthful or two of wine; but it almost choked her, and she rose to go without having dazzled Mrs. Hill with an account of her "elegant dinner-service, and the splendid silver tea-set." She remained imperturbable during the enumeration of the parties Mrs. Jones had attended, and the invitations she had been forced to decline, so bidding her hostess good morning, the lady stepped into her carriage with a feeling of bitter disappointment, "for" said she, "Mrs. Hill do n't look at all as though her husband were doing a bad business. Mr. Jones must be mistaken; no woman on the verge of poverty could ever look as undisturbed as she did this morning."

No woman like Mrs. Jones *could* have been cheerful under the sad reverses of the young creature whom she chose to despise. *Her* aim was fashion—her idol wealth. Mrs. Hill cared for neither; she struggled to preserve in adversity the happiness that had begun in prosperity. The object of the visit she received was intelligible to her, and her only emotion was one of pure amusement as she resumed her quiet rational pursuits. Mrs. Jones would have disdained pleasures that occasioned no display. Fanny felt grateful to the Giver of all good for the resources that supplied the place of the worldly amusements in which she could no longer afford to participate; and felt that however they may gratify for a time, they leave, from their uselessness, a void in the heart.

That night, while she and her husband sat together in animated, sprightly discourse over some work they had been reading, four people were assembled around the centre-table in one of Mrs. Jones's handsome parlors. The lady herself, her husband, and Miss Fawney, with her brother, a little snub-nosed, purple-visaged fellow, conceited, of course, and fond of talking.

Mrs. Jones held a pencil in her hand. Before her lay a *portfeuille* of unexceptionable shape and hue, and on a sheet of satin paper she was writing a list of the guests to be invited to a ball Miss Fawney thought it advisable for her to give. It was a popularity party, but as she catered for patronage that needed notes from the élite, not from the vulgar, it was a very exclusive affair.

"Every thing shall be perfectly *elegant*, Marian—so be as select as you please, my love, I fear no rivalry in business like this; Mrs. Macfuss shall see herself at home, if she accepts," said Mrs. Jones, raising her head proudly, and smiling as she concluded."

"That 's right, Sara!" said her husband, stroking his small crop of whispers. "Go the whole hog, and give us something out of the way." (Mr. Jones was forgetting Chesterfield, decidedly, but then he had not so much need to learn refinement, since his rise in the world.)

"Do mind him for once, Mrs. Jones, although you ladies do n't love obedience to the conjugal yoke," observed Mr. Fawney, screwing up his face to refrain from laughing at his own wit. "All the young men in town are wishing that you would give a party. They know what they may expect, I can tell you."

"Do they, indeed?" said the lady, expanding. "Then lose no time, Marian Fawney, I leave the invitations to you, for you know none but the first people here, and we can ask as many as you will write down. I give you *coorte blonche*.

"Will you, dear Mrs. Jones," cried she, embracing that lady with great affection, and filled with delight at the commission given her. "How kind of you to leave every thing to me! But then you know how much I feel—" Miss Fawney here wept a little, and wiping her eyes and snuffling, resumed: "Now we 'll begin with—the Macfusses, of course—then the Fentons—"

"But none of them have called on Sara," interrupted Mr. Jones.

"But they will—I know that they intend it. Mrs. Macfuss told me the other day that Mrs. Jones entered a room like a Parisian, and that her dress was perfect!" said Marian.

This appeased Mr. Jones, and so enraptured his wife, that it was a pity it was not true; but Miss Fawney told an untruth so gracefully that falsehood became in her *plus belle que la belle verité*.

"Shall Mrs. Hill be invited?" asked she in a tone that plainly demanded a negative.

"Might as well," said Mr. Jones, picking his teeth with fashionable ease.

"Poor thing!" sighed Miss Fawney, while her face lengthened as she assumed a look of compassion, "does she go out this winter?"

"Mrs. Jones says her husband does a bad business this season," observed Mrs. J. "She can't get a ball-dress, what 's the use of tempting her?"

"Ever principled, my dear Mrs. Jones!" cried Miss Fawney, much affected a second time, but restraining her tears. "However, she might borrow one from her sister," continued she, feeling that the more she dwelt upon Mrs. Hill's reverses, the less inclined Mrs. Jones was to be polite to her.

"D—n it, let 'em come!" said the master of the house, conscious of no reason for slighting people who were never rude. "What 's the difference to Sally how they dress! She do n't lose by it, does she?"

"You have such a kind heart!" cried Marian, taking his hand, and gazing upon him with a look of two-fold approbation; but Mr. Jones turned away, wondering inwardly "what in heaven's name the girl was forever crying about!"

"Come, Sara, decide! shall the invitation be written, or not?" said he, somewhat impatiently.

"No!" said the lady, positively, for she had just remembered Mrs. Hill's indifference to her costly silk, her new carriage, and Pushaw's fancy cap.

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"Fanny," said Miss Seymour, as she stepped from her carriage one evening at her sister's door, "come with me, wont you? I am going to drive on to the city, having some *emplettes* to make, and we can call

on Mrs. Jones as we return. The sound of her silvery voice will re-animate you this evening, for you do not look so well."

Mrs. Hill was not as cheerful as was her wont, for her prospects did not brighten, and she had been sitting on the steps, thinking, until a few tears rolling over her sweet face, left their glaze, and did not escape Eda's eye of affection. Ever willing to oblige, however, and anxious to resume her usual looks, before her husband should return to mark and grieve over her sadness, she assented.

"You must wait awhile, Eda, until I change my dress; I must put on a more ceremonious costume, for Mrs. Jones has ceased asking me to 'come over and be intimate' since my fortunes are changing. This satin de laine would be an insult after the magnificence with which she assailed me two weeks ago? Can you give me time to make *une toilétte soignée?*"

"Certainly," said Miss Seymour, seating herself and taking her little nephew on her lap, "although you require but a slight change in my humble opinion, to present yourself at Mrs. Jones's door." Fanny smiled and hastened in; but soon returned, looking pretty enough to make the fine lady jealous, in despite of her simple attire. She had that real elegance of manner which Mrs. Jones so much admired in herself, but could not see in others that failed to prosper in the world's estimation.

She was "at home," the servant said, and they were ushered in by an African damsel, in washing attire. Her clothes were looped about her waist like a *blanchisseuse*, and she displayed a pair of ebony legs ending with wide, naked feet. Her drapery was not like her mistress's company, "select," but seemed to hold the accumulated dust and dirt of the house.

Seated in the parlors, the sisters had leisure to contemplate the contents of the apartment they had often heard described. Two portraits hung opposite. One represented Mrs. Jones in ball costume, giving the finishing touch to her toilette. On her lap was a very work-box looking casket, out of which she was taking a string of most unequivocal wax-beads, supposed to resemble pearls.

Mr. Jones sat bolt upright, with a book in his hand looking very learned, and very much puzzled about some weighty question.

But what struck them most was, that on the tables in the corners, stood cake-baskets, covered with doilies, and candlesticks innumerable were disposed about the room, with unlit candles, and curled paper wound around them. Some of the baskets contained cake that plainly looked, "do n't touch me yet," and we forgot to mention a tub of rather muddy water that stood in the middle of the folding-doors, on a large oil-cloth, as though the dark damsel, with the very short garments, had been interrupted in the act of scouring paint at this untimely hour.

"Mrs. Jones has scrubbing done at a strange time," said Eda, pointing to the implements before mentioned.

"Hush, Eda! I'm sure that we have called at a very wrong hour," said Fanny, pointing in her turn to the cake and candles. "Does not that look like a bidding of guests to the banquet hall?"

"It does, indeed. What have we done, Fanny? How could we know of such preparations when the stupid girl said her mistress was at home? The idea of scouring at such an hour, too! Housekeeping should be like the mechanism of the clock—we know that it goes, but do not see the operation. When was our house ever seen in such a trim by visiters?"

"In such an *un*trim, you mean to say," said Fanny; "but pray do not laugh, Eda, it is like hypocrisy to do so now, that we have given ourselves the trouble of coming to see Mrs. Jones."

"You are too good, Fanny; but if you keep your face serious in that absurd way, striving to practice what you preach, I shall shriek out," replied her sister. "Do laugh, if you feel like it."

"No, Eda, no!" said Fanny, trying to look grave. "Do not make me act rudely. *We* have made the mistake, for we live in the country and hear none of these 'fine ladies' doings."

"Pshaw! Mrs. Jones cannot give a party without *my* hearing of it; she owes me the invitation, and you also."

"I never shall expect one," said Mrs. Hill, smiling, and the servant entered to ask "if Miss Seymour were in the parlor."

"Miss Seymour and Mrs. Hill," said Eda, wondering what was to come next.

"Well, then, marm, Miss Sarly say, (and I told her 't was you and Mrs. Hill, too,) that she 's been busy all day, and can't see no company. Here 's a ticket for you to come to the party. Miss Sarly say she never had no time to send it out in the country, but long 's you are here, she told me to fotch it down. Théy a'nt none for you marm," turning to Fanny.

This new way of sending invitations was, in reality, ignorance on the part of poor Mrs. Jones. She had not yet been out as far as Mr. Seymour's country-seat, and thought it an excellent idea to take advantage of Eda's presence in the house. The neglect of Mrs. Hill was intentional, as we have seen, but it was *now* difficult to say which was most uncontrollable, Eda's indignation, or her sister's amusement.

"I have a mind to send it back to her," cried Eda, in French. "What gross impertinence!"

"Ignorance, sister; she knew no better, and I told you I expected nothing from Mrs. Jones," said Fanny. "Do let us go, dear Eda! I cannot help it now, I must laugh! Come"—and she led the way out, observing that she ought to forgive it, as Mrs. Jones had not yet unlearned her *habitudes de chaumière*. The door stood open, and behind it was Mrs. Jones, intent upon hearing what comments were passed by Mrs. Hill, when she found herself "neglected." She had the great satisfaction of knowing that she was seen, for Fanny's merry eyes rested full upon her; and she was somewhat disappointed as she heard the sweet, silver laugh that echoed behind them as the carriage rolled away.

This was not pleasant, but Mrs. Jones remem-

bered that Mrs. Hill saw no one now, "and, of course, Miss Seymour wont come when her sister is not invited. I wish I had not kept on this old gown, since they spied me out; but, lor! it do n't make any difference. I wonder what they said, too; I could n't tell from here."

She asked Cilla; but Cilla replied that "they did n't talk Merrican, and how could *she* understand? But I tell you what, Miss Sarly, I did n't like to invite one 'thout tother; and I felt very oncomfortable 'bout it, too!"

So Cilla had the advantage over her mistress in good feeling at least, but she was told to hold her tongue and go to her work, and no one was ever the wiser by it. But as we wish to give only an account of the rise of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, we must pay less attention to the little incidents of every-day life.

To have slighted Mrs. Hill, "whose husband did a bad business," was one triumph—to have secured Eda's non-attendance, another. But to receive Mrs. Macfuss's acceptance, was one worthy of the gods! This joyful blow was too much for Mrs. Jones's nervous system! She had the paint rescoured, and Cilla, much discomforted, observed (out of her lady's hearing, of course,) "that if cos Mrs. Makefuss is a comin' I has to do all my work over, I wish, (oh, my sakes! if Miss Sarly could hear me!) she 'd a kept her 'ceptance to herself. Here 's Miss Sarly almost out her head, and when the 'oman *do* come, she 'll be crazy as a coot—and coots is bad off for sense."

Cilla was not far wrong. When Miss Fawney communicated the intelligence that an acceptance was to be sent on the morrow, Mrs. Jones ran about in playful bewilderment and relieved herself a little by adding some extra-artificials to her dress. She borrowed more candlesticks and lamps, and had some idea of illuminating the house from attic to cellar, ordering lanterns to be hung at the gate, that Mrs. Macfuss might not mistake. "And now, Marian, my dear child," continued she, turning to her convenient friend, "do tell me what Mr. and Mrs. Macfuss like best to eat. What more *can* I have on my table that they would relish? I know they always have the finest of every thing—think well now, and let me know."

Miss Fawney was a little puzzled at first, but suddenly recollected what she liked most herself, so informed Mrs. Jones that Mr. Macfuss was very fond of *paté de foie gras*, and also of oyster gumbo."

"The gumbo I have prepared, my love, of course; but the potty dee foy graws I had almost forgotten. Gourmand has quantities of potties, as he is a Frenchman, and imports those articles from Paris direct. I think you said Mrs. Macfuss liked sherbet and lemon ice cream?"

No; Miss Fawney liked vanilla best, and affirmed that Mrs. Macfuss was very partial to it.

"Is she, indeed! Oh, Marian, I had ordered lemon!" cried Mrs. Jones, in dismay. "Come, we 'll go to Praline's this instant and reverse it. And those pine apples. They must be rich. Smith! have the carriage round immediately; I 'll go up and put on my bonnet, Marian;" and when Mrs. Jones arrived at Praline's her heart dilated as she saw in how much consideration she was held by her confectioner and his wife. They were all smirks and smiles, particularly as she constantly repeated "you know now, Mrs. Praline, that I mind no expense whatever." And Miss Fawney called her an extravagant creature! "But I knew, Mrs. Jones, that when you did give a party, it would be a magnificent affair!"

And so, indeed, it proved. The weather was fine and everybody came. Mrs. Macfuss meeting her own set, and seeing so much display, was reconciled to her new acquaintance. Mr. Macfuss, seeing a magnificent supper and drinking the finest of wines, shook hands with his host, and asked him to come and see him sociably.

There was a pleasant combination of things. The host and hostess said they never would regret the ball, and Miss Fawney was profuse in her congratulations. At length they had reached the goal, and began to feel with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummles, the sweets of popularity.

Mrs. Jones was heard soon after to say that she had scarcely time to take her meals, people so thronged the house; and before she was quite aware of it, she had asked Mrs. Macfuss to come over and be intimate!

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One evening, as Mrs. Hill and her brother stood together at the gate of her pretty cottage, a handsome equipage dashed by, filling with dust the mouths of the plebeian pedestrians on either side of the smooth road through Summerfield.

Two ladies were on the back seat, while in front sat two little boys, looking very gravely at one another. The driver had on a coat filled with brass buttons—and this was called a livery; so the whole effect was very grand and imposing.

"Who was that, Fanny?" said young Seymour; "whose carriage is that?"

"The carriage belongs to Mrs. John Johnson Jones, brother. Did you not see her?"

"I did not recognize her—she bowed, did she not?"

"Not she, my good sir; she never bends so low. Could you not see how stiff the lady was?"

"Then who did bow to you just now?"

"Mrs. Macfuss," said Fanny, smiling archly.

"Whew! Whose little innocents were those in front?"

"Master Pushaw Jones and Master Johnny Macfuss."

Mr. Seymour paused.

"Fanny," said he at length, "I 'll go to Texas. I see that Mrs. Macfuss has been over, and s intimate!"

LINES TO AN IDEA THAT WOULDN'T "COME."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained and dim?"

"Has Hope like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?"

Oh! fondly wished for, why delay?
This virgin page awaits thee—
It 's waited since the dawn of day—
What can it be belates thee?

Thou ne'er wilt find a nicer couch,
A softer or a fairer?
Thou ne'er wilt find a desk to which
Thy coming could be rarer.

Oh! airy rover, rainbow-winged!
Oh! coy and cold deceiver!
Alight upon this beggar leaf,
And blessèd be forever!

Alight and shut your gleaming wing,
And let my verse be amber,
To make for you, while glad you sing,
A fitting, fairy chamber!

Whether around the dainty tip
Of Whitman's pen you hover,
Or rest on Greenwood's rosy lip,
To greet some poet-lover;

Or hide in glorious Hewitt's heart
Until you 're robed divinely,
Or lend impassioned Eva's line
The glow she paints so finely.

Oh! fly them all, and fly to me!
I 'll entertain ye rarely;
My happy pen your host shall be,
And introduce you fairly.

I 'll dress you in the prettiest words
You possibly can think of,
I 'll let you sip the purest ink
That e'er you tried to drink of.

Your rich *relations* throng to *them*,
While I 'm alone and needy;
And though I cannot sing, my gem,
In tones so rich and reedy.

Be sure I 'll make the most of thee!
While throned in state and glory,
Oh! think what pride *alone* to be
Unrivaled in my story!

Oh! fairy treasure, fine and fleet,
Oh! subtle, rare creation!
Whatever obstacles you meet,
Accept my invitation!

I 'll give you welcome warm and true,
However strange you be;
And take what route it pleases you,
It 's all the same to me.

Oh! come by telegraph from Maine,
Or by a junk from China,
By steamboat from the shores of Spain,
Or cars from Carolina!

But *come*—at all events—without
Another doubt or fear;
Fly, fly to this devoted heart,
And be—"my own Idea!"

A SUMMER EVENING THOUGHT.

BY COUSIN MARY.

See the fire-flies brightly sparkling,
While the night around is darkling;
See, above, the star-light streaming,
Part of Heaven's own radiance seeming.

Brighter than the stars' far beaming
Is the nearer fire-flies' gleaming;
This, a moment shall endure,
That, forever, calm and pure.

To our world-bound hearts are given
Joys of earth and hopes of Heaven—
Flitting in the path before us,
Star-like, beaming calmly o'er us.

Shame such choice to deathless spirits,
Who *some* god-like traits inherit!
Groveling still, we turn our eyes
Earthward from the distant skies,

And to our benighted vision
Brighter earth than "fields Elysian;"
Dearer are the joys here given
Than the promised joys of Heaven!

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(*Concluded from page* 230.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of the fifth day after the escape of Talbot and his companion. The land breeze, like the breath of expiring humanity, had become more and yet more faint, until it ceased entirely, and the flag that was wont to wave over the ramparts of the Moro Castle hung listless beside the staff which supported it. Into the cavernous recesses worn by the friction of the water, in the foundations of the massive structure, the sluggish waves tumbled with a dull and deafening sound. In the near offing lay the frigate, rolling slowly on the unbroken surface of a light ground swell, while the sails flapped against the masts, as if impatient for the breeze. In various directions, a number of vessels, differing in size and appearance, like the frigate awaited a wind to waft them to their various destinations. Beyond them, and until it blended with the distant horizon, save here and there a sea-gull noiselessly skimming its surface, there was nothing visible on the far-stretching and pellucid sea. Like a slumbering giant, the very heavings of that sea told of the latent power that dwelt within it, and conveyed a forcible idea of the might and majesty of the Great Being that made it.

On the after part of the deck of the frigate, screened from the sun by an awning overhead, sat Miss Gillespie and her brother. She, with an air of unmitigated sadness; he, chafing at a captivity which he deemed illegal, and impatient to reach the shore and obtain his freedom. He had never understood for what purpose the soporific incense had been burned, or, boy as he was, he would have attempted the life of their insidious foe. He had imagined that it was an attempt on their lives, (for the disaster of the count had been carefully concealed from them,) and his sister had shrunk from undeceiving him. Her pure nature could itself with difficulty comprehend such baseness, but was absolutely incapable of conveying an idea of it to another, particularly one whose disposition was naturally as unsuspecting as her own. She therefore determined to avoid exciting his suspicions, and even forbore to interfere further than by advice, when the steward, at the instance of his master, now able to sit up, represented that so far from designing injury, the object was to soothe their nerves, those of the lady in especial, after the anxiety and alarm of the evening previous. He also persuaded Frank that the count would exert himself to obtain their speedy liberation when they reached the port; and, that having found them on board of a privateer of the enemy, a class of vessels not in the habit of conveying passengers, he was, by the strict tenor of his orders, bound, although most reluctantly, to detain them. These representations so far operated upon the youth, that he was several times prevailed upon to visit the designing count. But his sister pertinaciously refused to see, or receive any message from her persecutor, and might have departed from her resolution and told Frank sufficient to prevent him from leaving her alone, but that in her fears for Talbot she had forgotten every thing else.

Although a prisoner, confined apart and denied all intercourse, the mere presence of her lover in the same vessel gave her a sense of security. But now he was gone, whither and wherefore she could not tell, and she felt as if she were abandoned to the dreadful fate which so long had threatened her. To do her justice, too, her bitterest source of grief was in anxiety for the safety of Talbot. Had she heard nothing of him, she would have concluded that he was still among the prisoners, and by the strict vigilance of his guards denied the opportunity of communicating with her. But her persecutor was too malignant, was also too shrewd not to know that if he could persuade her of her lover's desertion, he might more reasonably hope for success. She was therefore but too soon informed of the escape, of which the missing boat was sufficient proof; and through others every representation was made, calculated to impair her confidence and weaken her attachment. But, like a mail of proof, her own integrity protected her, and the malicious shafts fell harmless, creating no pain, and scarce attracting notice.

Although young and inexperienced, scarce more than a nestling that had for the first time fledged its wing, this girl possessed the noblest attributes of her sex, and hers was more than the ordinary love of woman. True, deep, fervent love, such as that sex alone can feel, cannot harbor a doubt. Undying and unchangeable in itself, it cannot comprehend that, of the existence of which it is unconscious. Often placed unhappily, often denied the communion for which it yearns, it looks beyond the grave for the fruition of its hopes.

"They sin who tell us love can die."

She had listened to the soft and hesitating whisper of proffered love, and her gushing eye and mantling cheek and throbbing breath had confessed that love to be requited. Her soul had mingled with another's in the dearest and the noblest union which adorns and irradiates existence—the union of manly strength with shrinking beauty; of the clear eye to look upon, and the bold heart to encounter peril, with the step hesitating and timid as a fawn! of skill to do and will to dare, with affection to sustain and fortitude to endure; of man, fashioned in comeliness and radiant

with virtue, with woman, the celestial link that binds him to a purer state! With a pledge as dear as it was enduring, they had sworn to preserve that union until it should be merged into that most glorious, holiest and most beautiful of all, which is effected in death—when their souls, stripped of the mortal coils which encumbered them, and wafted on the wings of love, should soar upward and onward, until side by side, inseparable as in life, and inseparable forever, they intoned their hymns of praise with the choir which surrounds the Eternal!

Could a woman capable of conceiving such a pledge ever falter, much less prove unfaithful? Never. And Miss Gillespie was as unmoved by the insinuations of those around her, as is the calm and placid moon by the howlings of a hungry wolf.

As the two orphans sat apart, occasionally exchanging a few words, and then relapsing into silence, the first lieutenant, an old and worthy officer, who, from the want of family influence, had long been denied promotion, touched by the sadness of the fair captive, approached and respectfully accosted them. He first confined himself to inquiries respecting their health and comfort, and made some cheering observations on their prospects of liberation. He then, after musing a few moments, left them and whispered a few words to the officer of the deck. The latter nodded intelligence, and immediately gave an order which required those of the crew hovering about to go forward to aid in its execution. The lieutenant then returning said, "Young lady, may I speak a few words with you?" and leading her a few steps from where her brother sat, continued, "I have two daughters at home, one of them about your age, and when I think how I should feel if either of them were in your almost unprotected situation, I sympathize deeply with you. Indeed I am not the only one. There is a general feeling among the officers to protect you if need be. You may rely upon our disposition to serve you—and now answer me frankly—Does your extreme sadness proceed solely from your detention here, and the escape and apparent desertion of your friend?"

"Oh no, sir!" cried she, immeasurably relieved by his words, "whatever may have induced Mr. Talbot to leave us, I am sure that he has acted for the best. You judge rightly," she added, "in supposing that I have other cause of anxiety than what proceeds from our detention, which, if we be not most unjustly dealt by, must terminate so soon. I have not dared to tell my brother what horrid fears distract me, for I know he would attempt something violent, that would most probably separate us, and I love my only protector."

"Our fears then are not unfounded, and the mystery of that night is partly solved," said the lieutenant, in a soliloquizing tone.

"What night? Of what mystery do you speak?" exclaimed the lady.

"Of the night you came on board. But is it possible you are ignorant of what I allude to?"

"I have not the most remote idea; Frank and I slept soundly the whole night, and did not awake until late the next morning. I remember that at first we thought that an attempt was being made to stupefy or smother us with something that was burned, but, as we were not molested, we concluded that we had been mistaken. For God's sake, tell me what happened?"

"Young lady," he answered, "I have ever since sought an opportunity to speak to you; why is it that you have confined yourself below?"

"We often wished to come up," she replied, "but were told that the count was too ill to be consulted, and that without his permission we could not leave the cabin. But do tell me all about that night, I implore you."

The lieutenant then informed her of the condition in which the count was found the next morning, and the general belief of the officers that his villainous design had been frustrated by Talbot or Gonzalez, who must have been concealed in the cabin. They conversed for some time, and before leaving her, he advised her, as the count was nearly well, to keep always near her brother, and to write a note to the American Consul in Havana, claiming his protection, promising that if she would send her note to him he would forward it at once to its destination.

With diminished fear, and in a comparatively cheerful mood, Miss Gillespie returned to the cabin, and repeated to her brother such parts of her conversation with the lieutenant as she thought she could safely confide to him.

About the usual hour the breeze set in, and sailing "majestically slow," by the towering fortress on the one hand, and the gay and beautiful structures of the town, with its crowded wharves and numerous shipping on the other, the frigate, early in the afternoon, had anchored in the upper harbor of Havana.

Frank Gillespie, who was no longer restricted to the cabin, watched his opportunity and slipped into the old lieutenant's hand the note with which his sister had entrusted him. Soon after the ship had cast her anchor, the Captain of the Port came on board to pay his official visit. The lieutenant, who was on intimate terms with him, invited him down to his state-room, and there giving him the note, with the assurance that it was of very great importance, exacted a promise that he would transmit it without delay to the American Consul. The officer promised to attend punctually to the commission, and the kind-hearted lieutenant with great satisfaction saw him, a short time afterward, take his departure for the shore.

Quite late in the afternoon, when the ship was moored, the count, unable to go himself, sent the first lieutenant to wait upon the admiral and report the ship. About dusk, and before he returned, a boat came alongside for Miss Gillespie and her brother. The person who came in charge stated that the American Consul was absent and would not return for a day or two, but that his wife had prepared a room for, and would gladly welcome them. The message ended with an entreaty that they would come at once. They needed no persuasion, and with alacrity making their brief preparation, and without meeting obstructions, which to the last they feared, with in-

describable joy they took their seats in the boat and bade adieu to their late floating prison.

Talbot and Gonzalez, representing themselves as having escaped from a wreck, were kindly received at the little settlement where they landed, but instead of accepting the hospitalities which were freely tendered, they merely asked for a guide to conduct them into the interior, so fearful were they of being pursued. With much toil and privation, and at one time exposed to imminent peril, they reached the Reglos, a settlement opposite to the city of Havana, the very day on which the frigate arrived.

Afraid to venture out before night-fall, one of them feigned to be sick, and the other remained as if to keep him company, in the small room of an obscure fonda, which they occupied. They had remained for a very long time without seeing or hearing any one, when, about an hour after the ship had anchored, they heard footsteps on the creaking staircase, and one called out, "Is there any one above, Marguerita?"

"There were two sailor-looking men there this morning," replied a female voice, "but they must have gone out, for I have heard nothing of them since dinner."

"We will see," said the first voice. But Gonzalez was too quick for him. He had started at the first word, and rising from the bed, which was at the side of the room, placed himself by the door, and quietly turning the bolt of the lock, withdrew the key. He then bent his head and listened attentively, taking care not to place it in a line with the key-hole.

The party, consisting of three, came up in the meantime, and two of them proceeded to an adjoining room, while one stopped and tried the door. In a few moments he rejoined his companions, saying, "All safe, they are out."

When Gonzalez started up and hurried to the door, Talbot was struck as much by the expression of his countenance as by the movement itself, and he had continued to watch him in silent amazement. But he was soon convinced that his friend was not insane. When the person who tried the door had retired, Gonzalez, stepping lightly to the bed, whispered, "Don't speak or make the slightest noise, it is the rascally steward, with some of the cut-throats who resort to this side of the harbor. The count has some design afoot, and Providence has sent us just in time to save that unfortunate young lady."

Talbot needed no more, and with their faculties on the full stretch, they listened intently, and gathered almost every word of the conversation in the next room.

It was a festival day in Havana. The clang of the bells had been incessant since noon, and the air reverberated with the almost uninterrupted discharge of artillery from the forts and men-of-war. There was no diminution of light with the setting of the sun, for the clouds which slowly floated along the sky, threw back the blaze of the illuminated city, while, like an undulating mirror, the harbor reflected the myriads of lights interspersed among the spars and rigging of the men-of-war. Along the shore, in each direction, bonfires were blazing, and from every point as well of the waters as the land, was heard the whizzing sound of the sinuous and beautiful rocket, which, exploding above and around with an unceasing feu de joie, filled the air with its fiery flakes. The sound of music and the shouts of merriment commingled, and wafted by the breeze, fell gratefully upon the ear of the boatmen reclining upon their oars, and the distant sentinels making their solitary rounds on the ramparts of the castle.

As the boat with Frank and his sister pushed off from the frigate, another, and much smaller one, that had hovered within the shadow of the ship, noiselessly pursued the same direction. The first pulled for some distance up the river, until it had passed the city, and then stopped at one of the neat villas that lined its banks. The smaller boat, which, as the reader must have surmised, contained Talbot and Gonzalez, had been obliged to keep close within the other shore, to avoid observation. When the larger boat was turned toward the shore, the two friends, unseen themselves, distinctly saw all that passed.

"I do not understand this movement," said Gonzalez. "They have stopped at a Posada, to which the citizens, in their evening rides, usually resort for refreshment. There must be some change in their plans since we heard them discuss it."

In the meantime, the party, (with the exception of one who remained by the boat,) had landed, and ascending the bank, opened the little wicker-gate and proceeded through the garden toward the house. Talbot and Gonzalez were about to pull across, and had nearly reached the line of light when the latter cried, "Hush! back, back your oars quickly, they are returning!"

They again retreated within the shadows of the opposite bank, and saw two men, followed by a third, hurrying the lady rapidly toward the boat, into which they forced her, for it was evident that she was struggling. The moment she was placed in the boat, they again shoved off from the shore.

"I now understand it all," whispered Gonzalez to his companion. "They have decoyed the brother into the house, and run off and left him. I am sure, too, that the lady is gagged, for she does not cry out, although she yet struggles desperately. Stop, stop! What are you about?" he cried, as he saw Talbot begin to ply his oars with all his might.

"Do you ask me, with such a sight before us," replied the latter, indignantly.

"Nay, lay on your oars, I beg, I entreat you. Your precipitation will ruin all. They are four, and well armed—we are defenceless. They would slay us before we could cope with them, and then farewell to all hopes of the lady's rescue."

"What shall we do, then?" said Talbot, as he despairingly rested his oar.

"Follow them, as we at first proposed, and concert our plan after we have seen the place in which they mean to place her."

"Gonzalez," said Talbot, "you have not so much at stake as I in this matter, and you are therefore less agitated and better qualified to adopt the course we should pursue. I will not be rash if I can help

it; but, come what may, I will not again lose sight of Mary. She has no father; her brother is torn from her. I am her sole protector. I will die before I desert her for an instant."

"I have told you of my sister, Talbot," said Gonzalez, "and you must know I have a motive that impels me, which is as powerful as your own. Love is your incentive, and revenge is mine. Yours is the most impetuous, but mine, as the more cautious, is more certain to effect its object. I pray you be moderate."

"I will, Gonzalez, with the condition I have named."

While they were speaking, they had not ceased to watch the movements of the larger boat, which pulled about half a mile farther up, and landed on the same side. The smaller boat following their motions with the utmost caution, was run ashore a short distance below, and the two friends crept along under cover of the thick brush that lined the bank, to within a few paces of the ruffians. A carriage was in waiting, the driver standing beside it. As soon as the latter saw them, he opened the door, let down the steps, and then ascended his box. Two of the gang forced the lady into the carriage, and followed after; the third closed the door and mounted beside the driver. While this was taking place, Talbot was endeavoring to free himself from the grasp of Gonzalez, who tried to detain him. With a violent effort he succeeded, and springing forward, leaped upon the foot-board of the carriage just as the driver had applied the lash, and the horses started off at half speed. The remaining ruffian, seeing Talbot rush by, turned to pursue him and give the alarm, when Gonzalez sprung upon him, and violently struggling, they fell to the ground.

The patriot, on the eve of a battle which is to decide the fate of his country; the secreted lover, impatient for the footfall of the mistress of his affections; the young mother, beside the sick couch of an only child, are all less vigilant in their watchfulness, than the specious villain who seeks to hold a fair character with the world, while he covertly gives full indulgence to his depraved and licentious appetites.

The count had every reason to believe his plot well matured, and in a fair train for execution, and yet he felt restless and uneasy. The critical period between the conception and consummation of any conspiracy, even when the judgment sanctions and the true heart approves it, is the most trying of all the situations in which human nature can be placed; but when the object is detestable, the means base and treacherous, and the agents employed unprincipled, then, the suspense is torturing—for the slightest accident, the most trivial careleseness may frustrate, and the faithlessness of the least trusted agents betray the best concerted plot that was ever laid.

For some days the count had feigned to be weaker than he really was, and no sooner had Frank and his sister left than he jumped up and leaned out of one of the ports to see them embark, and to satisfy himself that no one from the ship accompanied them.

It is said that the Evil One favors his own, and in this instance the adage was verified. No one had yet descended the side, and as the count cast his scrutinizing glance in every direction, his quick ear detected the light splash of an oar. Withdrawing instantly, he extinguished the lamp and excluded as well as he could, the light of the illumination which streamed through the opposite ports. Returning then to his first position, in a few moments, as his eye became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw indistinctly the small boat which contained Talbot and Gonzalez. The outlines of the boat were alone visible, and he could not make out how many persons it contained. It was, he thought, most probably, the boat of some poor fisherman, compelled to forego present enjoyment in order to procure to-morrow's subsistence for himself and family. Guilt, however, is always suspicious, and without being able to assign to himself a reason for his misgivings, he summoned his steward and gave him a few hurried instructions. The latter, immediately leaving the apartment, slipped through one of the gun-deck ports as Talbot and Gonzalez had done before him, and, unseen from the upper-deck, descended into the boat just before it shoved off. The fears awakened (wherefore he could not tell) by the sight of the tiny boat, had induced the count to change his entire plan. It was therefore that Talbot, when he found that the preconcerted plot they had heard discussed was not adhered to, determined not to lose sight of his mistress.

When the large boat stopped at the posada, the orphans were conducted to a private room, the steward and two of the gang remaining without, soon after a servant-maid entered, and said that the consul's lady was indisposed, and had sent her to beg that Miss Gillespie would come to her chamber. With unsuspecting alacrity the poor girl rose up and followed the maid. At a turn in the passage, she was seized, a gag instantly applied to her mouth, and then hurried to the boat.

Frank, who, unsuspecting as his sister, sat in patient expectation, started up as he heard a stifled scream. At the same moment he was felled to the floor by a blow of the ruffian, who, with a heavy cudgel, had crept behind him. The miscreant then dragging the body into a closet opening from the room, hastened after his companions.

The steward, as soon as the party landed at the posada, had dispatched a sure messenger to direct the carriage to proceed from the place where he knew it was in waiting, to the spot designated by the count in his last instructions. It was not distant, and, as we have seen, was at the appointed place before the boat arrived.

The steward and his party, warned by the count, had kept a vigilant look out, to ascertain if they were followed by another boat; but, themselves in the broad glare of light, they could not catch the slightest glimpse of the one, which, much smaller and screened by the obscurity, hovered sufficiently near to observe them.

The carriage, with the ruffians, the victim of their toils, and that victim's determined champion, was driven at a rapid rate along the road which ran

parallel with the stream for a mile or more, when it turned into one of the bye-roads on the right, which, as it was less frequented, they pursued at increased speed for nearly two hours. Overcome by terror and exhaustion, Miss G. had swooned away some time, and lay unnoticed on the back seat of the carriage. At length they stopped at a gate on the left, and the driver's companion got down to open it. Heretofore Talbot had remained at little risk, for the carriage was closed behind, but, as the man who dismounted would certainly wait until the carriage had passed through, in order to close the gate, he was exposed to certain peril of detection if he remained. The road was clear where it passed, and there was a slight ascent from it on the left, at the summit of which stood the gate. There was no bush or cover to conceal him, and to descend was out of the question. Beside the gate, on the right, was a large tree, that stood just within the inclosure. While Talbot hesitated what to do, the carriage ascended the slope, and as it passed through the gateway, one of the branches of the tree swept its roof. On the instant, quick as thought, Talbot caught hold of the limb, and swung himself into the tree. The rustling noise he made startled the man who stood beside the gate, and who had certainly been drinking freely.

"Hallo! what's that?" he cried, and springing up to the box, called out, "Drive on! drive on! It's a wild beast! But I'll have a shot at it," he added, as the carriage rolled on, and turning partly round, he discharged his pistol into the tree.

The driver, with an imprecation, had called out to his companion not to fire; but he was too late, and at the report the horses affrighted, ran off at full speed. The ruffians within the carriage, as well as the one without, were instantly awakened to a full sense of their danger. They were all acquainted with the place, and knew that a short distance ahead, certainly not more than a third of a mile, the road inclined short to the left, to avoid an old quarry, which had a precipitous fall of 15 or 16 feet. As cowardly as base, each one thought only of his own safety. The ruffian in front clambered over the roof and leaped off from behind; the others forced open a door and precipitated themselves, one after the other, and all fell with violence and more or less injured to the ground.

Beside Miss Gillespie within the carriage, the driver alone remained, and he, with his feet pressed hard upon the foot-board, and with his body bent forward, bore his whole weight upon the reins. Although they passed with breathless velocity, he accurately noted every object along the road, and was prepared, at the critical moment, to turn the horses from the direction of the perilous chasm. With a quick eye and ready hand the instant that he saw the turn, with all his might he pulled upon the left hand rein. This over exertion ensured defeat, the rein snapped asunder with the strain, and the horses rushing headlong, were with the carriage precipitated over the bank. The driver fell upon some fragments of rock, and laid senseless and immoveable. The horses, by their moans, and the faint efforts they made to extricate themselves, showed that they were severely bruised. Miss Gillespie lay on the battered side of the carriage, partially revived from her swoon by the shock she had sustained and the excruciating pain she felt.

Talbot, unharmed by the discharge of the pistol, sprung to the ground, and hurried at his utmost speed after the carriage, as soon as he saw that the horses had run away. He passed the bodies of the ruffians on the road without heeding them, although one, rising up, called out and limped after him, and reached the spot a few minutes after the accident occurred. In his excited state, it was but the work of a moment to extricate his mistress, to press her to his bosom, to examine her hurts, and to hurry with her yet scarce animate body into the neighboring wood. His first anxiety was for water, and pursuing the declivity of the ground in a direction leading from the road, he soon heard the trickling of a rivulet. He laid his load gently beside it, and on examination discovered that Mary had received a severe cut in her head, which bled profusely, and that her left arm was broken. The loss of blood, the cooling effects of the water, which he freely applied, and the pain she endured, all accelerated her return to consciousness, and in a little while, was enabled to thank her lover in expressions, brief, indeed, but touching, and which, like the stamp of the mint on standard coin, are treasured by the heart that receives them in imperishable remembrance. They had no time, however, for interchange of feeling. They were strangers, and upon the grounds of a powerful and persevering enemy. It was necessary, therefore, that they should leave the place as soon as possible, in order that if overtaken, it might be on land not peopled with the myrmidons or subject to the jurisdiction of the count. With the simple means at his disposal, the water which babbled at their feet, a few splints, made of the twigs which grew around them, and the bandages torn from his own garments, Talbot soon dressed the wounds, and temporarily assuaged the anguish which his mistress endured. She laid for some time without a movement or a murmur. The heavy air was laden with fragrance, and now and then the pattering on a leaf would tell how abundantly the dew had fallen. He watched her closely, in the hope that she was in a slumber, but he soon perceived that her features were occasionally flushed by intensity of pain. In truth, her arm had now begun to swell, and was exceedingly stiff and sore. He saw that it was necessary to procure shelter and medical attendance without delay. But whither should he proceed? The night was now far advanced. The pall of darkness was just lifting in the east; faint, tremulous lines of light began to stream along the sky, revealing a succession of ridges of vapor, through which, with lessening ray, the morning star occasionally glimmered. The laborers would soon be abroad, and it was indispensably necessary to proceed. Prevailing upon Mary to make an effort, he was with the greatest difficulty enabled to support her, while they slowly threaded their way through the thick undergrowth of the woodland. After wan-

dering a short time, they came to a hedge of cactus, some of the plants in full bloom, the brilliant tints of their gorgeous flowers heightened and suffused by the golden rays of the now rising sun. They turned into a path which led along the hedge toward the high-road. On their right, towering above the tangled brushwood, were many trees, mostly large, and some of them magnificent. The most conspicuous were the assumah, the ya yati, and the robla,* but the grandest and most beautiful, all of the lordly frangipan, with its deep-green leaves and thickly studded scarlet blossoms. On the other side of the hedge was an extensive field of sugar-cane, in all the rich luxuriance of a matured and abundant crop. An immense mass of foliage, of the liveliest green, thick and impenetrable in its growth, its tops waved gracefully in the wind with a rustling sound that was borne onward until it died away in the distance. On the opposite side, visible through the hedge, the field was skirted by a forest, which, ascending a slope behind it, and becoming thinner as it ascended, left only a few trees scattered here and there along the ridge which bounded the western horizon. But Mary, striving to conceal her weakness and suppress the moans that were every instant rising to her lips, and Talbot, who was wholly engrossed by anxiety for her, could neither of them enjoy the natural beauties of the scene.

When they had proceeded a few hundred yards, they came to a small gate set in an opening in the hedge. Talbot soon forced it open, and they emerged upon a wagon-road which ran between the hedge and the cane. But Mary could proceed no farther, and seating her on the road-side, Talbot, himself in a state of indescribable anxiety, endeavored to cheer her with hopes of speedy relief.

CHAPTER V.

The first lieutenant returned to the frigate about half an hour after Frank and his sister had left, and was delighted to hear that the American consul had sent for them. Soon after he had made his report, the count ordered his boat, and left the ship. Supposing that he was summoned ashore by some of the letters he had received, the old lieutenant little dreamed that the departure of his commander, in any manner, had reference to the orphans. He believed them safe, and with many claims upon his attention, dismissed them readily from his mind.

The count steered his boat to the usual landing-place, and hiring a caleche, proceeded directly to the western gate. Here he was detained but a moment, for the officer immediately coming out, recognized his rank, and he was allowed to pass. Impatient of delay he took the reins himself, and drove with a speed proportioned to the ardor of his licentious passion, and his vindictive yearning, by its gratification, to wreak vengeance upon her lover—whose hand he felt sure had before frustrated him. There was a near cut through a neighboring plantation, which struck a road leading to the rear of his hacienda, and saved upward of two miles in distance. As he was well acquainted with the owner of the plantation, without hesitation he took the road through it. Once or twice he thought that he heard the sound of horses hoofs at a rapid pace ahead of him, but the rattling of the vehicle he was in rendered the sound uncertain, and he took it for granted that he was mistaken. When he reached the rear of the building he alighted, and liberally recompensing the driver, opened the postern gate with a key he carried, and proceeded directly to the house. To the attendant who obeyed his summons, he said impatiently,

"The young lady, where is she?"

"In her chamber," was the reply, and in obedience to a gesture of the count, the servant proceeded along the corridor and approached an apartment at its extremity.

"Fools! Why have they put her there?" muttered the count.

"Señor?"

"Stand aside, sir!" and pushing by, he threw open the door and entered the apartment As he did so, he started back appalled and terrified. Propped on a bed, catching her breath with difficulty, was a dying woman. The blood was streaming from her mouth, and at each respiration gurgled in her throat. It was the young, the once pure and lovely Esperanza, the sister of Gonzalez. By the bedside stood the brother, regarding him with a look of fixed and deadly hatred. But he moved not his arm from the sinking form it supported. The unhappy girl with staring eyes and outstretched hands, uttering inarticulate and guttural sounds, strove in vain to speak to them. In the effort the attenuated chords of life were snapped asunder, and she fell back a corpse.

"Conde de Ureña," said Gonzalez, "behold your work! I came here to protect the victim of your present plot—little dreaming of the sight that awaited me. That poor girl must be avenged! You or I, one or both, must bear Esperanza company." As he looked toward the bed his voice softened with emotion, but recovering himself instantly, he advanced to the door and bolted it; then drawing a pair of pistols from his bosom, he sternly added as he presented them, "take your choice."

"Not now! not here! to-morrow! any time! any where else!" said the count, his cheek blanched and his brow beaded with perspiration.

"Here! Upon this spot! This very instant!" shouted Gonzalez. "Vile seducer and murderer," he added, "you have killed your man! Where is your vaunted courage? Will that arouse you?" and he struck him a fierce blow. The count's face flushed, he clutched the weapon, and turning to Gonzalez with a look as vindictive as his own, sternly motioned him to take his position. How corroding is the effect of vice! Time was when the unhappy nobleman would have shrunk in horror from the contaminating touch of one guilty of a crime, the dreadful consequences of which, in all the appalling majesty of death, were then before him. And yet, more fiend-like than such a wretch, he stood in all the concentrated hatred of a duelist, prepared to take the life of the brother of his victim. By a career of

* Spelt as they are pronounced.

vice, the once honorable man had been converted into a demon.

The combatants confronted each other, leveled their weapons, and fired so simultaneously that the reports sounded as one. The pistol of Gonzalez was struck from his hand and one of his fingers shattered. Heedless of the pain, as the reverberation ceased, he bent forward to see if his adversary were unhurt. Partially concealed by a spiral wreath of smoke, the count stood seemingly unscathed before him. But the moment after his weapon dropped, he pressed his hand to his side, and casting a look of anguish and despair upon the corpse of the woman he had ruined, tottered, reeled, and fell heavily upon the floor! The threat of Gonzales was verified. Almost instantaneously, two souls were summoned to their dread account.

When Gonzalez sprung upon the boatman from behind, he took him so much by surprise that he had hurled him over and pointed a dagger to his throat before he could muster presence of mind enough to defend himself.

"Villain," said Gonzalez, "lie still, and answer me truly, or I pin you to the earth. I already know enough to tell if you deceive me. As you value your life, say where has that carriage gone?"

"A la hacienda Frangipina, señor."

"Why does n't it go to Mariel, as first intended?"

"Yo no say, señor."

"Will you swear that what you tell me is true?"

"Si, señor, por mi alma."

"Pshaw! Your soul is forfeit."

"Por la Señora Nuestra."

"Well, I 'll believe you, for my countrymen never deceive when they swear 'by our Lady.'"

He then permitted him to rise, and proceeded to question him further. He soon found that the ruffian could be as readily employed to defeat as to forward a nefarious plot. Gonzalez knew the hacienda well, and with the aid of the boatman procured a horse and was enabled to reach it some ten minutes before the count. Like the latter, he too had asked for la señorita, (the young lady,) and by a similar mistake of the servant, who knew nothing of the plot, he was shown to his sister's chamber. He had heard of her ruin, but knew not that she had been decoyed from their father's roof. He found her very ill, and her agitation at seeing him brought on a profuse and fatal hemorrhage. All this, let it be borne in mind, occurred before the carriage had entered the grounds.

When Frank recovered his consciousness in the closet where he was confined, he could not conceive where he was, or what had befallen him. By slow degrees the events of the night were recalled to his recollection, and in great alarm he began to grope about in the darkness. When he found the door, and vainly tried to open it, he knocked and shouted loud and vehemently. The landlord and several others, astonished at the uproar, hurried to the parlor and threw open the closet-door. To their rapid and noisy questioning he could only reply in his own tongue, which was to them unintelligible. When, however, by his gestures, the landlord understood that he complained of ill treatment in his house, he swore that the stranger must be some robber, who had concealed himself in the closet, and that some one in passing had locked the door. Improbable as was this supposition, in face of the mark of the blow which Frank exhibited, all present concurred in professing that they believed it true. A police officer was accordingly sent for, and the unhappy youth taken to the guard-house. The next morning he was summoned before the alcalde, who, too indolent to send to the frigate to identify the prisoner, and, to do him justice, wholly discrediting the latter's statement of being thrust into the closet, condemned him to be transported for six months to the Castle St. Juan de Ulloa, off Vera Cruz, the last place held by Spain on the eastern shore of North America, and next to the last held by her on the continent.

Frank was taken immediately on board of a transport filled with troops and convicts, the first to recruit the garrison, the last to assist in repairs of the old, and the construction of additional fortifications. The youth, although well-grown, it was evident was not accustomed to, and could not perform manual labor. The alcalde had therefore sent a message to the commander of the detachment, recommending that he should be assigned to some light employment. The magistrate saw that the youth was a foreigner, he believed him to be a vagrant if nothing else, and he knew that hands of all descriptions were needed at that fortress. He therefore made no inquiries. That afternoon the transport sailed.

CHAPTER VI.

Talbot and Mary were successful in reaching the city unpursued, and had been four days in the American Consul's house, before, through his exertions, they discovered the departure and destination of Frank Gillespie. The sister was grievously distressed, and mourned her brother as dead, but Talbot pledged himself to follow and attempt his rescue, and although the fractured bone of her arm was not well knit together, she determined to accompany her lover as far as she could. Talbot was provoked to the resolution, to say nothing of a more generous impulse, by the refusal of the Spanish authorities to take cognizance of the subject. And Mary felt that without impropriety she could proceed to some one of the small ports on the route to Vera Cruz, if not to the latter place itself. She hired a servant to supply the place of the one drowned in the privater, and felt more reconciled to the peril to which Talbot would be exposed, from the assurance of Gonzalez that he would share the enterprise. The latter, dreading more assassination by some of the connections of the late count, than any legal investigation, kept himself secreted in the city, but was frequently visited by Talbot.

The only vessel in port bound in the direction of Vera Cruz was an American brig, advertised for Sisal. In her they engaged their passage, and after night-fall Gonzalez, in disguise, accompanied them on board. At break-of-day the next morning, they sailed with a fair wind, and had gained some distance

by sunset, when it fell calm, and with the land upon one side, and an expanse of water on the other, the vessel rode with graceful ease upon a prolonged but gentle undulation. The golden rays of the setting sun mingled in the zenith with the soft and silvery light of the moon in her meridian, and a long and lovely twilight followed. Seated on deck, apart from their companions, (for Gonzalez was too considerate to intrude,) Mary and her lover mused long and deeply. The hour and the scene were calculated to dispel their anxieties and to soothe their cares. When either was depressed—he, with the sad thought that of all his race he stood alone—she, that she was an orphan, and that her brother was perhaps lost to her forever, a glance around and above would give their thoughts a holier and more soothing direction; for the works of the Great Architect, the teeming earth, the slumbering sea, the brilliant sky, all proclaimed in language unheard but *felt* that mercy is His great and most peculiar attribute. It was indeed a lovely scene! Directly overhead, the moon shone forth in serene and unclouded lustre; a little lower, the fiery mars peered forth; then the resplendent orb of Jupiter, and in the same direct line, but just above the horizon, the beautiful Venus sunk to rest, enveloped in a mantle yet rich with the gorgeous rays of the sun which had preceded her. They remained on deck until a late hour of the night, for whenever they went below they were annoyed with the hum and fretted with the sting of the mosquito. At last they parted, Talbot throwing himself upon the deck, and Mary retired to her berth and soon fell asleep. If the waking hours of that pure-minded girl had been those of endurance, the visions of that night were ample compensation. Reclined upon her narrow bed, with the folds of the mosquito-net tucked closely around her, while, like the Cossacks before Ismael, the multitudinous insects strove to enter, she was either in fancy communing with the man she loved, or with Frank and her father knelt beneath the cotton-tree which shaded the grave of her mother, and listened to the gentle wave as it rippled upon the beach, while from the jeweled sky, fit canopy, for such a scene, the Omniscient eye seemed to look down approving.

Among the crew there was a dandy sailor who took especial pride in his flowing locks, and evidently sought to attract the notice of the lady passenger. The day before they reached Sisal, seizing an opportunity when Talbot and Gonzalez were below, he passed once or twice by the place where she sat on deck, and at length catching her eye, with a meaning look dropped a letter at her feet, and immediately retired. Mary had been beset with so many dangers of late; had been so often nearly ensnared by plots, that she at once imagined the letter to contain a friendly warning. She therefore hastily picked it up and ran below. It proved to be a genuine love-letter, and despite her sadness and the anxiety of her position, she laughed outright as she read it. Her unusual merriment drew Talbot to her side, and after exacting a promise from him that he would in no manner notice, or betray a knowledge of its contents, she placed the letter in his hands, saying, "Don't be jealous—I will be true, although the offer is a tempting one." Verbatim et literatim, it ran thus:

"dear Mary is a name so sweet,

i loves to spell it as i loves to eat. i kiles the ropes to spell it, i scratches it with a marlingspike on the rale, charming Miss Mary i addores you when you walkes the deck so gracefull as a swan a swimming of a Rivver, i looks down upon you from the top as you moves backards and forrards so musically, i wishes that I was a hauk to pounce down upon you and carry you of like a Duv in my Arms to sum luvly ileand in the sea. Sweetest Miss Mary i isent a Lofer, for my Parrents is respectible and my father ones a Large factory in New Jersy, whar he makes a Grate quontity of paper, not your common Rapping paper, but big sheets for the Nusepapers, and sum a grate deal Finer for Riting upon than this, which is the best i can gett i is unfortunit Miss Mary but i isent a imposter for my Father is ever so Rich and will give plenty of munny if i will cum home and help him in his bizziness. but i cant go home nor no whars els onless you will smile upon me i offers you all my prospicts. if you will eccept my sute if your charming buzzom feels any pitty for a poor Retch who loves you to dispare. and you will cast them sweet killing ise on me, as you aires the deck, you will liten my hart of its hevvy lode and make it swim in Blis. Yours furever until deth.

CIRUS LAMBERT."

Poor Lambert!

"It were all one,
That he should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."

But love, like faith, comes by inspiration, and whether it be a milk-maid or a goddess, a man has a right to worship the object of his affections. As we have seen, the maiden's first impulse was to merriment; but she soon perceived that the man was in earnest, and from motives of delicacy and compassion she remained below the remainder of the passage. The confinement was a brief one. The next afternoon they reached Sisal, and were hospitably welcomed by an American merchant, to whom Talbot had letters from our consul in Havana. Mary was immediately taken to the gentleman's house and cordially greeted by his wife, who insisted upon her becoming an inmate of the family during her stay. An offer most gratefully accepted. When the merchant was told of their contemplated adventure he became a zealous coadjutor; chartered for them a small, fast-sailing felucca, and purchased a cargo of salt, in order that it might be supposed she was on one of her usual trading voyages. He also procured for Talbot and Gonzalez, dresses such as are worn by the crews of these vessels.

Determined not to lose a moment, as soon as the arrangements were completed our adventurers set sail. Talbot with difficulty tearing himself from his mistress, who clung to him in all the reckless abandonment of grief. Coasting along the shore, they passed Alvarado and anchored the second evening under Anton Lizardo, until the moon went down.

They then lifted their anchor, and passing between Sacrificios Island (where a Spanish corvette lay) and the main land, they entered the port of Vera Cruz unobserved.

Although necessary for the prosecution of their plan, yet coming to Vera Cruz, in one contingency, very much increased their difficulties. It was indispensable that tidings of their arrival should not reach the castle, and yet they would certainly be communicated by the first flag of truce that passed over. They therefore determined to dispose of their small cargo at once—lay in a return one, make their remaining preparations, and with a telescope examine the works of the castle, to decide on which point they could with least danger approach, until near enough to execute the stratagem they had devised.

The south front of the castle, facing the city, was 223 varas, or four hundred and forty yards, including the south-west and south-east bastions. Along this front were 34 guns mounted en barbette, i. e., without embrasures. The south-west curtain was the nearest, directly facing, and half a mile distant from the town. Toward the north-east, protecting the sea front, was a tower bastion, which mounted a heavy gun on a pivot. This tower bastion, nearly triangular in shape, was completely isolated—its base line being fifty yards distant from the north-east, or outside curtain of the castle, with the water flowing between them —as also between the north-east and north-west faces of the tower bastion and the outwork—in a space forty-two feet in width. The outwork itself was very strongly fortified—indeed the strongest part of the fortification, as defending the point which, at the time of its construction, was deemed most likely to be attacked—as the engineer had not foreseen that before an attack, the castle and the town might be separately held by belligerents The adventurers determined to make direct for a postern in the south-east front, where there was a landing of 2 or 3 steps, leading to a narrow platform, also of stone, which opened into a covered way. Along the wall, between the south-west bastion and the postern, were three or four rings inserted, to which, in time of peace, vessels were ordinarily made fast, to ride under the lee of the castle during the terrific gales so prevalent in the winter months.

At an early hour the next morning they started, and a number of the inhabitants who had heard of their intention to sail, were gathered on the sea-wall to see if they could escape both the fire from the castle and the pursuit of the corvette, then getting under way from her anchorage at Sacrificios. They cheered the boat as she left the harbor, and the loud vivas being heard by the garrison of the castle, several shot were fired from the south-west bastion, which dispersed the assemblage. A moment after the little felucca was seen standing boldly out, and a signal was made from the castle to the corvette, while several guns were brought to bear upon the daring little vessel—for hitherto all attempts to pass had been made at night. The gunner stood by one of the guns on the ramparts, and was about to apply the lighted match, when his movement was arrested by an officer calling out, "Hold! it is a friend."

As soon as the felucca was well outside the pier, she hoisted the Spanish ensign, and with a loud hurra from Talbot and Gonzalez, stood directly for the castle. From the ramparts of the town were instantly heard shouts of execration, and several muskets were discharged, but without effect, and before one of the heavy guns could be prepared and trained, the felucca was close under the walls of the castle. As supposed deserters, they were received with apparent cordiality mingled with distrust, and were conducted forthwith before the commandant, who interrogated them long and closely. They represented themselves, Talbot as a merchant whose property had been confiscated in consequence of his inability to meet his portion of a forced loan, and subsequently sent to Xalapa for some remarks he had made on the tyrannical course of the government. Gonzalez professed to have been a resident of the latter town, and that he had long been placed in surveillance for his political opinions. That with his companion he had concerted and carried into execution their plan of escape. The tale seemed plausible, but the commandant was not thoroughly satisfied, and although he let them go at large, directed that they should be strictly watched.

The boat was made fast to one of the ring-bolts secured in the wall in the south-east face of the castle near the postern, and kept in her position by a line fastened to a light kedge astern. Her bow was about two fathoms or twelve feet from the landing. From the surface of the water to the summit-level of the parapet was about thirty-five feet.

The two friends had feigned to be anxious to get away, but the commandant withheld his consent, intending first more thoroughly to satisfy himself of their character. They rejoiced at the delay, even while they knew that it exposed them to increased hazard of detection.

Availing themselves of the privilege to wander about the works, they looked anxiously in every direction for Frank. In every direction but one they had looked in vain, and at last, almost in despair, Talbot approached the quarters of the commandant. Here, in the last place to have been expected, he found the object of his search in a kind of open office, employed in converting into intelligible English some documents written by an illiterate translator. At the sight of him Frank started up, and was about to rush toward him, but resumed his seat when he saw Talbot place his finger on his lip, and by a gesture indicated that the sentry who stood near by, was observing them. On a small shelf just within the door, stood a can of water, with a drinking-cup beside it. Talbot stepping quickly within the door-way, asked the youth in Spanish for a drink of water. The latter, understanding him, handed the cup, at the same time closely watching every movement of his friend. The sentry had in the meantime advanced to the door, and stood looking in. Talbot drank with seeming thirst, and returning the cup with a simple "*gratias*,"

contrived to slip a bit of paper, unseen, into the hands of Frank.

That night, Frank, complaining of the heat, obtained permission of the officer of the day to sleep on the south-east bastion, or bastion of St. Crispin, upon which the land-breeze blew, provided that he did so under the eye of the sentinel posted there.

Gonzalez laid himself down at the foot of the stone stairway or ramp, which led from the court of the castle below to the parapet above.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, shortly after the sentinels had been relieved, when the moon had set, and the light of the stars was intercepted by masses of clouds wafted over from the land, Talbot, with his cloak thrown around him, and a cap on his head, such as were worn by the officers, ascended the stairway, mounted the parapet, and advanced directly toward the sentinel near whom Frank had laid down.

The sentinel, taking it for granted that it was the officer of the day who approached, (for Talbot had observed, and now closely imitated his gait,) did not challenge until the latter was almost within the point of his bayonet. As he brought his musket to a charge, demanding the watchword, Talbot pushed the point of the weapon suddenly aside, and rushing upon, threw over and fell upon the sentinel. Frank now sprung up, and found that Talbot held the soldier by the throat with so much force that he was nearly strangled. Together they soon securely tied and gagged him. At a motion from Talbot, who, putting on the soldier's cap, and shouldering his musket, resumed the round, Frank fastened a cord (which the former threw to him) to one of the barbette-guns, and let himself down the face of the wall, landing upon the narrow stone ledge a short distance from the boat. While he was doing this, Gonzalez had stealthily crawled up the ramp or stairway, and creeping along the parapet, in like manner, lowered himself down beside the youth. Talbot then placing the musket by the gun, with the soldier's cap upon, and his cloak around it, followed their example, and reached his companions in safety. One of them then swam out and cut the rope which held the boat by the stern, but, on his return, found his companions in consternation. A padlock had been put upon the chain, and in vain they strove to part the bolt. At this moment the clouds had swept by, and they were thrown into despair by hearing the sentinel on the south-west bastion call out, "*Qui viv.*" In desperation they all sprung into the boat as the sentinel discharged his musket, and gave the alarm. With the strength which despair alone can give, they seized the chain, and with one mighty effort tore the bolt from the stern of the boat with a crash. The alarm was now general, and there was not an instant to be lost. Pushing boldly from the landing, they hoisted their sail with expedition, and stood diagonally across toward the main land, carefully keeping themselves in a line with the angle of the south-east bastion. There was great confusion in the garrison, several of the large guns were discharged, and volleys of musketry were fired in the direction they pursued. The balls flew wide of the mark, and as the felucca was now under rapid headway, they began to congratulate themselves that they were out of danger, when, by a discharge of the heavy pivot-gun on the tower-bastion, loaded with grape, Gonzalez was struck down, mortally wounded.

The felucca reached Sisal in safety, but Talbot and Mary deeply and unceasingly mourned the loss of their true and invaluable friend. And Frank bitterly grieved that his freedom should have been purchased at such a sacrifice. He was, indeed, worthy of all regret—but a cloud had overshadowed his sun of life. He would have brooded over his sister's shame until existence had become a burthen, and his impulsive nature might by unlawful means have sought relief in the cold embrace of death. He perished in a work of charity, and it is to be hoped that He who,

> "When all our souls were forfeit,
> Could the advantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy,"

in His abounding mercy, forgave one act of passion for the redeeming merits of the cause wherein the unhappy Gonzalez met his death.

There was only one vessel at Sisal, bound at an early day to the United States, and her destination was New Orleans. Frank, his sister and Talbot, accordingly took passage in her, and reached the south-west pass of the Mississippi just as a gale was coming on. The country above had been overflowed by recent heavy rains, and what between the current from within, and the swell without, they were greeted with a magnificent spectacle. The waves of the gulf, driven before the gale, which had soon become terrific, encountered the onward sweep of the waters of the mighty river. The sight forcibly reminded them of Rebecca's exclamation in Ivanhoe, "God of Jacob! it is like the meeting of two oceans moved by adverse tides!"

Nearly the whole period of their stay was embraced in one uninterrupted storm, but the magnificence of the scenery compensated for the inclemency of the weather. Vegetation was still in full luxuriance, and the moss, pendent from the trees, and saturated with incessant rain, like dripping garments swayed to and fro in the wind, while low, rugged clouds trailed along but a short distance overhead, and a gray semi-transparent mist floated above the surface of the ground. The "Mississippi," unusually turbid, and swollen to the utmost capacity of its banks, with its mighty whirls and eddies, rushed impetuously on, bearing on its surface many a vestige of the devastation it had caused. Nor were the works of art, clumsy and unsymmetrical though they were, wanting to the scene, spreading no sail to the breeze, but drifting idly with the current, the arks and the broad-horns were whirled by with a rapidity that seemed to defy management. Wafted over the water frequently came the wild and not unmelodious sound of the bugle, while in the stillness of the night were heard the manly and sonorous voices of the boatmen singing,

"The boatman dance, the boatman sing,
The boatman up to every thing.
When the boatman gets on shore,
He spends his money and works for more.
Dance, boatman, dance—
Dance, boatman, dance—dance all night till broad daylight,
And go home with the girls in the morning."

Steam was just beginning to be introduced, and the soothing solitudes of nature to be disturbed by the monotonous clank of machinery. 'Our party availed themselves of an upward-bound steamboat, and slowly ascended the Mississippi, whose turbid and swollen waters rolled far and wide beyond their usual boundaries. The river was filled with broken rafts, drift logs, and half-sunken and floating trees. The danger of running upon a snag, or encountering a sawyer, was great and impending. The current was so strong that their boat, although striving to keep in shore, would frequently be caught by a whirl or an eddy, and like a stray leaf upon a rivulet, would be turned round and round until striking against a tree, it would be sent into the mid current and again be carried for miles among the trees, from whose verdant tops the birds that had remained undisturbed by the rush and the roar beneath, flew at the boat's approach, as if aware that their only enemy was man. They also ascended the Ohio, whose limpid waters, gliding with a strong but not impetuous current, have won for it the name of beautiful. When they stood upon the crest of the Alleghany, and saw mountains, "hills and plains as graceful in their sweep as the arrested billows of a mighty sea, and recollected that more boundless than the view, that verdant sweep is uninterrupted until the one extreme is locked in the fast embrace of thick-ribbed ice, and the other is washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic, while on either side is heard the murmuring surge of a wide-spread and magnificent ocean,"* their hearts bounded with exultation as they thought of the unrivaled destinies of their country. As if on the high altar of the land of his nativity, Talbot, who had wandered far and wide, could not withhold his pledge of devotion, and the heartfelt exclamation escaped him,

"By travel taught, I can attest
I love my native land the best."

The commissioned officer, not unknown to fame, met with none of the obstacles which the friendless orphan had encountered, and Talbot's estate was settled without difficulty.

When the chastening hand of time had hallowed the memories of the dead, and substituted a Christian resignation for the bitterness of early grief, Edward and Mary were united, and through a since much checkered life, neither time nor circumstance, nor prosperity, nor distress, has for one instant abated a feeling which is fixed and unalterable as their future destinies.

* From a speech of the author's, 1844.

THE RUSTIC SHRINE.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

Their names were found cut upon a rural bench, overgrown with vines, which proved to be at once Love's shrine and cenotaph. *Legends of the Rhine.*

A SHADOW of the cypress bough
Lies on my path to-day—
A melancholy—which in vain
I strive to chase away.

The angel Memory hath flown
To old and cherished things,
To bring the light of early years
Around me on her wings;

And where the love-lorn birds complain
Within their green abode,
Between two elms, a rustic seat
Invites her from the road.

There shall she sit, as oft before,
And sigh as oft again,
O'er names engraved, which long have braved
The sunshine and the rain.

And one—it is the dearest name
On Love's unnumbered shrines:—
So dear, that even envious Time
Hath guarded it with vines;

And wreathed it with his choicest flowers,
As if the bridal claim,
Which Fate denied unto her brow,
Should still adorn her name!

Ah, well do I remember yet
The day I carved that name!
The rattle of the locusts' drum
Thrills o'er me now the same;

Adown the lane the wayward breeze
Comes with a stealthy pace,
And brings the perfume of the fields
To this deserted place:—

Unto her blushing cheek again
It comes—the blessed air!
Caressing, like a lover's hand,
The tresses of her hair.

The brook runs laughing at her feet,
O'erhead the wild-bird sings,
The air is filled with butterflies,
As though the flowers had wings:—

But this is Fancy's pilgrimage,
And lures me back in vain!
The brook, the bench, the flowers and vines
I ne'er may see again;

For this is but an idle dream
That mocks me evermore—
And memory only fills the place
My loved one filled of yore!

UNIV. OF WICH.



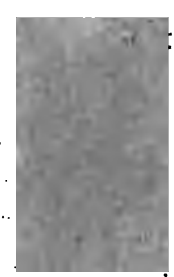
LUNA.—AN ODE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

He who beholds thy charms is blest;
More blest is he thy voice who hears;
But he thy ruby lip that pressed,
To me a demi-god appears.

Dulce ridentem, Lesbiam amabo
Dulce loquentem.

The "*Dulce ridentem*" is also beautifully applied in the translation by Catullus.



LUNA.—AN ODE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Casta Diva, che inargenti
Questi sacri antiqui piante
A noi volge il bel sembiante
Senza nube e senza vel! NORMA.

ıth wind hath its balm, the sea its cheer,
ıntumn woods their bright and myriad hues;
ne is a joy that love and faith endear,
And awe subdues:
ve-tost seamen and the harvest crew,
ı on their golden sheaves the quivering dew
ıgs like pure tears—all fear beguile,
ging from their task to thy maternal smile!
ıist of hill-tops undulating wreathes,
thy enchanting touch, a magic woof,
ırling incense fainter odor breathes,
transparent clouds, hangs round the vaulted roof.
Icebergs, with their crystal spires
w heaving from the northern main,
frozen monuments of high desires
tined to melt in nothingness again,—
'loat in thy mystic beams,
es aerial down the tide of dreams!
. sacred greeting falls
thy mild presence on the ruined fane,
s time-stained, dim frieze, and ivied walls,
a fond delight thou didst attain
'o mingle with the Past,
r her trophies lone a holy mantle cast!
ng the billow's snowy crest
r beams a moment rest,
n in sparkling mirth dissolve away;
ıgh forest boughs, amid the withered leaves,
hy light a tracery weaves,
the mossy clumps its rays fantastic play.
th thee, ethereal guide,
reverent joy to pace the temple floor,
l watch thy silver tide
tue, tomb and arch its solemn radiance pour!

Like a celestial magnet thou dost sway
The untamed waters in their ebb and flow,
The maniac raves beneath thy pallid ray,
And poet's visions glow;
Madonna of the stars! through the cold prison-grate
Thou stealest, like a nun on mercy bent,
To cheer the desolate,
And usher in grief's tears when her mute pang is spent!
I marvel not that once thy altars rose
Sacred to human woes,
And nations deemed thee arbitress of Fate,
To whom enamored virgins made their prayer,
Or widows in their first despair,
And wistful gazed upon thy queenly state,
As, with a meek assurance, gliding by,
In might and beauty unelate,
Into the bridal chambers of the sky!
And less I marvel that Endymion sighed
To yield his spirit unto thine,
And felt thee soul-allied,
Making his being thy receptive shrine!
A lofty peace is thine!—the tides of life
Flow gently when thy soothing orb appears,
And passion's fevered strife
From thy chaste glow imbibes the calmness of the spheres!
O twilight glory! that doth ne'er awake
Exhausting joy, but evenly and fond,
Allays the immortal thirst it cannot slake,
And heals the chafing of the work-day bond;
Give me thy patient spell!—to bear
With an unclouded brow, the secret pain,
(That floods my soul as thy pale beams the air,)
Of hopes that Reason quells, for Love to wake again!

FROM BUCHANNAN.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IN ZOILUM.

ISTRA ego te laudo; frustra me Zoile lædis
no mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.

TO ZOILUS.

oilus, in vain thy praise I spread;
And vainly thou hast slandered me!
o one believed a word I said,
No one on earth would credit thee.

—

Qui te videt beatior est;
Beatior qui te audiet
Qui basiat—semi deus est!

TRANSLATION.

He who beholds thy charms is blest;
More blest is he thy voice who hears;
But he thy ruby lip that pressed,
To me a demi-god appears.

The above was unquestionably suggested by the lines of Catullus to Lesbia, beginning—

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit, etc.

This poem of Catullus is nothing more than a translation from the Greek of Sappho, which has been rendered familiar by Ambrose Phillips' version.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he;
The youth who fondly sits by thee;
Who hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile, etc.

It would seem that Horace when composing his beautiful ode of "Integer Vitæ," had these verses of Sappho in mind, when he exclaims—

Dulce ridentem, Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

The "*Dulce ridentem*" is also beautifully applied in the translation by Catullus.

THE RECLUSE. NO. II.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

IV.

From Paris, on the 28th of February last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a rainbow was distinguished in the heavens. "Bravo!" cried a workman of the Faubourg Saint Antoine—"See how le bou Dieu (the good God) also acknowledges the French Republic—he hangs out the tricolored flag."

This anecdote, though singularly French, who are noted for irreligion, does not strike me as betraying any lack of reverence. Could not the poor *ouvrier* in his ignorance really have presumed the rainbow to be a providential token? Instances of greater blindness might be recounted, which have happened at our own doors. Who does not know the stories of Millerite fanaticism? Are not the impostures of Matthias too recent not to be remembered in detail? The miracles which they pretended, and which were not too monstrous for the capacious maw of respectable credulity, were much more marvelous than the tricolored flag of the poor Paris laborer.

V.—TO AN OLD FLAME.

Written on one of the bitterest days of Winter.

Ah, Mary, thou art far away,
And never dost thou think of me,
But unto thee my visions fly
Like birds across the sea.

I loved thee once with such a love
As manhood only knows and feels,
Less shown by actions and by words
Than what the eye reveals.

Within the warm and sunny South
Thy form is folded like a rose,
While I, in Northern realms afar,
Am wrapt in wintry snows.

Perhaps a husband's arms enclose
The treasure I 'd have died to win,
So that desire for thy sweet face
Is very like a sin.

But I 'll not think it—let me dream—
Since dreams alone such bliss bestow—
That, ere we meet in climes above,
We yet may meet below.

And I again may feel a thrill
Of rapture as I sit and gaze
Into thine eye's delicious depth
Till all my heart 's ablaze.

And I can hear thy tuneful voice,
With melody almost divine,
Sing the sweet songs I joyed to hear
In days of auld lang syne.

But all in vain I strike my lyre,
In vain my burning thoughts unfold,
For, though my heart is warm with love,
My hands are numb with cold.

VI.—SHIPWRECK.

There is no event, by which sorrow is brought to mankind, which arouses in the mind of old and young a livelier horror than "shipwreck." There is something so terrible in the loneliness and obscurity of the sea, something so deplorable in the utter helplessness of the sailors, that there is scarcely any danger which we would not rather encounter. When we read of one, either near at hand or afar off, we involuntarily close our eyes, as if to shut out the awful scene; the noble ship helplessly reeling and tumbling on the billows, the pall of clouds, the driving rain, the white spray and foam drifting like ghosts over the water, some boat perhaps crowded with human beings, some broken mast or spar to which cling drowning wretches, and alone, all alone on the ocean-desert, with no hope of aid or succor. Vainly do we strive to shut our ears to the cries of misery and despair, to the wail of the wind, the loud lamenting of the surge, the deep groans of the vessel as her timbers part, and the noblest fabric of human skill is about to be torn to fragments and utterly destroyed.

Lord Byron, describing a ship under full sail, uses the forcible expression,

"She walks the water like a thing of life."

There is as much truth as beauty in this. Indeed it is difficult to imagine so proud and glorious an object, moving obedient to reason and command, to be nothing more than an inanimate mass. Behold her, as she sets out upon her voyage, with a fair sky and favoring breeze! How gracefully she parts the waters and sweeps onward! Is not that form instinct with feeling and endowed with intellect? No! she is but a wonderful piece of mechanism; but the dullest fancy might imagine her a being, an intelligence, capable of volition, powerful in deed. Observe her, too, when overmastered by the tempest and made subject to the waves, she drifts powerless along! Does she not seem to suffer human pangs in her struggles, and to die with all of mortal agony?

The attachment, I might say friendship, which seamen entertain for particular vessels is not to be wondered at. The deck is the home of the mariner: here the greater number of his days are spent: the masts, sails, rigging are to him familiar objects, the objects of his constant care and solicitude, and he feels for them a species of paternal love. When these are destroyed, lost, wrecked, he mourns them with a real sorrow.

It is my lot to live within constant sight of the sea. I am on one of the grand highways from Europe to New York. Ships of all nations pass my door. Many a noble vessel has been wrecked within a mile from my dwelling. My mind therefore often reverts to this most fearful calamity, and it is diffi-

cult for me to expel even from my dreams visions of shipwreck.

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VII.—DR. SYNTAX.

Will nobody republish "A Tour in Search of the Picturesque?" Will nobody print it and give us the original pictures, colored engravings of the richest sort—none of your meager outlines—your skeletons of sketches—but the rotund figures in full of the veritable hero of that glorious poem, and all the scenes and adventures through which he passed.

Darling old Dr. Syntax! How many a sad, long year has droned away since I, a merry boy, used to read thy most fascinating of Tours! Nothing ever so captivated my young imagination as thy solitary rambles on thy faithful steed through town and hamlet—now taking up thy abode with some lordly proprietor, and now sleeping contentedly beneath the roof of some sturdy yeoman—now kissing the squire's wife and sister, and now giving sympathizing advice to the dairy-maid, who was, like poor Ophelia, disappointed in love. Oh, Doctor! thou wast never above humanity. Though never frail thyself, yet wast thou no inexorable judge over the frailties of others.

I long, most patient and peculiar of travelers, I long sincerely to accompany thee once more in thy rambles. Most charitable of divines, most lenient of pedagogues, "take thee for all in all, I shall not look upon thy like again!" *Interestingest* of all authors, I would enter into thy feelings once more. I would feel the joy thou feltest in quitting thy spouse (no *dulcis uxor*) and mounting thy famous mare, Grizzle, and setting forth on thy most speculative and picturesque expedition. You were a creature of the brain, Doctor, I suppose—but to me you are a reality. I remember you perfectly. I loved you when a boy at school with all my heart. Orthrography, Etymology and Prosody I hated—but I loved Syntax.

Which of you generous and gentlemenly booksellers will immediately send me a copy (bound or unbound, but it must have the pictures,) of Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque? Speak not all at once! I will promise you "a first-rate notice in the Boston Post." It would afford me "a wonderful sight" of fun, as they say in Androscoggin, to read that book. I should be *rejuvenesced*. Kind Mr. Hart, be so obliging as to ransack your shelves and transmit an old English copy, directed To THE RECLUSE, *aux soins du redacteur en chef de* GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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VIII.—A CHARACTER.

My friend, Ralph Willinton, is a man of adventures. More strange things have happened to him than to any dozen people I ever heard of, in what are called "the common walks of life." Ralph is by no means an extraordinary individual. If the North River waited for him to set it on fire, it might flow on through the Highlands unscorched forever. He was not born to greatness; he will never achieve greatness, nor will greatness be thrust upon him. But do not misunderstand me: Ralph, as the gentleman felicitously remarked of Shakspeare, "is no fool." On the contrary, he is a fellow of parts. He never dazzled in conversation by a coruscation of mother-wit; but when he has heard a happy rejoinder, he remembers it, and has the skill to use it to advantage.

Ralph is the happiest mimic in these *Untied* States, as they may sooner or later be called. There never appeared an actor in any one of our theatres whose voice and manner he cannot imitate with marvelous verisimilitude. Moreover he sings a very good song, though with no very powerful or melodious voice. He can write Magazine articles on music, composes occasionally himself, and writes love ditties, such as they are. Add to these accomplishments a manner irresistibly winning, and tones in speaking as sweet as those which the author of Guy Mannering gives to Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and you are possessed of the sum total of Ralph's recommendations. The sum total do I say? when I have but obscurely hinted at his extraordinary gift or faculty of story-telling, by which, like Hamlet's Yorick, he can set the whole table on a roar. In sooth, he is the most diverting of dinner-table companions. He richly earns his invitations, of which no man has more. You can bear to listen to those stories of his (which are nothing when any one else tells them) a hundred times. They are "ever charming, ever new." Age cannot mar nor custom stale his infinite variety. His profession is the law, and his practice is amusement.

Ralph is, in fine, a capital fellow. It is a pity that he should have a capital propensity. He is the hero of all his romances. Had he been Macbeth, he never would have exclaimed, "Thou canst not say *I* did it!" He would rather have had the *credit* of murdering Duncan himself than have been thought to have no hand in the "bloody business." Ralph is the most ubiquitous of mortals. To have effected an iota of what he attributes to his own talents, valor and industry, to have done one in fifty of those deeds of which he asserts "*quorum pars magna fui*," he must have been in a very considerable number of places at once. Nevertheless and notwithstanding Ralph Willinton is a glorious good fellow. Reader, did you ever meet with Ralph Willinton?

A VOICE FROM THE WAYSIDE:

ABOUT A GENIUS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

We wither from our youth, we waste away,
Sick, sick, unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst. BYRON

In summer time there are few things more delightful than an occasionally wet day to "out-of-towners."

Then we of the country, in our almost noiseless homes, may delight and rejoice in the strange and pleasant quietness attending a still, steadily-falling rain; we can watch with admiring eyes how the fields and the well-draperied woods grow bright and cleanly, 'neath the hand of that pattern housekeeper, Dame Nature; we can listen undisturbed by the multitudinous noises which infest a city, to the dear wild-birds, who, impatient of the long-continued weeping of the skies, occasionally break forth into the merriest songs, as if questioning each other as to how they stand the charges of the elements.

And then there is the generous Sun King, (I acknowledge, however, he does not shine for country-people *only*,) glancing out at intervals from between the heavy clouds, smiling upon us joyously, and looking for all the world as though he would say if he could, "never mind, children, the storm will soon be passed!" And then the after-part of a summer shower! the freshened fragrance of the flowers—the purified atmosphere—the bright blue sky—the increased glory of the setting-sun—the rainbow in the east—the drops of water glistening on the flowers and on the grass, so pure and bright, that one might almost imagine them the tears of spirits—the glad songs of innumerable birds—the groups of children exhibiting in various ways their nautical daring on and about the newly-formed lakelets in the roads and fields—the many evidences of life awakened out of doors—then the holy calmness of the ensuing summer night—the soft light of the stars—and after that the trembling glory of the new moon! Oh, beautiful, beautiful summer! with thy rain-storms and thy sunshine, hasten to us again!

But—a rainy day in winter! its horrors encircle me at this moment; I forbear entering into its details. However much *you* may delight in a day like unto this, oh, listen to the humble voice now emerging from the way-side, *I* have no courage to speak even of the stubborn, hard-headed, cheerless figure Nature presents when she stands gazing in such mute dismay upon her domicil.

It is in human nature, at least in mine, and I claim to be human, to be always looking for *a something better*, and despite all this dreariness without, my heart is even now continually singing, "Spring is coming! spring is coming!" but a few weeks! and then, instead of the dismal trappings of winter, how beautiful and bright all without and around us will be! the very thought is enough to make every soul shout, "Hasten the time! Amen!"

There is such a desolateness in the court of the white-headed old king which people very naturally shrink from as they grow older in years!

Looking back into childhood, these stony-hearted months when frost and snow reign king and queen over earth, seem, indeed, the most joyous—and not without reason. For then the "Christman" and the youth so full of promise, the bright New Year, are never-failing guests by the mid-winter fire-side. There is joy for the child on the ice-bound hill, on the glassy, frozen lake, in the gurgling, merry sound of the sleigh-bells, in the sight of the cheerful home-fire, in the bracing out-door air, in the huge snow-drifts—everywhere, everywhere there is joy for the child!

And why? Because of bounding hopes and joyous dreams, and the careless yielding up of oneself to every passing enjoyment—because of freedom from labor—because of ignorance of the worth and supremacy of gold—because of utter innocence of the strict "proprieties" of life! There is joy for the child, because he has not yet learned much of disappointments; he does not know how uncomfortable is the close-fitting garment of manhood. He is not wise enough to see in the winter storms, in the driving blasts in which he so much delights, the type of what assuredly awaits him. He does not know that the life-storms with which he will have to struggle, will come suddenly and furiously upon him—that he will, perforce, then fling aside his mittens and grapple open handed with his foes. And it must certainly be at the warm and genial hearth-fire of truth and honesty, and no stifling stove-heat by which he must keep his heart, and its hopes and affections warm and in health, else they will die away suddenly and utterly, even as the fire of the "patent air-tight" dies!

"Hark! now I hear the flapping of wings; and lo, here, almost close beside my window, are passing pigeons—snow-white pigeons; and, where *could* it have streamed from, there is a ray of sunlight on their wings! and since I have begun writing, the clouds seem to have "spent their fury," they are less dull and dreary—they are slowly breaking away.

The view from the window by which I am writing is not especially charming. In one direction there are sheds, and barns, and barren trees, and a little farther on, the spire of an unpretending church, and

sundry chimney-tops, together with the roofs of a few loftier buildings meet my eye. These are all certainly very *suggestive* scenes, and might make so many important heads of a very interesting discourse; but, in another direction from this same window there are great fields, and farther on, woods and hills, and between them and me, there are two points in the landscape on which very often my eyes rest, and many are the recollections, bitter and sweet, they awaken. One is a village school-house, the other a thickly-populated grave-yard.

Over those hills, and through the woods, and by the sandy shores of our beautiful lake, I was once a frequent wanderer, and with me invariably in all those rovings, was a child of somewhere near my own age, to whom, good reader, you may now consider yourself introduced.

When the week, with its disappointments, and hopes and joys has passed, and Saturday afternoon, the child's holyday the world over, comes round again, how often my thoughts have turned back to her, and to the time when *we* also were young; oh, how much of meaning there is in that word, *youth!*

But looking back into the past is not an over-pleasant business at any time. There are very many reasons why people, for the most part, dread the rolling up of that curtain within which lies buried much of destroyed confidence, and happiness that died of fearful wounds; but I am willing to trespass on my own feelings at this present, that you may know something of Lily Reeve.

People said she was a genius. They said rightly —she was. And to complete the interest attachable to her therefor, Lily was poor—*very* poor, and had been all the days of her life.

When the Reeve family moved among us they had no acquaintance or relative in our village—and their circumstances and business were not such as attached any importance or attracted any notice to them. Had it not been for Lily they would probably have remained long enough in our midst, unknown and uncared for. The mother was a middle-aged woman, a widow; of the children I knew not much, save that with much appropriateness their name might have been "legion." Lily was the eldest child—not beautiful—and far from being even interesting, personally.

Why her parents had bestowed on her so decided a name as Lily was always a mystery—for very far from a resemblance, even the slightest, to that graceful flower, was she. Neither was she a brunette, but of complexion rather dark, hair *very* black, and always curled, which gave her a decidedly Mrs. Hemanish look at times. Her features were irregular —oh, certainly, she was *far* from beautiful, and yet there was much sweetness of expression in the mouth, and much of vigor and determination perceivable in her dark eyes.

It was a good many years ago, but I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw Lily. With a number of juveniles I was returning from a *very* long walk—all our foot-jaunts were long in those days—when, on passing by an old-fashioned frame-house, brown with age, and poor and disconsolate in its outward appearance, one of the group said, "Let 's go into that house; there 's a girl living there who paints."

And we went in. One of the more confident of our number said to the woman who received us, "Will you show us some of the pictures your daughter has painted?"

With a smile of satisfaction, as though she were pleased that even we children should have heard of her daughter, the woman bade us sit down; and then she brought from an old chest a handful of papers, and spread them on the table before us. Some of these were pictures of warriors on their steeds, others landscapes, and some were heads. There was one which more than all the others attracted my attention —it was a portrait of a sleeping child. We asked if this were one of her children, or only a fancy sketch.

"That was her little brother who died," replied the woman, with a sigh. "Lily drew it when he was dead." There was something so sad in the mother's voice as she said this, that it checked our gay spirits, and tended to subdue our loud expressions of admiration. While we yet stood there turning over the papers, and gazing in wonder on the productions of a girl no older than the youngest among us, the subject of our thoughts and curiosity came into the room.

When she saw what was our object there, she came up to the table, and putting her arm around me, as though confident she was with friends, she asked if we liked her drawings. I remember well the thrill which passed over me at this simple act of hers, for I had begun to regard the girl as something quite extraordinary, and almost more than human. From that day I date a friendship I am proud to have formed, one which, while it lasted, delighted me more than any similar tie I have ever known.

It was very easy to see that the heart of the mother in those days was full of hope—that the mind of the daughter teemed with ambitious desires, and a determination, apparently invincible, to accomplish great things. About that time there were many people who turned prophets, and looking into the future, they saw a great name added to America's illustrious daughters of song—the name of Lily Reeve. Do you think their prophecy has proved true?

In the old school-house, (which I heartily regret to say has been of late abandoned, and its former inmates have taken possession of a more stately edifice up-town,) in that little old brick building, *we* in the years long, long gone by, were wont to assemble—and Lily joined us there. And although on the humdrum route of *learning* we were quite in the advance, she soon very far outstripped us, and moved on with most rapid strides through all the first branches of education. It was impossible for us dullards to see her strange advancement, and not feel a little envious of her ability, notwithstanding we liked Lily so well. In one short year she had acquired nearly all the instruction it was possible for our teacher to impart, and as may be supposed for

his part, he was watching her progress with somewhat of anxiety. But his honor as a teacher was not destined to be sacrificed to the young girl's genius.

One afternoon, when school was dismissed, Lily said to me, "You and I will go home by the other street. I have something to tell you, and the way will be longer. Besides, I want to be away from these rough boys and girls."

So we crossed the road, and entered a path which led us by a long way home. When we had reached the bridge, which crossed a deep, rapidly running brook, we sat down on the bench, placed in the shade of an old tree, which from "time immemorial" has stood there, with the most of its tangled roots buried in the water; then Lily spoke again, for the first time since we went out from the school-house.

"Do you know they are going to send me to the other school—they think I can learn more there, and have teachers in the higher branches, and in the languages. Oh, dear!"

"But why that 'oh, dear!' Lily? I only wish I were ready to go there too, but I am such an ignoramus, and you know every thing!"

"Not quite every thing. I *should* be glad to go—and there are a great many reasons why. I have the greatest desire to learn, and I'm sure if I have a little more education, I can make my way easily in the world; but—but—in short, they are rich people who are going to send me, and they will expect miracles from me, you may depend upon it—*I* know. Because I am poor, and can write pretty well, and paint, and sketch likenesses, they have taken an interest in me; but I tell you before hand, and you will see before long I speak rightly; I shall have to work like a slave to keep up with their expectations. Is n't it enough to make any body say, 'oh, dear?' "

"No—I don't think so, Lily. You *can't help* equaling their expectations, and they have such nice teachers at the other school, and no great rude boys go there."

"That makes no difference at all. One can learn as well in one place as another. If it were not that mother felt so glad when the ladies made her the offer to send me there, I'd never go. You don't know any thing about what it means to be dependent; you can't think what a heavy load seems resting on me, ever since so many people have seemed to take an interest in me. I really begin to doubt my own powers. It seems to me as though I ought not to be forced like a plant in a hot-bed. I almost wish I never had any particular gifts."

"And you say this, Lily Reeve, when all the girls in town are envying you! Now just be firm, for I'm sure if you only make up your mind you *will* do a thing, you *can* do it!"

"Do you believe it?" she asked, so suddenly, that I was startled and began in some trepidation to bethink my words.

"Certainly," I answered at last; "I heard our minister say the other day your verses were excellent; and you know your pictures sold well at the fair. How can you doubt yourself so?"

"I do n't know," said Lily, thoughtfully, "perhaps they are nearer right than I dare to think them—but I cannot explain it to you. I am never satisfied with any thing I do. My verses always sound so rough when compared with the melody in my brain—and my pictures, when I begin them, my fingers almost fly, I think I will surpass myself—and when they are finished, they always look so rude and rough, that I am tempted often to burn them every one."

"Never mind," said I, confidently, "you will see the day yet when all will be brighter to you—and you know the teacher says every day 'practice makes perfect;' and he always looks at you when he says it—you ought to have learned that by this time."

"I'll learn it now from you," said Lily; "we'll go now to the woods, I want to get some flowers to take to mother."

Just beyond the woods to which we then bent our steps, there was a large field, in the upper portion of which, early in the season, we always found multitudes of purple flowers and white lilies; our first business that night was to fill our aprons with these treasures, and then we went into the woods, and sat down by a stream in a most romantic place, and began to arrange our huge bunches of flowers. Lily made hers into small bouquets, one for each of her family, while I twined mine into a wreath, and laid it on her head. But soon the fast increasing shade in the woods warned us it was time to be returning home. The thought of the obligation she was about to incur evidently still troubled my companion's mind, for she spoke but little, and her words, when she did speak, were desponding, and even the bright flowers with which her hands were filled, failed to attract her usual attention, or awaken the delight they were wont to.

We were about crossing the stile that was placed at the entrance of the wood, when Lily suddenly flung the beautiful green moss she had gathered in a damp place, with violence from the bosom of her dress, where she had laid it. And when I looked with amazement at the excited girl, she exclaimed, "Look there! I had a snake in my bosom!" Truly enough, there was a tiny, striped, infant snake, creeping out leisurely from the bunch of moss she had flung upon the ground. A thought darted through my mind—I grasped her arm and said,

"You shall hear the moral of this before you go a step further, Lily Reeve. I'm no genius, but I'll teach you a plain lesson. You have thrown the snake away from you; do n't, do n't ever take it back again. Do n't doubt those who mean to do you kindness; only just do what nature intended you should, and all who know you will be satisfied! When you come to be very famous, the people who help you now will think you did them a favor in letting them aid you. Mother says perseverance will work wonders, and I believe it—*you* can prove it."

When I had finished my oration, I stood somewhat astonished at my own audacity, but after a moment's silence Lily said,

"Thank you—thank you, for you have learned

me two lessons—I'll not forget them; no, I will never take the serpent back, you may depend on that."

A few days after Lily was established at the larger school, dwelling with other boarders in the family of the principal, the wonder of all the scholars, and the pet pupil with the teachers.

The hopeful expectations of her family were kept up by her progress, and by her own increasing courage and cheerfulness. And in reality it seemed no unfounded expectation, that which they cherished, that the young girl would soon be able to support them all by dint of her genius. Her efforts became daily more worthy and more promising, now that she possessed these superior advantages; fortune seemed really determined to work good things for the rich peoples' *protégé*.

Lily was not yet seventeen, but her poems had many of them attracted much attention; injudicious praises were lavished upon her; by their attentions and flattery, the proud, and the rich, and the learned seemed to have conspired to spoil a girl—a schoolgirl—poor "from her youth up." They did not take it into consideration that it was quite possible for them to raise her hopes and self-appreciativeness too high; they did not give heed to the fact that it might require years of struggling and disappointment for her to produce any thing worthy the reward and honor they would fain believe were rightfully hers even then.

But soon enough they had cause to regret this course they adopted.

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream." Self-confidence rapidly usurped the place of a befitting humility, which had once characterized her. Instead of comparing herself with the great masters of song and painting, Lily seemed to think that in outstripping all her schoolmates, and in being considered a prodigy among teachers, she was rapidly filling the measure of her greatness; and the laudations which good-will prompted others to speak, instead of being listened to and valued at their worth, came at last to be considered as quite true and well-deserved.

It is said that more strength of mind is requisite to bear composedly a sudden *favorable* turn of fortune than is necessary calmly to endure reverses. Having never had occasion to test the truth of the proposition, I, of course, have only a right to *suppose* there is somewhat "more of truth than poetry" in the idea; at all events, that is a very easy way to account for Lily's derelictions.

It was the wish of her "patrons," as well as of the kind lady teacher to whose care she was chiefly commended, that Lily should finish the course of studies apportioned to each scholar previous to graduating. But there was a growing willfulness, an increasing confidence in her own attainments, that tempted her to set at naught these desires. Her impulsive nature longed to be free from restraint; she would fain throw aside all bondage, together with the loathed idea of dependence, and labor for herself in the way she was best fitted to labor. She wished to begin *at once* to reap the reward of her years of study, and thus to alleviate the wants of her home. Alas! the serpent had crept back into Lily's breast!

So, despite all the remonstrances and the pleadings of those who began to see their mistake in their dealings with the young girl, Lily left the school, and returned to her own home. I shall never forget her as she was at that time; the passions, hopes, desires and resolution of mature years seemed to have even then a full development in her. In feeling she had grown too old, in will too decisive, to submit patiently to the judgment of other minds. But soon enough the lesson was forced upon her that poetic efforts are rarely capable of being changed at once for food, and fuel, and raiment.

"I have sent a poem of some length to ——— ———," she said to me one day, naming a distinguished writer and editor, "and you know I am superstitious—if he accepts it, and will pay me for it, I shall take it as a good omen for my future; but if he does not—" she hesitated.

"Well, if he does not, Lily?"

"Then those horrid doubts will come back to me with renewed force! Oh, they tormented me so once!"

When I saw my friend again there was no need to ask her what her reception at the "editor's table" had been. It was a freezing cold winter night, and feeling somewhat disconsolate on my own account, as well as rather curious in regard to Lily's progress, I sought her in her own home.

I found Lily there seated at the centre-table—yes, it was such, for it did occupy the central portion of the apartment—but it was not of polished mahogany, or marble-surfaced, gentle reader, but a miserable, old, broken affair, that had seen its best days long before it came into the possession of its then owners. Scattered about the room were the numerous boys and girls of the family, there was little temptation even for the boys without that night, it was so cold and stormy. The room in which they lived was the upper story of a small building, the first floor of which was occupied as a mechanic's shop; it was partitioned by a curtain of cloth, which was all the separation between the sleeping apartments and the place where they cooked, and ate, and lived.

There was a deep silence in the room when I entered. Lily was occupied with her drawing, lighted by two tapers burning in a cup half-filled with oil. There was none of that cheerful hope beaming in her fine eyes that usually filled them when she welcomed me. And all the faces in the room looked doleful enough—some rebuff they had certainly met with from some quarter.

"I am drawing this for you," she said, when I sat down beside her and looked at her work, "it is for a parting gift."

"Parting!" I exclaimed; "what are you going to do now, were you successful in your letter to Mr. ———?"

"Read it and see," she said, producing a letter.

And I read as follows:

"Miss Reeve.—Dear Madam,—Your favor was many days ago received, and now, at my first leisure,

I hasten to reply. I regret that an answer similar to that given to many applicants during every week must also be returned to you. I regret this the more, because your communications show talent, but—you need much practice; and, permit me to say, a writer must usually have acquired *some reputation* before he can receive any 'golden rewards.' If you are necessitated to labor, I would advise you that there are many ways less vexatious, and more certain as to their issue, in which you might successfully employ yourself.

"I retain the MS. subject to your orders.

"Respectfully, etc.,

"——— ———."

It was with difficulty I could repress my grief, as I looked about that cheerless room, and on the young girl whose disappointment I knew must be so keen; but calmly, and apparently undisturbed, Lily continued her drawing.

"What will you do now, Lily?" I asked, anxious to at least break the embarrassing silence.

"We are going west next week!"

"West! where—how?"

"To Illinois. I have borrowed the money—we cannot stay here and starve. I am going there to take a school. If I cannot get a living by writing, there *are* many other ways—and I will try them at least."

Had she told me her immediate intention of taking a journey to the South Pole, I should have felt my powers of credulity very little more taxed than they were at that moment, so wild and perfectly impracticable seemed the scheme. But Lily had spoken so seriously, and with so much determination, I was constrained to believe her.

The picture she was engaged upon—I have it yet—was an imaginative and a striking one. It was a moonlight scene. Beside the water's edge, among wild rocks, a girl was standing alone—the figure was a likeness of herself—and a very perfect one it was, too. The *expression* of the sketch was touching in the extreme.

"She is looking for peace and rest there," said Lily, in explanation. "She has sought it so often, but has not found it—and she never will."

"Does she seek it in the right way, Lily?"

"I don't know. Every thing seems changed to me of late. I am bewildered. It seems to me as though I had lost myself. Since that letter came I doubt my powers more than ever. To think of one in my situation having to *practice* before I can work successfully! There is little time to practice, I think, when eight human beings are wondering where their next meal is to come from—when their wood-yard is in such a state of depression and emptiness as ours is!"

The mother sighed heavily as Lily said this, but did not speak.

"But you certainly can do something here," I cried. "Don't go and bury yourself in the backwoods. I'm sure you can be a teacher in our school if you'll only ask. It's perfectly wild in you to think of going this winter! traveling, you know, at this time of year is a very costly business, dear Lily, besides being so cheerless!"

"There is no use talking about it; I should have loved to live here, for my own part, all my life, but I have engaged a school in the town we are going to, and they wish it to be opened early in the spring. There's no help for it—we must go."

And they went.

From that day until within a few months I heard nothing in regard to the Reeve Family. Lily had promised to tell us her experience in the west, of her success in this new attempt at securing a livelihood; but her promise was unfulfilled, and we could not but fear lest despondency had utterly crushed all the aspirations of her genius, that if she yet lived, poverty and hopelessness had come to be her only portion.

Still, though her name had never reached us through the medium talents like hers choose for their utterance—the press—there was always with me a lingering hope and belief that Lily had, under some assumed name, made herself famous. Knowing so well her ability, the more I thought of this the more I became strongly convinced that it was so. At last, when I had dreamed of her night after night, and thought much of her in my waking hours, it became absolutely necessary to my own peace of mind that I should write to her once more—a thing I had not done in many years—in order to discover if she were actually dead or alive—famous or unknown to the world. It was with much anxiety, as all my lady readers will believe, I awaited her reply—for an answer I felt convinced I should receive. It came at last; and as people such as she are regarded by the world as a species of public property, as regards their thoughts, words, and deeds, I have little scruples in laying Lily's epistle open for public inspection, knowing that her words will awaken the hope and renewed efforts of the despairing, and excite the admiration and commendation of all good people.

"I have but just received your letter, dear friend of by-gone days, and believe me, it has given me no little satisfaction to think that you remember me, and with interest still. I am inclined to laugh, and weep, and wonder, when I think of myself as I was in the days long ago, when we lived among you so very poor and dependent; but there is a feeling of gratitude living in my heart stronger than every other emotion now excited in my breast by the freshened remembrance of my old home.

"You ask me to tell you what I have been doing, and wish to know under what name I have immortalized myself. You will not believe I left behind me all my ambitious desires when we made our abode here in the west! Have you ever chanced to hear of ——? It is the name I chose to adopt in my appearance before the public. Perhaps you may have seen it, and read verses accompanying it, but I am confident you never recognized in those merry strains the voice and the heart-tune of your once poverty-stricken and desponding friend."

(The reader may imagine my astonishment and amaze on reading these words—for my correspondent,

Lily Reeve, was none other than one of the most beloved and popular of writers!)

"I feel conversational to-day, besides, I know it is but just to assure those who were so generous in my days of adversity, that their money and sympathy were not altogether thrown away. I was very far from being forgetful of those who in my earlier years rendered me such efficient and valuable aid; but I thought it better even at the risk of being esteemed ungrateful, to be unknown to them and to you, until I should be able to reflect some little credit upon them. I shall soon publish a book which is dedicated to those friends of former days, through that I hope to relieve myself from any charge of forgetfulness or coldness they may have justly brought against me.

"It is only ten years since we first made our home in this western world; but I have grown gray in feeling since then, and looking back into my childhood, the road to it seems to be one of interminable length. Decidedly as our fortunes have brightened, we have had our struggles and heart-sorrows here also; and we have had much of sickness too, which seems to await almost every settler in the west; but there is so much more for which we have occasion to be thankful, that it seems almost a sin even to revert to our first trials and vexations. My mother, thank Heaven! now that she is old, may rest; her latter years are not harassed with the thoughts of a dependent, impoverished family; my brothers are in a way, all of them, to support themselves, and my young sisters are being educated in such a way that they will never have to rely on others for their support. And for all this I pray we may be ever thankful as we ought.

"When we first came to this place all things were decidedly *new*. The inhabitants, men, women and children, truly seemed to us to have reflected in their own natures the marvelous greenness and freshness of the close surrounding forests; the village was poor, like all new places, and not one quarter its present size. Indeed, we call it a city now.

"But you never can think what a house of refuge it was to us poor people! I was glad from my heart that there were none rich, none powerful here; that all was one grand level, above which wisdom and strength of mind, and superior goodness alone might rise. I was glad, I say, for despise it as you may, I am bold to acknowledge there was something awfully repelling to me in the thought of looking *up* to people because they happened to be rich, or occupy by birth a high station. Even the notice taken of me in my young days, in the place where I sojourned, was galling to me. It savored too much of condescension, which, child as I was, even then I despised and hated. There were many children here even in those days; for some years mine was the only school—how well it was patronized I need not say. I prospered, and was contented. Oh, it was such a joy to look on our own comfortable home; to know what a cheerful fire and plenty of food meant in one's own house! There is something so exhilarating in the thought of independence and reliance on one's own exertions, that for a whole year after our removal here I altogether abandoned my pencil and my pen; I thought I would never labor with them again. But I was mistaken in myself, as many times before I had been. I knew not the wants and necessities of my own nature.

"The second winter I had continually a restless yearning for higher and nobler pursuits than the mere business of school-teaching; that supplied our natural wants and necessities admirably, it is true, but there were longings of my mind that it became as necessary for me to supply. And so once more in the long winter evenings I resumed my pencils and pen, and I worked with them. It is impossible for me to express to you the intense satisfaction following these labors; it seemed as though I had found suddenly an Aladdin's lamp, and that it dispelled the darkness and gloom of undefined yearning, and showed me a true and a great end that I could accomplish! I did not then immediately force my new productions upon the editors, but remembering well that one salutary lesson I received long ago, I strove hard to perfect myself. It would be wearisome for you to listen to the narration of my progress till I had gradually mounted up into the notice of the noble people of the west; how kindly and charitably they hailed my writings; how encouraging were the letters which, from many sources unexpected and unsought, I received, I will leave you to imagine—I felt then as though I were truly working out my destiny. Words crowded to my lips for utterance; thoughts pleaded in my brain to be heard; I longed to speak words of encouragement and strength to others—such words as from my own experience I knew full well many an overburdened soul needed. I spoke them, and I humbly hope they found acceptance and regard in many a heart.

"You will ask if I then was wholly satisfied? You will ask if notoriety pleased me? If I cared for no other and humbler good after I had attained that—in short, if I did not yearn for other love than that lavished on me by my own kin. In all calmness and confidence now, I can answer, yes! there were hopes unsatisfied, desires unfulfilled. Admiration was not *all* I craved—commendation not all I coveted. But years passed on, and with them the time when I could have rejoiced in loving and in being loved. The wild dream that haunted my mind of a perfect happiness on earth, of another kind of affection than I had yet received or given, went by. Coldness, and I am almost constrained to think at times, heartlessness, have usurped the place once occupied by the winged god; the altar which needed but a word to be enkindled and wrapped in flame, is torn away—a calm, immovable spirit occupies its place. I am not lonely or unhappy, only I feel strangely changed. I feel old in spirit; there may be no cloud, but there certainly is no sunshine; passionless now, and without the least craving for human love, my years glide on. I am satisfied in having helped to make the happiness of those for whom I have labored, and yet, true to woman's belief, I must say, I am well aware that I have missed life's highest good; I have passed by, in my eager search for a something that has not

satisfied, that bright possession which the poorest of earth's children, equally with the most exalted have extended to them by the hand of our benificent Father. Do you think I am strangely confiding with one whom for ten years I have not known by thought, or word, or deed? But we were children together; and I remember how that you more than all I left behind me knew the thoughts and desires of my inner life. Doubtless, since we have come to be *women*, we have both much changed, but at this hour I will believe you sympathize with me as in the days of old.

"Not long ago there came one to me, a man gifted with noble intellectual faculties, and rich in heart-wealth; he has wished me to be his wife; but knowing as I do what a very pauper I am in all that is best calculated to make his a happy home—you will understand I am not speaking of fortune or beauty *now*—I have declined his suit. I cannot regard him as I could have a few, *but* a few short years ago. I do not love him as my imagination tells me that woman *can* and *should* love. For a moment when I read his words, my heart beat wildly—I was happy; but that passed quickly; I distrust myself; I do not wish *now* that any one should intrust to me a charge of their happiness through life; it would be madness, and no less than foul wrong in me to wed with one whose affection I could make but such a paltry return. I give to you the answer I sent him; it is the sum total of my thoughts on this subject—and I would ask you as you read them, do you not think that there is but little to envy in one who has flung away a diamond, for a trifling but more brilliant gem?

TO —— ——.

It is too late; once, once I could have loved thee,
Before my heart grew passionless and cold;
My years are few, but trials have out-worn me—
In thought and struggle I am old—am old!
I had not *once* been deaf to thy fond pleading—
My soul had throbbed to hear thy ardent words;
But now no inward voice is interceding,
Thy finger touches upon tuneless chords!

There *was* a time when, hadst thou breathed of love,
A fire had swiftly kindled in my heart;
I would have coveted then, far, far above
All earthly good—all that is set apart
For the strong soul to labor for—a tone
A look, such as thou gavest now to me,
I would have gloried then to be thine own;
That time is past—it never more can be!

Once, when my heart beat strong with youth and hope,
Once, when the future held a glorious prize,
Through the surrounding gloom I strove to grope,
And to close-thronging dangers shut my eyes.
I fought for honor—fame. I thought that these
Would *buy* for me that other, nobler good,
For which I prayed upon my bended knees,
The boon of love—but fate my prayer withstood!

Too many years have passed since that sweet dream—
Too hard and ceaseless has my striving been;
Through the calm twilight now there comes no gleam
Of that wild hope—it cannot live again.
It cannot be—thou wouldst not prize a gift
So worthless as is all I have to give;
Thou wouldst not care from my cold heart to lift
The burden 'neath which I am doomed to live!

Seek for a younger mind—a lighter soul;
Seek one who has not been what I have been.
I would not that around thy home should roll
A cloud surcharged with gloominess and pain;
Seek one who hath not from her childhood seen
Her inmost thoughts—the best and brightest gold;
Seek one who smiles—one who yet dares to dream—
Who has not 'hardened to a crystal cold!'

"And now, being quite sure that I have outwearied you, and believing that you will gladly let the remainder of your interrogatories to day pass unanswered, I will conclude, with the earnest hope that *you* may never be tempted to barter the sacred affections of your heart for any more alluring, but less, oh, far less satisfying prize—in the name of our childhood.

"Always yours,

"LILY REEVE."

Dear reader, it may be proper to state, that despite this most emphatic disclaimer on the part of Lily, a western paper I have recently received, contains a notice of the marriage of the distinguished poetess, Lily Reeve, with the Hon. —— ——. Had it not been for this, one other proof of what is called the fickleness of woman's nature, you perceive I should have been enabled to end my story without a marriage; but you will bear in mind that this repetition of the almost invariable climax, is not *my* fault!

A SONNET.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING OF MAY MORNING.]

READ on, young maiden. I will guge a kiss
The page so earnestly thou porest o'er,
To be the record of the ecstasies
Of some great bard, or it may be the lore
Of wild adventure by Armida's shore—
Or how Diana wooed the Hunter-boy,
Or how to Dido erst Æneas swore
Unmeasured love. Read while thou may'st enjoy,
For certainly as this bright morn of May
Will lose its zest, thy happiness will fade.
As Orient smiles of Spring too soon decay,
As clouds o'ershadow all the happy glade,
Now smiling in the early morning's ray,
Thy peerless beauty e'en will pass away.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.—HEIDELBERG IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun was just setting on the last day of August, when the ponderous *eilwagen*, in which I had journeyed from Frankfort, rounded the foot of the Holy Mountain into the Valley of the Neckar, and Heidelberg—the brave, romantic, beautiful old electoral city—was stretched out before me on the opposite side of the river. Far above it rose the wooded Kaiserstuhl, midway down whose side hung the granite bastions, terraces and roofless halls of the famed Castle. Heavy masses of ivy hung from its arches, and overran the quaint sculpture of its walls, while the foliage of its gardens was visible behind, deep in the shadow of the mountain. A faint yellow glow trembled over the pines and birches on the top of the Kaiserstuhl, and kept the clear blue on the distant hills up the Neckar. Down the steep paths of the Holy Mountain, on my left, came the peasant-girls, with baskets on their heads, laden with the purple clusters of the Muscatel, and talking to each other gayly over garden-walls, and under arbors, which made a "green twilight" even at noon. Careless students, pipe in hand, sauntered along the river bank, listening to the sweet evening chimes, rung first in the towers of the Hauptkirche, and taken up like an echo, from village to village, among the hills.

Looking forward to Heidelberg as a place for rest and quiet study, there was something peculiarly grateful and tranquilizing in the scene. To my eyes the scenery presented a mingling of the wild with the cultivated—of the pastoral with the grand—a combination so inspiring that I found it difficult to keep my enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. From the river bank, above the bridge, cannon began firing a closing salute for the Grand Duke's birth-day, and my heart never kept more bounding time to the minute-guns on a Fourth of July at home. The German passengers in the *eilwagen* were highly gratified by my delight, for all Germans are proud of Heidelberg.

By a piece of good fortune the friends who had left me at Mayence and arrived the day before, happened to be passing up the main street when the vehicle stopped, and I was spared the risk of searching for them, which, to one ignorant of the language, was no slight task.

In a day or two, by the help of a *valet de place*, who spoke half a dozen words of English, we obtained rooms in a large house overhanging the Neckar. From one side we looked upon the Heiligenberg, so near that we could hear the girls singing among the vines every morning, and all day long the rapid river below us was noisy with raftsmen, guiding the pines they had felled among the Suabian hills down to the Rhine. On the other side the Kaiserstuhl stood between us and the eastern sky, and we always saw the sunrise first on the opposite mountains. In the cool, cloudless autumn mornings, the air was full of church-chimes and merry voices, which came echoed back from the hills, so that our first waking sensation was one of pleasure, and every day brought us some new form of enjoyment.

The valley of the Neckar is narrow, and only the little slopes which here and there lie between the feet of its wooded mountains are capable of cultivation. Higher up, there are glens and meadows of luxuriant grass, to which the peasants drive their cattle, further still, it is barren and rocky, and upon the summits dwells a solitude as complete as upon the unsettled prairies of the far West. An hour's walk takes one from the busy streets of the little city to this beautiful and lonely region, and the stranger may explore the paths he finds leading far away among the hills, for weeks together, without exhausting their store of new scenes and influences. The calm impressiveness of these mountain landscapes disposes the mind to quiet thought, and one who has felt them till their spirit grew familiar, is at no loss to comprehend the inspiration from which Schiller, Uhland and Hauff have sung.

It is a favorite habit with the Heidelbergers, and one into which the traveler willingly falls, to spend the last hour or two of daylight in a walk by the Neckar, in the gardens of the castle, or off in the forests. At spots of especial beauty rustic inns have been erected, where, at tables in the shade, the visiter is furnished with beer, cool from its underground vaults, and thick curds, to which a relish is given by sugar and powdered cinnamon. The most noted of these places is the Wolfsbrunnen, about a mile and a half from the city, in a lonely glen, high up on the mountain. A large stone basin, two centuries old, stands there, pouring out a stream of the coldest and purest water, dammed up below to form a small pool, in which hundreds of trout breed and grow fat from the benevolence of visiters. A wooden inn, two stories high, with balconies on all sides, is nestled among the trees, and farther down the stream a little mill does its steady work from year to year.

A party was once formed by our German friends, and we spent a whole Saturday afternoon in this delicious retreat. Frau Dr. S——, who was always ready for any piece of social merriment, had the management of the excursion, and directed us with the skill of a general. Fräulein Marie, her niece, a blooming maiden of eighteen, and Madame Louise ——, a sprightly little widow from Manheim, with Dr. S——, one or two students, and we Americans, were her subjects. Every thing was arranged with precision before we started. The books, the cards, the music (including a most patient guitar) were distributed among those best able to carry them, and we finally started, without any particular order of march. German etiquette forbids a lady to take the

arm of a male friend, unless she is betrothed to him; talking is allowed, fortunately.

As we climbed to the terraces of the castle, we could see the thread of the Rhine, in the distance, sparkling through the haze. The light air which came down the Neckar was fragrant with pine and the first falling leaves of summer trees. The vineyards below us were beginning to look crisp and brown, but hanging from stake to stake the vines were bent down by blue clusters, with the bloom still upon them. Troops of light-hearted students, children, blue-eyed and blond-haired, and contented citizens, were taking the same path, and like them, we forgot every thing but the sense of present happiness.

We had a table spread upon the upper balcony of the inn, after our scattered forces returned from many a long ramble up the glen and out on the meadows. Frau Dr. S—— ordered a repast, and the "landlady's daughter"—not the sweet maid of Uhland's song, but a stout-armed and stout-waisted damsel—brought us a jar of curds, dripping with the cool water in which it had stood. A loaf of brown bread next made its appearance, followed by a stone jug of foaming beer, and two or three dishes of those prune-tarts peculiar to Germany, completed the fare. On the porch below us, two or three musicians played waltzes, and the tables around the fountain were filled with students, laughing, clinking their beer-glasses, or trolling some burschen chorus. Our own table did not lack the heartiest spirit of mirth; this could not be otherwise so long as Frau Dr. S—— sat at the head of it. The students were gay and full of life, and even Dr. S——, the most earnest and studious of the party, was so far influenced by the spirit of the time, that he sang the "King of Thule" with more warmth than I had thought possible.

The afternoon sped away like a thought, and Heidelberg was forgotten until the faint sound of its evening chimes came up the valley. We returned in time to see a glowing sky fade over the mountains of Alsatia, and then first, as the twilight gathered, came the remembrance of home—a remembrance which did not chide the happiness of the day.

One of these excursions was accompanied by a different and less agreeable finale. A small party had been arranged to visit the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, on the summit of the Holy Mountain. I had ascended it previously, after an hour's climbing, directly up the side, but as ladies were to accompany us, it was necessary to take a winding road, two or three miles in length, to reach the chapel. We mounted, by flights of steps through the terraced vineyards, to the Philosopher's Walk, followed it to a retired glen called the Angels' Meadow, and then entered a forest-road. The wind roared loudly among the trees, and the sky grew darker as we ascended, but we took little heed of these signs. Finally, however, on reaching a rocky point whence we could look down on the Rhine-plain, we were somewhat alarmed to see a heavy rain-cloud approaching from the west. The chapel was still half a mile distant, and its open walls and dismantled towers could afford us no protection, so there was nothing left but to turn about and descend with all speed.

The rain had just crossed the Rhine, and would probably be half an hour in reaching us, and as we could trace its misty advance on the sheet of landscape below us, we hoped to time our rate of walking so as to reach some shelter before it struck the mountain. Vain hope!—before we reached the Angels' Meadow the wind fairly howled among the trees, and swept over us, laden with dust and showers of leaves. The rain followed, and as our path led over the exposed ridge of the mountain, the arrows of the storm smote pitilessly in our faces. The ladies shrieked, the men groaned, and, like Norval's barbarians, we "rushed like a torrent,"—and with a torrent—"upon the vale." When we arrived at the village of Neuenheim the shower was nearly over, but it might have continued all day, without more effect upon us.

The village of Ziegelhausen, up the Neckar, with its grim old convent, gardens and cascades, and the delightful arbors of vine, reaching down to the very brink of the river, is another favorite place of resort. The pastor of its church, who was familiar with our German friends, would frequently join us in an afternoon walk, followed by a cup of tea in the garden of the inn, and frequently by a share in the games of the village children. The pastor was a most jovial, genial character; he sang very finely—indeed, he was brother to the *primo tenore* in the Opera at Brunswick—and his wit was inexhaustible. His religion was as genuine as his cheerfulness; it was no gloomy ascetism, which looked on mirth as sin, but a joyous, affectionate and abounding spirit, bright as God's sunshine and as unconscious of its blessing. How happily passed those September afternoons, warmed by such true social feeling, and refreshed by all the kindly influences of nature! If a return like this to the simple joys of the child's heart be but obtained by the mature age of a nation, I could almost wish this country might grow old speedily. The restless energy of Youth is still upon us. The nation overflows with active impulses, which fear nothing, and yield to nothing. We have not yet felt the need of Rest.

I have said nothing of my struggles with the perverse German language—my daily sieges, advancing from trench to trench, till the strong fortress was stormed and all its priceless stores in my possession. I have not spoken of my blunders arising from ignorance and inexperience, nor the novelty of customs and life so different from ours. These would be tedious, nor are they necessary to give some impression of Heidelberg in its most delightful season. The most romantic and picturesque of all German cities, and therefore most thronged by romance-hunting tourists, its good old social character is still happily preserved. The last Revolution has fortunately spared it, and in spite of railroads beside its mountains, and steamboats on the Neckar, it will be for many years to come one of the pleasantest spots in Europe.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

The grass of the field shall be now my theme,
For when winter is past, and the snow
Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
No flowers that in loveliness grow
More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call aloud
For every thing glad to come forth;
And when the sun bursts from his rainbow-cloud,
As the rain passes off to the north—
It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
The green grass of the field, so glistening and bright.

Happy children love in the grass to play,
Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
And there the wild bees gather honey all day
From the clover so blushing and sweet,
And find no stores that the garden can yield
Are richer than those from the grass of the field.

The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
And methinks when he soars to the skies,
And sings the clear notes that all others surpass,
His gladness must surely arise
From the lowly content of that innocent breast,
Which finds in the grass of the field a safe nest.

There are few who notice the delicate flower
That blooms in the grass at their feet,
Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or bower
Is not fairer, or more complete;
And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field.

The mower comes out so busy and blythe,
At the dawn of a summer's day,
And the tall waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
Is cut down and withers away:
But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still.

And while on the perishing grass we look,
A soft voice in the summer wind
Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
To the humble and thoughtful mind.
"All flesh is as grass," it will seem to say—
"Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away."

But oh! we will hope with a faith secure—
Through the years of this mortal strife—
On the words of the Lord, which forever endure,
For in them is eternal life:
Thus lessons of truth all our pleasures will yield,
And wisdom we'll learn from the grass of the field.

TO ÁN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

Thy natal morn hath dawned again
With pure and cloudless ray;
May Peace and Hope attend thy steps,
Sweet sister, on this day.

It is the first that ever found
Me severed from thy side,
And tears will mingle with my prayer
At morn and eventide.

For I have yearned to lay my hand
In blessing on thy brow,
And speak the earnest words of love
That stir my spirit now;

Have longed, but longed in vain, to meet
The dark and sunny eye,
That has from childhood been to me
A star in every sky.

Have sought amid a stranger band
The smile I loved so well,
And lived in spirit o'er again
A sorrowful farewell!

And thou hast missed a warm caress,
And wept its loss, I know,
For we were joined as flowers that spring
From the same root below;

The early sunbeam as it stole
Across our quiet room,
Seemed to thy tearful eyes to wear
An all unwonted gloom.

And low winds seemed with mournful wail
The forest leaves to thrill,
As memory whispered that thou hadst
A vacant place to fill.

But we have loved as few can love,
For years, through storm and shine,
And though our paths lie separate now,
Thy heart still clings to mine.

By childhood's smiles and youth's gay dreams,
By memories of the dead,
By the stern discipline of grief,
My soul to thine is wed:

Links as eternal as the prayer
We used to breathe at even,
As ever-during as the vow
That binds us unto Heaven.

Then blessings on thee, dearest one,
My heart leaps o'er the sea;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
May God watch over thee.

TASTE.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

THIS seems a little word, while we repeat it less than one second of time is consumed, yet in its signification it is a great word—a word of vast and unmeasured import:

By it we understand a just appreciation of the good, the beautiful, the pleasant, the worthy and the useful:

Still it is not alike to all: Tastes differ with characters, and characters with men. By an all wise Creator was this so ordained, and in every thing we see the wisdom and the beauty of His system.

Suppose, for instance, we pass in fancy around this vast globe, as we progress onward, countries, climates, men and characters undergo every conceivable grade of change. Gradually we pass from regions inhabited by enlightened men—men of learning and deep research, men to whom Science seems to have lent her very self, until we come to a race of beings between whom and the brute creation there is scarcely a demarcation: Yet each and every one of these thousands upon thousands of countless beings has his own peculiar sphere of action, and his own especial tastes, adapted to his position and circumstances.

Taste may, however, be improved or debased, elevated to the highest appreciations, the noblest conceptions, or lowered to the most sordid views, the most groveling level, and this is left to man himself—to rise or fall, to sink or soar, is left to his own choice, and is within his own power.

Of course this remark is not unqualified, it is not intended that the natives of Central Africa, or of the inhabited regions around the Poles, can improve their moral condition, and rise to the same high standard as may the enlightened nations of Europe or of our own loved country. To assert such a thing would be preposterous, to expect it ridiculous. Our resources are not their resources, our advantages not theirs, but there is implanted in the breast of every man a frame-work and basis, with which, and upon which, he may build something that shall make him better than he now is. And the greater his advantages, the vaster the amount of material furnished him wherewith to work, the more will be expected of him, and higher and higher will the eyes of men rise, seeking for the pinnacles of that temple of the mind which they of a right expect him to rear.

To ensure without fail the meeting of their views, (perchance to surpass them,) it is not sufficient to seize indiscriminately and pile block upon block, and stone upon stone. It is not sufficient to heap up a vast mountain of brick and mortar, jumbled together without taste or elegance, and then write upon it—This is Parian marble—these are classic proportions. This will not do, the cheat will be found out, and Ridicule will mingle her laughter with the shouts and jeers of the multitude as they mock and scan the shallow attempt at imposition.

What then is to be done?

This—let us seek Taste, let us acquaint ourselves with her, coax her, court her, make her our own and we are safe. But we must be sure it is no impostor, no false being who assumes the name, for there are such, and they are to be shunned. We must "be sure we are right, then" onward, right onward.

True taste will teach us to select the choice blocks, the finely grained and unflawed marble, she will bid us to reject the huge, coarse, glittering rocks with which some will strive to dazzle our eyes and mislead our judgment, and cause us to turn aside from those brittle and perishing kinds which will scarce bear handling.

Having chosen our materials, now let us build. Up go the blocks one after another, and high the temple grows. Day by day it increases in height, but why is it men stand and gaze with mortified and disappointed looks upon the structure? Why do no sounds of encouragement, no acclamations and shouts of admiration reach the ear? Hear the reason—we sought Taste—we courted her, we bid her aid us seek our materials, and teach us how to judge of them. She did so—that done we scorned her aid, we forgot her, and trusting in ourselves we reared a vast work of folly.

But "*nil desperandum*," there is yet time. Tear down the monument of heedlessness and call Taste to teach us once again. Faithful she returns at our bidding. Now hark to the sound of the mallet and chisel as they ring against the stone, chip by chip of superfluous material is worked away, piece by piece which is unneeded is broken off and thrown aside until some other work shall call them into use.

Now seems to become exhumed, as from a grave of stone and rubbish, the massive pedestal, the firm base, the graceful column, the sculptured capital and the rich cornice. Day by day, and hour by hour, these multiply in true and classic beauty, and higher and higher skyward soars the now elegant structure, until, amid the shouts and admiration of the world, the voice of Reason proclaims that Taste has fashioned it.

This, then, is an edifice, a work worthy of the mind, formed from materials the choicest within man's reach, wrought out and builded by the hand of Taste; it is worthy to be gazed upon, to be admired and copied by all.

Age after age will go by, but still it will stand firm, and beautiful, and admired as when the artist gave

the last stroke, and proclaimed it to the world as finished.

Are proofs required, among the names of the ancients may be found those time-honored and long worshiped ones of Lysippus, Polycletus, Praxiteles, Timanthes, Appelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, Ovid, Pollio, Catullus, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes, Orpheus, Archilocus and Timotheus, together with many, many of their cotemporaries, for whose names I have no space, but whose memories are still, and still are to be, revered.

Following in the path which these have hewn through the thickets of prejudice and ignorance comes a long bright train. Amidst the stars of this latter day firmament gleam conspicuous the names of Banks, Young, Cole, West, White, Vandyck, Tasso, Titian, Rittenhouse, Mozart, Milton, Crabbe, Gallileo and Godfry, and ever and anon new and brilliant planets flash forth and shed their glad effulgence around.

Could this be without Taste?

It could not. Glorious and rich and varied as are the works of those whose efforts and the productions of whose minds have tended to elevate and improve our condition, they never could have been without Taste to suggest—Taste to aid, and Taste to accomplish the mighty, the stupendous, the gigantic works they have wrought.

What was it, let us inquire, that induced the ancient Egyptians to build the city of Thebes in such glorious magnificence that even its ruins produced effects upon historians to cause them to be immortalized? Homer tells of her hundred gates, from each of which two hundred chariots and ten thousand warriors could issue at a time. To her palaces painting and sculpture had lent all their art, combining to render this city one of the glories of the world. Was not this Taste?

What, too, induced them to erect those monuments of the strength of man and tyranny of kings—the Obelisks and Pyramids, to erect them in such huge size and vast strength that still they stand, as through long ages they have stood, firm and immovable as the "everlasting hills?"

Taste.

Need we ask Astronomy, that grand and elevating science, the contemplation of which forces upon us our own insignificance, and raises us from "Nature up to Nature's God"—that science which teaches us to admire and wonder, to gaze and fear, to glorify and adore the *Great Being* who formed "Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades." Need we ask to what considerations upon the part of man we are indebted for the important and immense researches which all lie open to us, which teach us to trace out the constellations, and "call the stars by their names"—which drew Phytheas from his home and caused him to wander unsatisfied with the observations he was able to make in his own country, from the Pillars of Hercules to the mouth of the Tanais—which made Egypt, Rome, Spain, France, Germany and Denmark the cradles of the then infant science?

Is it necessary to reply it is Taste?

Turn we then to Philosophy, and in the deep researches of Thales, the moral reasoning of Socrates, the eloquence of Plato, and the disinterestedness of Zenocrates read of Taste.

Chemistry, with all its brilliant discoveries, and Rhetoric, in its elegance, speak of it.

Music, Oratory, History, Geography, Grammar and Physic are each and all of them proofs of Taste in its truth and purity; and Poetry shouts forth with glad and eager pride Eureka! we have found it.

The beauty, delicacy and usefulness of Botany, the rich and varied hue of the flowers, those "gems of earth," whisper softly to us of Taste; and the importance of Anatomy proves it.

Metaphysics and Geometry demonstrate its truth; while the wild bird's carol hymns forth its notes of praise and gladness to the Creator of it and of that element of man's happiness, Taste.

It is here, it is there, it is everywhere, one grand, pervading principle, one first element, one chief ingredient of all things.

It was implanted in the mind by *Him* who formed us, and it is as much the duty of man to cultivate and improve his taste, as it is his duty to improve and cultivate any other talent lent him to keep; and he will be considered no more excusable for wrapping this precious deposit in a napkin and hiding it away than was the servant of old, who buried the talent until the coming of his lord. Let us then cultivate Taste, each according to the kind and portion given us.

It has been said that "every man is born to excel in something, and the only reason so many fail is they mistake their calling." Be this as it may, it sounds marvelously like sense, and it would be well for every one to examine strictly, that he may discover wherein it is intended he shall excel, and what the peculiar Taste or Tastes may be which, to himself, to society at large, and to a *higher power* than either, it is his duty to cultivate.

Yet although Taste has been given us, and we are required to improve and use it to the best advantage, it is not intended there are no other gifts bestowed on man which can equal it. That would be to assume for it more than could well be proven. It is intended that Taste shall act as a means of enjoyment and happiness, as a means whereby we can investigate causes, and admire and apply effects—a means whereby we can dive into the very depths of science and open the sealed treasure-house of knowledge—a means of searching out the beauties and glories of creation, and comprehending, as far as the mind of man is capable of comprehending, the wonderful omnipotence of the Deity.

THE MAN OF MIND AND THE MAN OF MONEY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At nineteen, Silas Loring left college and went into a store to be educated for a merchant. At the same time, a school-companion, named Alfred Benedict, with whom he had been intimate, was placed by his parents in the counting-room of a large shipper. The two young men had enjoyed equal advantages, so far as education was concerned; but they had improved these advantages differently. The father of Loring early impressed upon his mind the idea that wealth gave a man all power and influence in the world; that it was the greatest good that could be sought; while the father of Benedict urged his son to gain knowledge as the highest and best possession. The two young men had been influenced, as well by their natural tastes and feelings as by the opinions and advice of their parents. On leaving college, Loring left behind him all affection for literature or scientific pursuits, and took with him only an ardent desire to become wealthy, accompanied by a confident assurance that he possessed the ability required to attain the summit of his wishes. Benedict, on the contrary, entered the world with his love of knowledge as active as ever, and his desire for its attainment more ardent than when he passed at first over the threshold of Wisdom's temple.

Equal as to external advantages, the two young men started in the world. Neither of their parents were rich, though both were able to give their children a good education, that surest guaranty of success. But difference of purpose in a few years made a great difference in their relative positions. When Loring was twenty-five years of age he was a partner in the house where he had served his apprenticeship, and the most active and really intelligent business man in the firm; while Benedict was merely a book-keeper, receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. All the energies of the active mind of Loring, inspired by his love of money, were given to business; while the no less active mind of Benedict was as deeply absorbed in literary pursuits and scientific investigations. As a book-keeper, the latter was faithful, attentive and accurate, and valued by his employers; but beyond his journal and ledger his thoughts never penetrated the arcana of trade. He had no affection for it. His mind loved rather to explore the arcana of knowledge, and gather in from fields that were ever opening before him, rich harvests of intelligence.

In the manners and appearance of the two young men there was also a noticeable change. Loring had an air of self-importance, and an off-hand, dashing sort of manner, that bespoke a mind well satisfied with itself, and conscious of having done something. But Benedict had become more quiet and unobtrusive. He looked like a man who did not entertain a very high opinion of himself, as being of consequence in the community.

As men appear in society, so are they usually estimated by the mass. Loring was bowed to across the street a dozen times in every square; was met in company by a hearty shake of the hand, and treated wherever he went as an individual of some importance. And such he really felt himself to be. Benedict, on the contrary, might walk a dozen squares without receiving a nod, or mingle in society and be almost unnoticed and alone. But he did not feel this. In fact he was hardly conscious of it; for he rarely, if ever, thought any thing about the estimation in which others held him. His mind was in a higher and purer region.

The intimate friendship that had existed between Loring and Benedict, did not continue very long after they left college, although they remained friends and acquaintances, and were interested in each other for some years. But, after Loring had changed from a clerk to a merchant, he began to feel that he was no longer on a level with a mere book-keeper, who was likely to remain a book-keeper for life. Merchants were now his associates. Men who used to bow to him with distant formality, *now* took him cordially by the hand, and were as familiar with him as he had been with mere clerks before. He likewise received invitations to the houses of these merchants, and was introduced into a new and higher circle. In this circle he never met his old friend Benedict. Is it any wonder that he looked down upon him as an inferior? None. We see by means of the atmosphere by which we are surrounded, whether naturally or spiritually. The atmosphere in which the mind of Loring breathed and saw, was so different from the one that gave life and vision to the mind of Benedict, that he was unable to see by it the true quality and character of his friend. He could see in his own atmosphere, but that which surrounded the humble book-keeper was darkness to his eyes.

Thus the years went by, Loring accumulating gold, and Benedict treasures of knowledge, that neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. As these treasures increased, he began to feel a desire to impart something of what he possessed to others. This desire prompted him to write out his reflections, experiences, and the new views that were constantly pressing in upon his mind, and send them to the various literary and scientific journals for publication. It was not long before this brought him into honorable notice, and made his name familiar to men of intelligence throughout the country, with many of whom he gradually came into correspondence.

"What has become of Benedict?" asked Mr.

Loring, one day of the merchant whose book-keeper he had been for many years. "I have missed him from your store for some time."

"He left me several months ago," was the reply.

"How came that? But I suppose his mind got so lost in his literary pursuits that he was no longer good for any thing as a clerk."

"He was faithful and correct to the last," promptly answered the individual to whom this remark was made. "I never had and never expect to have a more valuable clerk than Benedict. But he has obtained a better place, and one more suited to his tastes and abilities."

"Ah, where has he gone?"

"To Bowdoin College. The Professorship of —— was offered to him, and he accepted it."

"I did n't know that he had any friends away off there. Is n't it rather singular that he should be appointed to such a chair? Do you think him capable of filling it?"

"I presume those who appointed him knew his ability?"

"Did he apply for it?"

"No. He knew nothing of the vacancy until he was notified of his appointment."

"That is a little singular," remarked Loring, wondering for the moment how a man of so little importance, and no very distinguished ability, should be voluntarily tendered a high professorship in Bowdoin College. But the wonder did not occupy his mind very long. It passed away with the thought of his old school-friend.

Great activity and energy in a business already firmly established, in which was ample capital, made Loring the possessor, in a few years, of quite a handsome property. Ambitious of a more rapid increase of fortune, and believing that he ought to have the entire benefit of his activity, energy, and capacity for trade, he withdrew from the house in which he was a partner, and commenced business alone. He did not err in his calculations. The results was as favorable as he had expected. Money came in more rapidly, and with its accumulation rose his ideas of his own importance, until he looked down upon every man whose coffers were not quite as full as his own, at the same time that he felt himself to be as good as any millionaire in the land.

It is a little singular how the mere possession of money raises a man's ideas of his own importance, and causes him to think meanly of all who are not favored with any considerable portion of this world's goods. Upon what a slender basis of real worth do men sometimes build a towering structure of self-conceit! Wealth is very rarely the correspondent of solid virtue and sterling merit in those who possess it; not that men of wealth are less virtuous or meritorious as a class, but wealth, upon which most persons value themselves, is not the true standard for estimating the man. It never gives quality to the heart, principles to the mind, nor to the understanding rational intelligence.

As Mr. Loring continued to grow richer, his ideas of his own importance continued to rise, until he felt himself quite an "exclusive" in society. At the age of forty, he determined to take a trip across the Atlantic, and see the world abroad. He must spend some time in London, Paris and Italy. In order to be prepared for this journey, he brushed up his French, and spent his leisure time in reading about the places he proposed to visit. So far as his knowledge of matters and things in his own country, out of the mercantile sphere, was concerned, it was very limited. Even in politics he was not very well posted up. As to what was doing in literature and science, he was altogether ignorant. He was a successful merchant, and that was about all that could be said of him.

All things ready, Mr. Loring took passage in a steamer for Liverpool. The ship had cast off her moorings, and was gliding swiftly along the smooth waters of the bay, when the merchant, in turning his eyes from the diminishing city to the nearer and more palpable objects on board the vessel that was bearing him on to the ocean, noticed a familiar face. At first he was at a loss where to place its owner. But soon his memory was clear upon that subject. His old friend, Benedict, was a fellow-passenger! The eyes of the latter were upon him, and his countenance about expressing a pleasurable recognition, when Loring turned away and glanced back again upon the dim and distant city. He did not wish to renew the acquaintance. When he next looked around upon his companions for the voyage, Benedict was not to be seen.

There were one hundred passengers on board, and among them several men of high reputation in the United States. A former Governor of Massachusetts, whose name and fame were familiar to every one, was among the number; also two men from the South, who had distinguished themselves during many years in the national legislature. One of them had held the office of Secretary of State. Besides these, there were many men of standing and character both from the mercantile class and the learned professions. In looking over the list of passengers, Mr. Loring was well satisfied to find himself in such good company. The only drawback was the presence of so obscure an individual as Mr. Benedict, with whom he had once been acquainted, but toward whom he must now, in justice to his own character and position, conduct himself as a stranger.

Such were the reflections of Mr. Loring, as he turned from the vessel's side and went below, late in the afternoon of the day on which they had sailed. On entering the cabin, the first objects that met his eyes were the ex-governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Benedict engaged in conversation. This surprised him at first, but on reflection, he explained the circumstance by supposing that Benedict had intruded himself upon the individual with whom he was conversing, and that the latter submitted to the intrusion from mere politeness. He sat down at some distance from them, expecting to see their interview quickly terminated. But he was disappointed in this, for the parties grew more and more interested. Whenever Benedict spoke, he observed that the

other listened with deep attention, and that his manner toward him was always respectful, and sometimes even deferential. The conversation was prolonged until tea-time, and then the two men separated.

There was something in this that the man of wealth could not understand.

On the next day Mr. Loring sought an opportunity to make the formal acquaintance of Mr. ——, from the Bay State, through the introduction of a friend on board, who presented him as "one of our first merchants," going out to visit Europe. Mr. —— was very polite, and made some commonplace remarks to the merchant, who replied with a self-importance in his manner that did not make the impression he designed. The ex-governor knew just how much money was worth as a standard by which to estimate the man. The words, "one of our first merchants," made no impression upon him whatever. In fact, he scarcely noticed it. After talking a short time with Mr. Loring, with a polite bow he moved away and joined Mr. Benedict, who was standing on the opposite side of the vessel. He was soon again in close conversation with this obscure individual.

Loring was not only surprised at this, but chafed. It puzzled as well as annoyed him. He could not but remark that Mr. Benedict was perfectly at his ease with the distinguished individual who had just left him, and that there was nothing in the manner of Mr. —— approaching to condescension. Not many minutes elapsed before they were joined by a third person, to whom Mr. —— presented Loring's old friend in a formal introduction. This individual was from the South. He had formerly held the office of Secretary of State at Washington. At the mention of Mr. Benedict's name he shook him warmly by the hand, and treated him with marked attention. The three men then went below, where Loring saw them, about an hour afterward, in the centre of a group of five or six, all men of standing and character in the United States. Benedict was speaking, and all were listening to him with deep attention.

"Can it be possible that his fortunes have changed—that he has become wealthy?" the merchant said to himself; and a feeling of respect for his old acquaintance arose in his mind.

Day after day went by, and still Mr. Benedict continued to be on terms of intimacy with these men, while they treated Mr. Loring, who was introduced to them by a friend, with reserved and distant politeness.

"Who is that man?" asked the merchant, affecting not to know Benedict. The question was put to a fellow-passenger.

"That 's Professor Benedict," replied the person addressed, manifesting surprise at the question. "Are you not acquainted with him?"

Loring shook his head.

"You have heard of him, of course?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Not heard of Professor Benedict!" The passenger looked into the face of Loring with a broad stare. "Why he is known from one end of our country to the other as a distinguished scholar and man of science. His articles in the Quarterly Review, and his essays on Political and Social Economy. "Wealth and Labor," "The Times," etc., have won for him an enviable reputation. There are few abler men in our country than Professor Benedict."

Mr. Loring asked no further questions. He felt rebuked and mortified. Rich as he was, and highly as he valued himself, he felt that the man of intellect was ranked higher than the man of money. In the small compass of that steam-vessel were clustered together men of wealth, eminence, and political distinction. There were few on board whom even Mr. Loring would think beneath him; and yet he was treated by them with no particular deference. When he spoke, he was listened to with the politeness that always accompanies good-breeding; but that was all. None gathered around him; none sought his company; none treated him as a man distinguished from the rest. Wealth! that was a common possession; but strong intellect was the god-like gift of the few; and men bowed before it and yielded freely their homage.

The proud man was deeply humbled during the brief period occupied in sweeping across the broad Atlantic, and he felt relieved and breathed more freely the moment he set his foot on shore at Liverpool. Shame had kept him from renewing his acquaintance with Benedict, who continued to be an object of interest to almost every one during the voyage.

In the great world of London, Mr. Loring quickly recovered his balance of mind. He took letters of introduction to eminent merchants and bankers there, by whom he was received and treated with the greatest attention. He was again conscious of the fact, that wealth was power, and that the possessor of wealth ranked highest of any.

In Paris he did not feel quite so much at ease. He brought letters to the American Minister, the Hon Mr. ——, who had represented our country at the palace of St. Cloud for some five years with honor to himself and the nation; and was received with the courtesy and attention which always marked that gentleman's conduct toward his countrymen. Mr. Loring had only been in Paris a couple of days when the American Minister said to him,

"A distinguished countryman of ours is now in Paris. He is to dine with me day after to-morrow, in company with about fifty of the most celebrated scientific and literary men in the city. Your arrival is quite opportune, Mr. Loring, I shall, of course, have the pleasure of your company."

Mr. Loring bowed in acquiescence, and then inquired who the distinguished American was.

"Professor Benedict," replied the minister. "He is an honor to our country, and I feel proud of the opportunity I shall have of presenting him to men of a like spirit with himself, to whom his name has long been familiar."

Mr. Loring was confounded.

"He has been for some years a member of the Philosophical Society here," continued the minister,

"and his communications, published in their annual report of proceedings, are among the finest papers that emanate from that body. They cause honorable notice of our countryman to be made in all the scientific journals of Europe. I need not ask you in what estimation he is held at home, as I see by Silliman's Journal, the North American Review, and the transactions of the various learned societies there, that his worth is fully known and appreciated. Have you ever had the pleasure of meeting him?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He is an old collegemate of mine."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. We were quite intimate as young men; but our pursuits in life were so different that, in the very nature of things, this intimate acquaintance could not continue. But I had the pleasure of meeting him again in crossing the Atlantic. We came over in the same steamer."

"Did you? That must have been a very pleasant voyage. Fair weather the whole time, and the company of so many men eminent for their talents. Mr. Benedict says that the two weeks he spent upon the ocean he shall number as the most agreeable of his whole life."

Mr. Loring now felt himself to be in a very awkward position indeed. How to act he did not know. He had accepted the American Minister's invitation to dine with him, and at his table he would meet the man whom he had for years considered beneath him, and whose very acquaintance he had dropped as discreditable to one in his position. And this man was to be the honored guest! Mr. Loring retired to his hotel with his mind bewildered and his feelings at a lower range in the thermometer of his self-esteem than they had been for a very long time. If it had not happened that Benedict came over in the same steamer with him, and that he had cut his acquaintance before he knew that he had become an individual of some note, the way would have been plain enough before him. He could have gone to the dinner and renewed his old friendship, and felt honored in being his countryman. But this he felt to be out of the question now. Benedict might refuse to know him, or might treat him in such a manner as to wound and mortify him severely, and expose him to the just contempt of men whose good opinion he was the very man to value.

The exceeding smallness of the foundation upon which he had built a towering structure of self-importance, was brought, by the circumstances in which he was placed, with painful clearness to his mind. He saw and felt, almost for the first time in his life, that money was not every thing, and that it would not make a man worshiped every where, and by all classes of men.

For a long time the mind of Mr. Loring was in debate as to the best course to be pursued. At one time he resolved to send a note to the American Minister, on the day the dinner was to take place, regretting his inability to make one of his guests, on account of indisposition. But this intention was after a while abandoned, and he determined to leave Paris for Italy on the next day. Like the first resolution, this was also given up, and his mind was all in confusion again. At length he decided, though with much reluctance, that he would call upon Mr. Benedict, and formally renew his acquaintance. There was something, he felt, humiliating in this; but it was a step greatly to be preferred to any that he had yet thought of taking. He did not wish to lie direct to the American Minister, by saying that he was indisposed; nor did he wish to leave Paris for at least a month.

By little and by little, since the day the steamer left New York, the man of money had felt increasing respect for the man of mind. He saw that he was honored by those who were themselves honorable; that he was known and highly esteemed by distinguished men in Paris and throughout Europe, while his name had scarcely been heard of beyond his own city. There was no mistake about this. It was all plain as daylight. The humble book-keeper was a greater man than the purse-proud merchant.

The severest conflict between pride and necessity that ever took place in Mr. Loring's mind, was that which ended in a determination to call upon Mr. Benedict. What his reception would be he knew not, nor could he fix upon any mode of address, on meeting him, that was satisfactory.

At length, after hours of hesitation and debate, and a re-consideration of the whole matter, the merchant left his hotel and proceeded to that of the old friend whom he had cast off years before as beneath him in social rank and real worth. Gradually his respect for him had been rising, until now he rather looked up than down upon him, as the possessor of something far more intrinsically excellent than any thing of which he could boast. Known throughout all Europe! The honored guest of the American Minister! Courted by men of learning and distinction in Paris! His very name a paseport into the first circles, and an introduction to the most eminent men of the day! What had he been thinking about? Where were his eyes, that he had not before seen this rising star, now suddenly revealed to him, shining in beauty and splendor? Respect was easily changed into a feeling of deference. As distinctly as he could Mr. Loring, endeavored to recall to his mind the appearance and manner of Mr. Benedict, during the voyage across the Atlantic. This he could not do very distinctly, as he had kept out of his way as much as possible. Still he could recollect that there was ease, self-possession, dignity of manner, and the consciousness of power. These were the visible marks of a great man about him—not so much perceived at the time as recognized, now that they were remembered.

This was the state of mind, and such were the thoughts that oppressed Mr. Loring, as he started on his humiliating errand. He, of course, expected to be received with coldness and dignity, if received at all. It might be that Mr. Benedict would decline renewing the acquaintance that he had almost rudely dropped, which, under the circumstances, would be mortifying in the extreme, and compel him to de-

cline the invitation to dine with the American Minister.

His card sent up, the merchant awaited the return of the porter with serious misgivings at heart. When that functionary returned, and signified that Mr. Benedict would be happy to receive him, he proceeded toward his apartments in a state of mind such as he had never before experienced, and certainly never wished to experience again. A door was thrown open by the porter, and a man, in the prime of life, stood near the centre of the room. His quiet, thoughtful face, and calm, steady eye, so well remembered, and so little changed by time, was lit up instantly by a warm, frank smile, so natural and familiar, that it seemed the smile of years before, when they met as intimate friends. He stepped forward quickly, and grasped Mr. Loring's extended hand.

The merchant was subdued and humbled. He could hardly utter the words that rose to his tongue. He stood in the presence of one who was superior to himself, and who yet assumed no consequence. The beauty and true nobility of this he clearly saw, because it affected himself. He felt that Benedict possessed a generous, manly spirit and a true heart, of the real worth of which he had never before had any conception.

In the interview that followed this meeting, no allusion was made to the voyage across the Atlantic by either party. The conversation mostly referred to former years and events.

When they separated, Mr. Loring was in some doubt as to the real greatness of his old friend. He saw nothing in him that he had not seen before. Not a brilliant sentence was uttered; nothing out of the common order was apparent in his conversation. He even permitted the query to arise in his mind whether or no he had not been overrated? Whether distance had not lent enchantment to the view? This was his state of mind when he met him again at the American Minister's, surrounded by some of the most celebrated men of learning in Paris; but it changed after Benedict had been toasted, and he replied in an address of great beauty, force, and originality, that enchained the attention of every one. Loring was lost in astonishment and admiration; nor was he less surprised at the apparent unconsciousness of being more than an ordinary man manifested by his every act and word during the few hours that he observed him in the midst of these eminent men, with the best of whom he could not but acknowledge him, from what he then saw, to be equal.

The man of money did not again come in contact with the man of mind during his tour in Europe; nor has he met him since his return home. But now, and he cannot but wonder why it was not so before, he hears the name of Professor Benedict frequently mentioned, and often meets with it in the public journals. Whenever he does so, the feeling of purse-proud superiority that has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, has a leaf withered, a flower blighted, or a branch riven from the stem. But the roots of that feeling are vigorous, and strike deeply into a rich soil. Although its very luxuriant growth is at times checked, yet we cannot hope to see the plant destroyed. It is too well matured, and its aliment too abundant.

A MAY SONG.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

HURRAH! for sweet May, it is here with its brightness,
The songs of the birds, and the breath of the flowers,
The sighs of the zephyrs, that woo with their lightness,
And hasten the steps of the Summer's glad hours;
The earth is all gladness—the sky is all beaming
With rose-tinted shadows of beauty and light,
As rich as those insects whose golden wings gleaming
Are twined in the hair of the maidens at night.

The soft balmy air through the casement is singing
In tones of delight to the bud and the bee—
Like the laughter of girlhood in ecstasy ringing,
When the first star of evening has bidden them free—
In the depths of the forest the wild vine is creeping
Around the huge oak with its blossoms of gold—
And, curtained with leafiness, flowerets are sleeping,
Surrounded with perfume and beauty untold.

Come out with the sunrise!—all Nature is glowing—
Each hill-top is bathed in the morn's early beams;
In the valley the fragrance of spring-time is blowing,
To scatter the mists from the flower-margined streams;
On the greensward the footsteps of children are straying,
As free as the gambols of Summer's pure air,
As, ladened with health, from the mountain 't is playing.
And tossing each ringlet of gold-colored hair.

With an echo of music the river is laving
Its white pebbled shore, as it dances along;
Now sunshine, now shade o'er its clear bosom waving,
Like the world's beaten pathway, half sorrow, half song.
Far, far in the distance, the ocean is lying,
As calm and as tideless as infancy's breast;
While the last lingering rays of the purple light dying
Is shed on its face ere it sinks into rest.

And then comes the *eve* with its moonlight and dreaming,
When melody floats on each whisper and sigh.
When eyes are as bright as the stars that are gleaming,
And hearts are as free as the breeze passing by.
In the wildwood the song of the night-bird is blending
With the light tread of dancers, and shoutings of mirth,
Whilst all round are the *rosy boy's* arrows descending,
And *love*, like our joys, has a star-lighted birth.

The Summer's young Ganymedes' cup is o'erflowing
With dew-drops, distilled from the Spring's early morn,
As pure as the breath of the west wind that 's blowing,
Or wishes deep down in a maiden's heart born;
Then a health for sweet May! what heart is not swelling
As the mild air of Summer comes soft o'er the brow,
And a thousand bright tokens all round us are telling
That the May-day of *Youth* and *Affection* is now.



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cline the invitation to dine with the American Minister.

a brilliant sentence was uttered; nothing out

And tossing each ringlet of gold-colored hair.

And a thousand bright tokens all round us are telling
That the May-day of *Youth* and *Affection* is now.

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arm of a male friend, unless she is betrothed to him; talking is allowed, fortunately.

As we climbed to the terraces of the castle, we could see the thread of the Rhine, in the distance, sparkling through the haze. The light air which came down the Neckar was fragrant with pine and the first falling leaves of summer trees. The vineyards below us were beginning to look crisp and brown, but hanging from stake to stake the vines were bent down by blue clusters, with the bloom still upon them. Troops of light-hearted students, children, blue-eyed and blond-haired, and contented citizens, were taking the same path, and like them, we forgot every thing but the sense of present happiness.

We had a table spread upon the upper balcony of the inn, after our scattered forces returned from many a long ramble up the glen and out on the meadows. Frau Dr. S—— ordered a repast, and the "landlady's daughter"—not the sweet maid of Uhland's song, but a stout-armed and stout-waisted damsel—brought us a jar of curds, dripping with the cool water in which it had stood. A loaf of brown bread next made its appearance, followed by a stone jug of foaming beer, and two or three dishes of those prune-tarts peculiar to Germany, completed the fare. On the porch below us, two or three musicians played waltzes, and the tables around the fountain were filled with students, laughing, clinking their beer-glasses, or trolling some burschen chorus. Our own table did not lack the heartiest spirit of mirth; this could not be otherwise so long as Frau Dr. S—— sat at the head of it. The students were gay and full of life, and even Dr. S——, the most earnest and studious of the party, was so far influenced by the spirit of the time, that he sang the "King of Thule" with more warmth than I had thought possible.

The afternoon sped away like a thought, and Heidelberg was forgotten until the faint sound of its evening chimes came up the valley. We returned in time to see a glowing sky fade over the mountains of Alsatia, and then first, as the twilight gathered, came the remembrance of home—a remembrance which did not chide the happiness of the day.

One of these excursions was accompanied by a different and less agreeable finale. A small party had been arranged to visit the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, on the summit of the Holy Mountain. I had ascended it previously, after an hour's climbing, directly up the side, but as ladies were to accompany us, it was necessary to take a winding road, two or three miles in length, to reach the chapel. We mounted, by flights of steps through the terraced vineyards, to the Philosopher's Walk, followed it to a retired glen called the Angels' Meadow, and then entered a forest-road. The wind roared loudly among the trees, and the sky grew darker as we ascended, but we took little heed of these signs. Finally, however, on reaching a rocky point whence we could look down on the Rhine-plain, we were somewhat alarmed to see a heavy rain-cloud approaching from the west. The chapel was still half a mile distant, and its open walls and dismantled towers could afford us no protection, so there was nothing left but to turn about and descend with all speed.

The rain had just crossed the Rhine, and would probably be half an hour in reaching us, and as we could trace its misty advance on the sheet of landscape below us, we hoped to time our rate of walking so as to reach some shelter before it struck the mountain. Vain hope!—before we reached the Angels' Meadow the wind fairly howled among the trees, and swept over us, laden with dust and showers of leaves. The rain followed, and as our path led over the exposed ridge of the mountain, the arrows of the storm smote pitilessly in our faces. The ladies shrieked, the men groaned, and, like Norval's barbarians, we "rushed like a torrent,"—and with a torrent—"upon the vale." When we arrived at the village of Neuenheim the shower was nearly over, but it might have continued all day, without more effect upon us.

The village of Ziegelhausen, up the Neckar, with its grim old convent, gardens and cascades, and the delightful arbors of vine, reaching down to the very brink of the river, is another favorite place of resort. The pastor of its church, who was familiar with our German friends, would frequently join us in an afternoon walk, followed by a cup of tea in the garden of the inn, and frequently by a share in the games of the village children. The pastor was a most jovial, genial character; he sang very finely—indeed, he was brother to the *primo tenore* in the Opera at Brunswick—and his wit was inexhaustible. His religion was as genuine as his cheerfulness; it was no gloomy ascetism, which looked on mirth as sin, but a joyous, affectionate and abounding spirit, bright as God's sunshine and as unconscious of its blessing. How happily passed those September afternoons, warmed by such true social feeling, and refreshed by all the kindly influences of nature! If a return like this to the simple joys of the child's heart be but obtained by the mature age of a nation, I could almost wish this country might grow old speedily. The restless energy of Youth is still upon us. The nation overflows with active impulses, which fear nothing, and yield to nothing. We have not yet felt the need of Rest.

I have said nothing of my struggles with the perverse German language—my daily sieges, advancing from trench to trench, till the strong fortress was stormed and all its priceless stores in my possession. I have not spoken of my blunders arising from ignorance and inexperience, nor the novelty of customs and life so different from ours. These would be tedious, nor are they necessary to give some impression of Heidelberg in its most delightful season. The most romantic and picturesque of all German cities, and therefore most thronged by romance-hunting tourists, its good old social character is still happily preserved. The last Revolution has fortunately spared it, and in spite of railroads beside its mountains, and steamboats on the Neckar, it will be for many years to come one of the pleasantest spots in Europe.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

THE grass of the field shall be now my theme,
For when winter is past, and the snow
Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
No flowers that in loveliness grow
More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call aloud
For every thing glad to come forth;
And when the sun bursts from his rainbow-cloud,
As the rain passes off to the north—
It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
The green grass of the field, so glistening and bright.

Happy children love in the grass to play,
Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
And there the wild bees gather honey all day
From the clover so blushing and sweet,
And find no stores that the garden can yield
Are richer than those from the grass of the field.

The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
And methinks when he soars to the skies,
And sings the clear notes that all others surpass,
His gladness must surely arise
From the lowly content of that innocent breast,
Which finds in the grass of the field a safe nest.

There are few who notice the delicate flower
That blooms in the grass at their feet,
Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or bower
Is not fairer, or more complete;
And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field.

The mower comes out so busy and blythe,
At the dawn of a summer's day,
And the tall waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
Is cut down and withers away:
But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still.

And while on the perishing grass we look,
A soft voice in the summer wind
Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
To the humble and thoughtful mind.
"All flesh is as grass," it will seem to say—
"Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away."

But oh! we will hope with a faith secure—
Through the years of this mortal strife—
On the words of the Lord, which forever endure,
For in them is eternal life:
Thus lessons of truth all our pleasures will yield,
And wisdom we'll learn from the grass of the field.

TO ÁN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

THY natal morn hath dawned again
With pure and cloudless ray;
May Peace and Hope attend thy steps,
Sweet sister, on this day.

It is the first that ever found
Me severed from thy side,
And tears will mingle with my prayer
At morn and eventide.

For I have yearned to lay my hand
In blessing on thy brow,
And speak the earnest words of love
That stir my spirit now;

Have longed, but longed in vain, to meet
The dark and sunny eye,
That has from childhood been to me
A star in every sky.

Have sought amid a stranger band
The smile I loved so well,
And lived in spirit o'er again
A sorrowful farewell!

And thou hast missed a warm caress,
And wept its loss, I know,
For we were joined as flowers that spring
From the same root below;

The early sunbeam as it stole
Across our quiet room,
Seemed to thy tearful eyes to wear
An all unwonted gloom.

And low winds seemed with mournful wail
The forest leaves to thrill,
As memory whispered that thou hadst
A vacant place to fill.

But we have loved as few can love,
For years, through storm and shine,
And though our paths lie separate now,
Thy heart still clings to mine.

By childhood's smiles and youth's gay dreams,
By memories of the dead,
By the stern discipline of grief,
My soul to thine is wed:

Links as eternal as the prayer
We used to breathe at even,
As ever-during as the vow
That binds us unto Heaven.

Then blessings on thee, dearest one,
My heart leaps o'er the sea;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
May God watch over thee.

TASTE.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

This seems a little word, while we repeat it less than one second of time is consumed, yet in its signification it is a great word—a word of vast and unmeasured import:

By it we understand a just appreciation of the good, the beautiful, the pleasant, the worthy and the useful:

Still it is not alike to all: Tastes differ with characters, and characters with men. By an all wise Creator was this so ordained, and in every thing we see the wisdom and the beauty of His system.

Suppose, for instance, we pass in fancy around this vast globe, as we progress onward, countries, climates, men and characters undergo every conceivable grade of change. Gradually we pass from regions inhabited by enlightened men—men of learning and deep research, men to whom Science seems to have lent her very self, until we come to a race of beings between whom and the brute creation there is scarcely a demarcation: Yet each and every one of these thousands upon thousands of countless beings has his own peculiar sphere of action, and his own especial tastes, adapted to his position and circumstances.

Taste may, however, be improved or debased, elevated to the highest appreciations, the noblest conceptions, or lowered to the most sordid views, the most groveling level, and this is left to man himself—to rise or fall, to sink or soar, is left to his own choice, and is within his own power.

Of course this remark is not unqualified, it is not intended that the natives of Central Africa, or of the inhabited regions around the Poles, can improve their moral condition, and rise to the same high standard as may the enlightened nations of Europe or of our own loved country. To assert such a thing would be preposterous, to expect it ridiculous. Our resources are not their resources, our advantages not theirs, but there is implanted in the breast of every man a frame-work and basis, with which, and upon which, he may build something that shall make him better than he now is. And the greater his advantages, the vaster the amount of material furnished him wherewith to work, the more will be expected of him, and higher and higher will the eyes of men rise, seeking for the pinnacles of that temple of the mind which they of a right expect him to rear.

To ensure without fail the meeting of their views, (perchance to surpass them,) it is not sufficient to seize indiscriminately and pile block upon block, and stone upon stone. It is not sufficient to heap up a vast mountain of brick and mortar, jumbled together without taste or elegance, and then write upon it—This is Parian marble—these are classic proportions. This will not do, the cheat will be found out, and Ridicule will mingle her laughter with the shouts and jeers of the multitude as they mock and scan the shallow attempt at imposition.

What then is to be done?

This—let us seek Taste, let us acquaint ourselves with her, coax her, court her, make her our own and we are safe. But we must be sure it is no impostor, no false being who assumes the name, for there are such, and they are to be shunned. We must "be sure we are right, then" onward, right onward.

True taste will teach us to select the choice blocks, the finely grained and unflawed marble, she will bid us to reject the huge, coarse, glittering rocks with which some will strive to dazzle our eyes and mislead our judgment, and cause us to turn aside from those brittle and perishing kinds which will scarce bear handling.

Having chosen our materials, now let us build. Up go the blocks one after another, and high the temple grows. Day by day it increases in height, but why is it men stand and gaze with mortified and disappointed looks upon the structure? Why do no sounds of encouragement, no acclamations and shouts of admiration reach the ear? Hear the reason—we sought Taste—we courted her, we bid her aid us seek our materials, and teach us how to judge of them. She did so—that done we scorned her aid, we forgot her, and trusting in ourselves we reared a vast work of folly.

But "*nil desperandum*," there is yet time. Tear down the monument of heedlessness and call Taste to teach us once again. Faithful she returns at our bidding. Now hark to the sound of the mallet and chisel as they ring against the stone, chip by chip of superfluous material is worked away, piece by piece which is unneeded is broken off and thrown aside until some other work shall call them into use.

Now seems to become exhumed, as from a grave of stone and rubbish, the massive pedestal, the firm base, the graceful column, the sculptured capital and the rich cornice. Day by day, and hour by hour, these multiply in true and classic beauty, and higher and higher skyward soars the now elegant structure, until, amid the shouts and admiration of the world, the voice of Reason proclaims that Taste has fashioned it.

This, then, is an edifice, a work worthy of the mind, formed from materials the choicest within man's reach, wrought out and builded by the hand of Taste; it is worthy to be gazed upon, to be admired and copied by all.

Age after age will go by, but still it will stand firm, and beautiful, and admired as when the artist gave

the last stroke, and proclaimed it to the world as finished.

Are proofs required, among the names of the ancients may be found those time-honored and long worshiped ones of Lysippus, Polycletus, Praxiteles, Timanthes, Appelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, Ovid, Pollio, Catullus, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes, Orpheus, Archilocus and Timotheus, together with many, many of their cotemporaries, for whose names I have no space, but whose memories are still, and still are to be, revered.

Following in the path which these have hewn through the thickets of prejudice and ignorance comes a long bright train. Amidst the stars of this latter day firmament gleam conspicuous the names of Banks, Young, Cole, West, White, Vandyck, Tasso, Titian, Rittenhouse, Mozart, Milton, Crabbe, Gallileo and Godfry, and ever and anon new and brilliant planets flash forth and shed their glad effulgence around.

Could this be without Taste?

It could not. Glorious and rich and varied as are the works of those whose efforts and the productions of whose minds have tended to elevate and improve our condition, they never could have been without Taste to suggest—Taste to aid, and Taste to accomplish the mighty, the stupendous, the gigantic works they have wrought.

What was it, let us inquire, that induced the ancient Egyptians to build the city of Thebes in such glorious magnificence that even its ruins produced effects upon historians to cause them to be immortalized? Homer tells of her hundred gates, from each of which two hundred chariots and ten thousand warriors could issue at a time. To her palaces painting and sculpture had lent all their art, combining to render this city one of the glories of the world. Was not this Taste?

What, too, induced them to erect those monuments of the strength of man and tyranny of kings—the Obelisks and Pyramids, to erect them in such huge size and vast strength that still they stand, as through long ages they have stood, firm and immovable as the "everlasting hills?"

Taste.

Need we ask Astronomy, that grand and elevating science, the contemplation of which forces upon us our own insignificance, and raises us from "Nature up to Nature's God"—that science which teaches us to admire and wonder, to gaze and fear, to glorify and adore the *Great Being* who formed "Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades." Need we ask to what considerations upon the part of man we are indebted for the important and immense researches which all lie open to us, which teach us to trace out the constellations, and "call the stars by their names"—which drew Phytheas from his home and caused him to wander unsatisfied with the observations he was able to make in his own country, from the Pillars of Hercules to the mouth of the Tanais—which made Egypt, Rome, Spain, France, Germany and Denmark the cradles of the then infant science?

Is it necessary to reply it is Taste?

Turn we then to Philosophy, and in the deep researches of Thales, the moral reasoning of Socrates, the eloquence of Plato, and the disinterestedness of Zenocrates read of Taste.

Chemistry, with all its brilliant discoveries, and Rhetoric, in its elegance, speak of it.

Music, Oratory, History, Geography, Grammar and Physic are each and all of them proofs of Taste in its truth and purity; and Poetry shouts forth with glad and eager pride Eureka! we have found it.

The beauty, delicacy and usefulness of Botany, the rich and varied hue of the flowers, those "gems of earth," whisper softly to us of Taste; and the importance of Anatomy proves it.

Metaphysics and Geometry demonstrate its truth; while the wild bird's carol hymns forth its notes of praise and gladness to the Creator of it and of that element of man's happiness, Taste.

It is here, it is there, it is everywhere, one grand, pervading principle, one first element, one chief ingredient of all things.

It was implanted in the mind by *Him* who formed us, and it is as much the duty of man to cultivate and improve his taste, as it is his duty to improve and cultivate any other talent lent him to keep; and he will be considered no more excusable for wrapping this precious deposit in a napkin and hiding it away than was the servant of old, who buried the talent until the coming of his lord. Let us then cultivate Taste, each according to the kind and portion given us.

It has been said that "every man is born to excel in something, and the only reason so many fail is they mistake their calling." Be this as it may, it sounds marvelously like sense, and it would be well for every one to examine strictly, that he may discover wherein it is intended he shall excel, and what the peculiar Taste or Tastes may be which, to himself, to society at large, and to a *higher power* than either, it is his duty to cultivate.

Yet although Taste has been given us, and we are required to improve and use it to the best advantage, it is not intended there are no other gifts bestowed on man which can equal it. That would be to assume for it more than could well be proven. It is intended that Taste shall act as a means of enjoyment and happiness, as a means whereby we can investigate causes, and admire and apply effects—a means whereby we can dive into the very depths of science and open the sealed treasure-house of knowledge—a means of searching out the beauties and glories of creation, and comprehending, as far as the mind of man is capable of comprehending, the wonderful omnipotence of the Deity.

and was replaced by a similar garment of the most striking colors. Turks, Chinese and the old traditional characters were exiled to the places of popular amusement, and the great room of the Opera was filled with Caius Marius, Dentatus, Cicero, Mutius Scævola, Pericles, Lycurgus, Cymon and Herodotus. The charm, however, was gone; the new society had no traditions; the people composing it were almost ignorant of each other, and the playful badinage of which the old balls had been the scene was lost forever. The *Jeunesse Dorée*, as the courtiers of the Directory and Consulate were called, frequented these balls most faithfully, but the old prestige was destroyed, and families were not seen as they had been in the days of old.

It is strange with what rapidity from the epoch of the Directory a taste for luxury and pleasure sprung up in the minds of the people. Music again resumed its sway, and a hundred places of public amusement were opened. One of the most significant evidences that the late or present French Revolution is not yet over, is the fact that as yet public amusements do not thrive, and that the people look elsewhere for excitement than to the stage and concert. The most curious of all spectacles is the stormy deliberation of the Assembly, and the artistes of the Executive power the most attractive of all performers.

Gradually a disposition *to make a figure* inoculated society. As the Revolution became distant luxury increased. Yet it was not the *faste* of old monarchy, but a new splendor, which the persons left on the surface of society by the *bouleversement* of all orders threw around them. The women in the lowness of the bosoms of their dresses descended below even the modesty required by the Regency. and the *incroyables* became more fantastic than the *marquis*. The following was the costume they adopted, and a more tasteless one can scarcely be conceived:



They were not so richly dressed as their predecessors, nor were they so elegant and graceful, but their manners were quite as affected. Then came again the taste for gallant acrostics and love songs, which caused the poetry of the Cheniers to be forgotten for *fantasies* addressed to the popular actresses. This prodigality was the more criminal because it had a contrast in alarming want. The Revolution did not make France more rich, nor did the hecatombs slain in defence of the liberty of the country make the cornfields and vineyards more fruitful. French prodigality was imitated everywhere, and to this recklessness may we attribute the fact of the great increase of the expense of dress in every grade of society over all the civilized world.

The mode of wearing the hair for men had long become fixed; it was cropped and *au naturel*, and has thus remained to our own day. The male costume became every day more and more inelegant. Frocks were worn short, loose and broad; pantaloons loose as a sailor's lasted to a late day of the empire. This costume had but one merit, simplicity, a quality inspection of the following engraving will show it to have possessed in a great degree.



All embroidery was abandoned. In 1803 the coat had taken its definite form, where there is every prospect that it will remain permanent. It had an immense collar and was very short before, but it was yet a coat. Pantaloons were by no means what they are now, yet still the garment is unchanged. The hat had become round, and the cravat was stationary.

This brings us to the end of our subject. From the doublet of Louis XIV. costume has been traced to our time, and an impartial observer will be satisfied we have lost nothing by the change; for none who compare the garments of the *schneiders* of our own era with those of the Latours or Justins of old, will think good taste has retrograded, or dream of comparing the bucket-like things which once were worn

on the head, with the tasteful and artistic hats of Oakford. Thus ends this disquisition on dress, which, believe me, is no trifle; and the evidence of it is, that nothing more ridiculous can be conceived than would be a President, a Senate, or a Supreme Court *in puris naturalibus*.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE CAT-BIRD.

THE Cat-Bird is one of our earliest morning songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness when there is scarcely light sufficient to distinguish him. His favorite note is the one from which he takes his name, and is known to every farmer's boy in the United States. It so exactly resembles the mewing of a kitten as to be invariably taken for it by the uninitiated; and when a number of these birds get together it is difficult to resist the impression that all the feline residents of an entire village are gravely discussing some important subject. But in addition to this rather singular tone, the Cat-Bird has a variety of others, made up, it is true, mostly of imitations, but blended together with considerable strength and melody. The Cat-Bird is indeed no mean songster, and when listened to attentively is capable of at once pleasing and interesting. He is one of the most familiar of the feathered race, seeming to have very little dread of man, and building his nest in every garden hedge. His confidence is but too often repaid with death; and notwithstanding his friendly habits he is persecuted with singular and unrelenting prejudice by every inmate of the farm-house. It must be acknowledged that he sometimes revenges himself by drafts upon the strawberry-beds and cherry-trees.

The Cat-Bird is one of the most prolific of the feathered race, and were he to fly in flocks would darken the air. He probably winters in Florida, from whence he reaches Georgia early in March. In the following month he appears in Pennsylvania. His nest is generally finished by the beginning of May. The place is usually a hawthorn fence, a small tree, briers, brambles or a thick vine. The female lays four eggs, of a greenish blue color, and sometimes raises three broods in a season. In affection and attention to their young the Cat-Bird is unsurpassed. The cry of man imitating their brood will frequently throw her apparently into fits; and in their defence both male and female often risk their lives. He boldly attacks the black-snake, striking him on the head with his bill, until the baffled reptile is glad to withdraw from the coveted nest. It is rare that the female forsakes her eggs, even after they have been handled by man. If one or two be broken she continues to sit upon the others; and if strange eggs are put in she, with the assistance of her mate, turns them out. If the nest be removed to another situation she follows it and continues to sit as before.

The Cat-Bird is nine inches long, of a deep slate color above, which fades into a lighter tint on the breast and throat. The legs, bill and tail are black, with some red about the latter. He is sometimes domesticated, and in the cage will eat fruit, insects, bread, cakes, and nearly every kind of vegetable. He is fond of the water, and, when wild, frequently

dashes through it with great velocity. The species is said to reach as far north as Kamschatka.

The author of the American Ornithology thus philosophizes on the ungrounded antipathy against this harmless and interesting bird:

"Even those by whom it is entertained, can scarcely tell you why; only they 'hate Cat-Birds;' as some persons tell you they hate Frenchmen, they hate Dutchmen, etc., expressions that bespeak their own narrowness of understanding and want of liberality. Yet, after ruminating over in my own mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit upon some of them; the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste, and clashing of interest, between the Cat-Bird and the farmer.

"The Cat-Bird is fond of large, ripe garden-strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in the market; the Cat-Bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of the early fruit; the Cat-Bird has a particular partiality for the finest, ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites with the farmer. But the Cat-Bird has frequently the advantage of the farmer, by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats, wind-mills, and scare-crows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits; and nothing but this resource—the ultimatum of farmers as well as kings—can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with the gun; and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies, that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the Cat-Bird, so like the mewing of the animal whose name it bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, the homeliness of its plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal and persecuting prejudice; but with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and rural charms, the confidence which the familiar bird places in man, by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners, will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches.



THE CHICADEE.

This bird is also known as the Black-capt Titmouse. It is an active, hardy animal, abounding in the Northern and Middle States, Canada, and as far north as the 60th parallel. It is a familiar and amusing bird, often making its appearance in our cities in fall or winter, and approaching near to man, in order to glean from his bounty or carelessness a supply of food. During the same seasons large flocks scour the fields and woods in search of insects, larvæ, seeds and berries. Kernels containing oil, and the fat of animals are greedily devoured by them. When all these fail, they enter barns, sheds, and the roofs of houses, clearing them of moths, eggs of insects, spiders and wood-worms. They appear to be very little affected by extreme cold, being provided with thick downy feathers, and a constitution naturally robust. In winter, numbers collect on a snow-bank, and swallow small pieces, either to slake thirst or for pleasure. On such occasions, and generally when collecting food, they keep up a continual chattering, which renders their places of haunt easy of discovery.

The Chicadee builds in the hollows of trees, the nest being constructed of moss, feathers, and similar soft materials. The eggs are from six to a dozen in number, white, speckled with red. They rear two broods in a season. The young are strong and lively, requiring little assistance from the old ones, but living with them, as one family, through the fall and winter.

Beside the usual chicking note of this bird, from whence its name, it has a harsh angry tone, to express anger or fright, and a kind of melancholy wail, approaching a song. Sometimes its voice is said to resemble the noise produced by sharpening a saw. "These birds," says Wilson, "sometimes fight violently with each other, and are known to attack young and sickly birds that are incapable of resistance, always directing their blows against the skull. Being in the woods one day, I followed a bird for

some time, the singularity of whose notes surprised me. Having shot him from off the top of a very tall tree, I found it to be the Black-Headed Titmouse, with a long and deep indentation in the cranium, the skull having been evidently at some former time drove in and fractured, but was now perfectly healed. Whether or not the change of voice could be owing to this circumstance, I cannot pretend to decide." The unnatural practice of destroying their sick is however denied of these birds by late writers.

The Chicadee is five and a half inches in and six in extent. The whole upper part of th and neck is black, and the body a mouse-col has often been confounded with the European Titmouse, but there seems good reason to c this as an error. The foreign bird is never s flocks, frequents streams or water-courses, an note quite different from that of the Chicadee. also an inch shorter.

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them, one by one,
Fainting on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day,
While the wolves that howled anon
Slink to dens and coverts foul,
Guarded by the demon owl,
Who, last night, with mocking croon
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
And with eyes that blankly glared
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
Still the nightingale doth sing—
All the isle, alive with Spring,
Lies, a jewel of delight
On the blue sea's heaving breast:
Not a breath from out the West,
But some balmy smell doth bring
From the sprouting myrtle buds,
Or from meadows wide, that lie
Each a green and dazzling sky,
Paved with yellow cowslip-stars,
Cloud-like, crossed by roseate bars
Of the bloomy almond woods,
And lit, like heaven, with fairest sheen
Of the sun that hangs between.
All is life that I can spy,
To the farthest sea and sky,
And my own the only pain
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
All this orb of cloudless shine,
All this youth in Earth's old veins
Tingling with the Spring's sweet wine,
With a sharper torment pain me.
Pansies, in soft April rains
And April's sun, from Thea's lap
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap,
But the sluggish blood she brings
To the tough Pine's hundred rings,
Closer locks their cruel hold,
Closer draws the scaly bark
Round my prison, lightning-riven;
So when Winter, wild and dark,
Vexes wave and writhing wold
And with murk vapor swathes the heaven,
I must feel the vile bat creep
In my narrow cleft, to sleep.
By this coarse and alien state
Is my dainty essence wronged;
The fine sense that erst belonged
To my nature, chafes at Fate,
Till the happier elves I hate,
Who in moonlight dances turn
Underneath the palmy fern,
Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linkéd hands
To the Ocean's yellow sands.

The primrose-bells each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the airs that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained—
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.
Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands,
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brine,
Tenantless of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.
O the songs that sung might be
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
And the Pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds, that from the Cyclades
Came, to ruffle with foul riot
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
Bore my wailings on the seas;
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Smarting in the cloven Pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which, perchance, shall set me free
From the damned witch, Sycorax.




UNIV. OF MICH.

REMINISCENCES;

OR AUNT ABBY'S PINCUSHION.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

Reader, do you love old houses, old books, old pieces of furniture, old chairs, in short, all the relics of antiquity which fashionable people usually discard and despise? If so, there is a bond of sympathy between us, and I shall not be afraid to rake among the cold ashes of the past for some unconsumed remnant of other days, even though I find only trifles to reward my search. The very table on which I write, black with age, and wearing a polish which nothing but years and years of manual labor could have given it, owes its peculiar favor in my eyes to the fact of its being more than a century old. What stories could it not tell of days gone by; what reminiscences of tea-drinkings, and christenings, and weddings, and funerals must be imbedded in every pore of the old mahogany!

But for real hearty enjoyment of such a taste for homely antiquities, commend me to an old-fashioned secretary, (*that* is the true name—*bureau* is but a modern Gallicism,) with its desk, and pigeon-holes, and secret-drawers, especially if it have been an heirloom in possession of a maiden aunt, who died a spinster of seventy-two, or thereabouts. What stores of relics it contains—locks of hair taken from the heads of pretty children, whom we only recollect as wrinkled old bodies that seemed never to have been young; mourning-rings, with obituary inscriptions of persons whose existence we should never have known but for this record of their death; golden knee-buckles and sparkling paste shoe-buckles, reminding us of the days when the dress of a gentleman was hopelessly inimitable to the rowdies and loafers of the period; fragments of wedding-gowns, carefully rolled in bits of linen, yellow with age—preserved in order to impress the next generation with due respect for some wizened-up, childish old lady, who was once a belle, and was married in a dress of silver brocade.

Perhaps, too, there are more tender memorials hidden in the secret drawer. Let us touch the spring, and lo! what trophies of love's power are there. Shall we pause to read these verses? The ink is almost faded out, the paper is falling to pieces in its folds, and he who wrote, and she who with fluttering heart first read those tender lines, have long since been dust and ashes. Here is a quaint old ring—two hands clasped together, and within the circle an inscription in old English characters—the single word, "*Forever.*" She who once wore that ring was an angel upon earth, and he who placed it there, lived and died "as the beasts that perish;" will their union be, indeed, *forever?* Look at that bracelet, woven of soft, silken hair, its golden clasps are dimmed with age, but the hair still wears its rich sunshiny lustre, though she who bestowed it as a parting gift to a sister, has been long a tenant of the tomb. What is this, folded so carefully and so closely, like one of the mummied mysteries of the pyramids? A curl, a thick, dark curl—not the long flowing tress that might have floated over woman's graceful neck; these crisped and glossy tendrils tell of the strength and beauty of manhood. A faint perfume rises from the inner folds of the envelope—the ashes of a rose are there enclosed. And this is all! But what a tale do these scanty memorials of a by-gone love impart to the beholder! What matters it that the details of the story are forgotten? What matters it whether the lady or her lover were to blame? It was a love tender and true, but yet unhappy, else wherefore the curl of raven hair so carefully cherished, and the dead rose so reverently buried beside the more life-like memento? The love which brings happiness becomes diffusive in its expression, and the love-tokens of the youth and maiden are hidden, in after-days, beneath the accumulation of affection's later offerings. But when one flower becomes the treasure of a life-time; when one lock of hair is guarded like the heart's pearl of price, then be sure that the hallowing touch of sorrow has been there. It is only when grief and love go hand in hand, that trifles become holy relics wherever they tread. Alas! do we not all wear upon our hearts a reliquary, in which, impearled with tears, and adorned with the fine gold of our best affections, we have enshrined some fragment of the past, whose value we alone can tell?

But I am growing sad, serious, and, of course, dull; yet the object which led me into this train of thought was certainly not calculated to inspire any especial exhibition of sentiment. I was rummaging in such a secretary as I have described, when I accidentally pulled out a round pincushion, banded with silver about the middle, and attached to a substantial silver chain, which terminated in a broad hook, for the purpose of fastening it to the girdle of some thrifty housewife. On the heavily-wrought circlet which made the equinoctial line of the purple velvet globes which had been doomed to do duty in so humble a capacity, were the initials "*A. L.*," and I at once recognized it as the constant appendage of my respected and venerated relative, Aunt Abby.

I had just been reading a paragraph respecting the female clubs in Paris, and the sight of this relic of old times, reminded me of the fact that poor Aunt Abbey had lived just half a century too soon, for to

the day of her death the old lady's favorite topic of conversation was the "equality of the sexes." How would she have rejoiced in the modern attempts to enfranchise woman from her thraldom! how would she have gloried in the idea of woman's equal rights of property! how would she have delighted in the prospect of political privileges for her sex! how she would have expatiated upon the benefits of a female House of Representatives! Aunt Abby (my *great* aunt, by the by) was emphatically an advocate for woman's "*standing alone*," (I believe that is the phrase among the reformers,) and certainly, though she had a father, uncles, cousins, to say nothing of a husband, she succeeded in "*standing alone*," to a certain extent, all her life.

But what, you will say, had a disciple of progress, a defender of woman's rights, a declaimer against woman's slavery, to do with a *pincushion*? Let me sketch her portrait at full length, and then you will see how curiously she blended the duties and prerogatives of both sexes in her own proper person.

Abigal, or, as she was usually called, Abby Leyburn, was the only child of a learned and eccentric clergyman, who, being disappointed in his hope of exercising his theories of education on a son, chose to educate his daughter after the manner of a boy. Fortunately for him, the little girl possessed a singularly strong and quick mind. She grasped at knowledge as most children would at playthings, and imbibed wisdom with as much zest as others would have sucked an orange. Latin, Greek and Hebrew, mathematics, moral philosophy, to say nothing of the lighter accomplishments of botany, geology, and natural history, were *among* the young lady's acquirements. Her father had determined to make her a second Madame Dacier, and he really seemed likely to find her a sort of female *Crichton*. Nor were these all her acquisitions. The details of housekeeping, the thrift, management, and tidiness necessary to the comfort of American homes, was as easy as the alphabet to Abby. She could knit, and spin, and sew; she could bake, and brew, and cook; she could milk, and churn, and make cheese; and nobody could so effectually and rapidly "set things to rights."

Beside all this, Abby Leyburn, at twenty years of age, was one of the handsomest girls in the country. She was like nothing so much as the effigy of Britannia on an English penny. Don't laugh, reader, the comparison is a highly complimentary one, but lest you should not recollect the stately Mrs. Bull, I will describe my heroine. Abby was just six feet high, but magnificently proportioned, a perfect Juno in form, with large black eyes, a high forehead, full red lips, and a chin as massive and as despotic in its expression as Napoleon's. Her profile was superb—bold, strongly-marked, but beautifully classical. Her abundant hair, usually worn back from her brow, and gathered into a knot at the back of her head, was black as the crow's wing. Her teeth were white, strong, and somewhat pointed in shape, a peculiarity which rather impaired the softness of her smile, inasmuch as it was always associated with the beholder's remembrance of a somewhat similar conformation in the dental perfections of the only wild animal who has ever been accused of laughing—I mean the hyena. Not that Abby bore the slightest resemblance to the disagreeable creature just named. But her smile certainly lacked that indefinable charm which usually belongs to such pleasant demonstrations of good humor.

As a specimen of the human animal Abby was perfect. The superb proportions of her well-rounded figure, her complexion, pure, fresh, and radiant with health, her firm step, quick, active motions, and great strength of frame, combined to make her a model of "*le grande e beau physique*." Add to these personal attractions, her learning, and her domestic accomplishments, and one might almost fancy that Aunt Abby, in her younger days at least, came near being

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw"

What did she lack? you will ask. Certainly not virtues, for she abounded in them. No; her defects were of a very different character. She had every thing that one would consider desirable; but Aunt Abby lacked "one sweet weakness." There was the difficulty. She had no *weaknesses*. That magnificent person of hers was brimful of strong, stubborn intellect. If she had a heart, it was only a piece of mechanism, necessary to the workings of the human machine. The brain—the strong, massive, abundant brain, which lay behind that immense forehead, was the only motive power which she acknowledged. Had she no benevolence, no kindly impulses, no yearning tenderness of soul, no sentiment? Not an atom of either; yet she did the most benevolent things in the world, lavished kindness upon all who deserved it, was full of gentleness toward little children, and, if judged by her deeds, would have seemed overflowing with the milk of human kindness. But still it was the dictates of that cold despotic intellect which she obeyed. "People must be in want, and must be relieved by those who had means. Humanity was full of suffering—the healthy must look after the sick. Little children are incipient men and women, therefore must be taken care of. Sentiment was but the *penumbra*, the shadow of a shadow as unsubstantial as itself." Such were among the apothegms of this singular woman. Reversing the established axiom, that "there is nothing in the intellect which does not come by the senses," she seemed to assert that "there was nothing in the senses which did not come by the intellect."

As Mr. Leyburn held the office of president over one of the few institutions of learning then in America, Abby had ample opportunity for displaying her talents and beauty to the admiring eyes of sundry young students. But Abby had no personal vanity; she knew she was handsome, just as she knew she was strong and robust, and she would have scorned the idea of being a belle. The young men, although belonging to that peculiarly inflammable species known by the name of "College Boys," would as

soon have thought of falling in love with the stone image of Minerva on the college-green, as with the president's learned daughter. There was something in her sturdy good sense which everybody rather liked, yet the want of softness and pliability in her character excited a certain dread in all who came near her. Gifted with peculiar powers both of mind and body, she had no compassion for feebleness of frame or infirmity of purpose, for she had no clear perception of such things. Her intellect was like a telescope through which she could examine the grand and the remote, but she could not use it as a microscope to examine the littlenesses of humanity. It is only through the sympathies of the heart that we learn respect for the sufferings, or compassion for the weaknesses of our fellows—and Abby Leyburn had no sympathies, except those of the brain.

Perfectly self-possessed, because thoroughly conscious of her own vast superiority, and utterly indifferent as to the impression she was likely to make, Abby's manners in society had all the elegance and nonchalant ease which fashion tries so hard to teach. She conversed exceedingly well on all subjects, and possessed the gift (most rare among talented women) of making herself as agreeable to her own sex, as to the men. Everybody admired her, yet everybody feared her; everybody acknowledged her rare powers, yet everybody kept at a certain distance. "He comes too near who comes to be denied," so says one of the wits and demi-reps of a past age; but Abby never suffered any one to reach the confines of *Love-Land*, and, of course, none ever attained to *Declaration Point*.

It is difficult to imagine a character like that of Aunt Abby. A woman without softness, and tenderness, and sentiment, seems such an anomaly, that we are tempted to doubt the probability of her possessing any of the qualities we seek in woman. But Abby had all the necessary knowledge of womanly duties, all the considerateness we look for in woman, all the attention to detail which is a woman's peculiar province, and withal was possessed of the most indomitable good humor. She was sententious, because every truth became, in her mind, an axiom, to be stowed away in the smallest possible space; she was dogmatic, because her opinions were made up by her own unaided reflection, and were not to be changed or modified by words. Her self-esteem was prodigious; it was not the puny vanity which is so often dignified with such a title, it was rather a magnificent *Johnsonesque* self-appreciation, precisely like that which looms so grandly beside the vain pettinesses of the biographer of the great lexicographer.

She was certainly a great puzzle to every one. A woman who could quote Longinus, read Homer, expound a disputed text in the Hebrew Bible, chop logic with the most caviling acuteness, and talk of the Differential Calculus as if it were the last new poem, was certainly something of a wonder; but when that same woman was seen seated on the milking-stool, or standing at the churn, or presiding over a blazing oven, or, broom in hand, raising motes in the sunbeams by her vigorous attack upon the "dust of the schools," or displaying the beauty of her Juno-like figure, as she paced to and from the huge spinning-wheel; she was certainly a *world's* wonder. There is a half-remembered story of Aunt Abby's spirit, which no one dares to talk of openly; but it is believed that a certain gentleman, now high in civic honors, received, when a youth of twenty, a severe *caning* from the lady, in consequence of some impertinence, offered when under the influence of a deep potation. But this may be only a piece of scandal.

The circumstances of Aunt Abby's marriage were as peculiar as were her own traits of character. Among the students of the college was a young gentleman of large fortune and fine talents, who was afflicted with a constitutional timidity and nervousness that paralyzed all his powers. He was the only child of a widowed mother, who had foolishly resisted the boy's wish to go to school. He had therefore remained at home under the charge of tutors, and when the death of his mother released him from her affectionate tyranny, he entered college only to find himself inferior in attainments to every one else, and a perfect butt, from his timid shyness. He was full of poetry and sentiment. Among realities he was lost and bewildered, but in the world of fancy he was a hero even to himself.

To a gay set of frolicksome students nothing could offer better game than the mental and personal peculiarities of the rich young Southerner, who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Terricott, (a name soon transmuted into Sampson Tear-your-coat) by his companions. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the association of such a name with such a person. The redoubtable Sampson was some five feet four inches in height, with an exceedingly slight figure, small features of the style usually designated as "*snub-faced*," with a skim-milk complexion, and hair of that *sun-burned* flaxen color, so common among hatless country urchins. His voice was a piping treble, with an occasional tone in it like that of a cracked penny-trumpet. His hands and feet were ridiculously small, and when attired in his college-gown, it required but little caricaturing to draw his portrait in a style decidedly feminine, yet decidedly like. He received all kinds of nicknames for his personal peculiarities, but, perhaps, none annoyed him more than the *soubriquet* of "Miss Dalilah," which was generally bestowed upon him. Yet a mind filled with images of beauty was hidden beneath this unpromising exterior. He had no force of character, no iron strength of intellect, but he had an unbounded imagination, and an unlimited reach of vision into spiritualities. He was a poet, but lacking the key to a poet's harmonies of utterance, he expended his strength in the beautiful cloud-land of metaphysics and became a moral philosopher.

Like all diminutive men Sampson had a decided partiality for large women. The colossal beauty of Abby Leyburn had struck him when he first beheld her, and he loved nothing so well as to contemplate her from a distance, being quite too timid to address himself to her. Now there was in Abby a certain

propensity that might almost be called compassion toward little people. She regarded them as a huge Newfoundland dog often looks upon a poodle—their very insignificance and feebleness seemed a claim upon her protection. It had often been remarked that Miss Leyburn showed especial favor to those whom she denominated "the *poor little* fellows, and no one was surprised, therefore, to find her taking a great fancy to Sampson Terricott. There was something so appealing in his manner, such a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority in his humble demeanor, such an irresistible claim to tender treatment in his timid little voice and stammering speech, that Abby at once took to him as to one of those "incurables" for whom the world is a hospital, and every charitable person ought to be a nurse. To the gentle Sampson the lady became "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." She overshadowed him so completely that he could find repose and refreshment in her presence. Instead of attempting to be any thing, or do any thing, or say any thing, he gave himself up to the enjoymont of a consciousness of perfect insignificance as compared with the splendid creature, who could excel any and every body. It was a comfort to see everybody look small in her presence, but to the nervous student it was a positive luxury to *feel small*, without being mortified and disgraced.

Sampson was not in love with his Minerva, he had no sentiment, no passionate longings for any thing which the world of reality could afford. His loves were all idealities, and could not be prisoned in flesh. But with the same weak fondness that had once tied him to his mother's apron-string, he submitted to the guidance of Abby Leyburn. What were Abby's motives for troubling herself with little Sampson no one knew or cared; but when it was known that she was soon to become Mrs. Terricott, everybody thought that the large fortune of the tiny lover would account for the whole affair.

As usual, the world was mistaken. Abby was as free from all mercenary feelings as she was from all other frailties. But she had her own notions about doing good. She saw in Sampson Terricott a highly imaginative and gifted man, wasting mental power in immature schemes which his timidity thwarted in their very outset, and suffering a fine fortune to be idle in his hands for want of energy to take up his stewardship. He was weak in health, and subject to attacks of morbid spirits which sometimes threatened his reason. In a word, Abby saw that he wanted some one to take care of him, and she fixed upon herself as the fittest person. She was now nine-and-twenty, in the full bloom of health and beauty, and, as she argued, "if society provides no other resource for destitute females than marriage, I must marry, or at my father's death find myself a beggar." Having come to this conclusion, she decided that, as the giving herself a master was out of the question, and the idea of possessing a slave in her husband was equally disagreeable, she had better divide the difference, and unite herself to one who needed a stronger nature on which to rest.

How the courtship was managed no one ever knew I am inclined to think there was not much love-making, and from the kind of dreamy surprise which Sampson exhibited when questioned about his engagement, it is presumed he was scarcely conscious of his own happiness. People said that Miss Leyburn, reversing the usual order of things, had popped the question to Sampson, who stammered out, "Yes," through sheer fright. The probability is that he did exactly as she directed him. She gave him to understand she meant to marry him, and if he offered no resistance, feeling rather pleased at being relieved from responsibility for the rest of his life.

They were married in the chapel of the college, and the half-suppressed glee of the saucy students may be imagined. All the blank walls about the college were filled with caricatures, illustrative of the one idea, "*paired, not matched.*" One of these charcoal libels was particularly annoying, it represented a nondescript and beautiful winged animal—a Hippogriff—with the face of a woman, curving her proud neck beneath a rein held in the hands of Apollo, while directly beneath was a second representation of the same magnificent creature tamely yoked with an ox to the plough.

But Abby cared little for these things, and she would not suffer her husband to pay any attention to them. She made him one of the best wives in the world, and though she was ten years his elder, and thrice as big as he, nobody ever believed that he repented the step he had taken. Their home was at the South, and, during her husband's lifetime, Abby never paid a visit to her early friends. But she was visited by her family connections, and we younger members of the circle were often entertained in childhood by the accounts of Aunt Abby's splendid service of gold-plate, her massive silver ewers and basins in every dressing-room, her Turkey carpets and rich hangings of Gobelin tapestry, and all the paraphernalia of great wealth and magnificent tastes.

When Terricott died, she exhibited her peculiarities of character still more strikingly. She knew people had accused her of marrying for money, and she therefore induced him to make a will, bestowing all his large property upon his own relatives, with the exception of a life-annuity of a thousand dollars to his widow. "I don't want his money," she said, "I took good care of him while he lived, and if he did not become a great man, it was no fault of mine. He was rich, and I used his money freely, because he liked to see fine things and good things around him; but now I have no occupation here, and so I shall go back to my old home, and 'live along.' I dare say something will be given me to do."

So she buried her poor little Sampson, handed over his property to the heirs, and with the first instalment of her annuity in her pocket, came to take up her abode in ——. But her father had been dead for many years, and the place was filled with new people who knew little of her history or of her character. She soon became disgusted with her new home, and removing to New York, established herself there for the rest of her life. In her later years

she gave up taking exercise daily, and in consequence of this she grew immensely large. I have the faintest shadow of a reminiscence respecting her personal appearance at that time. I was a child of perhaps five years old, and had a dear old aunt, who was as little as a fairy, and almost as benevolent. This kind little old body once took me to see our great Aunt Abby; but my head was crammed full of fairy legends and nursery tales, and when I saw an immensely large, fat woman sitting in a chair from which she could not lift her ponderous form, and met the full stare of her great black eyes, I thought of the Ogress who always devoured little children, and immediately set up such a howl of terror that I was sent away in disgrace. She died not long afterward, having lived to count her *ninetieth* birthday. Her disinterestedness left her no fortune to bestow on her relatives, and but for her profile, (which, cut in black paper, hangs in an attic room,) her pincushion, and the traditions which remain in the family respecting her, all trace of her has vanished from the earth.

Poor Aunt Abby! she used to shock the women of her time by talking of women's rights, and was guilty once of the enormity of wishing to be Pope of Rome, in order to carry out some scheme for the advancement of woman's social position. She talked of *freedom* until some pious prudes really suspected she meant *license*, and she predicted that the time would come when the genius of wóman would rise superior to the imposed trammels of sex. She should have lived in the present age, when she would have seen woman's struggles for emancipation, as exhibited in the French female clubs, and the German free associations, to say nothing of the free inquirers and declaimers against female slavery in this country. She should have lived till now to exhibit a rare and peculiar instance of masculine power submitting itself cheerfully to feminine duties; and perhaps the knowledge that Aunt Abby, with all her mental, moral, and physical perfections, lived and died unloving and unloved, might go far toward settling the question of *woman's rights*, and make her quite satisfied with her easily accorded *privileges*.

PARTING.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER ADELA M. WADSWORTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

PARTING! Oh, is it not the bitterness
Of life, and death? It were small agony
If we and those we love—heart pressed to heart—
With loving words, and blended prayers, could die.

'T is not the rending of the strings of life
That makes death terrible. The mental pain
Is parting from our dear and beautiful,
Who weep, and pray—and bid us live in vain.

It is not that we fear to close our eyes,
And rest from life's long labor, that we cling
To pain and weakness. 'T is fond human love
Which binds our soul with many a quivering string.

To know that we shall never look again
Into those loving eyes—shall never hear
Again those sweet-toned voices—never clasp
Again those forms, so tender, and so dear.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of death—
And life is full of parting. Day by day
We see the cherished of our homes depart,
As fledglings from the bird-nests flit away.

The cherished ones, whom we have called our own,
And loved so many years, that they have grown
Into our hearts, and so become a part
Of all that we have felt, or done, or known.

The ever-present with us, who were wont
To greet us every morning, with a smile,—
To answer to our voices all day long,—
And cheer us with love's sunlight all the while.

Each hath a separate mission to fulfill,
And when their path diverges from our own,
And they have said farewell! and turned away
From our embrace—oh, then, we are *alone!*

We miss them in all places, everywhere,
And feel a shadow, and an emptiness
Forever by our side—but most of all
In the departed one's accustomed place.

We turn to speak to them—they are not there—
The thought we would have uttered curdles back
Upon our heart, a stifling agony—
We turn our tearful gaze along the track

By which the dear one went—'t is desolate—
Our home—our heart—our world is desolate—
In all the places where our joy has been
Dark shades, and weeping memories, congregate.

But when our only one—the dearest, best,
The angel of our household, bids good-bye
And goes forth weeping—then the tortured heart
Reels with the anguish of the broken tie.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of life—
The agony of death—the ban of earth—
The inevitable doom—to love—to part—
Is the condition of our human birth.

Thank God! there is a world where loved ones meet
In perfect beauty, and unclouded joy,
Where all is love—where parting never comes
The everlasting rapture to destroy.

MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By the courtesy of Mr. J. R. Smith, the artist, we are permitted to present our readers with another view of a remarkable place. It is Montgomery's House, occupied by General Jackson as his head-quarters at the time of the celebrated Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. It is surrounded by a splendid garden and grounds, and a beautiful grove of cedars, which in this latitude grow to an immense size. The line of intrenchments running up the lane by Montgomery's House back to the cedar swamp can still be distinctly traced. Farther down on the banks of the river Mississippi are four live-oak trees, of immense size, forming a square, and hanging with Spanish moss. Beneath these trees the British commander, General Packenham, expired and was laid out. The spot is a favorite resort of curious visiters from the city, who go to examine the battle-ground. Below this is a splendid building called the Battle-Ground Sugar Refinery, on the rear of which is a group of willows, with a mound in the centre, and surrounded by water. Here are buried the 2000 British warriors who were slain in the battle of the 8th of January. A planter's house near the spot was occupied, previously to the action, by General Packenham as his head-quarters. All these objects form very suitable subjects for the pencils of our artists; and we are only surprised that they have not been drawn, engraved and familiarized to the public long ago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOING AROUND THE HORN.



THE DIRECT ROAD TO FORTUNE.

The search after the philosopher's stone, after having vexed the crucibles, and puzzled the brains of alchemists for ages, is about to be rewarded with success. The New Eldorado promises wonders as great, and riches as abundant, as the most vigilant of dreamers could imagine. The phrase "untold gold" is meaningless now, for nothing but gold is talked of, and the wealth, which was significant of immensity, when coupled with "iron chests," and "bank vaults," is sickled over, and feeble, when contrasted with the fields of gold which glitter over

thousands of square miles. The very idea of "10,000 a year" has become paltry—it is but the cost of a dish of bean-soup in California—suggestive of utter poverty—the daily scrapings of the poorest and most indigent digger, self-sold into slavery at the mines. The man who owns a square of brick houses is nobody; an empty braggart, beside him who sits upon golden rocks, with a cigar in his mouth, overlooking acres of the shining metal. The very millionare who used to strut about consequentially, with his hands thrust into his pockets significantly, may be hooted now by the veriest sweep in California, as a vulgar ragamuffin, who would scarce have money enough to pay his board there on Saturday night, and would be utterly at the mercy of his landlady.

Girard College, as a building, is very well, too, in its way, as reminding us of an old gentleman who spent half a century in picking up gold flakes, one at a time, with his fingers; a plodding, careful old chap, who lacked the creative faculty altogether, and had no idea of cradles and basins. His school-house on the Ridge Road will do very well as a specimen of primitive architecture, and might answer very well as a sort of outhouse to the palaces that we *will have* in California—a very good stable for the Master of Hounds to Col. Mason, or some other grandee—but as it stands, it is *now* a shocking evidence of parsimony, utterly disgraceful to the spirit of the age. A sort of lame and impotent conclusion to a long life foolishly spent.

The far-famed Genoese must have been a dull fellow, or he would have cast anchor in the Pacific, near San Francisco, instead of sailing about to no purpose. It is a wonder, too, how he could have been so stupid, when there are so many routes to this desirable haven. He certainly must have been a bad navigator, too, or he would have got around the Horn, some how, at some time. But it was reserved for the adventurous sons of Jonathan to make the successful voyage, and with *the sword* to cut the way to fortune; and instead of diverging like radii from a common centre, to take the outermost limit, and to claim as his own all that he walked around and into. Showing conclusively that instead of bothering one's brain about getting on the right side of a question, the safest plan is to get around it, and capture it by force of arms, as the Irish policeman did with the mob. It saves a vast deal of hair-splitting, in argument, and of irrelevant discussion, first to knock down your man, and then pinion him. Or like the Cockney sportsman, who winged the farmer's goose, to say that you "only came out for the sport, and now that you have hit the bird, you have no objection to *buy him*." Jonathan in this case, and in this way, seems to have bagged the one that laid the golden eggs, which we used to read of in the nursery, and a whole army of his sons are now rifling her nest. She must have left behind her a prolific brood if she satisfies the whole of them. The veriest "madness of the moon," must impart a feeble pulse, compared with the fever which Jonathan's lucky hit has created in the whole family. Homeopathy is totally at fault in this disease. Nothing but very violent depletion will answer.

The whole body of family physicians, and nurses of the body politic, have their hands full, and the multifarious practice sets at naught the popular idea of perfection, as a necessary consequence. It is gratifying to know, however, that in the absence of consistent and regular treatment, the popular remedy applied in its early stages is conducive to longevity and temperance—those who suffer severely from the fever here, and become exceedingly dry in consequence, are cured effectually by GOING AROUND THE HORN. Lying water-logged under the Tropics being rather a different thing from "getting up a breeze" at home, and being eminently suggestive of sobriety of thought, and of taking their cue from facts, and not from "Q Brandy" continually. Young gentlemen whose systems were here so relaxed, that nothing but taking a horn two or three times before dinner could impart to them sufficient energy to attend to out-of-door business, go around it, and give it a wide berth in the hot latitudes—shut their ears to all hints about the nervous system, and with a hardihood and self command, acquired within view of sharks and yellow fever, brave danger without stimulus, and fatigue without "having a gale."

Under the tropics, too, young men, who have at home found no difficulty in getting three sheets in the wind, have rather an aerial difficulty in getting a flowing sail, and with plenty of steam on board, in the absence of propellers, decline all invitation to steam it, "to drive dull care away"—the trouble greatest, for the time, being to get away themselves. The boys who often declared in the hours of midnight that they were the particular individuals who feared no noise, and who would not go home till morning, wish themselves very quietly dozing there, and are perfectly subdued and indolent under the Equator in a three days' calm, and do not insist upon "three more—and again," so that they have an opportunity of candid inquiry and sober reflection, which may be serviceable—promotive of a thirst for cold water, and an abhorrence of dark brandy, in a "sunny" clime. We do not see why something cannot be done for Temperance in this way, as well as not. People talk very disparagingly about "whipping the devil round the stump," but so that the old scoundrel gets soundly thrashed at last, I never could see that the *modus operandi* is so particularly important.

Now, without pursuing this question, or glancing at the disappointment of the adventurer—the long days of toil in unhealthy waters—the burning heat of the sun—the chilling nights on a dreary soil—the fevers of the mind as well as of the body—the hope deferred—the horror of being mixed with such society—the desolation of all good that he must see around him, mingling with the memory of the calm delights, the peaceful repose, the joys and purity of home—the glad eyes of sister or mother left behind, but now seemingly looking out sadly upon the scene—the longings for that paradise once more, where in boyhood he put up a prayer at the parental knee:—Without speaking of all this, is the reward, reader, worthy of your sacrifice or of mine, of present comforts and present friends. I think not. The road to fortune, to honorable advancement, is open and plainly marked here, and beaten as it is, with the tread of many feet, it offers far greater chances of success than all the sparkling sands of California, mixed as they are with all that is vile and unworthy. In that immense crowd of adventurers, which is pouring in from every clime, virtue and goodness will be but as pearls dropped into the sea—selfishness unmitigated, vice unabashed, and even red-handed murder, will rear aloft their hideous forms, overawing all decency, and setting at naught "all law, all precedent, all right." The very absence of all female restraint, their tender charities, and gentle generosities and affections, and noble self sacrifices, which knit the bands of society together and render man human, will there cause to be let loose all the savage passions and instincts of our natures, and a vast army of unprincipled men, fierce in the pursuit of wealth, unrelenting in their towering selfishness as the grave, will make California a second Pandemonium. What is all the gold of the earth, in a land of wrong and violence, and that smells of blood heaven-high, with the whole atmosphere below tainted with its appalling odor?

No! let *us* stay at home, and cultivate habits of industry, economy and temperance. With a vigilant eye and a

steady step pursue the path which has been marked out for us to tread through life—never swerving from our duty to the allurements of pleasure—or by the discouragements of defeat—but up and on! fearless, determined, brave; looking all danger manfully in the face; grappling with all difficulties, if not with the strength, with the determination of giants to overcome; never growing faint or weary in well doing—and my life for it, in ten years you will not exchange places with the proudest aristocrat in California, whose heart and brain have been seared in the acquisition of wealth. Above all things, let those of us who stay behind imitate the self command of the adventurers who have gone, and go boldly and resolutely "AROUND THE HORN" here, and depend upon it, we shall find that the true philosopher's stone—the real Eldorado—the place where we may truly enjoy the horn of Plenty and the cup of Peace, IS AT HOME—AROUND OUR OWN HEARTH-STONE—where the light of kind eyes, and the prayers of warm and true hearts ascend to heaven with our own, for guidance and protection. G. R. G.

THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY PRESS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.—The very head and front of the offending party journals, oracular, dignified, and eminently solemn. Doctor Bird's leaders have a stately look in solid column, and his political articles read as if they had been subjected to a very patient drill before showing themselves to the public eye; but his fine genius flashes out the moment he touches a congenial subject. Of all American writers we look upon him as the best qualified to conduct a literary journal, or a monthly review. But, alas! he is a martyr, who must groan under the daily responsibilities of a party organ, with a hearty disrelish of its duties. Why should two such men as Bird and Bryant be sold into slavery in politics, and be thus comparatively lost to the lovers of polite literature? "Independent," the Washington correspondent of the journal, dashes in like Saladin, and wo to the Christian who gets a full stroke of his scimiter; he is cloven to the chin, or has something to nurse and to remember. His egotism has been objected to by those who dislike his slashing style, but that, as much as his correctness of information, has given his correspondence character. He is at least fearless in the use of his weapon, and strikes at high and low with equal strength and temerity. Hennis gives us once in a while his touching little essays, conceived in the quiet beauty of Mr. Chandler's style—the Gamaliel at whose feet he sat and learned. For the rest, we do not like the paper. It is heavy, cautious, and cruelly cold and selfish.

THE INQUIRER.—The model of a daily family paper, marked by continued and unwearied industry, and beaming with the kindly nature of its editor. Its ample pages are crowded with well-chosen selections and active scissoring of news paragraphs; not, however, always carefully pruned and clipped down. It is only once in a while that Mr. Morris shows us that he can write, and his Saturday Readings are full of the warm impulses and genuine kindness of the man, but are written more for purposes of good than to display his powers. Occasionally he warms up in his general articles, and lets out a spark or two, shows us a glimpse of the wealth he hoards, and causes us to wish for continued examples of the ability he possesses. In his political leaders he sometimes is forced by unfair opponents into a little causticity at the opening of his article, but he relents before he gets through, and will most likely give his "friend" a chance to back out of his blunder. He has not the heart, though he possesses the strength, to press his antagonist to the wall, and to pin him there. Mr. Morris has an agreeable, ready and devoted coadjutor in Mr. Crump, a man of various learning and diligent application. This journal is shockingly "made up," to our taste, and is all over disfigured with staring black head-lines, which look to our eye like the sable of a hearse—its "*postscript*" is our particular horror.

THE DAILY NEWS.—The absence of Judge Conrad from the daily press seems to have reinvigorated his powers, and has given additional force to his pen, and fire to its thoughts; like an unprisoned eagle, with a spring he darts to the skies and gazes in the sun. Some of the finest articles he ever wrote have appeared in the News. Every subject that Judge Conrad touches, seems to have been fused, as in a furnace, and the metal flies off in lumps from his gigantic mind. His intellect illumes and pervades every part of his subject, and when he drops it, there is nothing more to be said. His compact, all-grasping sentences, may furnish subjects for whole leaders to others, but the vitality has been extracted, and any treatment of the topic is tame and impotent in contrast. He does not, however, always seem to know the power of the words he uses, and will give a whack with his sledge-hammer with a will at a fly, which would effectually knock down an ox. Hence he should never write short paragraphs upon unimportant topics—his style is too ponderous. The News, as a political sheet, is well managed, barring some desire, occasionally manifested, to pull, for personal ends, the strings of its influence; but it is sadly deficient in mercantile news and facts. At this writing, too, it is shamefully brought out, and is made up as if the matter had been sifted over the form, and then locked-up and printed, and very badly printed at that. Mr. Sanderson should look to this, for the general editing of his News is too good to come before the public under so great a disadvantage.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.—Unquestionably the best penny paper that has ever been established—showing in all its appointments the very perfection of mechanical execution, and in its news collection and collation, sleepless enterprise and vigilance, as well as persevering ability. Its leaders are unequal, for the most part written with great force and adroitness, upon topics familiar or of practical utility, but occasionally insufferably stupid and dull. On scientific topics it affects the *ultra*-learned. We always drop the Ledger when it gets upon "oligies." Mr. Lane, whose quiet humor occasionally gleams out in his short editorial articles, like lightning from the edge of a summer cloud, is unquestionably the *best* news man in our daily press; clear and discriminative, you always find in his columns all that ought to be said of any and every news fact, and no more. A nicety of judgment very rarely attained, and never in our experience so fully, as in the case of the late Mr. Holden of the Courier.

THE SUN.—Graced by a good humor that no annoyance can ruffle, but occasionally inclined to mischief. Carelessly giving a whack, regardless of consequences, and forgetting it at the same instant. We regard Mr. Wallace as a most able man in any paper; enduring, persevering, and always on the alert. We know of no one in his department of a newspaper who can for so long a time continue to perform downright hard, honest good labor. His nerves and his temper are equally enduring. He appears to have been born where they sing "Old Virginy never tire," and to have lived through life, the music, the temper, and the sentiment of the song. The topmost bubble of his heart always sparkles. He is, too, what we like, a pretty good hater, though with a good deal more philosophy than is often practiced, in taking his revenges. With *his* editorials, his SON makes a capital newspaper, agreeable, gossipy and gay. The news is filled in with

the coolness of an experienced hand, and with the *uprightness* and newspaper devotion of his father, he will one day stand as *high*.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.—Col. Forney is the best political editor that his party has ever had in Philadelphia—discerning, prompt and fearless. He deals, however, too much in light skirmishing, and pops his enemy off once in a while from an unsuspected cedar-bush, merely to show the accuracy of his aim. But he is an able tactician, and when he *does* close fairly, his opponent finds him a tough and sinewy customer. His articles seem for the most part to have been dashed off at a heat, and lack the polishing touch. He often, too, uses a hard word for its sound where another would be more effective. Occasionally he sits down in earnest, blocks out his ground, and makes sure and steady advances; and especially when he has occasion to defend Mr. Buchanan, his intellect is fully aroused and on the alert—he then writes with his full vigor and spirit, and writes well. His partner, Mr. Hamilton, is one of the most capable business printers that we know, and every thing in his department is marked by exactness and proficiency. The press-work of the Pennsylvanian, on each issue, is what the magazines would call "a specimen number."

THE TIMES.—A jaunty, crotchetty, impudent little sheet, filled with quibs and quirks, and a sort of laughing philosophy that shouts over seriousness. Its editor, would, if he could, go to his own funeral dressed in ribbons, and wearing a look of rejoicing. He has the happiness of never seeming for a moment anxious; and you might as well punch at a wreath of smoke with a foil, as attempt to interest him in a serious controversy. He will answer your arguments with a pun, your serious reasoning with a laugh, and will set ridiculously on end your most carefully rounded sentence, and go to hacking at its grammar. Having got you out of humor, he will decline all controversy with you, if you cannot observe the decencies and proprieties. So that the man who urges a controversy with Du Solle, has his anger for his pains, and is fuming while he is chatting and laughing unconcernedly upon some other more agreeable topic. Yet the Times has never given him scope to show the real ability and general information he possesses. He should be in the Ledger with Lane, he would settle the "ologies" in short metre.

THE BULLETIN.—Our only evening paper, but managed with great enterprise and vigor. Mr. Peterson's strong Saxon words and nervous style, combined with his various and correct learning, make the leading articles of this journal among the ablest that we read anywhere, and have stamped a high value upon the leading column. There is a want of editorial tact in its less imposing, but equally important digest of news and facts. It has all the news, but it has it in bulk, and looks at times, with its heavy, solid nonpariel, like a little man covered with black patches, or as if part of the paper had gone into mourning for the absence of an itemizer. It is always up, however, to the full requirements of the public in its telegraphic despatches, and it *had*—what has become of him—the writer of money articles that was most regarded here. For the rest, it affects a very nice morality in regard to the theatres, which we do not like, and do not pretend to understand. It is too deep for us. It *advertises* for the theatres, but does not *notice* them. Are they wrong, or right, or neither? We suppose there *must* be a nice line, which casuists who examine morals with a microscope have detected.

G. R. G.

DEAR GRAHAM,—Poor Tom says, "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy hand out of plackets, and thy pen from *lenders' books*, and defy the foul fiend." Without misconstruing this text more than texts are usually misinterpreted, I opine, that from those same "*lenders' books*" of past generations the current literature of our day is being manufactured. The vast shapes of the Past have overshadowed the Present, and we are in the umbra of the eclipse. Pray tell me if there is room left in the whole length and breadth of the world for an epic, without trenching upon the preëmption rights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso and Milton? Then as regards dramatic poetry—"ahem! Shakspeare." Wit and humor? What, after Chaucer, Rabelais, Ben Jonson, Cervantes, Butler, Swift, Pope, Sterne, the Spectator writers generally, Fielding and Smollet? Are there any new Continents to be discovered? Our own Irving, to be sure, has been cruising among beautiful summer islands, and returned with a wondrous store of wealth—jewels and gold tissues, fragrant gums, Hesperidean apples, painted Salvages, flowers and odorous spices, to the world unknown before. The gentle Elia has embroidered incomparable tapestries, and formed the school of the age. Scott gathers in his mighty arms the banners of a hundred conquests, and for melodious versification (after Spenser) Coleridge, Shelley and Moore, in

"Numbers moving musically,"

have filled the world with harmonies, to which no echoes answer. Who shall sweep the strings of passion after Byron! Truly, with much thankfulness for the kind intentions of those who have written for Posterity, we might add that it is a pity they did not leave Posterity a little chance to write for himself. But since it is so, let us, with due credit, make free for a time with some of those same "lenders' books," for as George Wither quaintly says—

> "We are neither just nor wise,
> If present mercies we despise;
> Or mind not how there may be made
> A thankful use of what we had."

Room, then! for one of Dante's Angels—

> "And now there came o'er the perturbed waves,
> Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
> Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
> Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
> That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,
> Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
> Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
> His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.
>
> As frogs
> Before their foe, the serpent, through the wave
> Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
> Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits
> Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one
> Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound,
> He, *from his face removing the gross air*,
> Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone
> Of that annoyance wearied. I perceived
> That he was sent from heaven; and to my guide
> Turned me, who signal made that I should stand
> Quiet and bend to him. Ah me! *how full*
> *Of noble anger seemed he.* To the gate
> He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
> *Open without impediment it flew!*"

Compare this with Milton's Raphael—

> "Down thither prone in flight
> He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
> Sailed between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
> Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
> Winnows the buxom air; till within soar
> Of towering eagles, to all fowls he seems
> A phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
> When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
> Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies."

Or the flight of Satan—

> "Sometimes
> He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
> Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars

Up to the fiery concave, towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close smiling from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopean to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole. So seemed
Far off the flying fiend."

Do you not think Dante's angel the most spiritual? He says,

"he wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly pressed, than thought of him
Who in his presence stand."

And Milton—

"——on some great charge employed
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep."

The thought here is evidently borrowed from the Italian "*lender's book*."

There is a strange propensity to follow these lofty flights; as when in looking from an eminence we feel a temptation to breast the blue ether below us. We are fairly in the wake of Satan when he

"*Shaves with level wing the deep*, then soars
Up to the fiery concave—"

And now since we are pinion-mounted, like Icarus or Daniel O'Rourke. let us select a few more familiar specimens of flying. "Look you," from Coleridge—

"Triumphant on the bosom of the storm
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form."

And lo! from Shelly an eagle,

"——a winged form
On all the winds of heaven approaching ever
Floated, dilating as it came: the storm
Pursued it with fierce blasts and lightnings swift and warm."

The Viking's war-ship, from Longfellow's Saga of the Skeleton in Armor is a brave picture,

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden:
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden."

And Dryden, in his Annus Mirabilis, hath likewise a war-ship that *flies!*

"With roomy deck, and guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying o'er the waves."

But of all winged things the sky-lark is the bird of the poets. Hear Shakspeare—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking May-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise."

Or this from Shelley—

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire!
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing, still dost soar; and soaring, ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy, whose race has just begun.
All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed."

Coleridge, too, in his Ancient Mariner—

"Sometimes adropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
Now they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!
And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."

And Wordsworth in that beautiful couplet—

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!"

There is a sweet little bird in the description of a Summer's morning, by Thomas Miller, which I would fain add to this goodly company—

"A little bird now hops beside the brook,
Peeping about like an affrighted nun,
And ever as she drinks *doth upward look*,
Twitters and drinks again; *then seeks her cloistered nook.*"

But alas the prettiest part of it is borrowed from one of those same "lenders' books." John Bunyan's—no less. The Interpreter takes Christiana into the "Significant Rooms," where he shows her that "one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, *and every time she drank she lifted up her eyes toward heaven.* 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up,'" And now, having winged our way from angels to John Bunyan, let us lay these same lenders' books upon the shelves until a future period. Truly thine,

RICHARD HAYWARDE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Salamander: Found amongst the Papers of the late Ernest Helfenstein. Edited by E. Oakes Smith. Second Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mrs. Smith has written nothing so well calculated to convey to the majority of readers a clear sense of the richness, originality, and elevation of her genius, as this wonderful little story. It evinces a high degree of creative power, being an organic product of the mind, with a central principle of life, and vital in every part. The scenery, events and characters have all a living connection with the leading idea of the work, and illustrate each other. The form is the ever facile and yielding instrument of the plastic spirit within, and varies with the variations in the story and the changes in the thought or feeling expressed. By a felicity of nature, Mrs. Smith appears instinctively to subordinate the material to the spiritual; and thus by making the former simply the symbol by which she expresses the latter, she spiritualizes matter, and makes it the living body of the soul. She vivifies and vitalizes the form until it becomes o'er informed with spirit. Natural objects as used by the poet, derive all their effect from being the pictorial language of impassioned thought, the visible image being but the embodiment to the eye of the viewless force which penetrates and animates it; and fitly to employ objects as exponents of thoughts, a firm, decisive grasp of spiritual realities, of

something lying back of all expression, is necessary. The moment the material predominates over or precedes the spiritual, it becomes so much dead matter, without significance, because without life. A great excellence of the present story is the constant dominion exercised by the soul over or through its forms of expression, and the physiognomical character of the style and imagery. When we thus speak of it as pre-eminently spiritual, we of course imply that it is thoroughly alive.

But the wonder of the book, and the quality which will give it a permanent place in American literature, is the sure and fine audacity with which it brings the supernaturally beautiful and the supernaturally terrible into vital relations with human life, without any shock or jar of the unnatural to disturb the exquisiteness of the combination; and this is done in a manner purely original, awakening no reminiscences of German or English supernaturalism, and giving unmistakable evidence of being drawn from the writer's own life and mental experience. Indeed, by the very constitution of her mind, Mrs. Smith seems to see things in their spiritual relations; consequently she not only looks at things and into things, but she looks through them, and discerns the supernatural region from which they proceed and on which they depend. This vision into a sphere *above* sense, is accompanied by an imagination of sufficient force to shape what she sees into a form palpable *to* sense, and thus to reach the mystical elements in other minds through their sensuous imagination. This vision and this faculty are possessed by all high and powerful natures, and the test of the reality of the powers is in the originality of the products. Similarity, even when it does not approach plagiarism, indicates the intervention of another mind, and by suggesting spectacles casts ominous conjecture on the soundness or reach of the eyes. Now the supernatural, as it appears in this volume, is strictly individual and peculiar, evidencing that the authoress has herself contemplated, face to face, the spiritual truths she has embodied.

While the present story is thus eminently a work of creative imagination, working in the region of the supernatural, and making "strange combinations out of common things," it is at the same time intensely human, touching at every step on some affection or aspiration of the human heart, and full of the glee and gloom of our common life. As every thing is realized to the eye and imagination, and the vital relation between the natural feeling and the preternatural agencies is clearly represented, the reader is conscious of no unharmoniousness in the general impression left on his mind by the whole work, but simply feels as though he had been brought nearer to the life of things, and discerned evil and good in their spiritual natures. With a power of thought, as felicitous in its delicacy as in its strength, moral beauty and moral deformity are both seized in their intrinsic principles, and embodied in such a manner that the material form ceases to be the veil and becomes the vehicle of the nature it encloses.

To the shaping imagination which this work indicates, we must add that form or expression of the imaginative faculty, by which things inexpressible in images are suggested by cunning verbal combinations, or which escape in the peculiar turn of a period, or which are breathed to the inner ear of the mind in the rhythm of a sentence. This mystical charm, this elusive, dreamy, ever vanishing and yet ever appearing grace, gives to the whole work a character of strangeness almost bewitching, and produces that fine and faint intoxication of the imagination which makes it ready to receive and accredit wonders with as much faith as it commonly awards to possibilities. It is this quality also which makes it impossible to convey the moral of the story in any didactic proposition. It has a profound moral, but it is a moral which refuses to be comprehended in an ethical axiom, being felt in the brain and "felt along the heart."

We have been so much engrossed by the merits of this story that we have little space left to notice some faults. The notes should not be retained at the bottom of the page, but should be transferred to an appendix. Occasionally the imagination of the authoress stutters in its sublime talk, and gives fragments of gigantic images instead of wholes. Here and there the philosophic prevails over the imaginative, and discourse monopolizes a sentence which should be strictly sacred to representation. But the sweetness, the tenderness, the beauty, purity and majesty, with which the work is so replete, hardly allow even the critical reader to be captious; and to the uncritical, the absorbing interest of the story would be sufficient to hide even prominent defects.

Poems. By James P. Fields. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Book-writing and book-publishing, according to the most approved doctrines of the division of labor, are to be kept strictly apart, and commonly there yawns a natural gulf between the two, as wide and deep as that which separated Lazarus and Dives. The present volume, however, illustrates this seemingly impossible combination, the author being also one of the publishers, and it must be confessed that the intellectual and mechanical execution reflect credit on each other. Mr. Fields has a mind of great flexibility and fertility, and occasionally he has compressed within the limit of this volume a large variety of matter, answering to the mirthful, the pathetic, the satirical, the tender, and the impassioned. He not only does not repeat himself, but the work is too small adequately to express the whole range of his poetic faculty. The two longest poems in the collection are the "Post of Honor" and "Commerce," both of them originally pronounced before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and each including many topics under the general subject. These evince a keen, shrewd eye for practical life and character, and the satirical portions are characterized by a mingled wit and humor unexcelled for general sharpness. "The Post of Honor" is by far the best, and its pictures of life, both serious and mirthful, are exceedingly vivid and true. The versification evinces a complete mastery of the heroic couplet, in all its ease, energy and harmony of flow, and it is spangled with fine felicities of fancy and original verbal combinations. The passages relating to Lamb and Grey, are replete with a quiet searching pathos, which touches the inmost nerve of sensibility.

Many of the shorter poems have already had a wide circulation through the newspapers. "Fair Wind," originally published in "Graham," and "The Dirge," we have seen in the poetical corner of at least a hundred journals. The new ballads and lyrics, now first published, are among the best in the whole collection. "The Ballad of the Tempest," the "Pair of Antlers," and "Common Sense," are very brilliant and beautiful. "Life at Niagara," and the "Alarmed Skipper," are good specimens of mirthful poetry as distinguished from versified mirth. "Children in Exile," and "A Bridal Melody," have an intensity of deep and sweet feeling, which wins its way into the very core of the heart. We might refer to others as worthy of notice as these, but we must be content with quoting one instead of naming many, and we accordingly present our readers with a most beautiful specimen of blank verse, addressed to Rogers:

ON A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES,

SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

To him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and Glory clustered in her streets,
And poised her marble domes with wondrous skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop,
Melting in ocean. Here are broideries strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair,
And wove by moonlight Gently turn the leaf.
From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,
Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival tints like those,
Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.
Such our gift,
Culled from a margin of the western world,
And offered unto Genius in the old.

Raphael; or Pages from the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lamartine, with many of the high qualities of genius, is deficient in one of the most important—Common Sense. He is a fine and eloquent singer of his own idealized and idolized self, but is gifted with very imperfect powers of objective perception. He sees nothing as it is, but every object is more or less a mirror of self. This is equally true whether the object be Mont Blanc or a Paris mob. All his descriptions of scenery, though often rising to a strain of rapturous eloquence and beauty, are never accurate, even in an elevated poetical signification of accuracy. Different scenes, in different climes, are all enveloped in one atmosphere, and all stand for one tyrannizing class of emotions. Lamartine is a sentimentalist, and no sentimentalist can celebrate any nature but his own, or consider the universe as worth any thing in itself. The excellence of the present volume consists in its subject admitting of a strictly lyrical treatment, and it accordingly is full to running over of Lamartine's strong but narrow genius, and is resplendent with glittering sentiment and decorative imagery. The work is not long enough to tire by its egotism and fine writing, and is closed before admiration has subsided from the interjection into the yawn of satisfaction. A nature so rich as Lamartine's might fill even a larger book without exhausting its wealth of sentiment or thought.

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Warren's works on Law are almost as entertaining as his novels. The present book is full of matter important to the young lawyer, and interesting to the general reader. All who are accustomed to have dealings with the profession, can obtain from this little volume many useful and some lucrative hints. The two points on which Mr. Warren expends his sense and his eloquence are knavery and incapacity, as those qualities exist among lawyers. As many lives and more fortunes depend on the existence of the opposite qualities in the profession, this volume will be equally valuable if it succeed either in expelling rogues and dunces from the law, or in enabling clients to detect them.

Aurifodina; or Adventures in the Gold Region. By Cantell A. Bigby. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 16mo.

The author of this little volume has availed himself of the interest excited by the late disclosures in California, to construct a story of marvelous adventures in that region. In regard to probability the work is half way between Gulliver's Travels and the Arabian Nights. As every thing wonderful relating to California is greedily devoured, the disclosures of this work will undoubtedly receive their due attention. They are nearly as much entitled to belief as many of the newspaper accounts.

A New Spanish Reader: Consisting of Passages from the Most Approved Authors, in Prose and Verse. By Marian Velasquez de la Cadena. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The editor of this volume is Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature in Columbia College. He has so arranged his matter as to remove all possible obstacles in the way of the learner, and to conduct him, step by step, into the heart of the noble language of Castile. The selections are admirably made. The volume is not only well adapted for schools and colleges, but for the private student, and we trust it will induce many to study a language which will give them a key to the versatile and fertile genius of Lope de Vega, the mystical beauty of Calderon, and the profound and genial humor of Cervantes.

Essay on the Union of Church and State. By Baptist W. Noel, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work has produced a considerable sensation in England, being a well-written protest against the Church Establishment, supported by a long array of facts and arguments. The author was for twenty-two years an Episcopal clergyman, and was at last forced by his reason and conscience into his present position. Mr. Noel does not attack the doctrines of the Church, but its union with the State, and he attempts to prove that this union is condemned by the letter and spirit of the Bible, is unjust, inexpedient, and productive of a host of evils, from which free churches are exempt.

History of Hannibal the Carthagenian. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is one of a series of historical books for the people, prepared by Mr. Abbott with his usual felicity of condensation and simplification. The series so far includes the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, Alexander the Great, Charles I. and the present volume, and others are to follow. The author manages his matter with much art, and while few can read his volumes without an addition to their information, they must be invaluable to a large class of minds almost altogether deficient in historical knowledge.

A Catechism of the Steam Engine, Illustrative of the Scientific Principles on which Its Operation Depends, etc. By John Bourne, C. E. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Here, in the space of one small volume, is condensed a large amount of available information on the steam engine, its principles, the practical details of its structure, and its application to mines and mills, as well as steam navigation and railways. The author evinces an intimate practical acquaintance with his subject, and his work, while it is invaluable to the engineer, possesses great interest to every reader desirous of fathoming the mystery of the structure and operation of the steam engine.

VIRTUE'S EVERGREEN.

POETRY BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY THEODORE VON LA HACHE.





SECOND VERSE.

They fade at last away! the form
So beautiful in youth's gay prime,
Must shrivel up—the hair turn grey,
The eye abate its lustrous ray,
The smooth and pearly teeth decay,
Beneath the touch of Time.

THIRD VERSE.

Beneath the touch of Time! a price
There is he cannot touch, I ween;
It bloometh always fair and bright
Through springs warm day or winter's night,
A plant his hand can never blight;
'Tis Virtue's Evergreen,





LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boulevart St. Martin, 61.

Robes et manteaux de Mme Forgue boul.d Bonne Nouvelle, 5. — Chaussures de la Chaussee-d'Antin, No 9.

Dentelles de Violard, r. de Choiseul 2 bis. — Chapeaux de Mme Beaudry, r. Richelieu, 8.

Fleurs de Chagot — Ombrelles de Caral boulev.d des Italiens, 23.

Manchons de Chapron, r. de la Paix, 7 — Essences et Savons de Guerlain, r. de la Paix, 11.

UNIV. OF MICH.







W. Drummond

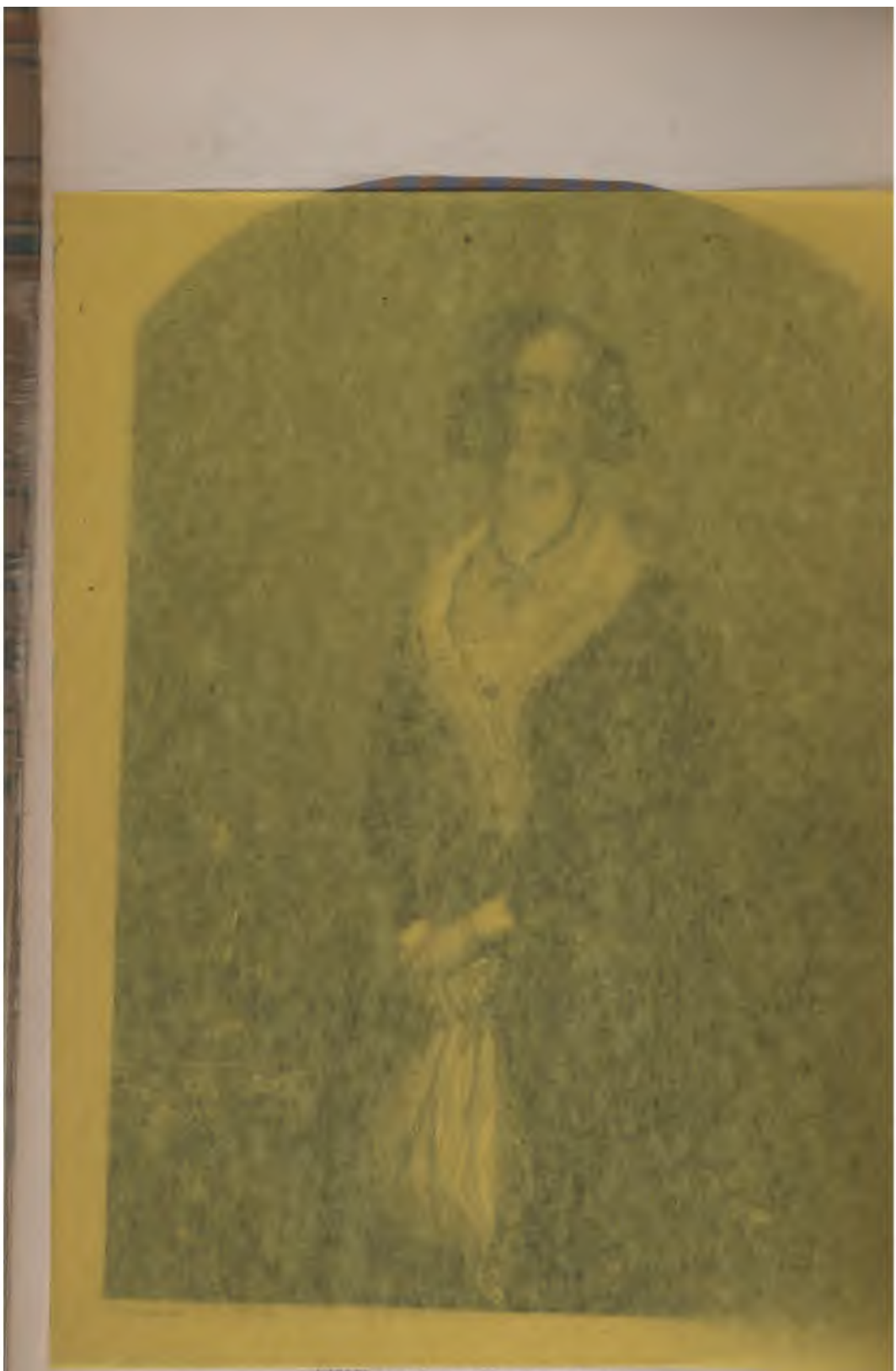
THE STAR OF THE NIGHT.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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UNIV OF

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1849. No. 6.

THE PICTURE OF JUDGMENT;

OR THE GROTTA DEL TIFONE.

A TALE OF THE ETRURIAN.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

Ma se conoscer la prima radice
Del nostri, amor, tu hai cotanto affetto,
Faro come colui che piange e dice. DANTE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. The Sepulchres of Etruria.

THE "Grotta del Tifoné"—an Etruscan tomb opened by the Chevalier Manzi, in 1833—discovered some peculiarities at the time of its opening, which greatly mystified the cognoscenti of Italy. It was found, by certain Roman inscriptions upon two of the sarcophagi, that the inmates belonged to another people, and that the vaults of the noble Tarquinian family of Pomponius, had, for some unaccountable reasons, been opened for the admission of the stranger. No place was so sacred among the Etruscans as that of burial; and the tombs of the Lucumones of Tarquinia, were held particularly sacred to the immediate connections of the chief. Here he lay in state, and the scions and shoots of his blood and bosom were grouped around him, being literally, as the old Hebrew phraseology hath it, "gathered to their fathers." It was not often, and then only under peculiar circumstances, which rendered the exception to the rule proper, that the leaves of stone which closed the mausoleum were rolled aside for the admission of foreigners. The "Grotta del Tifoné," so called from the Etruscan Typhon, or Angel of Death, which appears conspicuously painted upon the square central pillar, was the last resting-place of the extinguished family of Pomponius. It is a chamber eighteen paces long, and sixteen broad, and is hewn out in the solid rock. The sarcophagi were numerous when first discovered. The ledges were all—every place was occupied, and a further excavation had been made for the reception of other tenants. These tombs were all carefully examined by the explorers with that intense feeling of curiosity which such a discovery was calculated to inspire. The apartment was in good preservation; the paintings bright and distinct, though fully twenty-two centuries must have elapsed since the colors were first spread by the hands of the artist. And there were the inscriptions, just declaring enough to heighten and to deepen curiosity. A name, a fragment—and that in Latin. That a Roman should sleep in a tomb of the Etruscan, was itself a matter of some surprise; but that this strangeness should be still further distinguished by an inscription, an epitaph, in the language of the detested nation—as if the affront were to be rendered more offensive and more imposing—was calculated still further to provoke astonishment! Why should the hateful and always hostile Roman find repose among the patriarchs of Tarquinia?—the rude, obscure barbarian, in the mausoleum of a refined and ancient family? Why, upon an Etruscan tomb, should there be other than an Etruscan inscription? One of the strangers was a woman! Who was she, and for what was she thus distinguished? By what fatality came she to find repose among the awful manes of a people, between whom and her own, the hatred was so deep and inextinguishable—ending not even with the entire overthrow of the superior race? The sarcophagus of the other stranger was without an inscription. But he, too, was a Roman! His effigy, betraying all the characteristics of his people, lay at length above his tomb; a noble youth, with features of exquisite delicacy and beauty, yet distinguished by that falcon visage, which so well marked the imposing features of the great masters of the ancient world.

The wonder and delight of our visiters were hardly lessened, while their curiosity was stimulated to a still higher degree of intensity, as their researches led them to another discovery which followed the

further examination of the "Grotta." On the right of the entrance they happened upon one of these exquisite paintings, in which the genius of the Etruscan proves itself to have anticipated, though it may never have rivaled the ultimate excellence of the Greek. The piece describes a frequent subject of art—a procession of souls to judgment, under the charge of good and evil genii. The group is numerous. The grace, freedom, and expression of the several figures is beyond description fine; and, with two exceptions, the effect is exquisitely grateful to the spectator, as the progress seems to be one to eternal delights. Two of the souls, however, are not freed, but convict; not escaping, but doomed; not looking hope and bliss, but despair and utter misery. One of these is clearly the noble youth whose effigy, without inscription, appears upon the tomb. He is one of the Roman intruders. Behind him, following close, is the evil genius of the Etruscan—represented as a colossal negro—brutal in all his features, exulting fiendishly, in his expression of countenance, and with his claws firmly grasped in the shoulders of his victim. His brow is twined with serpents in the manner of a fillet, and his left hand carries the huge mallet with which the demon was expected to crush, or bruise and mangle, the prey which was assigned him. The other unhappy soul, in similar keeping, is that of a young woman, whose features declare her to be one of the loveliest of her sex She is tall and majestic; her carriage haughty even in her wo, and her face equally distinguished by the highest physical beauty, elevated by a majesty and air of sway, which denoted a person accustomed to the habitual exercise of her own will. But, through all her beauty and majesty, there are the proofs of that agony of soul which passeth show and understanding. Two big drops of sorrow have fallen, and rest upon her cheeks, the only tokens which her large Juno-like eyes seem to have given of the suffering which she endures. They still preserve their fires undimmed and undaunted, and leave it rather to the brow, the lips, and the general features of the face to declare the keen, unutterable wo that swells within her soul, triumphant equally over pride and beauty. Nothing can exceed in force the touching expression of her agony unutterable, unless in the sympathizing imagination of him who seeks for the sources of the painter's pencil into the very bosom of the artist. Immediately behind this beautiful and suffering creature is seen, close following, as in the case of the Roman youth already described, the gloomy and brutal demon—the devil of Etruscan superstition—a negro somewhat less dark and deformed than the other, and seemingly of the other sex, with looks less terrible and offensive, but whose office is not less certain, and whose features are not less full of exultation and triumph. She does not actually grasp the shoulders of the victim, but she has her nevertheless beneath her clutches, and the serpent of her fillet, with extended head, seems momently ready to dart its venomous fangs into the white bosom that shrinks yet swells beneath its eye.

Long, indeed, did this terrible picture fix and fascinate the eyes of the spectators; and when at length they turned away, it was only to look back and to meditate upon the mysterious and significant scene which it described. In proceeding further, however, in their search through the "Grotta," they happened upon another discovery. They were already aware that the features of this beautiful woman were Roman in their type. Indeed, there was no mistaking the inexpressible majesty of that countenance, which could belong to no other people. It was not to be confounded with the Etruscan, which, it must be remembered, was rather Grecian or Phœnician in its character, and indicated grace and beauty rather than strength, subtlety and skill, rather than majesty and command. But, that there might be no doubt of the origin of this lovely woman, examining more closely the effigy upon the sarcophagus first discovered—having removed the soil from the features, and brought a strong light to bear upon them—they were found to be those exactly of the victim thus terribly distinguished in the painting.

Here, then, was a coincidence involving a very curious mystery. About the facts there could be no mistake. Two strangers, of remarkable feature, find their burial, against all usage, in the tumulus of an ancient Etruscan family. Both are young, of different sexes, and both are Roman. Their features are carved above their dust, in immortal marble—we may almost call it so, which, after two thousand years, still preserves its trust—and, in an awful procession of souls to judgment, delineated by a hand of rare excellence, and with rare precision, we find the same persons, drawn to the life, and in the custody, as doomed victims, of the terrible fiend of Etruscan mythology. To this condition some terrible tale was evidently attached. Both of these pictures were portraits. For that matter, all were portraits in the numerous collection. With those two exceptions, the rest were of the same family, and their several fates, according to the resolve of the painter, were all felicitous. They walked erect, triumphant in hope and consciousness, elastic in their tread, and joyous in their features. Not so these two: the outcasts of the group—*with* but not *of* them—painfully contrasted by the artist—terribly so by the doom of the awful providence whose decree he had ventured thus freely to declare. The features of the man had the expression of one whom a just self-esteem moves to submit in dignity, and without complaint. The face of the woman, on the contrary, is full of anguish, though still distinguished by a degree of loftiness and character to which his offers no pretension. There were the portraits, and there the effigies, and beneath them, in their stone coffins, lay the fragments of their mouldering bones—the relic of two thousand years. What a scene had the artist chosen to transmit to posterity—from real life—and with what motive? By what terrible sense of justice, or by what strange obliquity of judgment and feeling, did the great Lucumo of the Pomponii, suffer the members of his family to be thus offensively perpetuated to all time, in the place of family sepulture? Could it have been the inspiration of revenge and hatred, by which this

vivid and terrible representation was wrought; and what was the melancholy history of these two strangers—so young, so beautiful—thus doomed to the inexpiable torments of the endless future, by the bold anticipatory awards of a successor, or a contemporary? To these questions our explorers of the "Grotta del Tifone" did not immediately find an answer. That they have done so since, the reader will ascribe to the keen anxiety with which they have groped through ancient chronicles in search of an event which, thus wondrously preserved by art for a period of more than twenty centuries, could not, as they well conjectured, be wholly obliterated from all other mortal records.

CHAPTER II.

The Etrurian Captive at Rome.

The time had passed when Etruria gave laws to the rest of Italy. Lars Porsenna was already in his grave, and his memory, rather than his genius and spirit, satisfied the Etruscan. The progeny of the She Wolf* had risen into wondrous strength and power, and so far from shrinking within their walls at the approach of the vulture of Volterræ, they had succeeded in clipping her wings, and shortening, if not wholly arresting her flight. The city of the Seven Hills, looking with triumph from her eminences, began to claim all within her scope of vision as her own, and paralized at their audacity, their success, and their wonderful genius for all the arts of war, the neighboring cities began to tremble at the assertion of her claims. But the braver and less prudent spirits of young Etruria revolted at this assumption, and new wars followed, which were too fierce and bloody to continue long. It needs not that we should describe the varying fortunes of the parties. Enough for our purposes that, after one well-fought field, in which the Romans triumphed, they bore away, as a prisoner, with many others, Cœlius, the youthful Lucumo of the Pomponian family. This young man, not yet nineteen, was destined by nature rather for an artist, than a soldier. He possessed, in remarkable degree, that talent for painting and statuary, which was largely the possession of the Etrurians; and, though belonging to one of the noblest families in his native city, he did not think it dishonorable to exercise his talent with industry and devotion. In the invasion of his country by the fierce barbarians of Rome, he had thrown aside the pencil for the sword, in the use of which latter weapon he had shown himself not a whit less skillful and excellent, because of his preference for a less dangerous implement. His captivity was irksome, rather than painful and oppressive. He was treated with indulgence by his captors, and quartered for a season in the family of the fierce chief by whose superior prowess he had been overthrown. Here, if denied his freedom, and the use of the sword, he was not denied a resumption of those more agreeable exercises of art to which he had devoted himself before his captivity. He consoled himself in this condition by his favorite studies. He framed the vase into grace and beauty, adorned its sides with groups from poetry and history, and by his labors delighted the uninitiated eyes of all around him. The fierce warrior in whose custody he was looked on with a grim sort of satisfaction at the development of arts, for which his appreciative faculties were small; and it somewhat lessened our young Etruscan in his esteem, that he should take pleasure in such employments. At all events, the effects, however disparaging, were so far favorable that they tended to the increase of his indulgencies. His restraints were fewer, the old Roman not apprehending much danger of escape, or much of enterprise, from one whose tastes were so feminine; and the more gentle regards of the family, in which he was a guest perforce, contributed still more to sweeten and soften the asperities of captivity. As a Lucumo of the first rank in Etruria, he also claimed peculiar indulgences from a people, who, conscious of their own inferior origin, were not by any means insensible to the merits of aristocracy. Our captive was accordingly treated with a deference which was as grateful to his condition as it was the proper tribute to his rank. The wife of the chief whose captive he was, herself a noble matron of Rome, was as little insensible to the rank of the Etrurian, as she was to the equal modesty and manliness of his deportment. Nor was she alone thus made aware of his claims and virtues. She had a son and daughter, the latter named Aurelia, a creature of the most imposing beauty, of a lofty spirit and carriage, and of a high and generous ambition. The brother, Lucius, was younger than herself; a lad of fifteen, but he, like his sister, became rapidly and warmly impressed with the grace of manner and goodness of heart which distinguished the young Etrurian. They both learned to love him; the youth, probably, with quite as unreckoning a warmth as his sister. Nor was the heart of Cœlius long untouched. He soon perceived the exquisite beauties of the Roman damsel, and, by the usual unfailing symptoms, revealed the truth as well to the family of the maiden as to herself. The mother discovered the secret with delight, was soon aware of the condition of her daughter's heart; and the relations of the several parties being thus understood, it was not long before they came to an explanation, which ended to their mutual satisfaction. Cœlius was soon released from his captivity, and, to the astonishment of all his family, returned home, bearing with him the beautiful creature by whom his affections had been so suddenly enslaved.

* Rome.

CHAPTER III.

The Brother and the Wife.

His return to Tarquinia was hailed with delight by every member of his family but one. This was a younger brother, whose position had been greatly improved by the absence and supposed death of Cœlius. He cursed in the bitterness of his heart the fate which had thus restored, as from the grave, the shadow which had darkened his own prospects; and

though he concealed his mortification under the guise of a joy as lively as that of any other member of the household, he was torn with secret hate and the most fiendish jealousy. At first, however, as these feelings were quite aimless, he strove naturally to subdue them. There was no profitable object in their indulgence, and he was one of those, cunning beyond his years, who entertain no moods, and commit no crime, unless with the distinct hope of acquisition. It required but a little time, however, to ripen other feelings in his soul, by which the former were rather strengthened than diminished, and by which all his first, and, perhaps, feeble efforts to subdue them were rendered fruitless. In the first bitter mood in which he beheld the return of his brother, the deep disappointment which he felt, with the necessity of concealing his chagrin from every eye, prevented him from bestowing that attention upon the wife of Cœlius which her beauty, had his thoughts been free, must inevitably have commanded. With his return to composure, however, he soon made the discovery of her charms, and learned to love them with a passion scarcely less warm than that which was felt by her husband. Hence followed a double motive for hating the latter, and denouncing his better fortune. Aruns—the name of the younger brother—was, like Cœlius, a man of great talent and ingenuity; but his talent, informed rather by his passions than by his tastes, was addressed to much humbler objects. While the one was creative and gentle in his character, the other was violent and destructive; while the one worshiped beauty for its own sake, the other regarded it only as subserving selfish purposes. Cœlius was frank and generous in his temper, Aruns reserved, suspicious and contracted. The one had no disguises, the other dwelt within them, even as a spider girdled by his web, and lying secret in the crevice at its bottom. Hitherto, his cunning had been chiefly exercised in concealing itself, in assuming the port of frankness, in appearing, so far as he might, the thing that he was not. It was now to be exercised for his more certain profit, in schemes hostile to the peace of others. To cloak these designs, he betrayed more than usual joy at the restoration of his brother. His, indeed, seemed the most elated spirit of the household, and the confiding and unsuspecting Cœlius at once took him to his heart, with all the warmth and sincerity of boyhood. It gave him pleasure to perceive that Aurelia, his wife, received him as a brother, and regarded with delight the appearance of affection that subsisted between them. The three soon became more and more united in their sympathies and objects, and the devotion of Aruns to the Roman wife of Cœlius was productive of a gratification to the latter, which he did not endeavor to conceal. It was grateful to him that his brother did not leave his wife to that solitude in her foreign home, which might sometimes have followed his own too intense devotion to the arts which he so passionately loved; and, without a fear that his faith might be misplaced, he left to Aruns the duty which no husband might prudently devolve upon any man, of ministering to those tastes and affections, the most delicate and sacred, which make of every family circle a temple in which the father, and the husband, and the master, should alone be the officiating priest.

Some time had passed in this manner, and at length it struck our Lucumo that there was less cordiality between his brother and his wife than had pleased him so much at first. Aurelia now no longer spoke of Aruns—his name never escaped her lips, unless when she was unavoidably forced to speak it in reply. His approaches to her were marked by a timidity not usual with him, and by a *hauteur* in her countenance which was shown to no other person. It was a proof of the superior love of Cœlius to his wife that he reproached her for this seeming dislike. She baffled his inquiry, met his reproaches with renewed shows of tenderness, and the fond, confiding husband resumed his labors on the beautiful, with perhaps too little regard to what was going on around him. Meanwhile, the expression in the face of Aurelia had been gradually deepening into gravity. Care was clouding her brow, and an air of anxiety manifested itself upon her cheek—a look of apprehension—as if some danger were impending—some great fear threatening in her heart. This continued for some time, when she became conscious that the eye of her husband began to be fixed inquiringly upon her, and with the look of one dissatisfied, if not doubtful—disturbed if not suspicious—and with certain sensibilities rendered acute and watchful, which had been equally confiding and affectionate before. These signs increased her disquiet, and deepened her anxiety. But she was silent. The glances of her husband were full of appeal, but she gave them no response. She could but retire from his presence, and sigh to herself in solitude. There was evidently a mystery in this conduct, and the daily increasing anxieties of the husband betrayed his doubts that it might prove a humiliating one at the solution. But he, too, was silent. His pride forbade that he should declare himself, when he could only speak of vague surmises, and perhaps degrading suspicions. He was silent, but not at ease. His pleasant labors of the studio were abandoned. Was it for relief from his own thoughts that he was now so frequently in company with Aruns, or did he hope to obtain from the latter, any clue to the mystery which disturbed his household? It was not in the art of Aurelia so to mould the expression of her countenance, as to hide from others the anxiety which she felt in the increasing and secret communion of the brothers. She watched their departure with dread, and witnessed their return together with agitation. She saw, or fancied she saw, in the looks of the younger a malignant exultation, which even his habitual cunning did not suffer him entirely to conceal.

CHAPTER IV.

The Secret Picture.

At length the cloud seemed to clear away from the brow of her husband. He once more resumed his labors, and with an eagerness and an avidity which

he had not betrayed before. His passion now amounted to intensity. He gave himself no respite from his labors. Late and early he was at his task —morning and night—without intermission, and with the enthusiasm of one who rejoices in the completion of a favorite and long-cherished study. Aurelia was not unhappy at this second change; to go back to his old engagements and tastes seemed to her to indicate a return to his former equanimity and waveless happiness. It was with some surprise, however, and not a little concern, that she was not now permitted to watch his progress. He wrought in secret—his studio was closed against her, as, indeed, it was against all persons. Hitherto it had not been so in her instance. She pleasantly reproached him for this seclusion, but he answered her—"fear not, you shall see all when it is done." There was something in this reply to disquiet her, but she was in a state of mind easily to be disquieted. She was conscious also of a secret withheld from her husband—and her reproaches sunk back upon her heart, unuttered, from her lips. She could not, because of what she felt, declare to him what she thought; and she beheld his progress, from day to day, with an apprehension that increased momently, and made her appearance, in one respect, not unlike his own. She was now aware that he was the victim of a strange excitement, in which his present artist labors had a considerable share. He seemed to hurry to their prosecution with an eager impatience that looked like frenzy—and to return from his daily task with a frame exhausted, but with an eye that seemed to burn with the subtlest fires. His words were few, but there was a strange intelligence in his looks. His cheeks had grown very pale, his frame was thinned, his voice hollow, in the prosecution of these secret labors; and yet there was a something of exultation in his glance, which fully declared that, however exhausting to his frame might be the task he was pursuing, its results were yet looked to with a wild and eager satisfaction. At length the work was done. One day he stood before her in an attitude of utter exhaustion. "It is finished!" he exclaimed. "You shall see it to-morrow."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nay, to-morrow! to-morrow!"

He then retired to sleep, and rested several hours. She looked on him while he slept. He had never rested so profoundly since he had begun the labor from which he was now freed. The slumber of an infant had never been less disturbed, never been softer, sweeter, or purer. The beauty of Cœlius was that of the most peaceful purity. She bent over him as he slept, and kissed his forehead with looks of the truest devotion, while two big tears gathered in her large eyes, and slowly felt their way along her cheeks. She turned away lest the warm drops falling upon his face might awake him. She turned away, and in her own apartment gave free vent to the feelings which his pure and placid slumbers seemed rather to subdue than encourage. Why, with such a husband—her first love—and with so many motives to happiness, was she not happy? Alas! who shall declare for the secret yearnings of the heart, and say, as idly as Canute to the sea, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther—here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Aurelia was a creature of fears and anxieties, and many a secret and sad presentiment. She was very far from happy—ill at ease—and—but why anticipate? We shall soon enough arrive at the issue of our melancholy narrative!

That night, while she slept—for grief and apprehension have their periods of exhaustion, which we misname repose—her husband rose from his couch, and with cautious footsteps departed from his dwelling. He was absent all the night, and returned only with the dawn. He re-entered his home with the same stealthy caution with which he had quitted it, and it might have been remarked that he dismissed his brother, with two other persons, at the threshold. They were all masked, and otherwise disguised with cloaks. Why this mystery? Where had they been —on what mission of mischief or of shame? To Cœlius such a necessity was new, and scarcely had he entered his dwelling than he cast aside his disguises with the air of one who loathes their uses. He was very pale and haggard, with a fixed but glistening expression of the eye, a brow of settled gloom, from which hope and faith, and every interest in life seemed utterly to be banished. A single groan escaped him when he stood alone, and then he raised himself erect, as if hitherto he had leaned upon the arms of others. He carried himself firmly and loftily, his lips compressed, his eye eagerly looking forward, and thus, after the interval of a few seconds, he passed to the chamber of his wife. And still she slept. He bent over her, earnestly and intently gazing upon those beauties which grief seemed only to sadden into superior sweetness. He looked upon her with those earnest eyes of love, the expression of which can never be misunderstood. Still he loved her, though between her heart and his a high, impassable barrier had been raised up by the machinations of a guilty spirit. Tenderness was the prevailing character of his glance until she spoke. Her sleep, though deep, was not wholly undisturbed. Fearful images crossed her fancy. She started and sobbed, and cried, "Save, O save and spare him—Flavius, my dear Flavius!"—and her breathing again became free, and her lips sunk once more into repose. But fearful was the change, from a saddened tenderness to agony and despair, which passed over the features of Cœlius as he listened to her cry. Suddenly, striking his clenched hands against his forehead, he shook them terribly at the sleeping woman, and rushed wildly out of the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

Progress to the Sepulchre.

It was noon of the same day—a warm and sunny noon, in which the birds and the breeze equally counseled pleasure and repose. The viands stood before our Cœlius and his wife, the choicest fruits of Italy, and cates which might not, in later days,

have misbeseemed the favorite chambers of Lucullus. The goblet was lifted in the hands of both, and the heart of Aurelia felt almost as cheerful as the expression on her face. It was the reflection in the face of her husband. His brow was gloomy no longer. The tones of his voice were neither cold, nor angry, nor desponding. A change—she knew not why—had come over his spirit, and he smiled, nay, laughed out, in the very exultation of a new life. Aurelia conjectured nothing of this so sudden change. Enough that it was grateful to her soul. She was too happy in its influence to inquire into its cause. What heart that is happy does inquire? She quaffed the goblet at his bidding—quaffed it to the dregs—and her eye gleamed delighted and delightfully upon his, even as in the first hours of their union. She had no apprehensions—dreaded nothing sinister—and did not perceive that ever, at the close of his laughter, there was a convulsive quiver—a sort of hysterical sobbing, that he seemed to try to subdue in vain. She noticed not this, nor the glittering, almost spectral brightness of his glance, as, laughing tumultuously, he still kept his gaze intently fixed upon her. She was blind to all things but the grateful signs of his returning happiness and attachment. Once more the goblet was lifted. "To Turmes (Mercury) the conductor," cried the husband. The wife drank unwittingly—for still her companion smiled upon her, and spoke joyfully, and she was as little able as willing to perceive that any thing occult occured in his expression.

"Have you drank?" he asked.

She smiled, and laid the empty goblet before him.

"Come, then, you shall now behold the picture. You will now be prepared to understand it."

They rose together, but another change had overspread his features. The gayety had disappeared from his face. It was covered with a calm that was frightful. The eye still maintained all its eager intensity, but the lips were fixed in the icy mould of resolution. They declared a deep, inflexible purpose. There was a corresponding change in his manner and deportment. But a moment before he was all life, grace, gayety and great flexibility; he was now erect, majestic, and commanding in aspect, with a lordly dignity in his movement, that declared a sense of a high duty to be done. Aurelia was suddenly impressed with misgivings. The change was too sudden not to startle. Her doubts and apprehensions were not lessened when, instead of conducting her to the studio, where she expected to see the picture, he led the way through the vestibule and into the open court of the palace. They lingered but for a moment at the entrance, and she then beheld his brother Aruns approaching. To him she gave not a look.

"All is right," said the latter.

"Enter!" was the reply of Cœlius; and as the brother disappeared within the vestibule, the two moved forward through the outer gate. They passed through a lovely wood, shady and hidden, through which, subdued by intervening leaves, gleamed only faintly the bright, clear sun of Italy. From under the huge chestnuts, on either hand, the majestic gods of Etruria extended their guiding and endowing hands. Tina, or Jupiter, Aplu, or Apollo, Erkle, Turmes, and the rest, all conducting them along the *via sacra*, which led from the palaces to the tombs of every proud Etruscan family. They entered the solemn grove which was dedicated to night and silence, and were about to ascend the gradual slopes by which the tumulus was approached. Then it was that the misgivings of Aurelia took a more serious form. She felt a vague but oppressive fear. She hesitated.

"My Cœlius," she exclaimed, "whither do we go? Is not this the passage to the house of silence?"

"Do you not know it?" he demanded quickly, and fixing upon her a keen inquiring glance. "Come!" he continued, "it is there that I have fixed the picture!"

"Alas! my Cœlius, wherefore! It is upon this picture that you have been so deeply engaged. It has made you sad—it has left us both unhappy. Let us not go—let me not see it!" Her agitation was greatly increased. He saw it, and his face put on a look of desperate exultation.

"Ay, but thou must see it—thou shalt look upon and behold my triumph, my greatest triumph in art and perhaps my last. I shall never touch pencil more and wilt thou refuse to look upon my last and noblest work. Fie! this were a wrong to me, and a great shame in thee, Aurelia. Come! the toil of which thou think'st but coldly, has brought me peace rather than sadness. It has made of death a thing rather familiar than offensive. If it has deprived me of hope, it has left me without terrors!"

"Deprived you of hopes, my Cœlius," said the wife, still lingering, and in mortal terror.

"Even so!"

"And, wherefore, O, my husband, wherefore?"

"Speak not, woman! See you not that we are within the shadow of the tomb?"

"Let us not approach—let us go hence!" she exclaimed entreatingly, with increasing agitation.

"Ay, shrink'st thou!" he answered; "well thou may'st. The fathers of the Pomponii, for two thousand years, are now floating around us on their sightless wings. They wonder that a Roman woman should draw nigh to the dwellings of our ancient Lucumones."

"A Roman woman!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "My Cœlius, wherefore this?"

"Art thou not?"

"I am thy wife."

"Art sure of that?"

"As the gods live and look upon us, I am thine, this hour and forever!"

"May the gods judge thee, woman," he responded slowly, as he paused at the gate of the mausoleum, and fixed his eyes intently upon her. Hers were raised to heaven, with her uplifted hands. She did not weep, and her grief was still mixed with a fearful agitation.

"Let us now return, my Cœlius!"

"What, wilt thou not behold the picture?"

"Not now—at another season. I could not look upon it now!"

"Alas! woman, but this cannot be. Thou must behold it now or never. Hope not to escape. Enter! I have a tale to tell thee, and a sight to show thee within, which thou canst not hear or see hereafter. Enter!" As he spoke, he applied the key to the stone leaf, and the door slowly revolved upon the massy pivots. She turned and would have fled, but he grasped her by the wrist, and moved toward the entrance. She carried her freed hand to her forehead—parted the hair from her eyes, and raised them pleadingly to heaven. Resistance she saw was vain. Her secret was discovered. She prepared to enter, but slowly. "Enter!" Dost thou fear now," cried her husband, "when commanded? Hast thou not, thou, a Roman, ventured already to penetrate these awful walls, given to silence and the dead—and on what mission? Enter, as I bid thee!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Chamber of Death—The Catastrophe.

She obeyed him, shuddering and silent. He followed her, closed the entrance, and fastened it within. They were alone among the dead of a thousand years—alone, but not in darkness. The hand of preparation had been there, and cressets were burning upon the walls; their lights, reflected from the numerous shields of bronze within the apartment, shedding a strange and fantastic splendor upon the scene. The eyes of Aurelia rapidly explored the chamber as if in search of some expected object. Those of Cœlius watched them with an expression of scornful triumph, which did not escape her glance. She firmly met his gaze, almost inquiringly, while her hands were involuntarily and convulsively clasped together.

"Whom dost thou seek, Aurelia?"

"Thou know'st! thou know'st!—where is he? Tell me, my Cœlius, that he is safe, that thou hast sped him hence—that I may bless thee."

He smiled significantly as he replied, "he is safe—I have sped him hence!"

"Tinai, (Adonai,) my husband, keep thee in the hollow of his hand."

"How shameless! dost thou dare so much!"

"What mean'st thou, my Cœlius?"

"Sit thou there," he answered, "till I show thee my picture." He pointed her, as he spoke, to a new sarcophagus, upon which she placed herself submissively. Then, with a wand in his hand, he, himself seated upon another coffin of stone, pointed her to a curtain which covered one of the sides of the chamber. "Behind that curtain, Aurelia, is the last work of my hands; but before I unveil it to thine eyes, let me tell thee its melancholy history. It will not need many words for this. Much of it is known to thee already. How I found thee in Rome, when I was there a captive—how I loved thee, and how I believed in thy assurances of love; all these things thou know'st. We wedded, and I brought thee, a Roman woman, held a barbarian by my people, into the palace of one of the proudest families of all Etruria. Shall I tell thee that I loved thee still, that I love thee even now, when I have most reason to hate thee, when I know thy perjury, thy cold heart, thy hot lust, thy base, degrading passions!"

"Hold, my lord—say not these things to my grief and thy dishonor. They wrong me, not less than thy own name. These things, poured into thine ear by some secret enemy, are false!"

"Thou wilt not swear it."

"By all the gods of Rome—"

"And of what avail, and how binding the oath taken in the names of the barbarian deities of Rome."

"By the Etrurian—"

"Perjure not thyself, woman, but hear me."

"Go on, my lord, I will hear thee, though I suffer death with every word thou speak'st.

"It is well, Aurelia, that thou art prepared for this."

"Thy dagger, my Cœlius, were less painful than thy words and looks unkind."

"Never was I unkind until I found thee false."

"Never was I false, my lord, even when thou wast unkind."

"Woman! lie not; thou wert discovered with thy paramour, here, in this tomb; thou wert followed, day by day, and all thy secret practices betrayed. This thou ow'st to the better vigilance of my dear brother Aruns—he, more watchful of my honor than myself—"

"Ah! well I know from what hand came the cruel shaft; Cœlius, my Cœlius, thy brother is a wretch, doomed to infamy and black with crime. I have had no paramour. I might have had, and thou might'st have been dishonored, had I hearkened to thy brother's pleadings. I spurned him from my feet with loathing, and he requites me with hate. Oh! my husband, believe me, and place this man, whom thou too fondly callest thy brother, before thine eyes and mine!"

"Alas! Aurelia, this boldness becomes thee not. I myself traced thee to this tomb—these eyes but too frequently beheld thee with thy paramour."

"Cœlius, as I live, he was no paramour—but where is he, what hast thou done with him?"

"Sent him before thee to prepare thy couch in Hades!"

"Oh, brother!—but thou hast not! tell me, my lord, that thy hand is free from this bloody crime!"

"He sleeps beneath thee. It is upon his sarcophagus thou sittest."

She started with a piercing shriek from the coffin where she sat, knelt beside it, and strove to remove the heavy stone lid, which had been already securely fastened. While thus engaged the Lucumo drew aside with his hand the curtain which concealed the picture.

"Look," said he, "woman, behold the fate which thou and thy paramour have received—behold the task which I had set me when first I had been shown thy perjuries. Look!"

She arose in silence from her knees, and turned her eyes upon the picture. As the curtain was slowly unrolled from before it, and she conceived the awful subject, and distinguished, under the care

of the good and guardian genii, the shades of well-known members of the Pomponian family, her interest was greatly excited; but when following in the train and under the grasp of the Etrurian demon, she beheld the features of the young Roman who was doomed, she bounded forward with a cry of agony.

"My brother, my Flavius, my own, my only brother!" and sunk down with outstretched arms before the melancholy shade.

"Her brother!" exclaimed the husband. She heard the words and rose rapidly to her feet.

"Ay, Flavius, my brother, banished from Rome, and concealed here in thy house of silence, concealed even from thee, my husband, as I would not vex thee with the anxieties of an Etrurian noble, lest Rome should hear and punish the people, by whom her outlaw was protected. Thou know'st my crime. This paramour was the brother of my heart—child of the same sire and dame—a noble heart, a pure spirit, whose very virtues have been the cause of his disgrace at Rome. Slay me, if thou wilt, but tell me not, O, Cœlius, that thou hast put the hands of hate upon my brother!"

"Thy tale is false, woman—well-planned, but false. Know I not thy brother. Did I not know thy brother well in Rome. Went we not together oft. I tell thee, I should know him among a line of ten thousand Romans!"

"Alas! alas! my husband, if ever I had brother, then is this he. I tell thee nothing but the truth. Of a surety, when thou wert in Rome, my brother was known to thee, but the boy has now become a man. Seven years have wrought a change upon him of which thou hast not thought. Believe me, what I tell thee—the youth whom I sheltered in this vault, and to whom I brought food nightly, was, indeed, my brother—my Flavius, the only son of my mother, who sent him to me, with fond words of entreaty, when the consuls of the city bade him depart in banishment."

"I cannot believe thee, woman. It were a mortal agony, far beyond what I feel in the conviction of thy guilt, were I to yield faith to thy story. It is thy paramour whom I have slain, and who sleeps in that tomb. His portrait and his judgment are before thee, and now—look on thine own!"

The picture, fully displayed, showed to the wretched woman her own person, in similar custody with him who was her supposed paramour. The terrible felicity of the execution struck her to the soul. It was a picture to live as a work of art, and to this she was not insensible. She clasped her hands before it, and exclaimed,

"Oh! my Cœlius, what a life hast thou give to a lie. Yet may I bear the terrors of such a doom, if he whom thou hast painted there in a fate full of dreadful fellowship with mine, was other than my brother Flavius—he with whom thou did'st love to play, and to whom thou did'st impart the first lessons in the art which he learned to love from thee. Dost hear me, my Cœlius, as my soul lives, this man was none other than my brother."

"False! false! I will not, dare not believe thee!" he answered in husky accents. His frame was trembling, yet he busied himself in putting on a rich armor, clothing himself in military garb, from head to foot, as if going into action.

"What dost thou, my lord?" demanded Aurelia, curious as she beheld him in this occupation.

"This," said he, "is the armor in which I fought with Rome when I was made the captive of thy people, and thine. It is fit that I should wear it now, when I am once more going into captivity."

"My husband, what mean'st thou—of what captivity dost thou speak?"

"The captivity of death! Hear me, Aurelia, dost thou feel nothing at thy heart which tells thee of the coming struggle when the soul shakes off the reluctant flesh, and strives, as it were, for freedom. Is there no chill in thy veins, no sudden pang, as of fire in thy breast. These speak in me. They warn me of death. We are both summoned. But a little while is left us of life."

"Have mercy, Jove! I feel these pains, this chill, this fire that thou speak'st of."

"It is death! the goblet which I gave thee, and of which I drank the first and largest draught was drugged with death."

"Then—it is all true! Thou hast in truth slain my brother. Thou hast—thou hast!"

"Nay, he was not thy brother, Aurelia. Why wilt thou forswear thyself at this terrible moment! It is vain. Would'st thou lie to death—would'st thou carry an impure face of perjury before the seat of the Triune God! Beware! Confess thy crime, and justify the vengeance of thy lord!"

"As I believe thee, my Cœlius—as I believe that thou hast most rashly and unjustly murdered my brother, and put death in the cup which, delivered by thy hands, was sweet and precious to my lips, so must I now declare, in sight of Heaven, in the presence of the awful dead, that what I have said and sworn to thee, is truth. He whom I sheltered within the tombs of thy fathers, was the son of mine—the only, the last, best brother of my heart; I bore him in mine arms when I was a child myself. I loved him ever! Oh, how I loved him! next to thee, my Cœlius—next to thee! Could'st thou but have spared me this love—this brother!"

How knew I—how know I now—that he was thy brother?" was the choking inquiry.

"To save thee the cruel agony that thou must feel, knowing this, I could even be moved to tell thee falsely, and say that he was not my brother—but, indeed, some paramour, such as the base and evil thought of thy brother has grafted upon thine; but I may not, thy love is too precious to me at this last moment, even if death were not too terrible to the false speaker. He was, indeed, my Flavius, dear son of a dear mother, best beloved brother, he whom thou did'st play with as a boy, to whom thou gav'st lessons in thy own lovely art; who loved thee, my Cœlius, but too fondly, and only forbore telling thee of his evil plight for fear that thou should'st incur danger from the sharp and angry hostility of Rome. Seek my chamber, and in my cabinet thou wilt find

his letters, and the letters of my mother, borne with him in his flight. Nay,—oh! mother, what is this agony?"

"Too late! too late! If it be truth thou speakest, Aurelia, it is a truth that cannot save. Death is upon us—I see it in thy face—I feel it in my heart. Oh! would that I could doubt thy story!"

"Doubt not—doubt not—believe and take me to thy heart. I fear not death, if thou wilt believe me. My Cœlius, let me come to thee and die upon thy bosom."

"Ah! should'st thou betray me—should'st thou still practice upon me with thy woman art!"

"And wherefore? It is death, thou say'st, that is upon us now. What shall I gain, in this hour, by speaking to thee falsely. Thou hast done thy worst. Thou hast doomed me to death, and to the eyes of the confiding future!"

She threw her arms around him as she spoke, and sunk, sunk sobbing upon his breast.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that dreadful picture! I feel, my Aurelia, that thou hast spoken truly—that I have been rash and cruel in my judgments. Thy brother lies before thee, and yonder tomb is prepared for thee. I did not yield without a struggle; and I prepared me for a terrible sacrifice. Upon this bier, habited as I am, I yield myself to death. There is no help—no succor. Yet that picture! Shall the falsehood overcome the truth. Shall that lie survive thy virtues, thy beauty, and thy life! No! my Aurelia, this crime shall be spared at least."

He unwound her arms from about his neck, and strove to rise. She sunk in the same moment at his feet. "Oh, death!" she cried, "thou art, indeed, a god! I feel thee, terrible in thy strength, with an agony never felt before. Leave me not, my Cœlius —forgive—and leave me not!"

"I lose thee, Aurelia! Where—"

"Here! before the couch—I faint—ah!"

"I would destroy," he cried, "but cannot! This blindness. Ho! without there! Aruns! It is thy step I hear! Undo, undo—I forgive thee all, if thou wilt but help. Here—hither!"

The acute senses of the dying man had, indeed, heard footsteps without. They were those of the perfidious brother. But, at the call from within, he retreated hastily. There was no answer—there was no help. But there was still some consciousness. Death was not yet triumphant. There was a pang yet to be felt—and a pleasure. It was still in the power of the dying man to lift to his embrace his innocent victim. A moment's return of consciousness enabled her to feel his embrace, his warm tears upon her cheek, and to hear his words of entreaty and tenderness imploring forgiveness. And speech was vouchsafed her to accord it.

"I forgive thee, my Cœlius—I forgive thee, and bless thee, and love thee to the last. I know that thou would'st never do me hurt of thy own will; I know that thou wert deceived to this—yet how, oh, how, when my head lay upon thy breast at night, and I slept in peace, could'st thou think that I should do thee wrong!"

"Why," murmured the miserable man, "why, oh, why?"

"Had I but told thee, and trusted in thee, my Cœlius?"

"Why did'st thou not."

"It was because of my brother's persuasion that I did not—he wished not that thou should'st come to evil."

"And thou forgiv'st me, Aurelia—from thy very heart thou forgiv'st me?"

"All, all—from my heart and soul, my husband."

"It will not, then, be very hard to die!"

An hour after and the chamber was silent. The wife had yielded first. She breathed her last sigh upon his bosom, and with the last effort of his strength he lifted her gently and laid her in the sarcophagus, composing with affectionate care the drapery around her. Then, remembering the picture, he looked around him for his sword with which to obliterate the portraits which his genius had assigned to so lamentable an eternity; but his efforts were feeble, and the paralysis of death seized him while he was yet making them. He sunk back with palsied limbs upon the bier, and the lights, and the picture, faded from before his eyes, with the last pulses of his life. The calumny which had destroyed his hopes, survived its own detection. The recorded falsehood was triumphant over the truth; yet may you see to this day, where the random strokes of the weapon were aimed for its obliteration. Of himself there is no monument in the tomb, though one touching memorial has reached us. The vaulted chamber buried in the earth was discovered by accident. A fracture was made in its top by an Italian gentleman in company with a Scottish nobleman. As they gazed eagerly through the aperture, they beheld an ancient warrior in full armor, and bearing a coronet of gold. The vision lasted but a moment. The decomposing effects of the air were soon perceptible. Even while they gazed, the body seemed agitated with a trembling, heaving motion, which lasted a few minutes, and then it subsided into dust. When they penetrated the sepulchre, they found the decaying armor in fragments, the sword and the helmet, or crown of gold. The dust was but a handful, and this was all that remained of the wretched Lucumo. The terrible picture is all that survives—the false witness, still repeating its cruel lie at the expense of all that is noble in youth and manhood, and all that is pure and lovely in the soul of woman.

THOUGHTS.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

I HAVE thoughts that like the eagle soar to a daring height,
That boldly revel in the glare of strong and dazzling light,
That glory in such brightness, and wish 't was ever day,
That in unclouded brilliancy life's hours might pass away.
I have thoughts that bow me to the dust in stupor-like despair,
That bind my soul with fetters to keep it always there;
That whisper I can never rise, that my spirit has no wings,
But must ever be content to lie amid earth's blighted things.

I have gentle, holy thoughts that come with sweet and soothing power
Instilling vigor in my heart, as dew upon the flower;
And then I feel that I would give the world if I could be
From all of human frailty and earthly passion free.
I have thoughts that breathe unholy air, that bring a chilling blight
Upon each better feeling, each principle of right:
Vain, foolish, envious, wicked thoughts that fill my heart with pain;
That pour wild tumult in my breast, and fever on my brain.

I have thoughts that come like zephyrs in the spring-time of the year,
That bear sweet memories of my friends—those who are ever dear;
And some who at another time might seem but friends in name,
Are made by those same gentle thoughts a friendship true to claim.
I think me of the kindly deeds, the pleasant word or smile,
Which sometimes served in sadder hours a sorrow to beguile;
Oh, then I raise my heart in prayer for every one I know,
And ask our common God to bless and shield them from each wo;
And there is naught of sacrifice too great for me to bear,
If so I might but glad their hearts, or free their souls from care.

I have thoughts that spread deep shadows of unholy, dark distrust,
That like a fearful whirlwind lay high hopes within the dust;
That recall forgotten mem'ries to a gloomy, clouded mind,
Of broken friendships, trusts betrayed, and words and looks unkind.
Ah, then suspicion dark and drear spreads forth her chilling blight,
And sick at heart I turn away, as withers in my sight
Bright hopes of future happiness—sweet friendships held most dear,
And I seem to live 'mid shattered wrecks, in strange, unearthly fear;
And I start to hear a kindly word, and my spirit dreads a smile,
Lest the word should be deceitful, or the smile be meant in guile:
And I deem that the wide world contains no friend who loves me well,
And I long to go away from earth to where the faithful dwell.

I would not have them ever glad, those many thoughts of mine—
I would not with unclouded beams life's sun should ever shine:
For He who sends the clouds and rain knows when they are needed best,
And I would upon his guiding care with firm reliance rest:
But I would my thoughts were ever right—were ever firm and strong,
Such thoughts as nerve the heart in might to conquer what is wrong,
I would not that my spirit breathe the taint of impure air,
But that only holy, heaven-sent thoughts should have an influence there.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. O M. P. LORD.

THERE 's music in thy voice, love;
Such notes have never been
Since years and years ago, love,
God's angels talked with men;
It never chides nor blames, love,
But always seeks to praise.
In truth such gentle speech, love,
Thy native land betrays.

Like summer cloud thy brow, love,
And hue of summer sky,
As ocean gives it back, love,
Dwells in that tender eye;
The heaven without looks in, love,
And sees its image there;
The heaven within looks out, love,
So wondrous clear and fair.

Soon, soon, we all must sleep, love,
Through long and dreamless night;
And, waking, find these robes, love,
So changed, so clear and white;
But thou, so pure and free, love,
Thy garb from earthly stain,
E'en as thou laid'st it down, love,
Will take it up again.

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

OR THE NABOB UNCLE.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

"WELL, girls, prepare your sweetest smiles, and best behavior, for your uncle has arrived at last, and I have just received this note, dated at the Astor, announcing his coming, and accepting my invitation to make our house his home; so, to use his own expression, we may expect him, 'bag and baggage,' this evening."

These words were addressed by Mrs. Medway to her daughters, as they sat at breakfast, in an elegant apartment in a fashionable street up town.

"That means, I suppose, that he comes with an ebony serving-man, in an immense turban, half a dozen hookahs, innumerable packages, and self-indulging contrivances, and all the et cæteras of an eastern nabob," replied Matilda. "I wonder where we are to stow away all the trash that he will undoubtedly pour in upon us? I wish, mamma, you had not invited him here; but if his coming prove but a golden one to us, I, for one, am perfectly willing to play the agreeable, with so bright a prospect in store."

"Not so with me," exclaimed her younger sister Sophy, "I am determined to do as I please, and not be like an automaton, at the will of a cross old invalid, as I have no doubt he is. I suppose we must have great fires built up all summer, and be content to be baked, and browned to crisps, in ovens of rooms, while old yellow-face shivers with cold, and swears at the climate. And then we must live on curries, and spices, and pilaus, and all sorts of horrid nauseous messes, until we are as yellow and bilious as himself. I boldly protest against all such proceedings, and thus, once for all, good people, declare myself free and independent."

"But recollect, girls," said their mother, while she laughed at Sophy's declaration, "he is your father's brother, and as such entitled to at least an appearance of respect. I wish he was less afflicted to be sure, for it will be a sad drawback, I fear, upon your amusements; but keep up your courage, and remember that to be co-heiresses of an Indian nabob is a distinction very much to be coveted, and worthy some sacrifices to attain."

"I am sure his deafness will be a great relief to us all," chimed in Matilda, "so as we play propriety and have plenty of delicate attentions, and wreathed smiles, in readiness, we can indulge once in a while in a theatrical aside of impatience, which will be quite a safety valve to the temper."

"But if he is an invalid he must necessarily be cross," answered Sophy, "and as his sight is impaired, he will probably want some one to read to him; *that* task I absolutely refuse to perform; for as to reading any thing more than the last magazine, it is an effort I never was equal to. We will appoin Grace reader to his Indian majesty. What say you, Grace, are you not overwhelmed with the honor?"

This question was addressed to a quiet girl, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who replied with a smile, "If your uncle is in reality the disagreeable person you describe, I shall not be emulous of the honor you design me; but if he is in truth an invalid, I will wait on him with cheerfulness, for you know I am accustomed to a sick chamber."

"That 's just like you, Grace, always ready and willing to do for every one," answered Sophy. "Of course he is an invalid—all nabobs are. He has the gout, and we must all creep on tip-toe about the room, lest an unlucky jar might give him a twinge, and bring down a volley, not of blessings, upon our devoted heads. Then the liver complaint is a necessary appendage, and blue pills and calomel will abound. Bah! what a house it will be to be sure, I should not wonder if he has a pet monkey and half a dozen macaws, and we shall have a menagerie and hospital combined. If such *is* the case, I shall run off and get married; so don't wonder if some morning I am missing."

"And thus forfeit your claim to the fortune in store," said her sister; "for my part I am willing to take a pill every other day, in the hope that it will prove at last a gilded one, and will feed the macaws to a surfeit—"

"In fact, kill them with kindness," interrupted Sophy, laughing. "Well, you are welcome to all you can get, the pill will be bitter if it is gilded; I love my ease too well to be shackled even with golden fetters; so Grace and you may divide the labor and the reward."

"Grace will of course do whatever is required of her," said Mrs. Medway gravely, "but as she has no claim of kindred upon your uncle, she will not expect any other return than my approval. And now girls we have spent a long time chatting; I must go and prepare for our newly arrived relative's coming, and remember, Sophy, that you treat him with all deference and respect; you might have a little natural feeling—"

"All fudge, mamma," laughed Sophy, rising from her seat; "talk of natural feeling, indeed, for a cross old fidgetty fellow one never saw, and scarcely ever heard of, except when he sent you that superb India shawl. I tell you, mamma, it is a natural feeling for his presents and his rupees that inspires you and Matilda; I will none of them except they come in a ***natural*** way, without any force put on my in-

clination. You know I am a little Pickle, and I intend to be as sour as vinegar."

"And I as sweet as honey-water," cried Matilda, as she left the room.

"Yes, and as insipid, too," replied her sister, following. "As for you, Grace," she added, looking back, "as you fortunately have no selfish considerations, you can afford to be, as you always are, 'Simple Grace, gracious and graceful,'" so saying, the noisy girl slammed the door after her, leaving Grace to her daily duty of washing the breakfast things, and arranging the room.

Mrs. Medway was the widow of a merchant who had left his family possessed of a moderate income, which they contrived should, like a thin plate of gold, cover a large surface. They lived up to their means in every sense. Mrs. Medway gave parties, kept several servants, lived in a large house, showily furnished, and dressed herself and daughters splendidly. All this could not be done without strict economy somewhere; and while the soirées of Mrs. Medway were pronounced delightful, the servants made many complaints of their daily fare. Mrs. Medway was only one of a class, there are hundreds who, to use a vulgar phrase, "rob Peter to pay Paul," and fast at home, that they may appear to feast abroad.

The coming of Jacob Medway, an elder brother of her husband, who had spent his life in India, and now returned to his native land, to enjoy his fortune and find an heir, was an important event to Mrs. Medway. She would rather, to be sure, have him unacquainted with certain parts of her household arrangement, but she hoped to reap a golden harvest, and wished to give her daughters an opportunity of ingratiating themselves in his favor. These daughters were handsome, showy girls. Matilda, the elder, had been a decided belle for several seasons. She was tall and slender, with very fine dark eyes, rather long face, and that distinguished air and manner that stamps the woman of fashion. She was very anxious to secure her uncle's favor, for she argued that a fine fortune might secure her the alliance that her fine person had hitherto failed to win.

The younger daughter, Sophy, with less beauty than her sister, was still much admired. She had a rattling, dashing way of saying pert, and sometimes shrewd things, that passed for wit, among the idlers who surrounded her, though they often winced under the keenness of her remarks. She was not amiable, but possessed a sturdy independence that was a redeeming trait, and though often displaying it in a most disagreeable manner, was in reality much less selfish than her soft-lipped sister.

The other inmate of the family whom we have mentioned, was Grace Addison—"little Grace," as she was wont to be affectionately termed in her own happy home, but now, "Simple Grace," as Sophy loved to call her. The mother of Grace was a cousin of Mrs. Medway; she had been left a widow in very straitened circumstances her husband dying when Grace was just fifteen. Grief and anxiety threw her in a consumption, and she died two years after, leaving her orphan child to the care of her cousin, Mrs. Medway, who had herself been tenderly reared under the roof of Mrs. Addison's father, and upon whom the grand-daughter of her benefactor certainly had a claim.

Mrs. Medway was a selfish woman, and the charge was irksome, but the circumstances of her own early life and adoption were so extensively known, that she dared not brave the censure of her friends by refusing it; and thus whilst Grace was ostensibly cared and provided for, she was made to feel her dependence, and had resolved in her own heart to seize the first opportunity of releasing herself from this thraldom, preferring to earn her daily bread, than to receive it as a favor while she toiled for it as a menial. But her gentle and pliant nature dreaded to offend or grieve Mrs. Medway, for she knew that she was really essential to her, whilst for Sophy, rude as she at times appeared, she felt a warm attachment, for she alone acted toward her as an equal and a friend.

Grace Addison was not beautiful, but she had charms enough to have made her a dangerous rival, had she appeared on equal terms with the sisters. She shrunk, however, from society, and seldom appeared at Mrs. Medway's *soirées*, very much, it must be confessed, to that lady's satisfaction. We have said Grace was not beautiful—lovely is the epithet properly belonging to her. Scarcely above the middle height, her slender form was inexpressibly graceful in all its attitudes; there were no angles about her, Sophy said. Every accidental position was a study for a sculptor—and never was the gentle name of Grace more fitly applied. Her deep, thoughtful blue eyes were shaded by long black lashes, that rested on a cheek whose deepest tint never exceeded the glow on the lip of a sea-shell, and the delicate features, and rich mass of dark hair, gave that air of refinement so rare and so indescribable. Such was the family of which the nabob, Jacob Medway, was expected to become an inmate.

In Mrs. Medway's drawing-room the family was assembled to receive the expected guest. Sophy was ridiculing her sister, and imitating the welcome which she said Matilda had learned by rote, when the noise of carriage-wheels were heard, and presently a loud ring of the bell announced the arrival. Mrs. Medway arose, and went into the hall, and then came the sound of trunks unstrapped, and packages thrown in, and next, enveloped in cloaks, the rich uncle stepped from the carriage, and being welcomed by Mrs. Medway, was shown at once to his room, where every accommodation for his comfort had been made. He had a colored servant, and as many packages as even Matilda expected, but no pet monkey or macaws as yet appeared.

"Well, mamma, what is he like?" exclaimed both daughters in a breath, as she re-entered the room.

"You shall judge for yourselves presently," she answered. "He does not appear to be gouty, however, for he stepped quite firmly into the hall, and his voice is pleasant and not at all cross."

"So, perhaps, Matilda will not have the gratification of being a martyr after all," cried Sophy, laughing; "her honey-water will sour by keeping, and my vinegar become flat; well, after all, I am a little disappointed. I don't believe he is at all rich, Matilda, unless he is gouty, cross, and every thing bad; it would be too much of a good thing if he were."

Matilda did not much relish her sister's raillery, and a sharp reply rose to her lips as the door opened and her uncle entered. Mrs. Medway immediately rose, and introduced him to her daughters, and Grace offered him the arm-chair which he politely accepted, and then expressed, in a very few words, his thanks for her courtesy.

He was, of course, an object of great interest to the little group, and did not altogether answer their expectations.

Uncle Medway was tall, and rather stout, with a fine open countenance, yellow and brown, to be sure, in its hue, but the expression of his mouth contradicted at once all idea of ill-nature. His eyes were small, with a keen, shrewd, searching expression; and one could scarcely credit that their vision was impaired, so that without glasses he could not distinguish minute objects. He carried an ear-cornet in his hand, and apologized for his infirmities, speaking in a nervous and abrupt manner.

"You will find me a troublesome inmate, I fear, madam," he said to Mrs. Medway; "my infirmities make me a poor companion. I am a man of few words, and my loss of hearing renders it almost impossible to enjoy the conversation of others, while even the pleasure of reading is in part denied me."

"My daughters will be delighted to serve you in every way," said Mrs. Medway, graciously.

"Now is your chance," loudly whispered Sophy, to her sister, "lay your eyes, ears, and tongue, at the feet of your golden idol."

"Sophy!" exclaimed her mother, in an agony, but the sight of the ear-cornet calmed her fears.

The evening passed slowly away; Uncle Medway retired early, and the young ladies, after exchanging opinions of him, went to rest, to dream golden dreams, as Sophy maliciously said.

Uncle Medway did not appear at breakfast on the following morning, but during the forenoon, while the young ladies were occupied at their several employments, he unexpectedly entered, and with an apologetic smile and bow, took the seat which Matilda hastened to offer, tendering at the same time very affectionate inquiries regarding his health. The old gentleman quietly put on his glasses and lowered his ear-cornet, requesting her to repeat her words, while Sophy maliciously offered to prompt her, in case she forgot her lesson. Matilda looked thunder at her sister, and sunshine at her uncle as she repeated her questions.

"I rested well, thank you," said her uncle, "and as I hope to become better acquainted in time, you will not, I trust, be offended at my scrutiny." He took Matilda's hand as he spoke, and looked earnestly in her countenance.

"Do you consider me like papa?" she inquired with her most engaging smile, and speaking in the cornet, without which it was evident he could hear nothing.

"Humph, not much; your sister there is more like him," he answered, pointing with his ear-trumpet to Sophy.

"There, Matilda, is ten thousand lost to you," laughed the giddy girl.

"What does she say?" asked the old gentleman, casting a shrewd look at her; "come here, merry one, and tell me yourself."

Sophy rose and courtesied before him, as she said to Grace, "Your turn next—so prepare. I wonder if the old Indian thinks he can turn us about as he would some China ornaments, while we stand bobbing like so many mandarins before him?" then turning to her uncle, she added, "I am delighted that you think I resemble my father, sir, although Matilda is counted the beauty, and I the fright."

"Oh, Sophy, how can you rattle so," exclaimed Grace.

"Now hush, Grace, until your time comes. You know I always speak out what I think."

"Especially when you know one party at least cannot hear," said her sister, sarcastically.

"You all seem to be chattering away among yourselves like so many magpies," said the old gentleman. "But who is this young lady in the corner?"

"Our cousin, Grace Addison," screamed Sophy, at the top of her voice, "and the dearest, best, kindest cousin in the world. She makes all our dresses, copies Matilda's music, waters her flowers, sketches in her album, and does a thousand things for which others get the credit; and more than all, she bears all my impertinences, and never gets out of patience. Now, Grace," turning toward her, "you are properly introduced, come and speak for yourself. I think I have made *one party at least* hear this time," she added, to her sister; "and if old yellow-face has half as much generosity as he should have, there is a nice little plum in store for Simple Grace." So saying, she ran out of the room.

When the party met at dinner, there were several dishes cooked to suit Uncle Medway's taste, among the rest a curry. Mrs. Medway and Matilda accepted some of the proffered viand, but when the old gentleman politely turned to Sophy, she exclaimed,

"No, I thank you, none of your nauseous messes for me—the very smell of them takes away my appetite. Mamma, after this, I think I shall dine in my own room."

"What does the young lady say?" asked Uncle Medway, elevating his cornet, "that she has no appetite?"

"I say I can't bear curry," screamed Sophy.

"Oh, Sophy, how can you be so rude?" said her mother, in despair.

"Because I hate hypocrisy," answered the other, angrily. "There sits Matilda, striving to appear to eat what I know she abhors, afraid to say what her likes or dislikes are; it would not be worth the effort she makes to swallow it, if the hateful curry-

powder was gold-dust. See, she is pale now—and sick, too, I dare say; for shame, Matilda. Uncle Medway, must, indeed, be deaf, dumb, and blind, not to discover in a short time all your false pretences." Sophy spoke rapidly, despite of both mother and sister's attempts to stop her, and Grace's appealing looks. Secure in their guest's entire deafness, she railed severely at the deceit she despised. Uncle Medway cast a searching look toward Matilda, and then turning to Grace, who sat next him, invited her to partake of his favorite dish. Grace thanked him, but declined.

"What," said he, with a smile, "can't you bear curry either? Perhaps you have never tasted it."

"I am not fond of it, I confess," answered Grace. "I have often seen it on my grandfather's table, and he tried in vain to induce me to like it."

"Again those shrewd eyes of Uncle Medway rested on Grace's countenance, and no further discussion arising, the dinner passed pleasantly off.

After dinner Grace was left alone with the old gentleman, while the sisters took their usual promenade, when suddenly turning toward her, he said, in his peculiarly abrupt manner, "Who *was* your grandfather?"

Grace looked up in surprise, but immediately answered, "My grandfather's name was Maurice Addison."

"And your father's?"

"Jacob Addison; he was born in India—" and then, with a sudden impulse, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Medway, did you know my grandfather? Are you not the old friend I have so often heard him mention, who went out to India with him, and who was so true and kind to him in illness and trouble? You *are*, I am sure, and my father was named after you, Jacob Addison." It was unusual for the quiet Grace to be roused to such enthusiasm, but she rose from her seat, and laying her hand on the old gentleman's chair, looked into his face with such an affectionate and expectant gaze, that his heart must have been adamant, indeed, to resist it. And as his was, in reality, a loving and unselfish heart, he drew Grace gently toward him, and a pleasant smile lighted up his face, as he said,

"And *are* you Maurice Addison's own little merry pet, Grace, he so often mentioned in his letters to me? *You are*, I am sure; and you are the daughter of my little god-son, Jacob, who was only knee-high when I saw him last. And now, my dear child, for surely I have a right to call you so, why are you living here? Where are your parents?"

Tears started in Grace's eyes as she related the circumstances of her parents' death, and her admission into Mrs. Medway's family, adding, that though they were all very kind to her, she would remain no longer than until she could procure an independent situation, as she feared, in Mrs. Medway's circumstances, she was a burden.

"Humph!" was the only reply; and then the old gentleman added, "Say nothing about this conversation, if you please, until I give you permission."

Grace willingly acceded; she knew that Mrs. Medway would not like to believe she possessed any claim, however slight, on Uncle Medway's regard; and although feeling an attachment to him for her grandfather's sake, had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to rival her cousins.

One morning Uncle Medway expressed a desire to drive through the city, and wished one of the ladies to accompany him as a *cicérone*. Matilda's services were instantly offered, and politely accepted. On their return, Matilda threw herself on a sofa, exclaiming to her mother,

"Well, I never was so wearied in all my life; and I consider this splendid dress, which uncle purchased for me at Stewart's, as very hardly earned. Never will I consent to be driven about, shut up in a carriage with such a perverse, questioning old codger again for a dozen dresses. Why the old man seemed to think I must know the whole history of the city, from its first settlement—we will have to lend him Deidrich Knickerbocker's book. And then such stopping to admire the churches and other buildings, while groups of fashionables passed and stared; it is an ordeal I never will pass through again."

"The honey-water is exhausted, is it?" asked Sophy. "You gave it in too great quantities at first; well, for my part, I might be induced to take one drive with such a reward in view."

"What is that," asked the uncle, turning sharply around, "don't Matilda like her dress?"

"Shall I answer for you?" said Sophy.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Medway, "she was expressing her admiration and gratitude; but she says she will fear to go with you again, lest you should think her motives interested."

"Humph! the motives are apparent enough!" muttered the old gentleman; then turning to Grace, he said, "Will *you* accompany me to-morrow, Grace. I promise faithfully that you shall have no reward, save the consciousness of obliging a troublesome old man?"

Grace gladly assented, and Mrs. Medway's consent being given, Grace became the almost daily companion of the old gentleman, who seemed, however, to bestow but little notice on her, lavishing all his preference on Matilda, who was elated with her success.

A few days after, Uncle Medway brought down a closely-written letter of several pages, which he asked Matilda to copy for him, as she had so often expressed the pleasure it gave her to do any thing for her dear uncle. Matilda received the document with a gracious smile, and promised it should be done by the following morning. That evening the sisters went out with their mother, and Mr. Medway retired early to his own room, but having occasion to come down again for his glasses, he saw Grace bending over a table, on which were spread writing materials. She leaned her head on her clasped hands and sighed heavily. As he entered the room she looked up, and hastily drew a blank sheet over the page she had written.

"You look pale, child," said the old gentleman, as he put on his spectacles. "What are you doing there?"

"Only writing a little—but I have a severe headache," answered Grace.

"Go to bed, then—what are you poking your eyes out there for? I dare say some long letter to a sentimental friend, eh?" He approached the table as he spoke.

"You shall not see it, if it is," said Grace, playfully putting her hand on the paper, "and I must finish it to-night, because I have promised—" she paused.

"Well, well," said the old man, kindly, "promises must be kept, of course. I hope Matilda has kept her promise of copying my letter—do *you* think it will be finished by to-morrow morning, Grace?" And without waiting a reply, he left the room.

The following morning, the letter and copy were laid by Uncle Medway's plate, and the old gentleman, examining it with an approving glance, took a fifty dollar note from his pocket-book, and said, "I do not wish to offend, by offering a remuneration for this correct and beautiful copy; but I know you ladies have always some charitable object of interest, and the fair writer of this must have devoted many hours to its accomplishment. It will gratify her to have the power of doing good in every way—a power which will, perhaps, ere long be unlimited. Will you accept it, Matilda, as to you it justly belongs, and be my almoner?"

Matilda's eyes sparkled; this speech inferred much, and as she gracefully took the note, she thanked her uncle, and promised to dispose of it in charitable donations.

After breakfast, Uncle Medway was deeply engrossed in a paper, which he was endeavoring to decipher, and the sisters were sitting together, when Sophy said,

"Well, Matilda, what charitable institution do you intend to benefit by uncle's donation; as you earned the money so honorably, you will, of course, disburse it with equal honesty and justice."

Matilda colored slightly, but laughed, saying, "I shall do myself the charity to purchase that superb head-dress, and several costly et cæteras that I want for Mrs. Dayton's ball; and if you are a good girl, and hold your tongue, you shall be an object of charity, too."

"Now, Matilda, that is too mean, even for you," exclaimed the other, indignantly. "Shame on you, as Grace really copied the letter, she should at least have the privilege of distributing the money; here she comes now. Grace, in what way ought uncle's donation to be applied—you are the proper person to decide, and prevent Matilda from the selfishness she contemplates, in bestowing it all upon herself and me."

Her sister crimsoned with anger, but Grace spoke.

"I am sure you do Matilda injustice, Sophy; she would never act so deliberate a falsehood; as she told her uncle it should be applied to charity, she will certainly keep her word. And there is poor Mrs. Brown, the laundress, it would, indeed, be a charity to assist her—"

"And begin by paying her bills," interrupted Sophy.

But her sister, rising angrily, exclaimed, "I will not be be dictated to by either of you," and hastily left the apartment.

Uncle Medway had now been domesticated in the family for several weeks, and must, indeed, have been deaf, dumb and blind, to remain ignorant of the by-play going on around him. Secure in his entire deafness, Matilda frequently made use of her safety-valve aside; and once, when requested by her uncle to play, and she said to her sister, "I hope to have the pleasure of playing the Dead March for him ere long," she caught his eye fixed upon her with such a severe glance, that a momentary doubt of his inability to hear made her tremble; but again assured by his bland manner toward her, she plied her fulsome flatteries more assiduously than ever. Grace often wondered how one so clear-headed in all other things, should be so easily imposed upon, while Sophy regarded her sister with undisguised contempt; and by way of offset, became more rude and impertinent than ever.

The rich uncle had been a great assistance to the household; his generous heart was continually prompting him to make those presents which he saw were required—and this was done in the most delicate manner. It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Mrs. Medway met the information he one day gave, that he had purchased a house in one of the most fashionable squares, and desired the taste of the ladies to assist him in furnishing it. He intended to celebrate his installation in his own home, by a splendid ball and supper, to which, as he had few acquaintances, he begged the ladies to invite those friends whose society was desirable. He also told Mrs. Medway, in confidence, that if she would part with one of her fair charges, he wished on the appointed evening, publicly to announce his choice of one of them as his heiress and adopted daughter, on condition that she resided with him to cheer his lonely old age. Mrs. Medway gave a delighted assent. She had no doubt on whom the choice would fall, and immediately congratulated Matilda, and caused it to be whispered among her confidential friends that her eldest daughter would be the heiress of the Indian nabob. Matilda declared the infliction of residing with such a horrid bore a severe penalty, but promised herself the satisfaction of spending his money at pleasure, while Sophy maliciously advised her to practice the "Groves of Blarney" preparatory to the "Dead March."

The important evening arrived, and the three young ladies, elegantly attired in dresses of embroidered crape over India satin, presented by Uncle Medway, took their places in his splendid saloon to receive their guests. Matilda evidently took the precedence; and very handsome she looked in her stately beauty, doing the honors with all the grace which the future mistress of so superb an establishment should possess. While Grace, looking per-

fectly lovely in her pure and tasteful dress, shrunk abashed from the admiring gaze bestowed upon her, and was confused by the attention she excited. Uncle Medway went cheerfully among his guests, ear-cornet in hand, and spectacles on nose, quizzed by some, respected by many, and flattered by all.

Just as supper was announced, and the musicians had left the ball for the supper-room, Uncle Medway, supporting Mrs. Medway on his arm, and followed by the young ladies, stepped into the midst of the brilliant circle, and said,

"My guests are aware, I suppose, of my intention to adopt one of these fair young ladies as my sole heiress, my sister-in-law having kindly consented to spare one from her bright circle. I am a lonely old man, with many peculiar notions, and I require, therefore, a cheerful, yet gentle and patient spirit, to support my whims. Such an one I have found in the person of Grace Addison, the grandchild of my oldest friend, and the daughter of my namesake and godson. I therefore declare her my adopted child and heiress."

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, Mrs. Medway and Matilda seemed ready to sink with confusion, Sophy clapped her hands, and Grace, pale and trembling with surprise and emotion, suffered herself to be led forward by the old gentleman, who continued,

"I have met with much kindness and attention beneath the roof of my sister-in-law, in token of which I shall bequeath to my niece, Matilda, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, when she has the pleasure of playing the Dead March for me. And to my sister, whose opinions were at least frankly avowed, I shall leave a similar amount. My ear-cornet and glasses have served me a trusty part, and I now lay them aside, I hope forever, trusting that the latter have profited by the lesson they have themselves taught me, that appearances are often deceitful, and one need not be deaf, dumb and blind, though he be a Nabob Uncle."

Whether Mrs. Medway and her daughters stayed to the splendid supper prepared, and swallowed their mortification and the delicacies together, the record sayeth not; but that the beautiful heiress, Grace Addison, became at once a star of the first magnitude in the fashionable world, is to be expected; but the bright star ever found her happiness in enlivening the home of the eccentric but kind old man, who found in his adopted daughter the delight and solace of his old age.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

BY W. H. WELSH.

'T was night in Florence!
Pale the eve had come,
And flung o'er Nature's form a sable shroud.
With step as light as joy the day had gone,
And sunk into his jeweled couch, o'erhung
With crimson canopy and crystal sheen.
The rosy-colored clouds, with emerald fringed,
That veiled the blushing sky, had faded far—
And as the night crept on with noiseless trend,
Bright starry eyes looked on the sleeping Earth,
And smiled that then it was so like their home.
Through latticed bower and tesselated hall,
The zephyr danced with wild and airy wing;
And spirit-songs sighed on the startled air
That blew as fragrant as in Araby!
The night was holy!
On the arching sky
The Painter turned and saw its thousand fires.
Around his peaceful form the breezes stole
With viewless pinions from Æolus sent,
While ever and anon a passing breath,
More eager than its fellow, rippled up
The curls that gathered on his glorious brow.
Like one whose spirit-form was not of Earth
He seemed that hour, for o'er him halos hung,
Such only as the vales of Paradise
Enclose around the beings of their birth.
And as he gazed upon the star-lit hall,
And then with straining sight looked on the sky,
As if to catch from it some angel glance,
He sat him down and buried up his face.
With agony oppressed, his very heart
Was shrunk and withered, e'en as when a bird
Whose little life has been a holyday,
Is overwhelmed as summer clouds have wept.
Why thus did shadows press upon his soul,
And with their awful wings fright hopes away?
Why thus disturbed? Fame in his way had strewn
With reckless hand, her fairest, proudest gifts—
Had taught his name to echo far amid
The ages yet unborn, as though a God
From high Olympus he'd been missioned forth!
And yet his heart was sad—for in his dreams
There broke upon his fancy such a form
As dwelleth only in the Elfin-land.
For her he pined—for her he breathed a sigh—
And prayed to God that she might come to him,
And in his waking moments bid him live.
And as, with gloom and darkness thick'ning round,
He sat and wept for joys that might not be,
From out the dim and mystic land of dreams,
There came to him entranced such visioned sights
As never mortal eye had seen before.
Back on the crumbling path of Time he went,
And stood amid the light of ancient days—
Amidst the treasures of the mighty dead!
The seal that held the past was shriveled up,
And from the breathing ruins wondrous forms
Swept by, and walked again the sea of Life.
The young and beautiful of olden time—
The giant habitants whose genius swayed
The visible creation at its dawn,
All gathered there in that fantastic realm,
To swell that ghostly throng!





And as they came,
One form arose so matchless in its grace,
That all, amazed, shrunk tremblingly away.
With queenly step she trod the ravished turf,
And with her winsome foot the lovely buds
In very ecstasy of rapture played,
That one so gentle sought their perfumed home.
A veil of silver-tissue, mottled o'er
With sparkling stars, hung round her sylphid form,
And tresses, rich like Autumn's golden grain,
Fell down, and nestled on her snowy breast.
Too exquisite for earth—of mould too fine—
She seemed a herald from the beaming sky,
Sent down to whisper of the spirit-land.
Such sight, I ween, had painter never seen;
And e'en the charméd breath of poesy,
Whose blissful cadences the enwrapt ear
Of wondering mortals caught with silent joy,
Had conjured up in wild and weird-like spell,
No face that ever was so fair and bright.
One look she gave the painter as he gazed,
That made to him a desert of the world—
A look so full of passion and of love,
It turned the memory of the past a blank,
And in the future left him naught but her.
His soul was all afire, and his brain
Swam round, as when the throbbing heart of man
Is burst for happiness it cannot hold;
And as he strove to break the mortal chain
That bound him where he lay, a mist arose
And envious bore that being from the spot.
Far from his sight she fled! and passed away
With floating witcheries of wildest song,
Into the twilight land where spirit forms
Like phantoms mingled with the swelling gale.
Far from his sight she fled! and like a bark
Whose guiding star has left its native sky,
The painter drifted on with heedless sail!

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The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall!
And near the window ledge, with pallid brow,
He lay like one whose very pulse had gone.
With tips of gold the princely spires and domes
Of Florence gleamed, and on her throne she sat
A queen in pride—queen of the Tuscan land!
The morning grew apace, and fleecy clouds,
The children of the dawn, trailed o'er the sky.
Still Raffaelle slept.
Near by his side
Were rudely strewn the handmaids of his toil;
And on his easel hung a picture full
Of beauty as the glow on Dian's front.
No human eye had ever turned its gaze
Upon that fair and sacred thing, save one,
And little recked he now of bliss in store.
The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall,
And catching its fresh scent he woke and stared
Upon the sky that blazed with living light;
And then again around the hall he cast
A look that spoke of sorrow and of pain.
And while he tried to chase away the clouds
That brooded o'er him like a fearful spell,
The radiant image of that lovely one
That was his nightly dream, flashed on his sight;
With wonderment he stood and scarcely breathed,
For fear a lightsome sound might fright her far.
Ay! there she beamed—a rainbow in the storm—
For in his sleep his mighty genius woke,
And gave embodyment to face and form;
And joy clung round his overburdened heart,
Like sunlight on the drooping bud, when storms
Have rocked its tender petals in the breeze!

TURN NOT AWAY.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

If a voice from the far and happy land
Ever echoed over thy cradle bed;
If a mother's voice and a mother's hand
Ever laid a blessing upon thy head;
If a golden truth from the sacred page,
Ever was thine in an earlier day,
And still lives on in thy riper age—
Turn not away.

If hope beat high when thy youth began—
Bright hope and love for thy human kind—
And cares have pressed on the heart of man
Till love is weary and hope is blind;
If still one star of all the host,
Burns with an old remembered ray,
Believe not all of thy life is lost—
Turn not away.

If sickness calls thee with feeble cry,
Or suffering moans from its bed of pain;
If a pleading comes from the sunken eye,
Or madness shrieks from the fevered brain;
Oh! watch, as the angels watch above,
Oh! pray for them as the angels pray;
Bring heart and hand to the labor of love—
Turn not away.

If poverty stands at thy cottage door—
Squalid poverty, faint and weak—
Begging a crust from thy little store,
Or the poor, cheap rest that the weary seek;
Remember thou, that the mighty wheel
Of fortune changes, day by day;
Never be deaf to the poor's appeal—
Turn not away.

If thy brother fall in the slippery path,
And his hands are stained with human sin,
If the sword of the world is raised in wrath,
And no city of refuge invites him in;
If his pitiful cry come up to thee,
Remember that all men go astray,
Still let thy heart his refuge be—
Turn not away.

If life grows dark as thy years roll by,
And Heaven is veiled in cloud and storm,
Oh! still look up with a trusting eye,
For a beckoning smile from an angel form;
So shall thy heart keep its holy laws,
Fulfilling its mission day by day,
And God, when thou pleadest thy final cause—
Turn not away.

COUSIN FANNY.

BY M. S. G. NICHOLS, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE JOHN," "THE WORLD AS IT IS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A PALE, wan woman, with a young girl by her side, walked quickly along Chatham street, just as the twilight was deepening into darkness. She was very thinly clad, her light shawl was only a covering —it was no protection from the keen autumn air. It had once been an elegant and fashionable silk, but its fashion had long since passed away. It had been colored and colored again, until its substance had well-nigh disappeared. Her straw bonnet had been renovated many times, but not for a long time, and its faded ribbon was passed plainly over the crown, for it would have been mockery to make such ribbon into bows. Every thing that covered this young creature was passing away, and as she entered a pawn-broker's shop, you might have seen by the light of the lamp that fell on her face, that she, too, was passing from a world that had given her small welcome, at least for many years. It would have been a comfort to any benevolent person, who had looked into that pale face, to have seen the red spot on one of her cheeks, and to have heard her cough.

What had she to do in a world so cold, with that miserable shawl to wrap around her ulcerated lungs, that smarted like fire with every breath of cold air they inhaled. She might as well have wrapped herself in cobwebs, as in clothes such as hers.

She went into the shop, her poor, little, shadowy child clung close to her mother. She had little knowledge of the place or the people, though she had many times been there, but she knew that after many tears, her mother went there, and then that for a brief space they had food.

The poor lady took from her pocket two miniature pictures—the golden setting had been removed sometime before. They were by a master's hand, worth at least one hundred dollars each, and infinitely precious to her, being the likenesses of her father and mother.

"What will you give me for these?" said she, trembling in every nerve as she spoke.

The hard money-getting son of Israel, whose trade was pawn-broking, and whose business, made him look on misery three hundred and thirteen days in the year, answered, "They are worth nothing to me, madam."

The lady shrunk into herself as if she had been shriveled. Her face and lips became deadly pale. She supported herself against the side of the box in which she stood, to conceal herself from view; and her little girl held her hand and clung to her garments in great fear. Very soon she began to cough, and in a moment her thin, tattered, white handkerchief was saturated with the blood she raised.

The Jew looked at her with a mingling of kindness and fear. She must not bleed to death there. The pictures he knew were of much value, though there was a good deal of risk in taking them. He pitied the bleeding woman. Yes, pawn-broker and Jews he was, he pitied her.

"I will give you four dollars on them, said he, and he hastily ticketed them, and handed her the money, to her infinite relief. She felt that she and her child had now a reprieve from death. The Jew selected some bills that bore a discount of ten per cent., and yet he pitied the woman, and she was so grateful to him that she could have pressed his hand, and wept hot tears upon it. She hurried away to her attic in Frankfort street. It was dark, and she feared insult. New York was worse lighted and worse cared for then than now. We had no gas and no star police then, but we had plenty of Jews and pawn-broker's shops.

As she passed along she raised the blood that pressed into her throat as fast as possible, but still it almost strangled her. Well-dressed people, men of business, returning home, and men and women hurrying to the theatre, the concert-room, or the prayer-meeting, or to the varied business or amusement of life, passed her without notice. She was their sister, but how were they to know that she was dying—that her scanty life-current was staining the pavement on which they stepped.

She reached the last landing-place, and thought that she could go no further, but it was not seemly to die there, and she made a last effort and entered her room. She was startled by a bright light in the room—light at night she had not had since she made the last dozen of shirts at ten cents a piece. Stranger still, there was a good, bright fire in the grate. Her husband stood before it, with his face toward the door. and his hands behind him, showily dressed as usual. She had not seen him for many days.

"O, Edward!" said she "I am so glad you are come—and she fainted, and would have fallen to the floor if he had not caught her in his arms. He laid her upon the meagre bed that had long since been robbed of every valuable article for the pawn-broker.

"Fanny," said he, with a choking voice, "my poor Fanny!" He sprinkled water on her face, and she opened her eyes.

"I am going, Edward," said she.

"No, no!—you will not die now. O, don't die till you have forgiven me for being your mur—"

"Don't say that—I forgive as I would be forgiven. Our child—"

A hard fit of coughing and copious bleeding hindered her from speaking for some time.

"Our poor Marie—give her to your Cousin Charles; he has wealth and none to care for. Promise me that you will do this."

The husband, trembling with fear, gave her the required promise, when she strangled from an excess-

sive rush of blood into the trachea, and died with her daughter clinging madly around her neck.

Edward Evans, the gambler and man about town, was alone with his dead wife, who, fourteen years before, he had persuaded to elope from her parents, and to marry him. She had gone through every gradation of suffering and poverty, and but for a strange run of luck that he had had for two or three evenings, she would have died in that dark, cold room, alone with her child, and have been buried in Potter's Field. As it was, Evans had a basket of coal, a pound of candles, some food, and money to buy his wife a grave. And wretched as he was, we must do him the justice to say that he was glad to be able to bury his wife decently. And he did it.

And now he bethought him of her last request. He must make the effort to give away the child, who had clung to the corpse of her mother to the last moment, and who had not seemed to see or hear at all, since that mother was buried out of her sight.

CHAPTER II.

A patient, plodding man was Charles Evans—a man who had made his own fortune, and was perfectly sure that every man might do the same who chose to mind his own business and keep at work, and not spend money or time. He went to election and voted, and went home without drinking a "brandy-smasher," or a "whiskey-toddy." He was a democrat when he had no property to protect, and when he had acquired wealth, he had got in the habit of being a democrat—and his democracy was his religion, his Faith in Human Brotherhood. He immured himself in a living tomb in Wall street all day, and worked half the night at his home in William street, beside. It was here that Edward Evans found him, the evening after his wife's funeral.

"How are you, Ned?" said Charles, glancing at him to see if he were sober, and then continued to fold and direct letters, seeming a little nervous under the infliction of a visit from his worthless cousin.

"I have been very unfortunate," said Ned, a good deal troubled how to penetrate his thick-skinned cousin.

"I never knew you otherwise," said Charles, and he wrote on.

"I mean, I have had the bad fortune to bury my wife."

"Very good fortune for her," said his cousin, but he dropped his pen and regarded the weed on Ned's hat. "I did not notice that you were in mourning. So Fanny is dead. It is a long time since I have seen her. She died of a broken-heart, I suppose, you will allow."

"She bled to death from her lungs."

"All the same. Pity it had not been you."

"I came to see you about the child. She wished me to give her to you."

"To ME," said his cousin, starting with real astonishment. "What could I do with a child, and a child who could never see her father again if she were to live with me. How old is she?"

"I don't justly remember," said Ned.

"Is there a race-horse in the city whose age you don't remember? How long did it take you to kill your wife—do you know that? How long have you been a drunkard and a devil? How long have you eaten when your wife and child starved? How long have you hid them where even I could not find them—can you tell me that, you decently dressed vagabond? I'll warrant your wife is clad as warmly in her grave as she was out of it."

Ned could answer nothing. He was a wretch—and he had the good sense to know it. He had not the slightest respect for himself, but he wanted his child taken care of; then, if he had a pint of brandy, and six feet of rope, he *thought* he would comfort himself with the brandy, and hang himself with the rope; but then he had a great liking for cards and a decent rig, and it is probable that while luck, or loaded dice, gave him broadcloth and brandy, he would have laid up the rope against a lack of either, which he would have considered a decided reverse of fortune.

"I promised my wife that I would give the girl to you. If you will take her, I will go to the South, and never show my face here again."

"What on earth am I to do with a child? My old blind aunt can't see to herself and me—how is she to take care of another? But it is a temptation to be rid of you. How does the girl look?"

The father was again at a loss.

"Oh, you don't know—what color is Kenny's horse, Eclipse? How many hands high is he, and how old? How far can he run in ten minutes and thirteen seconds?"

"Once for all—will you take the girl?" said the man whose life was exhausted by dissipation and excitement into an apathy that resembled patience. "She will have to go to the Almshouse if you don't, and your blood is in her veins. She is your grandmother's grandchild."

"I *would* like you to be the only one of our blood who should die in the Almshouse; but I say again—what am I to do with the child? I can only take her as a servant."

"Make a slave of your own blood if you like," replied the father, whose stupid apathy was pierced at last. "She had better serve you than serve the devil. She is a good, serviceable child."

"O, you know that, do you? No doubt you know all about that. Look you, Ned Evans, I owe you no service. I have earned every dollar I have, whilst you have squandered a fortune twice as large as mine, of your own, and another for your wife, whilst you have been a sponge to soak brandy, a gambler and a stool-pigeon for gamblers, and have made acquaintance with every horse-dealer and all the horse-flesh in the Union, and have murdered your wife by inches, till at the age of 29 years, an age when she should be as fresh as a new-blown rose, and with her fortune living as well as any lady in the land, you have done her the last and only kindness you ever did her—you have bought her a pine coffin, and have seen her buried. But though I know you ought to be hung, I will make a bargain with you. I will see you on

board a vessel bound for New Orleans, with your passage paid, and take your child. You agree to go to New Orleans. When once you are there, I have no fear of you or your ghost ever appearing to me again. On these conditions I will take the child."

"When must I sail for New Orleans? I'll go after Monday. The race with Eclipse and Black Bess comes off then. I have agreed to ride for Kenny. I know the horse better than anybody else. Besides, a fellow must keep his word."

"Very good," said Charles, after a moment's thought. "You *may* break your neck, and save me the passage-money. I agree to that—any thing more?"

"When may I bring the girl?"

"To-morrow morning at 6 o'clock."

"That 's too early to wake her," mumbled Ned.

"Then, or not at all. You can keep sober one night, and get up in decent season one morning in your life, for the sake of getting your child a situation."

If a particle of Ned Evans' old spirit had been left, this taunt of getting his daughter a situation would have roused it. But his life was crushed. He was hopelessly besotted and exhausted, though now he had decent clothes, for which he had sacrificed the last remnant of decent feeling he possessed. These clothes belonged to the keeper of the vilest Hell in New York; and Ned was his "decoy-duck," and did any job the fellow set him about.

He was as craven before his cousin as possible. He had one instinct of his nature left—he wanted to provide for his child.

"I will be here at the time, so help me God," said he—and he kept his word. It was the last right act of his life. As if to make his cousin out a prophet, he rode Eclipse, and broke his neck in earnest, though not in "*sober* earnest."

When Charles Evans heard of it, he only said, "One poor devil less in the world;" but he murmured to himself, as he turned away, "Poor Cousin Ned!"

CHAPTER III.

"Send the little girl to my room to-night, aunty, when you have made her decent. I must see what she is fit for, and what she looks like. Remember, she is to have good warm clothes, but no gewgawry."

At 8 o'clock precisely, Marie came into Mr. Evans's room with a waiter, on which was spread the most frugal sort of a supper. Rye bread and butter and black tea, it was his sovereign pleasure to be served with at night.

Mrs. Evans had had time only to extemporize an amelioration in the girl's dress. She was at that very awkward age when a girl is not a child or a woman. She had a heavy burden of deep-red hair, and all her bones showed through their scant covering of flesh—and they seemed hung on wires, and very loosely hung, too. Her eyes were a very deep blue, but she had been somewhat "cross-eyed" from infancy, and now the defect was much aggravated by her constant weeping. She was very timid, shrinking from every one. What had she ever found in her lot to assure her or give her confidence?

Poor, forlorn, ill-dressed, cross-eyed, red-haired, little one—all your defects are so many commendations to Charles Evans. In the deep selfishness of his benevolence he could love just such a child—one whom others would only pity and never think of loving. And he felt a sort of secure property in her when he saw that no one else would be likely to care for her; but he would be very certain not to let her know that he had any kind feelings for her. He was a scraggy limb of the law, and one would think that all the sap of his life had been written out in deeds and documents that brought him dollars, and that all the warmth of his heart had been expended on the Loco Foco candidates from his ward, district, city, county, etc., etc., during the time he had been a legal voter, which had now reached the term of fourteen years. He had amassed a large property, and had neither "chick nor child" to leave it to, as his friends said, all and singular of said friends having made up their minds that he would never marry, though he had only reached the mature and well-judging age of thirty-five.

He liked to be thought well of, as who does not; and there was a delicate flattery to him in the thought that Fanny Evans trusted her child to *him* before any of her own or her husband's relatives. To any one of these relatives he would have spoken of the burden of bringing up other folks' brats, but in his heart he thought "it was very wise, and well-judged, and kind of Fanny, to leave the girl to me; and when Ned is out of the way, I shall have nothing to interfere with my plans for the child's welfare."

When Marie had set his waiter upon the table, she stopped and timidly raised her cross-eyes to Mr. Evans, to see if he wanted any thing more.

"Sit down, Marie," said he. "I wish your name was Fanny, I do n't like fancy names and flummery."

"I was named for my mother, Frances Maria," said she, in the sweetest and softest voice that Evans remembered ever to have heard. Her voice penetrated his heart—and then her name was Fanny. He had always cherished a cordial friendship and a true respect for her mother—and he wished the girl to bear her mother's name.

"I would like very much to be called Fanny," said the child.

"Well, then, Fanny, how do you like your new home?"

"I am very glad of it," said Fanny, and the tears filled her eyes.

"Do n't cry—there 's a good girl. Do you wish to go to school?"

"I do n't know how I would like school. My dear mother always taught me."

"Well, you must go and see how you will get on. You will be a good girl, I dare say. You will obey Mrs. Evans in all she asks of you. If you want any thing, come to me. You will call me Cousin Charles when you speak to me, and Mr. Evans when you

speak of me. When you speak to Mrs. E. call her aunty, and Mrs. Evans when you speak of her."

And thus little Fanny began her life at her cousin's comfortable home. When she was told of her father's death, she shuddered and felt relieved. Fanny loved her mother as we always love when we have few objects for our affections to rest on. But with the blessed faith of a child and a Christian, she believed she was now in heaven, where she would be perfectly happy forever, and she became strangely happy in her new home. All her studies and occupations were so many changing joys. From morning till night she was like some bright bird that knew not where to bestow the fullness of its brilliant and merry carolings. Everybody saw as the months passed away, how she wound herself around the heart of Charles Evans; and the friends began to prophesy that he would adopt her as his child, and make her his heir.

Mrs. Evans was a woman of great goodness, very old, and very pious. She had now but one wish ungratified, and that was that Charles Evans and his ward should be converted. This seemed a hard matter to accomplish as far as Evans was concerned. He was rather a hopeless subject, for he boasted that he was a temperance man, that he never drank any thing stronger than black tea, that he never chewed tobacco, took laughing gas, or went to a protracted meeting.

"Go to church with aunty enough to keep the peace," said he to Fanny. "You and I will not quarrel about it as long as it tends to aunty's comfort."

"I would not like you to quarrel with me if I went for my own comfort," said Fanny.

This touch of his own independence pleased him, and he said, "Go along, you gipsy—thistles and lilies never quarrel."

"Red-haired girls are never lilies, though cross cousins are very sharp thistles," said Fanny, who, a year ago, would as soon have indulged in repartee with her cousin as the lily he likened her to.

"You have grown very bold, if not very handsome," he replied—and Fanny went to church with her aunt. She was never disturbed there, however much good Mrs. Evans prayed for such result. Some of her prayers had been answered. She had prayed for many years that all the theatres might be converted into chapels, and at last *one* of them was, and she had the pleasure of hearing the divine Mr. Kirchard preach in it, from Sunday to Sunday, and various week days and evenings beside. He was an earnest preacher, and it was surprising the quantities of green tea, cayenne and cavendish that he converted into gospel. The ladies of his church presented the pulpit with an elegant cushion and spittoon, and never mortal minister had more use for both than the Rev. Mr. Kirchard. The way he beat the cushion and filled the other article, when he alarmed the sinners, *was* plentiful.

But Fanny was never disturbed with the powerful preaching of the reverend gentleman. Like a ma who tends a saw-mill half the time, and sleeps soundly when relieved by his companion who tends it the other half, so Fanny was always very peaceful in church, if she was not sleepy. I believe she had a conscience against sleeping, though what she kept awake for, perhaps she was not herself aware. But it was very exemplary of her, and very gratifying to good Mrs. Evans.

CHAPTER IV.

There are some good people who deny the doctrine of total depravity, who don't see how it is possible for a man deliberately to be a hypocrite. They say that a man can't live unless he has some good in him. I shall not dispute with these worthy people, because, in a free country, every man has a right to his own opinion, provided he does not happen to think that he may buy tickets in lotteries out of Wall street, and appropriate his neighbor's goods without the formalities made and provided in the righteous common law of our social code; but I must say that if goodness is necessary to keep people alive, some folks have the gift of living on "small means;" and it becomes my duty to introduce a young gentleman eminently gifted in this particular.

Sylvester Wilson was a young man who had a laudable wish for his own advancement, but, unfortunately for his piety, he was entirely indifferent to the means that contributed to his getting ahead, provided the world made no complaint of him. The opinion of those about him, with two-thirds the facts concealed from them, was a moral law for him, and he had no other. His father was a bad, ambitious and unscrupulous man, and the hereditary transmission of qualities would have charmed Fowler, though the qualities proved that he was "bad, born bad, and had no business here" but to make mischief. He was, however, an excellent dissembler, and passed for a pious and exemplary young man, punctual at church, and designed for the ministry. His family were friends of the Evans famliy.

"Well, mother, have you wormed any thing out of old Aunty Evans about that red-haired horror's adoption?" said Sylvester Wilson, to his mother one day, when she had been taking an old-fashioned cup of tea with Mrs. Evans.

"How *can* you, Sylvester!" said his mother, a good deal disturbed. "The child is very well, I am sure."

"Frights generally have good health."

"I meant that she was very well-looking. She has changed much in the two years she has lived with her cousin. Her hair is deepening its color, her eyes do not squint any more, and she is very plump and fresh."

"All the better for me—fourteen, is she? She will get better still, perhaps, in two or three years. But about the cash, mother—will that old hunks of a cousin portion her? If so, I am his man."

"Mrs. Evans thinks he considers her as good as his own child now," said Mrs. Wilson. "You are to be three years in the University, my child, and you can't think of a wife till that time is past."

"I don't know what harm *thinking* is to do a

fellow. I am not in the University yet, and I don't exactly see how I am to be there, unless I find a gold mine. If I could get employed to give lessons to that fox-pate, I might earn some money, and borrow more, and get an education and independence at last. One can't expect beauty and tin together."

Success was all Mrs. Wilson asked for her son, and his life-plans did not seem to her at all profane. And he succeeded in obtaining the place he sought. He gave Fanny lessons in music and mathematics. It was a great triumph when Fanny got leave of Cousin Charles to learn music. She had thought of a piano, and dreamed of one, and thumped on one that belonged to a young friend for a long time—but she had no idea of ever being the happy possessor of a mine of music.

At Christmas, just about two years from the time when she came to live with her cousin, she made a little "Christmas box" for her best friend. It contained a pair of slippers, a watch-holder, and a lamp-mat, all worked by herself. They had grown very pretty under her skillful fingers, but the coarse canvas had not changed more under her hands than she had changed since she had lived in this happy home. And she was daily improving. When Charles Evans found this Christmas gift on his table, he resolved to give Fanny just what she should ask for, and so he said, "I have only got you a book for Christmas, Fanny, but if you think of any thing else that you want, you must tell me."

"And will you really give it me?" said Fanny, and her deep-blue eyes seemed melting in their own lustre.

"To be sure I will, because I have said so."

"Well, then, dear, good Cousin Charles, buy me a piano."

"Buy you a winter full of thunder storms—why you will bang me deaf."

"But not dumb, I 'll bet any thing—you will always be able to scold your poor Cousin Fanny. But I shall play when you are away."

"I rather think you will when you get a piano. Why do you know what a deal of money one of those thunderers costs?"

Fanny began to be frightened. She did not know, but she was really like the child who cried for the moon. The tears came into her eyes as she thought of herself two years ago. She looked up at her cousin, with her grateful soul beaming from her beautiful eyes, and smiling through her tears, she said, "Cousin, I was very wrong to ask such an impossible thing—will you buy me a canary-bird?"

"Do you give up all claim to the piano if I do?"

"O, yes, to be sure. Please to forget it. Indeed, I did not mean to be a silly girl."

Thus ended the talk of the piano; but the next afternoon an elegant piano and a beautiful canary-bird, were domesticated in Mr. Evans's quiet parlor—and Fanny was perfectly wild with delight. That was a wonderful era in her life—a time to date from forever after—though Cousin Charles brushed her off as if she had been a whole swarm of black flies, when she ran to his room, on his return in the evening, to overwhelm him with thanks, and tears, and crazy rejoicings.

"Bless me, Fanny," said he, "you had better make up your mind whether you are going to melt, or fly away, or go to a lunatic asylum; and when you have concluded, just come and let me know, will you? I can do without you till then."

The next thing to the piano must be a music-teacher. Young Wilson had played his cards skillfully. He had interested Charles Evans in his fortunes, and he engaged him, from motives of benevolence, to teach Fanny. To do him justice, he was a good teacher. But Evans was cheated. He did not think it possible that the fellow could have thought but to teach Fanny, that he might mend his small means—a most praiseworthy object in the young man, and one that Evans felt anxious to assist him in attaining. Though Fanny had grown very pretty, and was daily improving, yet her cousin was hardly conscious of it. He thought of her as a mere child as she was, and a very ugly child as she had been; and it never once entered his mind that any young man could have designs upon the heart of the little one. Young Wilson interested him, not because he knew him, but because he did not know him. He saw him struggling to get an education, and pay for it himself, and he was glad to have an excuse to offer him assistance.

Evans had small love for music, but mathematics was a pet of the first magnitude with him, and for the sake of this branch of study, he compromised and gave the girl her music. So he said; but the truth was, he wished Fanny to be happy. And he had his wish. The bird and the piano were all the time new, and she could never for a moment, asleep or awake, cease to rejoice in either. She kept her word not to play when Mr. Evans was at home. But then this was no great privation, for the bird sang like mad all the morning, and he went away early, and she managed to tire herself so thoroughly during the day, that she was very willing to go patiently and quietly into figures for the evening. Mr. Evans was uite satisfied, for as he said he saw Fanny always at her "sums," and never was disturbed by drums or thunder.

Wilson found himself of just as much social importance to Fanny as a piano or an algebra. She would have been just as much interested in a calculating machine; and if her piano could have taught her to play on it, she would have been neither better or worse pleased than now. To be sure she was glad when her Aunt Evans told her of the struggles of young Wilson to educate himself that she had him for a teacher, but she never thought enough of him to mention him to Mr. Evans; first, because she seldom needed his help in her mathematical studies, and of music she never spoke to her cousin.

Wilson was prudent and careful. He had good hope of getting into the University—in time of a pulpit, and a rich wife. No word, or look, or overt act ever revealed to Fanny or her friends, that he had designs on the fortune of Mr. Evans, through a marriage with his ward. For months he labored

assidiously, when an accident occurred that changed the face of his fortune, though, perhaps, it did not materially affect Fanny. A merchant uncle of Wilson, who lived at New Orleans, found himself in need of an assistant, in consequence of failing health. He was a man of wealth, and Wilson considered his fortune assured by this chance—and so the church lost the chance of adding to her ornaments another of those paste gems that bring the real jewels into disrepute.

CHAPTER V.

Seventeen! sweet, gay, laughing seventeen had come to Fanny—and she had never once thought of getting married. Not she. She would have been obliged to contemplate marriage as something that must separate her from the only home she had ever known; and she would as soon have stepped out of her skin some cold night, as have gone away from her dear friends. She liked everybody and loved nobody, and wanted to hug the whole world, as she forcibly said, because she was so happy.

"Christmas Eve, to-morrow, Cousin Charles; I hope all my presents are purchased and directed."

"And what are you going to give *me*, little Miss Fairy?"

"Myself, to be sure," laughed Fanny. "What else have I to give away?"

"No, that you wont. You will keep yourself for some worthless fellow, I'll warrant."

"No, I thank you. I had rather be excused. I intend to make your black tea as long as you live, if you don't conclude to leave the tea out, and take water with me."

"I tell you you will marry a scamp the day after you are eighteen—that is the way with all the women."

"There must be a prodigious number of scamps, then, cousin; and if you had only been one of them, you might have been *happily married*, instead of being the nicest bear of a bachelor at large."

"I think I might get married even now, if I were only fool enough."

"But as you are very wise, you shall be my Cousin Charles, and nothing else—and I would not exchange you for a pet porcupine. Don't you see how I prize you? So don't think of getting married—I should quarrel with your wife, to see which should love you best; and that would be very inconvenient for us all."

Christmas was a merry time at Charles Evans's. The man of deeds and documents always relaxed and came out of the world of business, or, as he said, "allowed the world to mind its own business" at Christmas and New Year. But something very serious happened to Mr. Evans from this year's Christmas merry-making. A pretty girl needed some one to see her home, and glowing and perspiring from the last game at "Blind Man's Buff," Mr. Evans attended her on a bitter night, which made him run home as rapidly as possible, with chattering teeth, and a chill that seemed to go quite to his heart. Next morning he awoke with a quaking headache and pains through all his bones, and great heat and cold chills, and all the concomitants of a bad fever about him. Thanks to the exhaustion of unremitting and most unreasonable labor, such as a great many men perform who do the head-work for the headless multitude, and thanks also to the lancet of a certain doctor, who held to letting the bad blood out of a man, and poisoning what remained to purify it, Mr. Evans became dangerously sick. What an invaluable treasure was Fanny now. Her foot was the lightest—her hand was the softest and coolest—her eyes never closed in slumber, unless she left the best of watchers in her place—and she threw quantities of physic to the dogs, or some equally prudent place, and she nourished the patient carefully when he began to get well; and at last, in spite of all the evils in the patient, and out of him, doctors and drugs included, she saw Mr. Evans convalescent.

At length he came down stairs, and when he thought how long Fanny had left her piano locked, and not even listened to her Canary, he asked her for a song. It was in very kindness to her, and in accordance with his benevolent character—for he thought that he disliked music, and it is probable that he had the good taste to dislike the heathen discord that had been christened music, where he had happened to be the victim.

The Battle of Prague, thumped with indenting emphasis on a piano sadly out of tune, had given Mr. Evans his ideas of melody; and it is small wonder that he had as great dislike for music as prudent regard for his ears.

It was a great surprise to Mr. Evans when Fanny's melodious voice fell on his ear, appropriately accompanied by the instrument, which was one of the softest and sweetest in the world. He had expected the Battle of Prague, and it seemed to him, so great was the contrast, like humming-birds amid the flowers.

Fanny sung a song of her own composing, descriptive of her own life, first in its great sadness and trials and deep grief with her sainted mother, and then her bereavement, and then her adoption by her cousin, and the calm flow of her life since then. At the close of her song she alluded to her best friend's illness, and spoke of her joy that he was now safely recovering. The song and the music were her own, and they came from the depth of her heart. The sad, sweet murmur of her soul's sorrow in the first verses, was succeeded by the calm happiness and bird-like joy of the years passed in her cousin's home, and again the sorrowful notes spoke of his illness, and the winged joy burst forth in the happy conclusion.

It was a triumph to Fanny when she saw at the close of the piece tears rolling over Mr. Evans's face, and he said, with a voice rendered indistinct by emotion, "Sing it again, Fanny"—and she was only too happy to comply with his request.

When the song was ended, he conquered his emotion, and laughing through his tears, he said,

"You shall be my nightingale, Fanny."

"Thank you, I accept the appointment—what salary do you intend to give?" said Fanny, as she

sat down on the sofa by the invalid, and passed her hand over his high, white forehead, to see if any fever were warning her to send her patient away to rest.

"I will give you myself and all that I have," said he, again bursting into tears.

A flood of new thoughts rushed through the mind of Fanny. She paused to think what to say. "You are weak, cousin, and must not sit up too long. Will you go to your room, or will you rest and sleep on the sofa here?"

"Mr. Evans was frightened at what he had said. He was sure Fanny could never love him only as a father or elder brother; and now he thought he had broken the freedom of that relation, and he blamed himself, and troubled himself, and well-nigh fretted himself into a relapse of his fever. But his naturally strong constitution triumphed, and in a few weeks he was perfectly restored.

Meanwhile Fanny had become grave and thoughtful; and, truth to tell, she shunned her cousin more than she ought. She had not known how dear he was to her till his illness—during the time that he was considered dangerous she had neither eaten nor slept. She had watched over him as a mother watches her first born. She felt that if he should die, life, which had always seemed so full of joy and blessing, would be a blank to her. She had not asked herself if this were love. She had supposed it was only the interest she ought to feel in her cousin. Now she was put upon examining her own heart. She fully believed that her cousin was by no means in love with her, but that his tender confession was owing to the weakness induced by his severe illness and his gratitude to his fortunately successful nurse.

CHAPTER VI.

"And now, mother, tell me all about the Evanses. Is my flame as foxy as ever? She must be quite a young lady. Heaven forgive me for not being thankful enough for all mercies in general, and for the particular one that I am not obliged to marry red hair." Thus spoke the fortunate Wilson, the morning after his arrival from New Orleans, bringing the welcome news that his relative was dead, and that he was his heir.

"Do n't be too hasty, Sylvester," said his mother. "Miss Evans has changed more than any one you ever saw. She is a perfect beauty, bating her freckles. Her hair is no more red than a chestnut. She is plump and round as an apple; she is white as snow, and her eyes are as pretty as possible."

"Amen, mother! One would think you were her lover instead of your hopeful son. But I will see for myself. I shall not take your word or your bond for that girl's beauty."

And so Mr. Wilson, armed for conquest, presented himself before Miss Evans. She had never cared enough for him to be very glad to see him, but she received him politely and kindly, as was her nature. He was a very good-looking, stylish young man, and he talked well on common topics, and soon succeeded in interesting Fanny. He was quite unprepared, notw thstanding all his mother had said, for the beauty that had grown upon Fanny. He loved beauty jus as he loved roast pig and canvas-backs—and he was smashed at once—Fanny had made an impression. He asked her to play and sing for her *cidevant* teacher, and the impression was fixed.

Wilson was sure at the end of an hour that he should marry Fanny Evans; and Fanny thought him a very good-looking, interesting young man, and she rejoiced in his good fortune; their musical tastes formed a bond between them, and it soon seemed very natural and proper to Fanny that she saw young Wilson daily. She was sad, and singing diverted her. His voice was good, and they sung duets. He played finely, and this was very pleasant. She had become estranged from her cousin, and she wanted some company. Fanny had never been so unhappy since she first came to live with her cousin. Finally, Wilson offered himself to her. This was an event to Fanny entirely unexpected.

"Do n't speak of such a thing," said she, earnestly. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Wilson," and she went straight out of the room. When she reached her chamber, she felt very sorrowful, and, truth to tell, very sick. She had been worn down by labor and watching during Mr. Evans's illness, and her sadness in being estranged from him. She had got nervous, and began, for the first time in her life, to have the *blues*. She almost persuaded herself that she was become a burden to her cousin, and that she ought to marry Wilson. She wept till she had a dreadful headache, and when the servant came to call her to make Mr. Evans's tea, she was really too ill to go down—and with swollen eyes, red face, and dabbled and disarranged curls, she looked into the glass, and dared not present herself before her cousin.

"Tell Mr. Evans that I have a bad headache, and if he will excuse me, I will go early to bed. Make every thing very nice for him, Norah. Were his slippers warm when he came in?"

"I do n't know, Miss, but I will get his supper good—and she went to carry Fanny's excuse to Mr. Evans.

"Go back, Norah, quickly, and ask Miss Evans if I may come up.

Fanny had wheeled her sofa to the fire, and had just buried her face in a velvet cushion to weep as long and as much as she wished. Mr. Evans, in his concern for her, had followed Norah, and stood outside the door.

"Tell him not to trouble himself to come up. I shall do very well as soon as I have slept."

"If you had asked me to take the trouble to stay down stairs, I might have thought of it; but seeing I am here, it is no trouble to come; and you are so bright and cosy, suppose you let the girl bring the waiter up here and make my tea for me."

Mr. Evans was quite sure that something beside sickness had happened to Fanny, and he intended to be confessor or doctor, as the case might be.

"Norah, bring Mr. Evans's supper to my room," said Fanny, more cheerfully than she would have thought possible a few minutes before. And she

passed into her bed-room and bathed her face and her eyes, and arranged her hair, and came back to make tea for Mr. Evans very much improved. But she could not talk—she had fairly lost her tongue.

Mr. Evans seemed more unconstrained and more fully himself than since his unfortunate offer of himself to Fanny.

"Fanny," said he, after the tea things were taken away, "I would like to ask you what is the matter, if I thought you would like to tell me. It is no common headache that is tormenting you; I would sooner guess it is a heartache."

"And what if it is a heartache?" said Fanny.

"You mean to ask what I should have to do with the diseases of your heart. I tell you, Fanny, I am not as bad as you may think, or so big a fool either. For instance, though I love you a great deal better than Heaven, and would sooner have you for my wife than an angel, yet knowing that you can't love an old codger like me, I want to see you happy with the man of your choice, and I tell you now, for the cure of your headache, or heartache, that you have my consent to marry Mr. Wilson."

Fanny burst into so violent and uncontrolled a fit of weeping, that Mr. Evans was alarmed and puzzled.

"Speak to me, Fanny, tell me what is all this. I thought to give you great joy, and I only set you weeping. Tell me, what does all this mean?"

"Dear Cousin Charles," said Fanny, "you have given me the greatest joy of my life."

"Then you love Wilson, as I thought," said Mr. Evans.

"No, no—not Wilson, but you, Cousin Charles; and you said you would rather have me for your wife than an angel." And Fanny threw her arms around Charles Evans's neck; and there is not a shadow of doubt that he would cheerfully have exchanged all the pleasures of his long bachelorate in a lump, for the kisses of the next five minutes.

They were a happy couple that evening; but Wilson's prospects were worse damaged than his heart.

THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

SWEET is the tomb—the all-forgetting tomb—
The dreamless couch round which no phantoms glide,
To harrow up the soul, or read a doom,
Of yore on their dread Sabbath prophesied.
Calm are its slumbers—never more shall pride,
Hatred or malice, wound the sleeping clay;
Wrong not the dead—they should be deified—
They lived and suffered, and have passed away;
Here be all feuds forgot—ye, too, shall have your day.

Your day of trouble, when the cup of Grief,
Full of its Marah-waters must be drained
E'en to the dregs—when ye will need relief
From those upon whose head your lips have rained,
Curses; when they who were by you disdained,
Shall offer in their mockery, to dry
The hot dew of your brows by anguish strained
Through the parched skin. Ah! then, in grief to fly
For refuge to the grave, and find but calumny.

Let the dead rest—if ye must "snarl and bite,"
Turn to the living—there your venom spill;
Put on Deception's mask, then vent your spite,
Sharpen your fangs, and gnaw, and rend, and kill—
'T is a sweet banquet—eat and drink your fill;
Ye can thrive well on malice—but forbear
To stir the ashes of the dead, your skill
Can never fan a glowing ember there,
At which the hated torch of vengeance to repair.

Look on the dead, and if ye cower and quail
To think that ye shall be like them one day—
That the cold coffin-worm, with slimy trail,
Shall crawl across your forehead, or from play
Within your eyeless sockets forth shall stray,
To feast upon your rottenness, your hair
Shall drip the sick'ning grave-damps, and the gray,
Dry dust of the rank sepulchre, for air,
Fill up your nostrils—then by the cold grave *forbear*!

Think on your last dark hour, when a gaunt form,
Spectral and shadowy, shall stoop and set
A mystic seal upon you; when the storm
Of conscience rages, till its spray has wet
Your brow; when, like the doom in Venice met,
The walls of your lone chamber seem to close
Upon you, crushed and bleeding, dying, yet
Never to die—from torments such as those,
Would you be free? Withhold—break not the dead's repose.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

PARAPHRASE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

A STALWART blind man trudging through the mud,
O'ertook a cripple; side by side they stood.
"Cripple, you 're stall'd," cried Blinky, "in this clay,"
Cripple replied, "Can Blinky see his way?"
"Not a d—d inch," the poor blind man replies,
"But mount my shoulders, boy, lend me your eyes;
Keep them wide open, let their light be mine,
Cling to my shoulders, and my legs are thine.
And with clear eyes, strong shanks and shoulders good
We need no more to travel through this mud."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY LEN.

A SIGH steals down the smiling valley—a gentle sigh of breezes, wafting happiness over the face of nature, and at the sound from out their beds of earth, myriads of things of beauty wake into existence;—meadow and plain and hill-side glisten in fairest verdure—flowers fling their fragrance on the gale—stately trees wave their foliage to the passing wind—while streams beneath dance onward to the ocean—and the dream-like hum that fills the air and swells in chorus to the arch of heaven, tells of the blooming Spring—of the transcendent pleasures of Life.

What a glorious earth has man for a habitation! what scenes surround him to ennoble the soul—what examples to elevate and incite the mind to strive for the goal of Happiness. That goal, alas! how distant and hard to reach; thorns hedge the road the aspiring one would tread, and weeds spring rank and choking in the pathway, or often, when the seeming height is won, the eminence fades to a common level, and Happiness is as distant as ever! But the soul must toil, though success is but a vision—the mind must work, although its labors be fruitless; for there is a Higher power controlling the actions of man—guiding his impulses and passions, and girding him for the conflict around him and within him—the struggle that is ceaselessly waging—the Battle of Life!

How sweet is Fame! Even now, upon men's tongues there dwells some name whose every syllable is a charm, thrilling to adoration. Here, a patriot spirit, whose fires have smouldered long beneath wrong and malice, rises superior to ills, and grasps—almost the consummation of his wishes; there, a warrior from the laureled field, receives the homage of a grateful people; or some philosopher, with potent wand, discloses to a wondering world a new discovery in Science. They stand aloft upon the pinnacle of Fortune, and eager crowds beneath echo their praises or envy their success; and upward still they gaze, blind to the rugged crags that lie between—blind to the slippery height they covet—blind to the thousands round them on the same great plain, breathless and bleeding from their vain attempts to climb the dazzling steep—or happy in an humbler sphere.

Ah! had they seen that lofty mind on the chill yesterday of Adversity, with naught but obstacles before him; who knew that Country was upon men's lips only as a substitute for self, and yet heard his own efforts slandered as false and recreant, and whose high purposes had bent before the storm only to rise unbroken—they would not undergo the patriot's trials, even for his rewards. The soldier's hardships in the camp, with night's cold shadows closing round him, and no pillow for his head save the still colder earth; or 'mid the battle's carnage, or on the ensanguined field, strewn alike with friends and foes, would look not half so pleasant to their eyes as that exulting warrior; or had they watched the student through long years of vain research, poring o'er musty tomes till the stars paled before the light of day, with fevered brow and aching heart, filled with strong hopes that time still dashed to earth—though Time at last was destined to fulfill; the marvels wrought thus dearly, thus hardly given to the world, the car with wings of fire, the thought, borne as on the lightning's shaft, the shadow that no longer vanishes, when won at such a cost, would lose their value, and the philosopher stand unenvied though pre-eminent.

Men judge too oft by outward show, the glitter hides the dross which lies beneath, the peasant would seek happiness in palaces, the rich, perchance, see pleasures 'mid the poor; all err, all causelessly despond, for place nor circumstance alone can make life happy; there is no lake with breast by winds unruffled, no sea by billows always unconvulsed—even so is it with man. How many noble minds are crushed beneath adversity, and pulses that ere-while warmed with a kindred glow to kindred energies, throb now to sorrow and bereavement? How many hearts that loved—loved, oh, how fondly—are doomed, alas! to live, and live alone? How many breathing beings toil and travail on to gain wherewith they may drag out existence—how many lots that look the brightest, are fraught with bitterest wo!

And still the strife goes on, still the throng heaves and swells tumultuously, as waves that surge against the rocks which bind them, and one unceasing current flows turbulently onward, bearing with it the joys and sorrows, the hopes and passions of a world—onward ever, to the trackless ocean of Eternity.

But fields are green and flowers are fair—there is no warfare on the hills, nor in the groves, nor on the plains; the elements break in fearful grandeur above; the seasons come and go—yet sunshine follows storms as day the night, and Winter yields to Spring. No murmur is heard, save that which trembles through the air, of rippling streams and stirring leaves, and songs of sweetest music; and the works of Nature stand forth in majestic harmony, unmoved by the strivings around them, regardless alike of the fears and longings, the griefs and tumults raging in the breasts of men—serene and placid, despite the contest, and at Peace, though amid the throes of The Battle of Life.

FIFTY SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

(*Concluded from page* 319.)

26.

THE taste manifested by our Transcendental poets, *is* to be treated "reverentially," beyond doubt, as one of Mr. Emerson's friends suggests—for the fact is, it is Taste on her death-bed—Taste kicking *in articulo mortis*.

27.

I should not say, of Taglioni, exactly that she dances, but that she laughs with her arms and legs, and that if she takes vengeance on her present oppressors, she will be amply justified by the *lex Talionis*.

28.

The world is infested, just now, by a new sect of philosophers, who have not yet suspected themselves of forming a sect, and who, consequently, have adopted no name. They are the *Believers in every thing Odd*. Their High Priest in the East, is Charles Fourier—in the West, Horace Greely; and high priests they are to some purpose. The only common bond among the sect, is Credulity:—let us call it Insanity at once, and be done with it. Ask any one of them *why* he believes this or that, and, if he be conscientious, (ignorant people usually are,) he will make you very much such a reply as Talleyrand made when asked why he believed in the Bible. "I believe in it first," said he, "because I am Bishop of Autun; and, secondly, *because I know nothing about it at all*." What these philosophers call "argument," is a way they have "*de nier ce qui est et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas*."*

29.

The goddess Laverna, who is a head without a body, could not do better, perhaps, than make advances to "La Jeune France," which, for some years to come at least, must otherwise remain a body without a head.

30.

Mr. A—— is frequently spoken of as "one of our most industrious writers;" and, in fact, when we consider how much he has written, we perceive, at once, that he *must* have been industrious, or he could never (like an honest woman as he is) have so thoroughly succeeded in keeping himself from being "talked about."

31.

H—— calls his verse a "poem," very much as Francis the First bestowed the title, *mes déserts*, upon his snug little deer-park at Fontainebleau.

32.

K——, the publisher, trying to be critical, talks about books pretty much as a washerwoman would about Niagara falls or a poulterer about a phœnix.

* Nouvelle Héloise.

33.

The ingenuity of critical malice would often be laughable but for the disgust which, even in the most perverted spirits, injustice never fails to excite. A common *trick* is that of decrying, impliedly, the higher, by insisting upon the lower, merits of an author. Macaulay, for example, deeply feeling how much critical acumen is enforced by cautious attention to the mere "rhetoric" which is its vehicle, has at length become the best of modern rhetoricians. His *brother* reviewers—anonymous, of course, and likely to remain so forever—extol "the acumen of Carlyle, the analysis of Schlegel, *and* the style of Macaulay." Bancroft is a philosophical historian; but no amount of philosophy has yet taught him to despise a minute accuracy in point of fact. His *brother* historians talk of "the grace of Prescott, the erudition of Gibbon, *and* the pains-taking precision of Bancroft." Tennyson, perceiving how vividly an imaginative effect is aided, now and then, by a certain quaintness judiciously introduced, brings this latter, at times, in support of his most glorious and most delicate imagination:—whereupon his *brother* poets hasten to laud the imagination of Mr. Somebody, whom nobody imagined to have any, "*and* the somethat affected quaintness of Tennyson."—Let the noblest poet add to his other excellences—if he dares—that of faultless vesification and scrupulous attention to grammar. He is damned at once. His rivals have it in their power to discourse of "A. the true poet, *and* B. the versifier and disciple of Lindley Murray."

34.

That a cause leads to an effect, is scarcely more certain than that, so far as Morals are concerned, a repetition of effect tends to the generation of cause. Herein lies the principle of what we so vaguely term "Habit."

35.

With the exception of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," I have never read a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most delicate imagination, as the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" of Miss Barrett. I am forced to admit, however, that the latter work *is* a palpable imitation of the former, which it surpasses in thesis as much as it falls below it in a certain calm energy, lustrous and indomitable—such as we might imagine in a broad river of molten gold.

36.

What has become of the inferior planet which Decuppis, about nine years ago, declared he saw traversing the disc of the sun?

37.

"Ignorance *is* bliss"—but, that the bliss be real, the ignorance must be so profound as not to suspect itself ignorant. With this understanding, Boileau's line may be read thus:

"Le plus fou *toujours* est le plus satisfait,"

—"*toujours*" in place of "*souvent*."

38.

Bryant and Street are both, essentially, descriptive poets; and descriptive poetry, even in its happiest manifestation, is *not* of the highest order. But the distinction between Bryant and Street is very broad. While the former, in reproducing the sensible images of Nature, reproduces the sentiments with which he regards them, the latter gives us the images and nothing beyond. He never forces us to feel what we feel he must have felt.

39.

In lauding Beauty, Genius merely evinces a filial affection. To Genius Beauty gives life—reaping often a reward in Immortality.

40.

And this is the "American Drama" of ——! Well! —that "Conscience which makes cowards of us all" will permit me to say, in praise of the performance, only that it is not quite so bad as I expected it to be. But then I always expect too much.

41.

What we feel to be *Fancy* will be found fanciful still, whatever be the theme which engages it. No *subject* exalts it into Imagination. When Moore is termed "a fanciful poet," the epithet is applied with precision. He *is*. He is fanciful in "Lalla Rookh," and had he written the "Inferno," in the "Inferno" he would have contrived to be still fanciful and nothing beyond.

42.

When we speak of "a suspicious man," we may mean either one who suspects, or one to be suspected. Our language needs either the adjective "suspectful," or the adjective "suspectable."

43.

"To love," says Spencer, "is

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone."

The philosophy, here, might be rendered more profound, by the mere omission of a comma. We all know the *willing* blindness—the *voluntary* madness of Love. We express this in thus punctuating the last line:

To speed, to give—*to want to be undone*.

It is a case, in short, where we gain point by omitting it.

44.

Miss Edgeworth seems to have had only an approximate comprehension of "Fashion," for she says:

"If it was the fashion to burn me, and I at the stake, I hardly know ten persons of my acquaintance who would refuse to throw on a faggot."

There are *many* who, in such a case, would "refuse to throw on a faggot"—for fear of smothering out the fire.

45.

I am beginning to think with Horsely—that "the People have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

46.

"It is not fair to review my book without reading it," says Mr. M——, talking at the critics, and, as usual, expecting impossibilities. The man who is clever enough to *write* such a work, is clever enough to read it, no doubt; but we should not look for so much talent in the world at large. Mr. M—— will not imagine that I mean to blame *him*. The book alone is in fault, after all. The fact is, that "*er lasst sich nicht lesen*"—it will not *permit* itself to be read. Being a hobby of Mr. M——'s, and brimful of spirit, it will let nobody mount it but Mr. M——.

47.

It is only to teach his children Geography, that G—— wears a boot the picture of Italy upon the map.

48.

In his great Dictionary, Webster seems to have had an idea of being more English than the English —"*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*."*

49.

That there were once "seven wise men" is by no means, strictly speaking, an historical *fact*; and I am rather inclined to rank the idea among the Kabbala.

50.

Painting their faces to look like Macaulay, some of our critics manage to resemble him, at length, as a Massaccian does a Raffäellian Virgin; and, except that the former is feebler and thinner than the other —suggesting the idea of its being the ghost of the other—not one connoisseur in ten can perceive any difference. But then, unhappily, even the street lazzaroni can feel the distinction.

* Count Anthony Hamilton.

STEINHAUSEN'S HERO AND LEANDER.

FAINT from the wave, each nerve by toil unstrung,
Behold life mantle in his glowing face
With the delight that cannot find a tongue—
How vain are words to yield expression grace
When the instinctive grasp, the yielding form,
The lips that seem to quiver with content,
So well proclaim the haven in life's storm—
The heart's goal reached—the kindred spirits blent!
Let the cold spray lave their unconscious feet,
And time bring round the parting hour again,
Now Love's pure triumph is once more complete,
And present joy oblivious of pain;
As in enraptured silence, heart meets heart,
Genius the moment seized to consecrate for Art!

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

MAY LILLIE.

OR LOVE AND LEARNING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

It was a most provoking thing that young Harry Warren should have fallen in love with pretty May Lillie—he simply a village school-master whom nobody knew—and she the only daughter of the richest and proudest man in the whole county of Erie, whom every body knew! It was not only very provoking, but it was also very unfortunate for the poor fellow, as he might as well have aspired to wed yon bright evening star, as to lead to the altar the daughter of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., Ex. M. C.

See the maliciousnessof Fate! If May had been but the child of some poor widow or parson—or had Harry claimed descent from some lordly aristocrat, the course of true love might not have run so crooked. Leander swam the Hellespont to reach his love, breasting bravely the surging billows, which parting before him, bore him exultingly to the feet of Hero—but how shall Harry force the adamantine chains with which Mammon bars the way to happiness! Assist him ye gods of hapless lovers.

My hero was the son of a farmer, more rich in children than in acres, and who could only afford them in schooling, value received for a few bushels of wheat, rye, or potatoes.

Young Harry had no taste for agriculture. The plough furrowed his handsome countenance, and the harrow harrowed his soul. Neither did he fancy mechanics—he turned from the anvil, the carpenter's bench, the awl, and the scissors, with equal repugnance. Books, books alone were his passion. For these all else were neglected, the cattle strayed loose in the fields, the pigs crept through to the garden, the wheat remained unshocked, and the grass uncut, while Harry under a tree lost himself amid the tattered leaves of an old book, which every breath of wind threatened to sweep far from him. This was a sore trial to his father, but after fruitlessly exhausting all his arguments to dissuade his son from the folly of "*larning*," he finally gave it up, and left Harry unmolested to follow his bent. The clergyman of the village admiring the perseverance of the young farmer-boy, and wishing to encourage such laudable zeal, kindly volunteered to assist him in his studies, and with unwearied toil by night and by day, Harry Warren was finally prepared to enter college.

At the age of twenty-one he graduated honorably, and left the college walls, his head well-stored with knowledge—a light heart—a lighter purse, and a strong will to persevere in the path he had marked out for himself, a path which, after many crooked windings, was, as his sanguine imagination assured him, to lead him eventually on the high road to fame.

To put a little money in his pocket, and at the same time gain some leisure for study, he offered himself as a candidate for the school in the beautiful village of G——, some fifty miles distant from his native town. He was accepted, and entered upon the duties of his new office with hope and energy. And then—the very first thing he did was to fall in love! foolish fellow—instead of teaching the young idea to shoot—he suffered himself to be shot—through the sparkling roguish eyes of little May Lillie did Cupid aim his dart—*twang*—he was gone!

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Diogenes Lillie, Esq., professed to be a very learned man, an immensely learned man, and his library accordingly occupied one whole wing of his large and costly mansion. No one far or near could boast of so many square feet of knowledge. He patronized the arts and sciences, and hinted at many wonderful inventions at work in his brain, which were in time to burst forth and astonish the world. He also courted the muses, and was convinced that should he once plume his flight to Parnassus, there would be an immense fluttering among all soaring poets, whom he should distance at once by his bold and flashing imagery.

Could the eyes of poor old Dominie Sampson have rested upon the countless volumes which like "Alps on Alps" arose to the lofty ceiling, would not his meagre, bony jaws have ushered in—"pro-di-gious!" for there was one compartment devoted to theology, another to geology, and spaces for all the *'ologies*—then there were divisions for astronomy, for botany, for history, for travels—there was the poet's corner, and the niche of romance. There were books in French, and German, and Spanish, and Russian, and Italian, and a mausoleum for the dead languages. I cannot vouch that "one poor head could carry" all this, that the brain of the great Diogenes contained as many chambers as his library divisions—but it was a very pleasant thing for him to gaze up and down, and down and up, upon their costly gold-lettered backs! Then there were also busts, and statues, and globes, and blow-pipes, and barometers, and thermometers scattered around, and here in this hall of inspiration, devoted to the "sisters three and such branches of learning," did Mr. Lillie spend the most of his invaluable time.

Now great wisdom is said to bestow upon its possessor a contempt for wealth proportionate, which, by the way, may be the reason why so many learned writers and men of genius have died in a garret. If so—there was no fear that the last breath of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., would be drawn in an attic, for he lost not sight of his gold in the depths of his wisdom, but so skillfully managed his financial concerns, that though apparently paying little heed to business, as

he sat there ensconced amid his books and papers, the ball was kept constantly rolling and constantly accumulating.

Yet what militated most against the love of Harry Warren, he had resolved from the time when pretty May slipped her leading-strings, that she should be the wife of some great man wielding authority; and pray what virtue was there in the petty birch-twig, or the twelve inch ruler, which were the only symbols of authority the young school-master wielded!

"However, there is no need of my troubling myself upon that head yet!" would Mr. Lillie year after year say to himself—"May is but a child—it will be time enough years hence to pick out a husband for her."

Pick out a husband! just as if the bright eyes of May were not capable of selecting for themselves—or that the eyes of sixty could see for those of sixteen.

But there is in reality no need of Mr. Lillie's troubling himself, for the deed is done, and the little gipsy May engaged in as pretty a flirtation, as ever spread the rosy light of love around the hearts of youth.

—

Let me exculpate my unfortunate hero from all attempts to win the affections of his beautiful pupil. On the contrary, it seems a mystery that his oddities and awkwardness should have awoke any other emotion than pity in the heart of May—for he was so terribly ungraceful in her presence—why if he merely spoke to her his voice was so low and tremulous, that she had really to approach her little head quite near to catch a word he said—and as for his scholarship, you would have thought him a dunce, so many egregrious blunders did he commit in hearing her recitations—and he could no more guide her little hand in making those pretty and delicate strokes which marked her copy-book, than he could fly to the moon. You would have been amazed that such a fine, handsome young fellow, could have made such a booby of himself!

However, never were scholars blessed with so indulgent a master, and his popularity rose in proportion, while as your lovers are for the most part but little given to the "flesh-pots of Egypt," he was pronounced by all economical housewives upon whose hospitality he was semi-monthly thrown, to possess the most accommodating taste, and could dine from beef and cabbage, pork and parsnips, peas porridge, or mush and milk, with equal relish.

I am sorry to say, that at first May joined in the laugh with her mischievous school-mates at the oddities of the master, and contrived many little tricks to vex him. Yet if she raised her eyes a moment from her book, she was sure to encounter those of Harry fixed upon her, with an expression so mournful, yet so tender, as bathed her cheek with blushes, and her eyes with tears of contrition. Her frolicks therefore soon yielded to a more pensive mood. She could not tell why, but the thoughtless mirth of her companions vexed and annoyed her—she no longer joined in those idle pranks, which had for their object the ridicule of the master, but gave way to sudden fits of musing and abstraction. When she heard his footstep approaching, her heart beat audibly, and in her class she no longer raised her saucy eyes to *misconstrue* her lesson, but scarcely lifted their drooping lids as she answered in faint tones the questions put to her.

In short, Love had conquered the merriest and most mischievous maiden that ever laughed at his wiles!

One day in early spring, ere the snow-drop or the crocus, had dared to lift their pretty heads above the snowy mantle in which old winter had so long kept them snug and warm, May placed in her bosom a bright and beautiful rose-bud. It was the first her little conservatory had yielded, and as she that morning for the first time discovered it peeping through its rich green leaves, she thought she had never seen any thing so fresh and beautiful. Carefully plucking it from the luxuriant branch, she bore off the fragrant trophy to exhibit to her young companions.

Well to be sure it was only a rose-bud—but as Harry descried it sitting so proudly upon its pure and lovely throne, something whispered that with that tiny rose his fate was linked—was it thornless, or should he wounded and complaining henceforth bid adieu to happiness!

May caught the glance of the master, and blushed and trembled just as if she perfectly comprehended what was passing through his mind, and as suddenly the little rose-bud was invested with new and tenfold value. She would fain have hid it next her heart from the careless gaze of her young associates, for she felt that it had now become a sacred thing which their touch would profane.

Suddenly, May bent her head over her desk, and shook her long raven curls over her blushing cheek, as she heard a well-known step behind her, and felt that the large eloquent eyes of the master were fixed upon her. But for the throbbing of her own little heart, she could have heard the rapid pulsation of his, while his breath almost stirred the beautiful ringlet which rested upon her bosom. Rapidly her little hand now moved over the slate, glancing to the right and left, tracing figure upon figure, as though its mistress had not a thought, but was occupied in deciphering the rules of Coleman. It was a most puzzling sum—never had she attempted one so difficult—in vain she erased—in vain began again. Of course it was all wrong, and so Harry, as in duty bound, took the pencil and sat down by her side to extricate her from her difficulties—as a school-master you know, there was no other way!

But, dear me—instead of looking upon the slate, his eyes never fell a bit lower than that little rose-bud—a pretty teacher, to be sure!

"*Ahem*—that is a beautiful rose, Miss May!"

"Yes, sir."

"You—you are fond of flowers, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"They are a favorite study of mine—are you much versed in the language of flowers, my—*ahem*—Miss May?"

"They always speak to me of God's love and good-

ness," replied May, as demurely as if she had been answering her minister.

"True, dear Miss May," said Harry. "They are indeed, as the poet says—'the smiles of angels' blessing and cheering us on our earthly pilgrimage—but aside from this heavenly mission, the poet has also bestowed upon them another language:

'In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares,
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.'

Is it so—do you believe this, May?"

May made no answer, but bent her head still lower over the book before her, and the little rose-bud trembled as though moved by some breath of summer.

"The—the rose, May," continued Harry, "seems to have been ever a favorite and expressive flower of this mystic garland:

'The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn.'"

There was a pause.

"May—May, will you give me the rose?"

May timidly raised her eyes to his—they were filled with tears.

"Will you, May—will you give me the rose?"

The next moment the little bud was in the hand of the transported Harry, accompanied with a look of such innocent, confiding love, as made his heart dance with rapture.

Was there ever in after life a moment of such pure and exquisite happiness as then filled the hearts of the lovers!

But the rose-bud, the poor rose-bud, bitterly did it rue the change from its lovely resting-place to the great hand of the school-master—besides coming very near being crushed to pieces between that and the dainty little fingers of May as she placed it therein!

Well, it must have been a puzzling sum indeed to keep the master so long at May Lillie's desk! and taking advantage of his inattention, the mischievous scholars carried on a pretty little by-play of their own—there was tittering in corners, and whispering behind torn covers—and soft, soft tiptoeing from one seat to another, and little paper pellets flying like hail-stones from side to side. Ah, dear, happy children—there is no danger—you might knock the master's head off, and he would never know it!

"Young ladies—children—I give you a holyday," quoth Harry, rapping his desk with the dread ferule, insignia of his power.

"A holyday—*huzza—huzza*—a holyday!" shouted the girls and boys, rushing from the school-room.

But the older girls looked slyly at each other, and then at the blushing May.

"Look—look!" exclaimed half-a-dozen in a breath. "The master is walking home with May Lillie!"

—

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., sat in his study. Around him were gathered all those powerful incentives necessary to call forth that great masterly genius which lay hid somewhere in his brain—somewhere—from whence, though many times coaxed and flattered, it had as yet resolutely refused to stir.

Upon the table before him, bearing at each corner respectively a bust of Plato, of Shakspeare, Homer, and Milton, were pamphlets, reviews, folios, quartos and duodecimos, thickly strewn—but what was more to the purpose, there was drawn up close to the elbow of Mr. Lillie, a quire of hot-pressed letter-paper, with edges of gold—a silver standish, bearing the golden pen ingrafted in a feather of pearl, and the cerulean ink with which genius should indite the virgin page, whenever said genius should deign to issue from its dark hiding-place.

The lips of Diogenes were closely pressed together—his eyes upturned with a frenzied glare to the ceiling, and deep indentations, like the rind of a musk-melon, corrugated his brow.

Reader—he was conceiving.

Bringing down his clinched hand with a force which made old Homer nod, he exclaimed:

"I will write. Yes, I will write a poem—I will astonish the world—my talents shall no longer remain under a bushel, but shall go forth like the sword of Gideon to hew down all minor poets! Upon what theme shall I first spend my genius—let me consider," (drawing the paper still nearer and dipping the golden pen into the flowing liquid,) "gold—the Age of Gold—the Golden Age—yes, 'The Golden Age' it shall be. My sublimity shall throw Milton into the shade," (with a look at the blind bard)—"my glowing pictures of rural life shall startle the lovers of Homer," (a bow to the god)—"my wit shall cut with the keen sarcasm of Shakspeare," (looking glorious Will full in the face)—"while the *tout-ensemble* shall form such a completeness of wisdom, as might honor even the head of a Plato!" (a triumphant glance at the old philosopher.)

And thus encouraged, the gold pen capered, and flashed, and flourished from side to side like a mad thing—pointing notes of admiration here, dotting and scratching there, and then diving deep into the sea of ink, plumed its pearly pinion for new and higher flights.

For three weeks did the poet bury himself in his library with dead and living authors.

And every morning he kissed his pretty May-flower as she tied on her little bonnet:

"There, there—go along child; be a good girl and obey the master."

And then as she came to bid him good-night:

"There, there; go to bed, child, and don't forget your lessons."

Not she, bless her! Why she never forgot a single lesson the school-master taught her—she had every word by heart!

At length the Golden Age was ready to burst like a blazing star upon this dull coppery world, and was the most sublime thing, in the opinion of its author, that was ever written—and who, pray, could be a better judge!

Now Mr. Lillie having some conception of the ignorance of the critics, having once (although it is a great secret,) sent a huge MSS. to the Harpers, which

was pronounced "*stuff*"—it might have been very good stuff notwithstanding—resolved that ere he essayed the publishers, he would give his unique poem in all its unfledged beauty to his native village. It was a capital idea. It should be delivered before the Lyceum to an astonished audience. He could then have some faint idea perhaps of the applause which awaited its appearance in 12mo., calf and gilt.

One evening he dispatched a hasty note to our young school-master, and requested to see him immediately upon business of a private nature.

Heavens how poor Harry trembled as he perused this terrible summons! All was discovered then—Mr. Lillie knew of his presumptuous love, and had sent to banish him forever from the presence of May. And then our little heroine—into what an agony of doubt and apprehension was she thrown, as she read the billet which Harry contrived to slip into her hand.

At the hour appointed, with an unsteady hand, Harry knocked at the door of Mr. Lillie's library. The great Diogenes himself appeared at the threshhold—and imagine the surprise of our hero to be greeted with:

"Come in, come in, my dear sir—I am most happy to see you," (shaking him warmly by the hand.) "Sit down, Mr. Warren," (motioning to a seat at the table of the gods.) "It has long been my wish to know you better than my very limited time would allow—my pursuits" (glancing complacently around him,) "are a great bar to social intercourse. The muses Mr. Warren, the muses I find are very jealous ladies—do you cultivate their acquaintance? No? Ah, I am surprised, for I assure you I have formed a very high opinion of your talents."

Harry bowed, and said something about honor, &c., &c.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren;" (ah! now it is coming! thought poor Harry,) "my daughter, I am inclined to believe, has made great proficiency under your instruction—you have my thanks for initiating her into some of the more abstruse sciences which she never before attended to."

Did Harry dream, or was the wrath of Mr. Lillie veiled under the most cutting irony! He could only bow, and smile "a ghastly smile."

"And speaking of the Muses, my dear young sir," continued Mr. Lillie, "I have just been amusing myself with a trifle—a mere flight of fancy—if you have a few moments leisure now, I will read you a few passages."

Of course our hero considered himself favored—and accordingly with true bombastic style Mr. Lillie read several stanzas from the closely written pages of his poem. Never had Harry listened to such trash—he could hardly credit his senses that any man should be so inflated with vanity as to deem it even passable!

"Ah, it strikes you I see," said Mr. Lillie. "I knew it would. Yes, I see it hits your vein exactly—this convinces me that our tastes are congenial."

Again Harry bowed—not daring to trust his voice, he was forced to nod his head continually like a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop."

"Mr. Warren," proceeded the author, wheeling his chair round and regarding our hero with great benignity, "I have imbibed a great regard for you, and mean to make your fortune—to smooth your path to eminence. Yes, I like you, and am convinced there is no one more worthy than yourself to receive—"

Harry started—his face radiant with hope, he bent eagerly forward to catch the rest of the sentence.

"But, by the way, my young friend, this conversation must be strictly confidential."

"Certainly, my dear sir!" exclaimed Harry, almost breathless.

"Yes, Mr. Warren, there is something about you which pleases me, and therefore I am about to confer upon you a most precious gift—to bestow upon you my—ah, can't you guess what it is?" smiling archly.

"O, my dear sir," said Harry, seizing his hand, "if I might dare to hope!"

"Yes, Mr. Warren, I am about to give you my—poem!"

"Your poem!"

"My poem."

"Your poem!"

"Yes, my poem—that is, the reputation of the thing."

Harry started up and paced the room as if pursued by all the furies.

"Ah, I thought I should surprise you," cried Mr. Lillie. "Come, sit down again. I said I would make your fortune, and I will. Now this poem, Mr. Warren, you shall have the honor of delivering before the Lyceum as your own—think of that—as your own production."

Poor Harry was struck aghast. "But, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "I can never consent to such a gross imposition!"

"I honor you the more for your delicacy young man," replied the poet; "but banish it—there is no need of it between friends, we perfectly understand each other you know—you shall deliver this poem." ("The Lord deliver me!" mentally prayed Harry.) "Listeners will applaud—copies will be solicited—your fame will reach the city—Morris and Willis will rank you among their favorite young poets—the ——"

"But, Mr. Lillie, why not deliver this poem yourself—why not wear your own laurels?" interrupted Harry.

"*Ahem*—Mr. Warren, I am averse to popularity—notoriety of any kind I detest—I prefer to quaff stealthily at the fount of Helicon, and tread with felted footsteps the Parnassian hill—stop, that 's a new idea, I 'll note it. So long as I have the mental satisfaction of knowing the *poem is mine*, what matters it whether you or I have the reputation! Say no more—you accept my proposition of course."

"Mr. Lillie—"

"Not a word, my dear sir—I will take care that you are invited to deliver the next Lyceum lecture—two weeks hence remember. That gives you ample

time to study the poem and conceive my meaning. Come here every evening—you shall have my assistance. I will not detain you longer—good-night. You will find May somewhere—in the drawing-room most probably; she will be glad to see you, for I dare say she is puzzling her little head about something which you can explain. Good-night."

This latter clause sufficed to check all further opposition from Harry, for the moment at least, and with rapid steps he now sought the drawing-room.

"Dear Harry!" cried May, springing toward him as he entered, and looking up in his face as if to read there the stern mandate which was to separate them forever.

"Dearest May, do not tremble thus," replied Harry, leading her to a seat; "believe me you have no cause."

"Ah—does he then approve of our love!" exclaimed May, her sweet young face illumined with hope.

"Your father has been kind, my dear girl, and that he does not even suspect our love I am convinced, or he would have been less so. His kindness, however, if it may be called so," (and the lip of Harry curled doubtingly,) "has placed me in a most awkward predicament. Listen, dear May, and help me if you can."

He then as briefly as possible related the conversation he had just held with her father, and the strange proposition made him. No wonder he felt provoked at the merry laugh with which the little maiden closed his rueful communication.

"Confess now, Harry, you deem papa's poem most execrable stuff!" she said, looking him archly in the face.

"Dear May, you know I—"

"Confess, confess Harry—no equivocation!" cried May, shaking her little finger.

"Well, May, I will be honest then—you know, dear one, I would not for worlds wound your feelings, but really I must confess I never listened to more senseless jargon!"

"That's excellent—the more absurd the better," said May, laughing; "and you will deliver it, Harry."

"May!" exclaimed her lover reproachfully, "*you* surely cannot ask me to make myself ridiculous!"

"*Hem*—do you love me, Harry?"

"Can you doubt, it dearest May?"

"Then if you love me, as Hamlet says, 'speak the speech I pray you.' No doubt it will be hissed—so much the better—you will be laughed at—better still—"

"May, May!" cried her lover, turning away from her, "if you loved me you would not say this!"

"Ah—not if it gains papa's consent to our union!"

"That indeed—but, dearest May, to become a laughing-stock—to have the finger of derision pointed at one—to feel the lash of the critic, and—"

"To call little May your own!" added the coaxing gipsy.

Who could resist such an appeal from such a pair of rosy lips? or unrelenting behold the mute eloquence of those beautiful eyes! Not Harry; no, nor any other young lover I am sure.

From that evening, dear reader, only imagine my unlucky hero imprisoned hour after hour with the learned author, declaiming that—"infernal poem," (I quote Harry's own words.) Do you not pity him?

But then—the stolen half hour below, assisting little May in her lessons—do you not envy him!

In the meantime Mr. Lillie had not been idle. He had forwarded letters to some of the most influential men of the neighboring towns, inviting them to attend the next Lyceum, where as he informed them, a young author, a poet, was to make his *début* before their intelligent community. In confidence he assured them they would be astonished at the depth and power of his genius. He had himself looked over the poem, and although he would not wish to forestall their admiration, thus much he would say, that he had never read such a production!

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The eventful evening arrived, and from every turnpike and cross-road people came flocking in to listen to the young author—some because of the favor of Mr. Lillie, others to compliment their favorite—the school-master.

Escorted by the great and learned Diogenes Lillie, Esq., and a few of the leading members, Harry was conducted to the hall, and seated within the inclosure of the platform.

To depict his feelings would be impossible—he knew he was about to make himself ridiculous, and was tempted more than once to turn his back and quit the scene of his approaching disgrace. Notwithstanding the tempting reward he had in view, the alternative was a hard one—but his eye turned to a distant corner of the hall where the sweet face of May smiled upon him, and her fair hand waved encouragement. He wavered no longer.

Resolving to meet his fate like a hero, Harry now arose, and after a few preliminaries introduced—"The Golden Age."

The two first stanza elicited a general smile from the audience, the third and fourth exerted a different influence—influenza became universal, to judge from the coughing and *hem-ming!* Between the fifth and sixth, many persons left the house, and as Harry with the energy of despair drew near the close of the first canto, the hissing and hooting of boys outside and in the building was almost deafening, while one of the committee arose and advised the orator to sit down!

With the self-satisfaction of a martyr he was preparing to do so, when his eye suddenly fell upon the *author*, whom he detected at a glance to be the most active in the war of ridicule which was waging against him. Rage for the moment overcame his discretion. Hurling the manuscript upon the floor, he sprang from the desk, made one leap down the steps, and rushed upon his deceitful patron!

"Do you dare to laugh at me!" he exclaimed, pale with anger, "do you dare to utter a word, you—you who are yourself the—"

A little hand was on his arm, and a soft voice whispered:

"Harry, dear Harry, come away." And obeying the gentle mandate our hero suffered himself to be led from the scene of his mortification.

"Poor fellow!" cried Mr. Lillie, recovering from the alarm of Harry's onset, "poor fellow, he is almost beside himself I see—well, it is pitiful trash after all, and I fear I gave him too much encouragement, my friendship got the better of my judgment—yet his delivery is the worst—why I am not sure gentlemen but his ranting and mouthing would render even Shakspeare ridiculous. The poem *reads* well—depend upon it gentlemen there is genius after all where that poem came from."

When Mr. Lillie reached home he found Harry awaiting him, storming and raving to and fro the library like a madman. Rushing upon the great Diogenes he seized him by the collar:

"Your conduct is unbearable!" he exclaimed. "You shall do me justice, sir—by heaven you shall! I am not to be treated in this way! After palming off your wretched stuff upon me, do you think I am going to submit to your ridicule! No, sir—either go forward and acknowledge yourself openly as the author, or I will post you at every corner!"

"Be calm, pray be calm—we 'll settle it all in a moment," said Mr. Lillie, pale and trembling—"I am really sorry your first essay should have been so unsuccessful."

"My first essay!" interrupted Harry indignantly. "I am not to be trifled with—no, sir—I will expose you at once—it is you who shall bear the ridicule, not me!" and Harry rushed to the door.

"Stop—stop—my dear young friend," cried Mr. Lillie, catching his arm—"listen a moment; for heaven's sake do n't expose me, it will be my ruin. I will give you any thing you ask if you will only spare me—you shall have money—"

"*Money!* Can money repair the disgrace you have heaped upon me—talk of money to a man who feels his future hopes blasted!" exclaimed Harry scornfully. "Sir, there is but one way to save your reputation."

"And what is that dear sir?" eagerly demanded the author.

"Give me the hand of your daughter," he replied firmly.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren—why you astonish me—my daughter!" and Mr. Lillie paused and pondered, bit his lips and rubbed his eyebrows. "Why bless my soul, Mr. Warren, May is but a child!"

"No matter," was the answer, "will you or will you not accept my proposition?"

"Will not five hundred dollars, Mr. Warren—"

"No—nor five hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, Mr. Warren, only do n't expose me; only pledge me your word of honor that my secret shall be inviolate and May is yours!"

Harry calmed down wonderfully quick, considering he had been in such a passion, and very obligingly made all the pledges his father-in-law that was to be required.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Warren, which I must leave to your generosity," said Mr. Lillie. "May is my only, and a motherless child—if this arrangement should be repugnant to her feelings, I trust you will not press your claim—we may perhaps find some other way to adjust this little difficulty. I will call May down, we may as well know at once what her feelings are."

Harry coughed, and walked to the window to conceal a smile, feeling at the same time more respect for Mr. Lillie for this last clause in favor of his child, than he thought him capable of inspiring.

One glance at the happy countenance of her lover informed May the day was theirs.

And so she immediately took a great many airs upon herself—pouted her pretty lips, and protested she thought it really absurd the idea of marrying a man who had made himself so ridiculous—she doted on poets, that she was willing to allow—but not such a conceited fellow as wrote that poem—she knew!

Harry meanwhile whistled "Rory O'More," and walked the room with an air as much as to say—"it is perfectly indifferent to me, Miss, which ever way you decide."

"But, foolish child!" whispered her father, "the poem is *mine!*"

"Yours, dear papa—oh that alters the case—then you wrote that stup—"

"Hush—hush May. The public are fools, and cannot appreciate true genius—the poem is a good poem."

"I think it has point, papa."

"Yes, and if those stupid ignoramuses had not made such an outcry, they would have seen that it terminates most felicitously."

"True, papa—one certainly could not wish for a happier termination."

"But you see, May, I have particular reasons for not wishing to be known as the author—and this poor young man feeling much chafed by the treatment he has received, and which is perfectly natural you know—"

"Certainly, papa—the school-master is very sensitive. Mercy, if you only knew—"

"Well, no matter now—and feeling as I said, greatly incensed, he threatens to expose me. You can save me May—your hand will make all secure."

"Very well, dear papa—Mr. Warren has always been kind to me in school, and I like him very well—I do papa, and so to oblige you I will do as you wish," said the arch maiden.

Taking her hand, her father now led her up to Harry, and placed it within that of the enraptured lover. And May, dropping a little courtesy, very gravely assured him that she would endeavor to make as obedient a wife as she had a pupil.

Madam Rumor is a prying gossip. How she found out the secret was never known—but away she went gadding from house to house, whispering the school-master had obtained his charming young wife by fathering the literary bantling of the learned Mr. Lillie!

THE NEW SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

A BUCOLIC.

BY E. FOXTON.

When with glances far and free
My Spirit stood at Childhood's knee,
And gazed and smiled with careless glee,
To see the fateful spinsters three
Draw deftly out from carded naught
Its first soft rainbow thread of thought,
My playmate true, delight and joy,
Was a tiny winged boy.
Nightly nestled in my breast,
His legends lulled me to my rest;
Thence his voice awakening gay
Trilled back the early linnet's lay;
In the bird's nest, in the tree,
By the purling rill sat he;
From wind-rocked blue-bells flashed his eye;
He floated round the butterfly;
His little golden head rose up
In the water-lily's cup;
His saucy breath, with nectar fed,
Puffed at me from the violet's bed,
Half in sport and half caress;
Oh, dear artless Happiness!

Womanhood one day me found,
And my brows with roses crowned.
In a naiad's glass I saw,
Pleased, my graces touched with awe;
And "These royal flowers shall be
Forged to links, my boy, for thee,"
So I said. From morn till eve
Through my haunts the shepherds grieve;
But the urchin bursts amain
Shouting from my bloomy chain,
Bursts and leaves me all forlorn,
Pricked and bleeding with a thorn.
"Why thus wrong my gentleness,
Light, inconstant Happiness!"

All in tears to bring me ease,
Back he flew, and made his peace;
And my every art I tried
Aye to keep him at my side;
April floods of tears and smiles,
Soft confessions, simple wiles;
Then I seized my harp and sang;
Far and wide the chorus rang;
(Round me flocked the grave, the gay,
But the rover would not stay;)
"Peerless, wronged, thy votaress,
Cruel, fleeting, Happiness."

Oft and oftener still his flight;
Longer still he shunned my sight;
Till I left my woodlands dim,
And set forth in quest of him
To the tourney, feast and ball,
(In their turn I peeped at all,)
Court, and hermitage, and camp,
Still halls where burns the midnight lamp,
And the sunk-eyed scholar delves
Slowly through the groaning shelves,
Where old souls, that erst were men,
Speak and teach the young again,
And, while creation's bounds they track,
Cast their endless shadows back;
Vainly still I sought to find
Him I sought among mankind.
Still his semblance proved to be
Garish Mirth or Vanity;
And still of all I sought in vain
Good tidings of the lost to gain.
The scholar said, "In poet's book;"
The poet, "In some leafy nook;"
"Oh, which?" "I know not yet," he says,
"Go thou and seek—'mid clustering bays;"
The lawyer, "In the judge's gown;"
The judge, "In ermine's lordly down;"
The peer, "He 's in my liege's crown;"
The king, "He rides the victor's glaive;"
And he, "In peaceful Lethe's wave,
Or, haply, in the hermit's cell;"
The hermit said, "I know him well,
Seek him in the house of prayer;"
"Nay, I know he can't be there!
Pride shall bravely fill thy place,
False and treacherous Happiness!"

Prim sat Pride, then dropped asleep,
Leaving me to watch and weep.
Round my dimpled shoulders clung
My dewy locks at random flung;
Wildered strayed my fleecy band;
Loosed the crook my listless hand,
Playing with the dreary rue
At my cavern's mouth that grew,
And forgot its tuneful craft.
At my plight the shepherds laughed;
"She is sick at heart, you know;
She loved,—wise maidens do not so;
So fare all idle fools who chase
The subtle, coy sprite, Happiness!"

Dropped its silver balls from sight
The starry clepsydra of night;
And the morn brought jocund glee
To the world, and not to me,
"Would I ne'er had seen thy face,
Happiness, lost Happiness!"

Stung with swarms of wretchedness,
I plunged into the wilderness;
Toward the Eastern land of spells
Me some secret power impels;
"There some wily witch," I thought,
"In her toils the boy has caught."
Through the shadows, through the sun,
And surging sands I journeyed on,
Till the sun his gold lance set
In rest to prick from Olivet.
Glorious light the morrow showed,
Nor to him its lustre owed.

Up the steep of Zion's hill
Rose a being brighter still.
Silvery white the garb she wore,
And a cross of flowers she bore;
From vulgar gaze her charms, amid
A dark, enshrining mask, she hid,
Lighted up like midnight skies
With the splendor of her eyes;
Her dainty feet, with sandals shod,
Scarce touched the rugged road she trod,
And a pearly scallop-shell
Gleamed her pilgrim state to tell.
Dully, long I strove to see
What that which bore her train could be;
Now on this side, now on that,
Now it met a chiding pat,
For resting on her skirts to impede,
Impishly, her upward speed,
From frowning cliff and wayside stone,
Flitting far, as bribes, it won
Blossoms fair and held before,
As her constancy to lure.
Graciously she marked its play;
Steadfastly she held her way.
Changed of mood, with tender gloom
It hung its garlands o'er a tomb.
Full in view thence reared its head,
Looked at me and beckoned,
Then, as if perforce, again
Fled and bore the lady's train;
Thick my heart's full throbs confess
"Surely that was Happiness!"

Panting, staring, faint, I stood,
Then with foot and tongue pursued;
"Sorceress, fiend—whate'er ye be—
Tear not thus my fere from me!
I defy the loathly charms
That keep him from his poor maid's arms!
I will rend thy mask away!
I will give those charms to day!"
My whirlwind race was won, and lo!
I tore it from her blushing brow,
My foster-sister's, Holiness!
And her page was Happiness!

Oh, I owned her might too well!
Groveling in the dust I fell!
Then wondering heard a whisper low,
"Let 's be friends, my causeless foe."
Doubtfully I raised my eyes;
Down she gazed with mild surprise.
Naught to fear I saw was there,
But purity and beauty rare.
As she raised me with a kiss,
Through her veil laughed Happiness.

When I slumber at her feet
Light pinions scatter odors sweet;
While her step keeps pace with mine
Round my neck soft fingers twine;
If I chase him, he is gone;
But the rogue returns anon,
Charged with heavenly fruit, to bless,
The handmaid meek of Holiness.

NIGHT.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

Brightly the moonshine
Gleams on the flower,
Sweetly the woodbine
Twines round the bower;
Lowly the lover
Whispers his love,
Angel forms hover
Around from above.

Purple-robed foxglove
Is deep in the dell,
Where the night-fays love
To wind their dark spell;
Beauty is hurled
O'er meadow and lea,
The sails are all furled,
The ship sleeps at sea.

The night-breeze now sighs
So sweet and so sad;
Bright gems deck the skies,
So blue and so glad;
The lapwing that brushed
The dew from the hill,
Now sleeps—all is hushed,
'Cept the laughing rill.

Moonlight's soft glances
On every thing smile,
Pure water dances
Out laughing the while;

The cricket's chirp shrill
Most merrily sounds,
The fisher's bark still
O'er moonlit wave bounds.

Trees bathed in moonbeams
Wave gracefully low,
With beauty all teems
'Neath its silvery glow;
All nature 's at prayer,
The holy thoughts rise,
On wings of the air,
Up, up to the skies.

The cricket has hushed
Now his chirp so sweet,
Rare perfume has gushed
From the new-cut wheat;
The lily has bent
Down its head in sleep,
Its odor is lent
To the winds to keep.

Mortals are slumb'ring,
Long hours fly past,
Old Time is numb'ring
The seconds so fast,
Fears him no mortal,
For slumber has tight
Closed the portal
Of thought—it is Night.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

NO. II.—A LONELY WEEK.

One of the loneliest hours I felt in two years of absence from my country, was on an afternoon in April, after leaving the gate of Cassel, in Northern Germany. There I had parted from Carl K——, a young student, whom I had met for the first time two days before, on entering the city. We met, strangers though we were, and ignorant of each other's name or condition, like old acquaintances who had been long separated; an invisible link seemed at once to attach us in friendship and confidence. He was a boy of seventeen, but already a poet, possessing a nature full of enthusiasm and the sorrowful inspiration of song. His heart beat with all true and tender impulses, and in its yet unfathomed depths there was a capacity for boundless passion. In those two days we were constantly together; we climbed the slopes of the Wilhelmshöhe, fragrant with early cowslips; we wandered among the giant ruins of the Katzenberg; we sat in the rich library, poring over the old illuminated pages of the Song of Hildebrand. When the time of parting came, it was a struggle for both of us, and as we gave the last warm pressure of hands at the gate of Cassel, his dark, mournful eyes were full of tears, and I turned away with a mist gathering over my own. I climbed the long hill which was to shut out all sight of the valley, with a feeling amounting to bitterness, heightened by the languid and feverish sensations of approaching illness.

The hazy sunshine shone warmly on the bare, bleak fields beside the road, and as the day wore away, my spirits sank down, down, into a bottomless gulf of despondency. The coolness of the woods into which the road finally led as it descended the hills of the Weser, made me shiver, though my veins were parched with heat. I threw myself down on the grass, and looked up into the gray sky, that I might lose the feeling of loneliness in its vast and sympathizing presence. This is always an encouraging contemplation, and I was aided by it in the present instance. I made out to reach the city of Münden before dark, and slept as I best could, a disturbed, unrefreshing sleep.

The next day, feeling unable to walk, I took the *eilwagen* to Göttingen, where I remained two days, and in spite of medicine and a physician, grew no better. It rained continually, and shut up in my chamber with no company but my own thoughts, which were by no means entertaining companions, I looked back with regret to the home-like comforts of Frankfort and Heidelberg. Sickness is synonimous with impatience in my vocabulary, and after two days' trial of repose, I determined to continue my journey, trusting to the influences of scenery and exercise. Accordingly I took the eilwagen to Nordheim, twenty miles nearer the Hartz, as it was raining heavily. In the capacious and cushioned vehicle, traveling was tolerable enough and I reached Nordheim at nightfall in better spirits.

In the damp, gloomy inn, after the stage rolled off, my fever returned. I went to bed, and lay awake for hours, listening to the rain beating on the windows and the monotonous wail of the wind down the valley. The rest of the night must have been passed either in the wildest dreaming, or in a waking fever bordering on delirium. My head throbbed painfully, and imaginary voices seemed calling me from a distance. Strange figures walked through the room and stood long, looking out the window. Some were familiar faces—faces of friends far away—and some that I knew not, spoke to me, or talked with each other till my brain was confused with the noises, and toward morning I slept.

The next day the sky was dark, without rain. I was weak, though no worse, and set out on foot, aided by a stout staff, toward the Hartz. In spite of the labor of plodding along the muddy roads, I was refreshed by the cool damp atmosphere and inspired by the scenery, which grew wilder and lonelier as I advanced. Spring, although late for Germany, had already covered the forests with their first light green foliage, and the meadows were luxuriant with grass and flowers. Whenever I grew weary, there was always a bank of moss somewhere under the pine-trees which the rain had not reached, and like Uhland with his apple-tree, I greeted the pine as my landlord, who, if he could spread me no board from his juicy larder, at least kept for me his best arm-chair, and with the thatch of his roof protected me from the frequent showers.

So passed the day, with no incident except the challenge of a gend'arme, who could read no part of my passport but the name "America," in honor of which he made a stiff military salute and wished a pleasant journey. In the old, decaying village of Osterode, sunk deep among gypsum quarries in the valley of the Oder, I made a dinner of milk and black bread, and as it was late in the afternoon, pushed on to reach Herzberg, at the entrance of the Hartz. As the black and gusty sky deepened into night, I was joined by a traveling handwerker, who made the way shorter by his cheery conversation, half talk and half singing. We stopped at a little one-story inn, called, even in that unknown corner of the world, the "London House." The peasants employed by the landlord, who was rich in possessing several acres of barren meadow land, had just collected for supper, and we sat down with them at the table. An immense wooden bowl, filled with steaming potatoes, was placed in the middle, and a choppin of beer

set before each one. They used neither knife, fork nor plate, but took the potatoes in their fingers, and salted them from another dish with the same convenient appliances. I was civilized enough to ask for a plate and to call for tea instead of beer, at which these stout men and maidens were greatly amused. There was considerable doubt at first whether the last article could be had, but the *frau*, after some search, produced a package of the kind called Russian tea, which is brought overland to Russia through Tartary, and retains the delicate aroma of the shrub in a much greater degree than that which reaches us by a long sea-voyage from Canton. At least, it seemed to me, in my exhausted state, nothing short of nectar, and after some talk with the good people of the inn, who, enjoying only the merest necessities of life gave me a new lesson in the requisites of happiness, I went to bed in the loft and slept till my companion, the handwerker, awoke me at breakfast-time.

Our roads, unfortunately, were different. He was bound to Alexisbad on the southern edge of the Hartz, while I was for a visit to His Phantomship, the Spectre of the Brocken. So we parted, with mutual wishes of good luck, and I plunged into the grand mountain defile in front of Herzberg, my knapsack heavier by a loaf of bread. Thenceforward my way was solitude itself. The steeps on either side were clothed to the summit with woods of black pine, with here and there a single larch, of a pale and misty green, like the ghost of a tree. The brawling river ran over cold black rocks, and even where the hills left a little eddy of meadow between them, the winter floods swept it bare and prevented the peasant from planting his scanty harvest. The only houses were those of the woodmen and mountain herdsmen —the only sounds of human life the stroke of axes among the pines and the shout of men and boys driving their cattle up to the cleared places, which were already covered with thick grass. Snow-drifts still lay in the clefts of the rocks and under the boughs of trees which had been felled. Over this stern and lonely region was a dark and lowering sky and the only things that were truly bright and joyous were the crimson pinks that grew by the wayside.

I overtook a herdsman with his two boys driving their cows and goats up the valley, and we walked some time in company. With a frank curiosity he asked me why I traveled alone in the Hartz. It was too early, he said, to climb the Brocken, and then nobody went there without company. People said there were still spirits and witches among the hills, and I might easily lose the path and wander about till after night-fall, when I would be in their power. The boys listened to his warnings with perfect belief in their faces. I asked them if they had ever seen those witches, "No," they answered, but they had never been further than Andreasberg; yet the miners had told them of kobolds who guard the veins of ore and smothered them to death when they came too near their dwellings. The old herdsman said he had climbed the Brocken many years before, in the summer time, and added, "but we took good care to come down again before night." I promised him to be careful about the road and not to be belated when the witches were abroad, but he still seemed unwilling that I should go alone. "Here are the cattle to take care of," said he, "but Ernest and Gottlieb could do that; if it were not for the wood I must cut, I would go with you myself the whole way." If my purse had been a little heavier, I would have paid him for the lost work, and taken him along. This I could not do, and when he reached the path which led to his pasturage, I shook hands with him and repeated my promises. "I hope you may be lucky," was the last he said, "but I wish I could go along."

Still climbing beside the stream, the road finally grew rough and narrow, hemmed by mountains too high and bleak as yet for pasture. I reached a pass where it was completely covered by an overhanging rock, and sat down to compare the directions of my guide-book with the appearances around me. I had come to the conclusion that I was in the wrong path, when two or three miners came under the other end of the rock. They confirmed my suspicions, but told me they were going to Andreasburg by a path over the mountain on our right and if I followed them I should gain what I had lost. This was a fortunate chance; I shouldered my knapsack and took the path, which was so steep and narrow that we climbed single file through the woods. It was half an hour before we reached the summit and I felt like sinking to the earth from fatigue, for my guides were strong-winded and athletic and went steadily forward, without taking breath. I kept pace with them in the descent, and learned from them something of their under-ground life and the extent and productiveness of the mines. This part of the Hartz is very rich in minerals, the mines producing gold, silver, lead, copper and iron. Some of them have been worked seven or eight centuries, and the deep shafts extend more than two thousand feet under the earth's surface. The great mine at Andreasberg, called the *Sampson*, is said to be twenty three hundred feet deep, and the town is inhabited entirely by the workmen. I have since regretted that I did not spend a day there in visiting these remarkable subterranean works.

The town is built near the summit of the mountain and commands a singularly wild and dreary view over that part of the Hartz district. Bleak hills, on which the snow still lay in patches, rose on every side, and the valleys they enclosed looked dim and gloomy in the distance. The Brocken was before me, but its top, fifteen miles off, was covered with clouds. I pushed on, hoping to reach it before night, but while I was tracing the course of the canal which carries water from the dammed mountain springs to the mines, the air grew dense and damp, and a wreath of cloud, trailing like a scarf along the cliffs far below me, portended that night and storm were coming together. When I reached the dam, on the side of the Brocken, it began to rain dismally. The wind whistled through the long dead grass and soughed in the wet pines with a monotonous sound. No sign of house or human being was visible, but I

kept on till twilight, when I reached a large solitary building standing by the road. It was inhabited by some forest superintendent or other functionary, and is the second highest dwelling in the Hartz. As the office of landlord was also included in the occupant's duties, I determined at once to spend the night there. The only residents were the landlord and his wife, two servants and a young man of polished manners, yet of quiet and reserved appearance, who seemed to be living there as much for the solitude of the place as any other cause. After supper he was more communicative, and by drawings and descriptions gave me a very good idea of the remaining eight miles to the summit of the Brocken, which I was to try alone on the morrow. All night the winds howled around the house as if all the witches were abroad. It was the second of May, the night after their yearly conclave.

I have related elsewhere my ascent through snow-drifts and snow-clouds—up rocky ravines and over mountain marshes—till I reached the Brocken House drowned with rain, a most woful-loooking traveler. After drying beside a stove like a furnace, and a dinner which sent the blood warm and tingling through my limbs, I put the Brocken-nosegay of moss and lichens in my knapsack and passing the witches' cauldron, took the path for Schierke. It led down the southern side of the mountain, and the Brocken host (Herr Nese, who for fifty years past has introduced his Spectre to poets, peasants, philosophers and princes) showed me a pile of rocks just under the summit, where a few weeks before, his dogs had found a handwerker buried in a snow-drift and on the point of perishing. A half-hour's walk brought me below the region of snow, but not that of rain, for the clouds were gathered over the mountains to the right. As I reached the first forests they rolled up black and swift and the drops began to fall hard and heavily. Observing a little thicket of scrubby pines, I lay down on the ground and crawled under it, where I coiled myself up in the close and fragrant covert, just as the floodgates were opened. A perfect deluge succeeded; the trees roared and battled in the wind; the gullies on either side were full of foaming water and the air was nearly as dark as night. But scarcely a drop found its way through my shelter. I lay there warm and snug in the midst of a wild and dreary storm, and never shall I forget my exquisite sense of happiness while it lasted.

Just before sunset I came out upon a slope of rich green pasture where several boys were tending a flock of cattle. The sky was then partially clear but cold, and as I was anxious to reach a village before dark, I left the road to ask them my nearest way. One question succeeded another, and having told them to what country I belonged, I must needs stay with them awhile and tell them about it. We sat on a rock and talked until the shadow of the opposite mountain fell over us, when I left them. They had friends in America, and one of them thought he might visit them when he grew older.

They delayed me so long that the foot-path I had taken, through a deep and rocky hollow, was very gloomy, and in the dim light, almost fearful. Vast masses of rock clung to the side of the mountain,

> "Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
> Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans;
> And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
> In which it fears to fall;"

over and through the crevices were twisted the bony roots of the pines, and down in the chasms I heard the foaming of the swollen streams. This is the path by which Faust and Mephistopheles ascended the Brocken, and the storm which heralded my descent into it reminded me of Goethe's description:

> "The night with mist is thick and black;
> Hark, how the forests roar and crack!
> The hooting owls affrighted fly.
> Shivered fall the columns tall
> Of the palaces of pine.
> See the uniting boughs entwine—
> The mighty trunks that bend and groan—
> The hard roots grating on the stone!
> Mingling confusedly and madly, all
> Over each other are heaped in the fall,
> And around the crags, so wet and foul,
> The winds in fury hiss and howl!"

I thought of this ghostly passage and remembered the caution given me by the old herdsman. But no wrinkled hag, coursing on her he-goat the haunted paths of the Brocken interrupted my progress, and the cheerful lights of Elbingerode soon glimmered through the wood.

The next day I set out for the Rosstrappe, but again went astray and came to a village on the river Bode, deep down under steep mountains and the abode of miners. The people told me of two noted caves within half an hour's walk, but the rain had again set in, and I hastened forward toward the Rosstrappe, the greatest wonder of the Hartz. The scenery was no longer so lonely and exciting in its character. Open, upland plains, with occasional forests, skirted the road, and the men and women at work in their scanty fields and gardens saluted me with many a shout of laughter as I trudged along through the wood. Roads branched off in all directions from the main one, and left to my own judgment as to the proper course, I continued on till I reached the river, and saw a little hamlet on its banks. At the only inn—a hut with two rooms—an old grandam told me I had missed the way. The Rosstrappe was two hours distant, and I could not find it without a guide. The men were all away in the woods, but a neighbor of hers would go with me if I would give her a few groschen. To this I willingly consented, and the kind old woman dried my blouse carefully by the fire and brought me a dinner of bread and milk.

After dinner the neighbor made her appearance, with a large empty basket and announced herself ready to start. My landlady rolled up in a paper a large slice of bread and thrust it into my pocket, charging me two groschen (6 cents) for my dinner. I was about to shoulder my knapsack, when my guide asked for it, saying she had brought her basket on purpose for it. I hesitated at first; the thought of walking unencumbered, with a woman carrying my baggage seemed unchivalric, to say the least. I made a rapid comparison between my weakness and

fatigue and the distance still to be traversed, and decided by placing the knapsack in her basket and assisting her to lift it upon her head. Off we went, under a clear sky, for the first time since I entered the Hartz. Through fine open forests and along precipices overhanging the Bode—past the hunting-grounds of the Dukes of Brunswick and across dells fragrant with spring flowers—so we walked, for nearly two hours, till the cottage-inn of the Rosstrappe was visible through a vista of trees. Here I took the knapsack and dismissed my guide with a ten-groschen-piece, which I had been told was the usual fee. It was evidently much more than she expected.

After I had seen the Rosstrappe, and hung over the fearful chasm where the Bode thunders and foams seven hundred feet below, not forgetting to note the marvelous giant hoof-mark in the rock, I went back to the inn. The landlady gave me the whole story of the Rosstrappe while she brought and uncorked a bottle of *birkensaft*, or birch sap, for which the Hartz is celebrated. This beverage, which is made in no other part of the world, consists of the sap of the birch tree, sweetened and suffered to ferment slightly. It is of a bright pink color and delicious taste. I had the table brought to the door, where I could see the savage defile below, while the landlady seated herself opposite with her knitting and gave her tongue full play. Such a tongue! the words came in an everlasting stream, and the faster she talked the harder she knit; so that one yarn kept pace with the other, and my visit increased the growth of her stocking considerably.

"There was once a pack of wild students here," said she, among the other marvelous stories she related; "though all students are wild enough, as is quite natural; but these fellows (I remember every one of them) made a terrible noise all afternoon, with their songs and their wine-bottles, and what not. They climbed down the rocks to the Bode and up again, and I must needs tell them the story of the Rosstrappe twice over. When night came they were still here under the trees, drinking, and as it began to rain and they were not able to find their way, the dear Lord knows, what was to be done but keep them? We have no rooms for so many here, you see; so I told them to take this chamber where we are sitting and sleep as they best might. But no sleep had I nor my good man; there was nothing but singing and yelling the whole night. About midnight there was a terrible rap on my door. 'Himmel!' I cried, 'what is the matter?' and I started up in great fright. 'O mein Gott!' said one of the students, 'there are wolves at the door.' Now there never was a wolf near the house, but I feared it might be a spirit, or something as frightful, so I put on my gown as quick as I could and lit my lamp, for they had overturned theirs in their fright. When I came into the room I found them all in one corner, looking very wild and pale. 'There are no wolves here,' said I. Just then a night-owl among the trees began to hoot. 'There it is, there it is again!' they cried, but I laughed, although I was very angry, to be called up for an owl. 'Go to sleep, you fools!' I said to them, 'do you not know better than to be frightened by a *hoo-hoo!*' The next morning they were very much ashamed, as they truly might be, for I tell about their fright to every body who comes here."

At the Rosstrappe, I had reached the eastern extremity of the Hartz, and after I descended the mountain my way was enlivened by bloomy orchards and springing grain. At sunset I was so far out in the plain of the Elbe that I could see the snowy top of the Brocken, free from clouds. This was my last view of the bleak and spectral mountain. After a night of terror at Halberstadt, (an account of which the reader will find in my narrative of travel,) I took the cars for Leipsic, which I reached the next night, and where I found a companion waiting for me. So ended my Lonely Week of Travel in Northern Germany.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. HARRIET S. HANDY.

Oh! the bright and sunny days that long, long since were ours,
Will they ne'er return again, with their wealth of summer flowers;
The sweet approving smile—the low, soft gentle tone,
With its murmured words of love, are they forever flown?
And from thy heart are banished all memories of me.
As a cloud upon the summer sky, a shadow o'er the sea?

Oh! deeply have I trusted, while I listened to thy vow,
And dreamed not that deceit *could* rest upon so fair a brow;
But well unto my heart the bitter lesson has been taught
That oft love's words, when sweetest, with deceitfulness are fraught—
And though the slighted heart may hide its bitterness of wo,
There is yet a fount of sorrow, the world may never know.

Then ask me not thy *love* and *faithlessness* so coldly to forget,
Or that our early destinies have once so sadly met.
Can the sea blot out the burning stars reflected on its breast,
Or the caged bird forget the haunts where first it built its nest?
The wildest storm that rocks the one, gives place to stars again,
And though the captive bird sings on, 't is a loved greenwood strain!

The ocean-shell forgets not its low, sweet plaintive moan.
Nor the human harp the tones that once were all its own;
But quivering on its strings, there ever will be found
An echo-tone of memory—an unforgotten sound—
And though the chords be broken—its glad music at an end,
With its murmured melody, a strain of other years will blend!

FOR AND AGAINST.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE

WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

I DON'T think I ever really loved but once; fancies I have had, and fond ones, too; but now when the cold, gray twilight of age is dimming the visions of the past, memory still recalls, with wonderful power, one bright face from the fair picture gallery of my early loves—the face of Edla Fane, the schoolmaster's daughter. Beautiful she was not, and yet I loved her, as I learned too late. She seemed to bind me by some spell of witchery that I could not withstand, and yet against which I rebelled, because it appealed not to my outer senses. I understand it now; she bound me by the might of a lofty, spiritual love; and I blindly cast aside that gem of countless price to grasp the dross of earth.

High-toned, and pure-minded, tender, and confiding as a child, yet with a sweet womanly pride, and withal a dash of quiet humor, Edla Fane kept me vacillating near her for a many months. At one time feeling as though I could fall at her feet and worship her, at another fearing I had expressed too much, and withdrawing in cold reserve.

One evening a cold mood came over me; I feared I had committed myself in my ardent protestations to Edla, and now spoke with the calmness of friendship or platonic affection. She listened with a slight curve of her expressive lip, and assented to my proposal of affectionate friendship so readily, that my self-love was aroused, and with characteristic variableness my feelings gained immediate force again. But Edla remained unmoved. The next day I received the following lines in a blank envelop.

You say that you love me, yet are not a lover;
As you know not yourself what it is you intend;
And right sorry are you, I have chanced to discover,
That you 're *less* than a *lover*, and *more* than a *friend!*
For you know you 're a ranger,
And think there is danger,
That when you are weary, and wish to depart,
I, believing you true,
May have learned to love you,
And you 'll leave me all lonely, without any heart!

You have cautioned me well, and have done but your duty;
The proverb says truly, "Forearmed, when forewarned,"
And though I can boast not of wealth or of beauty,
I yield not one feeling, I think would be scorned.
When a lover I find
Who *knows his own mind!*
I will give up my heart in return for his vow;
I must have *all* or *none*,
Must be wooed to be won—
And now I 'll advise *you*, if you will allow.

You at once must restrain all expression of feeling,
Not only of words, but of glances and sighs,
Lest by some odd mischance the strange secret revealing,
Your friendship should prove to be—"love in disguise!"
Remember, take care,
I bid you beware,
For Cupid 's a sly, little mischievous elf,
When you think your heart free
He may bind it to me,
And make you prove constant in spite of yourself.

Then, when I have plighted my vows to another,
You will sue for one glimpse of old feeling in vain;
For when once the bright flame of affection you smother,
You never can kindle its brilliance again;
I 'll turn proudly away,
And will calmly say nay,
(While I look on you coldly, not seeming to see,)
I esteem, and admire,
That is all you desire—
Think well of me always, but never love me!

Provoking! thus to have my own words turned against me, at the close of these unexpected verses. I saw Edla frequently after this; but my evanescent vows, were never after tolerated even for a moment, and thus, when too late, her prophecy was fulfilled—I loved her. But Edla Fane is now a happy wife and mother, and I—a Bachelor.

MY STUDY.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the night. SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE the circuit of thy narrow bounds
While my pale lamp gives light,
And, unattended by tumultuous sounds,
Presides the holy Night.

A quiet nook for revery thou art
In the dim hour of shade,
When that wild, wondrous instrument, the heart,
Is lulled, and tranquil made.

My books—old friends that know not frigid change—
When come the evil days,
Unfold their lettered treasures, rich and strange,
To my enamored gaze.

While Folly wastes in lust and midnight wine,
Manhood and moral health,
True wisdom seeketh jewels in the mine
Of intellectual wealth.

Haunt, sacred to retirement and thought!
At night's dark noon alone,
Within thy hallowed precincts I have caught
Gleams of that world unknown,

Where the soul harbors when this life is o'er,
And closed our war with Time,
And the hushed belfry of the heart no more
Rings with a numbered chime.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers with an engraving of the birth-place of the celebrated American painter, Benjamin West, from an original drawing made by Mr. Croome, in the year 1845. The house is situated in the township of Springfield, Pennsylvania, about four miles north of Chester, on a considerable farm belonging to Mr. Peter Stewart. It will be perceived that the house is in rather a dilapidated condition, one of the posts of the portico being deficient. The house is substantially built of brick, and, at the time of its erection, must have been considered rather elegant country residence; but its antiquity and s of decay will probably prevent any future attemp put it in repair. The spot, however, will alway interesting to Americans, from its having bees scene of West's childhood, to which are refe those delightful and well known anecdotes, of early life, which display the dawnings of that liant genius which was destined to astonish world by its achievements in the graphic art.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY M. E. THROPP.

IRREGULAR LINES.

From orient climes to the lands that glow
In the last red light of even,
Indian, Paynim, Moslem, Jew—
All have their dreams of Heaven.

The Moslem dreams of a green, fair clime,
Lit up by the sun's broad beams,
Where flowers gaze down at their own bright forms
In still transparent streams;

Where soft winds sigh, and gay birds sing,
In tones so sweetly clear;
Where palm groves rustle cool and still,
And bright-eyed Houries cheer;

Where the banquet waits, with its viands crowned,
And the wine-cup's rosy gleam,
While soft luxuriant bowers around,
Invite to recline and dream:

Such is the vision of future bliss
To the Prophet-followers given—
The "true-believer's" goal of hope,
The Moslem's dream of Heaven,

The Indian dreams of a sunset land,
Where the great Manitto reigns;
Where deer and stately bison roam
O'er broad, uncultured plains.

A land whose giant lakes and streams,
With gleaming fish abound;
Where forests wave, and mountains tower—
A boundless hunting-ground.

'T is his dream, as he calmly looks abroad
On the sunset glow, at even—
A hunting-ground, where that sun sinks down,
Is the Indian's dream of Heaven.

The Jew of his New Jerusalem dreams,
With its streets of shining gold,
And temples, that rival the regal fane
On Moriah's brow of old.

Still dreams, that Judah's harps shall sound,
And Judah's pennons stream,
Where now muezzin's calls are heard,
And Moslem crescents gleam.

Zion rebuilt, and the land restored,
To his forefathers given,
Is the Hebrew exile's guerdon high,
His earnest here of Heaven.

The Norseman chief, in the olden time,
Sprang up, with Valkyriur calls
Ringing shrill and clear in his dreaming ear—
"Up! come to 'Valhalla's Halls!'"

Would ye know how the chieftain sought those h
—Away to the battle-plain—
The warrior sleeps on the ghastly heaps,
His own red sword has slain!

Visions of blood, in that dying hour,
To his stormy soul were given—
Feasts, and victorious battle-fields,
Were the Norseman's dreams of Heaven.

The Greek had high, ambitious dreams,
Of Elysium's fabled clime;
The Druid too—ah, many and strange,
Were the dreams of olden time.

How will those dreams accord with thee,
When time exists no more,
Unseen, unknown, unpictured realm
Beyond the silent shore?

Now, shines the gospel sun, the mists
Of Error roll away;
And earth, from pole to central zone,
Rejoices 'neath its sway.

Like some tired wanderer of the deep,
The Christian struggles on;
While day and night, in calm or storm,
How yearns his heart for home!

Dreams he of sensual joys? the chase?
Some ruined city, lone?
Of feasts and battle-fields? Not so—
His is a spirit-home.

To Him, who formed yon glorious sky,
This green enameled sod,
The Christian trusts his future home—
His architect—is God.



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] to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave
ouse unseen, and my absence has doubtless
noticed before this; what we have to say, there-
must be said at once; why have you sought
terview?"

"in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding,

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A STORY OF THE COWPENS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that gay, gold ring.
THE SPECTRE LADY.

THE period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat at Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British, elated with their success, and regarding the South as now their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that terrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or by execution. Yet larger numbers were shorn of their property and reduced to comparative indigence. In a word, terror reigned paramount.

But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears—all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Men will still hate, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will still strive for the dross of earth; will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's happiness in love.

It was toward the close of a winter evening that a youth of noble mien and handsome face stood at the foot of one of those long avenues of trees, which, in South Carolina, lead up from the road to the mansions of the wealthier proprietors. For nearly half an hour he had been there, as if awaiting the approach of some one from the house: now looking anxiously up the long avenue, now restlessly walking to and fro. During that interval but one person had passed along the highway, and the notice of this one the youth had skillfully avoided by concealing himself behind some dwarf trees within the plantation-fence. This act, as well as his whole demeanor, proved that he was awaiting some secret interview.

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of eighteen summers appeared on the scene.

"Albert," said the new comer, as the youth, seizing her hand, passionately kissed it, "I have not a second to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave the house unseen, and my absence has doubtless been noticed before this; what we have to say, therefore, must be said at once; why have you sought this interview?"

"I have sought it, Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set forth. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more, and bidding you an eternal farewell; and, as your father's orders had banished me from the house, there was no method of giving you my adieux except by soliciting an interview."

The tears had started to the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier, earnestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your heart—that you, too, have ceased to care for me, now that I am beggared—"

His hearer suddenly turned her face full upon him, with a look of tearful reproach that cut short his words.

"Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said. "Though my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both indigent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so cold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

Another look, equally eloquent, answered him; but still his hearer did not speak.

"Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I should fall, you would shed a tear for me."

His listener, at these words, wept freely, and when her agitation had somewhat passed, spoke.

"Albert," she said, "you have conquered. Know then that I do love you." At these words the impetuous young man clasped her in his arms, but she disengaged herself, saying, "But, while my father opposes your suit, I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my heart belied, in the hope that you would think of some one more worthy of you—but—but," she hesitated, then quickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding,

she suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, while a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two young and already unhappy beings held each other in a first embrace.

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen yielded to weakness. Raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes overspread her face,

"And now farewell—perhaps all this is wrong—but I could not see you leave me in anger."

"God bless you for those kind words," said Albert. "But, Ellen, before you go, one more request. That miniature that hangs around your neck—is it too much to ask for it?"

She hesitated: then, as steps were heard in the road, suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tendering it in exchange,

"Take this, and let us be true to each other—so help us God!"

And with this parting adjuration, he sprang over the fence to conceal himself behind the brushwood, while Ellen, hastening up the avenue, was soon lost to sight in the obscurity of the hour.

The wind sighed mournfully through the pine woods as this betrothal was consummated, and the dark, starless sky overhead looked down with its weird and melancholy face.

CHAPTER II.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse. GRAY.

It is well known that, after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supersede that general, and appoint Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the new commander-in-chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his forces.

His very first proceeding showed the resources of an intellect, which, in military affairs, was second only to that of the "father of his country." Aware that the initiatory step toward redeeming the South was to arouse the confidence of its people, he determined to divide his force. While, therefore, he moved with one portion down the Pedee, he despatched Morgan, with the remainder, west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan's corps was accompanied by Capt. Washington's light dragoons, of which our hero had already become a conspicuous member.

This division of his army, in the face of an active foe, would have been a capital error, but for the political advantages it offered, and which overbalanced the military ones. Cornwallis, then in command of the royal army, determined to frustrate the success of Greene's plan, by cutting off Morgan's detachment; and accordingly ordered Col. Tarleton, with his renowned dragoons, accompanied by a competent force of infantry, to give pursuit.

It was on the 14th of January, 1781, a day ever to be remembered in the annals of our country, that the heroic Morgan learned the danger in which he stood. He determined immediately to give battle. For this purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens, and having drawn up his troops, awaited, though not without anxiety, the appearance of the foe.

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and for awhile the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continentals belonging to Morgan's command, and in turn forced the British to give ground. These brave soldiers of the line, led by their colonel, now charged with the bayonet, when the route of the royal infantry became complete.

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting impatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having been stationed as a partial reserve, the order for him to engage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared his enthusiasm. Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough-bred animals, they presented a formidable appearance, as they stood, awaiting the order to engage, the horses champing at the bit, and the riders nervously fingering their swords: they saw the onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with horror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many had never been in battle before, and such believed the day lost; among these was Albert.

At last the confusion became so great around them that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have taken to ignominious flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compelling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men first to allow the flying militia to gain their rear, he then directed them, his sharp, quick tones showing that the moment for action had come, to close up and prepare to charge.

As he spoke, he pointed with his sword ahead, and our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton coming down upon them at full gallop, and amid a cloud of dust, driving before a mass of dismayed fugitives. The keen eye of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them, and then said,

"I want no fire-arms used to-day, my lads. Stick to the cold steel. And now, for God and your country—charge!"

Away went the troop, like a thunder-bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud, with every scabbard jingling, every steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who, disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down before the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for awhile fairly rode down their foes. But British valor soon proved too weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington's cavalry; and the royal troops, turning their bridles, took to ignominious flight.

"On, on," cried Washington, waving his sword for his men to follow, "remember the cruelties of these myrmidons. Revenge for our slaughtered countrymen!"

At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butchery of the Waxhaws and of the other atrocities perpetrated under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh, and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panic had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting down mercilessly every red-coat they overtook, until the road was strewed with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit rode Washington, a precedence he owed, not only to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton himself from his effort to rally the fugitives.

The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, at last carried him so far ahead of his men, that, at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment, the British, looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assailants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons.

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close at hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the enemy, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashed at him, the one on the right, the other on the left. He saw only the first of them, however, and accordingly turned on him, clove him down with a single blow of his sabre, then rushed at Tarleton himself.

But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, totally disregarded, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our hero, who had pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he took in the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could come up Washington would be slain, unless fire-arms were employed. In this emergency he did not hesitate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pistol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burying itself in the dust.

"Ha! who is that?" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, that he turned; a movement which Tarleton took advantage of to make good his escape. "You, Albert!—you!"

"There was no other way," answered our hero, and he pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of you when I fired."

"It could not be helped, then, I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw blood issuing from the sleeve of Albert, and immediately afterward the young soldier reeled and fell senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged from the enemy, Washington now recollected, immediately after Albert had fired. On examination, one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat, immediately over the heart.

"He is dead," cried the leader, "that second shot has touched a vital part."

He tore away the garments as he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right over the heart, lay a miniature, which had stopped the ball.

Washington looked at the picture, and muttered, "Ha! I have heard of this—and now I will see if I cannot serve my young friend a good turn."

CHAPTER III.

Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.
FAMILY QUARRELS.

When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes, he found himself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He pulled aside the curtains of his bed with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged female servant sat watching him.

"What massa want?" she said.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

"Captain Washington heself left you here, massa, after de great battle. De surgeon staid to dress your arm, and den follow arter de troops, who had lick de red-coats, dey say, all to pieces."

"Yes! I know—the army has pursued its march to the Catawba."

"It hab, massa; and you be to stay here till you well."

"But where am I?"

The old negro woman smiled till she showed all her teeth.

"You no know, massa?"

"I do no."

"You forgit me, Massa Albert—me, Missus Ellen's maman?"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scrutinizing her features, "can it be? You are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thorndike's house."

He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who entered at an opposite door; but who, instead of wearing the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

"I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating himself on the bedside familiarly, and taking the hand of his wounded guest, "and hearing your voice, learned for the first time that you were awake. Accordingly I made bold to enter, in order to assure you of a welcome. When we last parted, Mr. Scott," he said, noticing our hero's look of astonishment, "it was with ill-feeling on both sides. Let all that be forgotten. Whatever I may have said then I now recall. In saving the life of Capt. Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me under infinite obligations, and at his request I have consented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughter. I only make a single stipulation, which

is that you will not ask her hand until this war is over, which," he added, lowering his voice, "can not be long, now that things have begun to go so auspiciously."

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thorndike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to whichever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden change not only to Capt. Washington's intercessions, but also in part to the prospect there now was of the triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confiscated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored. He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thorndike's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, "for the happiness with which your promise has filled me, and I cheerfully accept your terms. Meantime, let me rise, and pay my respects to the ladies in person —I am sure I am well enough."

Our hero, however, was compelled to keep his bed for two entire days, in consequence of the fever, a period which appeared to him an age.

We shall not attempt to describe his meeting with Ellen. Let us pass over the first few minutes of the interview.

"I have but one thing to regret," he said at last, in a low whisper, for Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike were at the other end of the apartment, "and that is the loss of your miniature. I had it around my neck when I went into battle, but have not seen it since."

Ellen smiled archly, and drew it from her bosom.

"How did it reach your possession?" he said in surprise. And, taking it in his hand, he added, "What means this dent, so like the mark of a ball!"

Tears gushed to Ellen's eyes, as she said—

"Capt. Washington, who gave it to me, said that it lay over your heart, and that but for it, Tarleton's pistol-shot would have killed you. Oh! Albert, I sometimes thought, after I gave it to you, that I had done wrong, knowing that my parents would not approve of the act; but when I heard that it had saved your life, I saw in it the hand of Providence."

"Yes! for it not only preserved me from death, but was the means of interesting Washington in our favor, and thus bringing about this happy re-union," said Albert, after a pause.

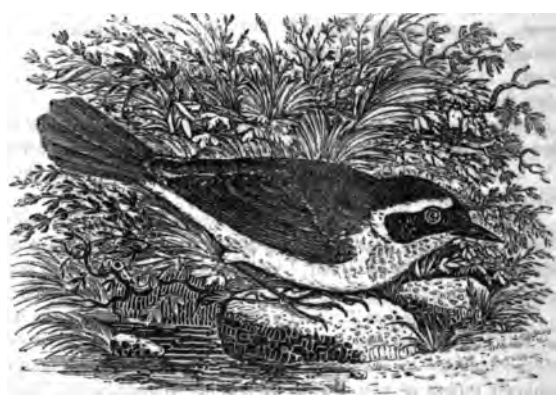
We have no more to tell. On recovering from his wound, our hero rejoined his corps, with which he continued until the expulsion of the British from the Carolinas.

After that happy event he was married to Ellen, and with her spent a long life of felicity.

Their descendants still preserve the battered miniature as an heir-loom.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

This species is widely spread over the United States, Mexico and the West Indies. Trappers have found it in abundance amid the wild solitudes of Oregon and the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. The great body of these birds winter within the tropics, from whence they reach the Southern States early in spring, and Pennsylvania in April. They begin to build in May, choosing for this purpose either the thickest parts of the forest or a low meadow, retired from the intrusion of man. The nest is constructed of dry leaves and grass, and always concealed by thick grass, heaps of brush or other undergrowth. Indeed few of our songsters are more shy or modest than the Yellow-Throat, and he seems to be devoid of the apparent vanity evinced by most birds of handsome or gaudy plumage. The

lonely banks of a small stream, overgrown with reeds and bushes, is his favorite haunt; and here, with his sober mate, he whiles away the long sultry days of our summer's heat. The eggs are five in number, either entirely white or of a pale pink tint, varied by minute specks and lines, mostly toward the greater end. After being hatched, which occurs in June, the young birds join the parent pair, and all live as one family, roving along creeks and marshes, and defending each other from enemies. Sometimes, however, a second brood interrupts this connection. In August the lively song of the male ceases to be heard, and the whole party continue their pursuits in silence until warned by a scarcity of food to depart for the South.

The Maryland Yellow-Throat is nearly five inches long, and more than six across the spread wings. The upper parts are a light olive; the throat and breast yellow; the wings and tail brown, mixed with black; the legs are pale flesh-color, and remarkable for their delicacy. The young resemble the female at first, but the male of the season, before his departure in autumn, exhibits the brilliant yellow throat, as well as some appearance of the gray and black which ornament the sides of the face in the adult. Small insects form the almost exclusive prey of this bird, and in capturing them he often displays much art and agility. His song is a plaintive whistle, varying in power and cadence, and sometimes associated with partial imitations of other birds. In September, small flocks depart for the South, only a few stragglers being seen after that month. A few pass the winter in the Southern States, but as already stated, the greater portion retire within the Tropics.



SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD, OR WARBLER.

Few birds are more common, or more widely spread than this well known species. According to Richardson, it is found as far north as the 68th degree of latitude, from whence it ranges throughout the entire North American continent, the West Indies, Bahamas, Colombia, Peru, Guiana, Brazil and other portions of South America. These latter countries are their winter residence. In the early part of March they arrive in Carolina, and two months later in Pennsylvania, New England, etc. Here they pass the summer, and leave for the South about the beginning of September, the time of departure varying with the season and latitude.

The Yellow-Bird is a general favorite with the farmer. In summer he may be seen upon almost every tree, but especially among the willows along water-courses, where his brilliant plumage forms a fine relief with the deep glossy green. Being familiar and playful, he often approaches so near as to be captured. His favorite food is larvæ and small caterpillars, which he searches for with much industry, enlivening the hardship of his labor by a cheerful whistle or song. About the time of building, and even after, the female sings almost as well as the male. Both these birds display great ingenuity and solicitude in the construction of their nest, which is usually placed on a small bush close to the ground. Instances are rare where they build on the ground or on a high tree. The nest is constructed externally of dried leaves, fine bark and fern, and within of down, wool, fine grass, and similar materials. Occasionally they forsake the woods, and build in the hedge or bushes of the garden, suiting the construction of their small home to the change of residence. "The labor of forming the nest," as Nuttall observes, "seems often wholly to devolve on the female. On the 10th of May, I observed one of these industrious matrons busily engaged with her fabric in a low barberry-bush, and by the evening of the second day the whole was completed to the lining, which was made at length of hair and willow down, of which she collected and carried mouthfuls so large, that she often appeared almost like a mass of flying cotton, and far exceeded in industry her active neighbor, the Baltimore, who was also engaged in collecting the same materials. Notwithstanding this industry, the

completion of the nest, with this and other small birds, is sometimes strangely protracted, or not immediately required."

The eggs of the Yellow-Bird are four or five in number, white, with small spots of brown. After they are hatched, or even while sitting, the female often feigns lameness at the approach of a stranger, falling down near him and uttering pitiful cries, or perhaps fluttering along the ground. It is frequently annoyed by the intrusions of the Cow Troupial, which, building no nest of her own, makes use of the Yellow-Bird's. The little builder being too weak to remove the incumbrance, generally builds a partition over it, thus preventing its being hatched. Nests have been found in which a second story has been raised in a similar manner.

The Yellow-Bird is five inches long, and seven across the wings. Greenish yellow above; below, with crown and front golden, and orange spots on the breast; wings and tail brown, and the bill blue. The female is without any variation of color on the breast.



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.

The Green Warbler arrives in Pennsylvania about the beginning of May, and in New England somewhat later. When observed for the first time in spring, it is generally alone, seated on a fruit-tree, and industriously searching for the small insects and larvæ which constitute his food. The species is somewhat rare, rarely more than a single pair, as it is asserted, being seen together, except in the fall, when scattered individuals collect to prepare for migration. Except during the period of incubation, they are not very shy of man, often permitting him to approach within a few feet. They are supposed to wander in summer as far north as Canada and Hudson's Bay, but the larger portion remain in the Middle and New England States.

Little is known of the precise time of building, since the habits of this songster are then retired. They appear to prefer low, dry situations, and build on bushes, not far from the ground. A nest examined by Nuttall contained four eggs, of a light flesh-colored tint, variegated with pale, purplish points of various sizes, interspersed with other large, brown or blackish spots. The outside was formed of fine strips of the inner bark of juniper, with another tough, fibrous bark, the whole lined with soft feathers, horse hair, and bent grass.

The Green Warbler is four and a half inches in length, and seven across the wings. The chin and throat are black, with spots of the same color on the sides under the wings. The breast and belly are white, the wings and tail dusky, with some white, and the legs and feet pale brown. A bird called by Latham and Pennant the Yellow-Fronted Warbler, is probably but a variation of the same species. The song of the Green Warbler is a somewhat plaintive note, not unlike that of the Chickadee, uttered at short intervals, in a slow manner and with some variation. Owing to its solitary habits, it rarely mingles in the chorus of our summer groves.

VINCENTE FILICAJA'S SONNET TO ITALY.

"*Dove Italia il tuo braccio.*"

WHERE is thy might, oh Italy! and why
Now dost thou humbly kneel to other powers?
They are thy foes, for both in bygone hours
Subject before thy throne were forced to lie.
And is it thus thy honor is preserved?
And is it thus thy glory is maintained?
Thine old escutcheon thou hast darkly stained,
Widely from ancient valor hast thou swerved.
Well—be it so: yet cast the crown aside,
Put on the shame, the languor and the chains
Of slaves, and sleep while all mankind derides—
Sleep as the hireling harlot sleeps, who stains
Her bridal-bed with guilt, till in thy side
Avenging fate the glittering steel shall hide. E. S.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, Jr. With a Sketch of His Life and Character. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is printed for private circulation, and we should not have thought of making it the subject of a notice, were it not for the interest which attaches to the name of the author. Mr. Kennard was stricken early in life with a disease in his knee—was compelled, at the age of twenty-two, to have his leg amputated—and from that time to his death, ten years after, he was afflicted with a series of diseases, frightfully accumulating one upon another, which at last deprived him of all power of motion, and sparing not even his eyes. Yet though thus seemingly cut off from all enjoyments, and doomed to the peevishness as well as the pain of the sick chamber, he bravely surmounted by force of will the mental effects of his ailments, and developed in physical agony and deprivation one of the most beautiful and loveable characters we have had the fortune to meet in literature or in life. Serene, cheerful, hopeful, affectionate—uncomplaining in the midst of miseries, any one of which might well have quelled a strong spirit, and which, combined, seemed impossible for any spirit to bear—he not only was a genial companion, ready to talk of every thing but his own pains and deprivations, but a voluminous writer. The present volume, consisting of essays, reviews and poems, contributed to the Knickerbocker, the Christian Examiner, and various newspapers and periodicals, indicates not merely the degree of excellence to which by self-culture he had trained his talents for composition, but also the wide range of his studies, and the wider range of his sympathies. For every holy and beneficent enterprise started to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate, to assist the poor and the ignorant, or to champion the oppressed, this self-forgetful valetudinary had a word of cheer warm from his heart. There is also a sunny, almost frolicksome and dancing, spirit of enjoyment in many of his pieces, which is usually characterestic only of the highest physical health. The article on our "National Poets" is especially teeming with the very exuberance of fun. That on Alison's History of Europe is one of the most judicious and brilliant papers on the subject published on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed the whole book preaches on every page the most scorching rebukes to indolent and self-indulgent health, and the most inspiring hope to despairing sickness. The reading of such a book, in connection with the character of such a man, is enough to create courage, and cheer under the very "ribs of death."

Mardi, and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Melville has given us here an acknowledged romance, and those who doubted the veracity of "Typee" and "Omoo," may now have an opportunity of noticing the difference between Mr. Melville recording what he has observed, and Mr. Melville recording what he has imagined. It appears to us that the two processes in the author's mind have little in common, and the best evidence of the truthfulness of his former books is the decidedly romantic character of much of the present.

"Mardi" is altogether the most striking work which Mr. Melville has produced, exhibiting a range of learning, a fluency of fancy, and an originality of thought and diction, of which "Typee," with all its distinctness and luxuriance of description, gave little evidence. At the same time it has defects indicating that the author has not yet reached the limits of his capacity, and that we may hope from him works better even than the present. "Mardi" is of the composite order of mental architecture, and the various rich materials which constitute it are not sufficiently harmonized to produce unity of effect. It has chapters of description, sketches of character, flashes of fanciful exaggeration, and capital audacities of satire, which are inimitable, but confusion, rather than fusion, characterizes the book as a whole. Of the two volumes the first is by far the best, but both contain abundant evidence of the richness, strength and independence of the author's mind, and are full of those magical touches which indicate original genius.

Nineveh and Its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan and the Yezidas, or Devil-Worshipers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo.

Private letters from England confirm the reports in the public journals of the great sensation which this work has excited in Great Britain. It divides with Macaulay's brilliant history the attention of the reading public. The American publisher, with commendable enterprise, has issued it in a style of great elegance, and has given all the illustrative engravings which decorate the English edition. The work, when we consider the expense of its mechanical execution, is placed at a very low price.

These volumes belong to a class of books which may be called the geology of history—the exhibition of a nation's history and social life through its monuments. The greatest work of this kind in English is doubtless Wilkinson's on the Ancient Egyptians, and the production of Mr. Layard is next in rank. It introduces us to the Assyrians through a process which enables us to comprehend their material and mental life—to see them as they eat, dressed, warred, thought and prayed. Their fine and useful arts, their costume, their amusements, their military system, their private life, their religion, are all brought directly before the eye and mind of the reader, and he is enabled to discern that peculiar combination of the elements of human nature which constituted the Assyrian mind and heart, and to reconcile the apparent anomalies in the national character. The picture is one of engrossing interest, and cannot fail to enlarge every mind which contemplates it. It is almost needless to say that the course Mr. Layard has pursued is the only possible mode by which authentic information can be obtained of an extinct people, who left no historical records, and who were almost forgotten before history began. The illustrations given in the work of the truth of many passages in the Old Testament, are not the least interesting and remarkable portions of a most interesting and striking book.

The Gold Mines of the Gila. A Sequel to Old Hicks the Guide. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 2 vols. 12mo.

This work possesses a double interest; first, as a most stirring and graphic delineation of life, character and scenery on the borders of Texas, and second, as indicating an almost unknown region of the Continent, rich in gold mines and wealth of various kinds, and tempting both

curiosity and cupidity to its exploration. Mr. Webber proposes to head an expedition of some sixty men, to be called the "Centralia Exploring Expedition to California, via the valleys of the Pecos, the Gila, and Colorado of the West," for the purpose of discovery and profit; and in the course of this delightful book of adventure, he spreads before his readers the evidence he possesses of the existence of the region into which he desires to penetrate. If his expedition succeed we have little doubt that it will be one of the most interesting and romantic since the time of Cortez; and the leader himself has qualities of valor, endurance and chivalric sentiment, sufficient to carry him through the difficulties of any enterprise, however arduous.

Apart from the information relating to a new gold region, Mr. Webber's volumes possess an engrossing interest as records of adventure. The author has a sureness and vividness of conception, and a power of expression, which combined make his delineations singularly fresh and lifelike. To read this book is the next best thing to viewing the objects it describes. It displays a representative genius of a high order, and if the author would concentrate his energies, he might produce a novel which would give him a place in the front rank of our original minds.

Rural Letters and other Records of Thought at Leisure, written in the intervals of more hurried Literary Labor. By N. Parker Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The publication of this delightful volume was well-timed, appearing as it did with the new grass and the first flowers; and we doubt not it will be the companion of many a city tourist during the summer months. It is, perhaps, the most fascinating of Mr. Willis's prose works, evincing more than his usual graceful facility of expression and fluency of thought, and variegated with the cosiest fancies and most genial wit. The author shakes hands with nature, and though the gleam of his jeweled fingers sometimes suggests that he is merely a visiter to her dominions, his beautiful audacity of manner forces the old lady to tell him some of her finest secrets—secrets which she has not always confided to her unconventional adorers. We hardly know whether the book is more calculated to delight the citizen or the countryman, but certainly there is a sweet fusion of nature and convention in it which must win the hearts of both. The volume contains "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Open-Air Musings in the City," "Invalid Rambles in Germany," "Letters from Watering Places," and "A Plain Man's Love." It is dedicated to Imogene, the author's daughter, in five of the best pages that Mr. Willis ever wrote. The book is elegantly printed, and cannot but reach that wide circulation which it so richly merits.

Philosophy of Religion. By J. Morell, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The subject of this valuable volume is one to task the energies of the strongest intellect, and Mr. Morell seems to have exerted his to its utmost capacity in its production. Though it may not be in all cases sound and practical it evinces a wide knowledge of philosophical systems, is eminently suggestive, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit both of philosophy and religion. Mr. Morell is a metaphysician of the Scotch school, a follower of Reid and Hamilton, and from the latter especially he has drawn a good deal of his inspiration. Indeed, Sir William Hamilton's dissertations and notes annexed to the late edition of Reid, are destined to have a wide if not a deep influence on contemporary thought. The present volume indicates how important are his distinctions of presentative and representative knowledge, for from Hamilton's philosophy of perception a good portion of the book is drawn. Mr. Morell is well adapted to popularize the principles of more scientific and original thinkers than himself, and we hardly know of two works better calculated to initiate the reading public into the nature of the problems which vex metaphysics and metaphysical theology than his history of Philosophy and his present volume on the Philosophy of Religion.

Les Confidences. Confidential Disclosures. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French, by Eugene Plunket.

This curious volume is the commencement of an autobiography, in which Lamartine confides to the public the thoughts and events of his life. Like all the other productions of the accomplished author it is written in a charming style, and with an abundance of captivating sentiment, but it gives no evidence of that robustness and solidity of nature we are accustomed to expect in a great man after the Saxon type. The sentimental dogmatist and egotist is predominant throughout, and with all its merit it seems to us one of those books which convey intellectual disease into the public mind, and enfeeble while they please. It would not, perhaps, be just to test its excellence by its agreement with English or American codes of taste, or object to some of its disclosures as puerile and unmanly, because so stigmatized by the canons of a particular nation, but we think on general principles of human nature it cannot stand a sharp examination. There is no evidence of any intrinsic greatness and grandeur of mind or heart in the book, nothing which justifies the author in making his weaknesses and vices, his virtues and fine notions, the subject of a particular work, and cramming the public mind with himself. There is really no addition made to our knowledge of ethics or metaphysics, to society or psychology, by the exhibition here made of the interior nature of Alphonse de Lamartine. He "wears his heart upon his sleeve" to no other purpose than to gratify a ravenous vanity or to fill an empty purse—two of the poorest objects a man can have in view in exhibiting himself.

The American Bee-Keepers Manual. By T. B. Minor. New York: C. M. Saxton.

Mr. Minor here presents us with a very complete practical treatise on the history and domestic economy of the honey-bee, embracing a full illustration of the whole subject, with the most approved method of managing this insect through every branch of its culture. The work is the result of many years careful notings of personal observation and experience, and abounds in agreeable as well as useful matter. It is a very readable volume, and opens a pleasant leaf of knowledge to the student of nature.

The Spirit World, a Poem; and Scenes in the Life of Christ. By Joseph H. Wythes. Philadelphia, 1849.

This is a very beautifully printed little volume, embracing the author's first efforts—and very creditable they are. The design of the poem is, to unite the discoveries of astronomical science with consistent and Scriptural ideas of the powers, condition, and probable employment of a future state. We commend the volume to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EARLY FLOWER.

Last month direct reference was made by our contributors to the beauties of May. Poets have felt the inspiration of the season from the first, and all the beauties and all the odors of the month have seemed transfused to their verse, rich in metrical excellence, and redolent of the sweets it embalmed. But we have taken a range among the hills and valleys, and, unable to express in poetry those sentiments which the season inspired, we must, though a month later, appeal to humble prose, and make a record of what we saw and felt, with no hope of suggesting high thoughts to others, or of awakening that feeling which, in the gifted and the good, may be aroused by eloquence.

The chill of April winds does not prevent the greenness of herbage which the fecundating power of April rains provokes. And hidden in among the relics of last year's vegetation, and the nascent herbage of young spring, little flowers had nestled away; little, but beautiful, flowers, decorating the narrow space between the newborn child and the dead parent. I plucked a few of those modest gems, almost afraid that I desecrated the altar of Nature, in thus taking its scanty decorations; but they did their office, since they awakened in me a remembrance of Him whose hand planted the towering oak that makes the forest majestic, and whose fingers scattered the seed that produced these minute ministers of his will, these records of his omnipotence and omnipresence.

"All things are full of God"—it is the language of the heathen poet, it is the language of divine inspiration, it is the language of the heart touched with the truths of Nature, and connecting them with Nature's Author. "Hill and dale are of thy dressing." And as I stood in the dale, amid the delicate outpouring of the beauties there, and looked upward to the hills studded with the time-marked trees, I said to myself, "Here is that volume of truth that speaks of the unknown, yet not unreverenced, God, whose will and providence are revealed in the volume of inspiration.

I had, almost insensibly, got within the enclosure of a burying-ground, which is situated near the Frankford Road, only a few miles from the city, and was transferring my thoughts from the beautiful objects of Nature to the specimens of human ingenuity that transmit the date of birth and death, with the name of the mortal, from one generation to the other. No one, I believe, passes through a burying-ground without pausing to read the little story, and thinking over the events which marked the life of the deceased. It is good when standing thus to think that he who is below was of like passions with ourselves—that he had all the social and domestic feelings which we possess, and was influenced by the events of life as we are. What a world do we animate when we thus think of each individual—thus place him in connection with social, domestic, political life. How we multiply interests, augment joys, and increase the pangs to which human existence is liable.

At the turning of one of the little avenues that "lead to the tomb," making an easy path to the grave, I saw that a new head-stone had been erected, and it bore the name of one whom I had known in her childhood. She was beautiful—but more lovely in mind than person. She married early, and gave birth to an infant, and died—a short biography. She was not forgotten. The memorials testified to the yet existing memory of her husband—and a nurse leading a little child toward the mound signified that her virtues were to be kept in remembrance by the child she had borne.

A little flower had sprung up on the very top of the grave. It had probably been planted in the autumn, but it was now beautiful in its solitude. Its colors were as rich as if the roots had struck down and drawn nutriment from the heart that mouldered below, and its odors were as rich as if they were imparted by the spirit that had gone upward. I know not when I have seen thus placed a more lovely flower; perhaps it owed a part of this estimate to its loneliness, a part to its connection with the beauty and purity of her over whom it expanded.

The little child on leaning over the grave fell prostrate, and manifested no disposition to rise. After a few moments delay, I gently raised her in my arms, and placed her on her feet. She seemed not pleased at first with my interference.

"It is my mamma's grave," said she, with much emphasis, "and she is down there now."

"But lying on that moist ground might expose you to take cold."

"Yet I love to throw myself there," she said. "I must do it, for I loved her much."

I tried to persuade her to desist, but she stepped toward the grave with a view of repeating her fall. Her attendant stooped down, and said in a low voice,

"But your dear mother would not be pleased to see you do wrong, even if it was in token of your love for her."

"Then I will not do it."

If there had been no good seed planted in the child's heart, at least the soil had been beautifully prepared for the planting—what could have been better done than this reverence for the name and virtues of a mother, and this obedience to her supposed will? I had, I thought, lighted on another truly lovely spring flower.

"Do you come often to visit your mother's grave?" I asked of the little one. The child looked up as if the inquiry should be repeated.

"We make frequent visits hither," said the attendant, "We come almost daily in good weather."

"Oh, yes!" said the child, "we come every fine day to visit where mother lies—and I am not afraid."

"Why should you fear?" said I.

The child looked confused at the question.

"You will some day *meet* your mother if you are constant in your love, and thus seek to do whatever your friends tell you she would have desired, and to avoid what she would not have approved."

"I will endeavor to do so—but—I shall not meet her—we are going to Europe again, and shall not return."

"To Europe—but, my child, God is everywhere."

"Yes, sir; but my mother is not."

"But, my dear child, your mother's spirit, her soul, that which is loved in your mother, is, I hope, in Heaven; it is not in the grave to moulder into dust—the body takes that course, but the spirit returns to God who gave it."

"Sir," said the attendant, "they do not teach the child such things, and they do not approve of them."

"Who does not?"

"Her father and a cousin—they are good people, but are unbelievers in all such matters; and though they sel-

dom dispute with others, they never admit of any instruction to their child about religion."

"But," said I, "she must know something about it."

"Not at all, sir; she does not know what you mean by a spirit or a soul. How should she know—the cousin is her teacher, and she never refers to the subject, and forbids it to me."

"But the child has been taught something of the kind."

"Who taught her, sir?"

"Perhaps God. But I will see whether she has any idea of the matter."

"Do you know, my child, what the soul is?"

"No sir—do you?"

I did not like to reply to her query—so I proceeded, "Your mother has yet an existence, and if she was good—"

"Oh, my mother was very good—always good."

"Then the spirit which animated her body is in the enjoyment of all the good belonging to its present state, which the body could enjoy on earth—it is happy." I was ashamed of the explanation.

"Would it be like her, if I could see it?"

"Probably exactly like her."

"And could I see or know of her real existence in that state?"

"Yes, though not usual. All is possible with God."

"Then I understand you. I have seen her often—often at night; and I have started as if I had been asleep. But at night I see my mother just as she looked when I saw her before her death, only there seemed to be light around her head, and she moved easily and rapidly Oh, how night after night I have been with her, toiling on to overtake her steps, or carried rapidly forward; sometimes she seems to give me instruction—sometimes I rise in the morning and think I will pray to her, or I will pray God to give her to me again; and I have made known my feelings to cousin, and she has laughed at me or chid me for being so babyish as to be thoughtful about dreams. But I see now that this was truly my mother, and I will watch to-night, and when she comes again, I will ask her about her soul—have we all souls?"

I think, *now*, that I could have placed the child in a position to comprehend these things a little better; but *then* I was confused with the extraordinary state of the child's mind.

"Did God teach her that?" said the attendant.

"Did he not teach her that?" I turned away as I saw some one coming down the walk.

Did God teach that child? Was it the yet unfaded visions from which her soul was drawn, ere it became a tenant of the clayey tabernacle that was overshadowing her mind; the recollections of heaven illuminating its little earthly experience, growing dimmer and dimmer with time—was that the mother in the child, or was there, indeed, an appeal to its mind through its affections? Had she, shut out from all instructors during the day, denied all the knowledge which is the true foundation of a Christian's life—denied it by father and relative—had she, in her bed, been met as little Samuel was met, by the voice of God, calling up the mind to its high destiny, and instructing it in the things that were to come?

I could not solve this enigma. But how innocent, how attractive to the spirit of goodness must have been the mind of that little girl; and it would not be strange, at least it would seem most meet, that her guardian spirit should find means to awaken in her a sense of her importance, and to invite her to goodness by her love for a departed mother. I turned round before I left the ground, and saw the little child standing beside the grave. She looked down steadily upon the uplifted earth, and then turned her face upward, and seemed to gaze with intense interest into the blue sky above. I would have given much to know the thoughts that had occupied her mind, to have seen how love for the perishing object below, how reverence for the purified spirit above were alternating in her mind. I am sure that her thoughts had in them more of maturity and truth relative to those objects of her contemplation, than they had of the things of this life.

I passed onward to the road, full of the idea of the child, who could not be deprived of knowledge. I had found an early flower—the chill of winter, its snows and its frosts, had forbidden its development—but a gentle ray from the sun of truth had called it forth; it was blossoming for man, delightful now, to be transplanted to its native heaven hereafter. C.

THE SEWING GIRL.—The inequality of social life and domestic comfort in large cities, is, we presume, inseparable from a state of society as at present organized, and the bold reformer, even while he is preaching, is illustrating its incapacity for sudden change. So long as capital possesses supreme power, and the inherent quality of reproduction, there must be dependents and laborers. We cannot all ride in carriages, or there would be none to build them, and the present stock, we think, would in time grow ricketty upon the hands of the most adroit leveler. And if we descended into a race of pedestrians, we fear that we should in time, even if we divided the last dollar with a needy brother, be looked upon as soulless and decidedly shabby. We do not know that Fourier, even in his maddest dreams of social reformation and equality, ever seriously contemplated an era when boots should grow upon trees, without the aid of human hands, and coats come down like snow-flakes to cover our nakedness. We think not. And even if he had, there are certain disagreeable anticipations—aside from want of modesty—in wandering about on a wintry day, hunting for garments—to say nothing of having our beef killed and cooked to stay our appetites the while.

We suppose then we must have sewing girls—but we see no necessity of forgetting that they are girls—and neither horses nor mules—that they are human beings—noble women, with as warm hearts, and as good blood as ourselves, feeling the same yearnings after sympathy, the same keenness of suffering under insult, neglect or wrong. There is no necessary humiliation in labor. It is in itself of the highest dignity and of the loftiest nobility of extraction. She who, by assiduous industry, makes her little home happy, clothes her infant brothers, and administers to the wants of an aged and decrepit parent, has clothed herself in the holiest of garments, and though their texture may not be of the finest, she may stand up proudly beside the purple of a queen, and if she see but the trembling of scorn upon the royal lip, may say, "*Stand off! I am nobler than thou!*" The treatment, however, which some of them receive from very fashionable and very silly young ladies, who have been badly educated by ignorant and vulgar mothers, is humiliating to witness occasionally, and must be very hard to bear continually.

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in,
And in midnight's still and murk
Stiched her *life* into the work,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not.
Satirizing her despair
With the emblem woven there."

And yet the fashionable young lady may number among her accomplishments a smattering of French, or a villainous enunciation of Italian; may thrash the piano, with all discordancy, and nurse her poodle dog with infinite grace, and call it very fatiguing, and be obliged to take a nap after dinner, for fear her strength may fail her in the evening, in the waltz with Mr. Alfred Fitzhuggens, who labors under the accomplishments of an imperial and a dandy cane; while the young sewing girl may be devoting diligently sixteen hours out of the weary twenty-four, in earning the most indifferent food for a family of dependents.

We wonder if these young ladies while thumbing their gilt prayer-books on Sunday, and lisping over the prayer, "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, *Good Lord, deliver us*," ever think of the meaning and solemn import of the words they are using. We doubt it. Or in the more direct adjuration, "That it may please thee to strengthen those who stand, *and comfort and help the weak hearted*," they ever think how little their heartlessness to dependents justifies them in putting up the prayer. Or still further, do they ever think of the obligations of that sublime command, in which Christianity sparkles like a divine light, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" We fear that at many a table where grace is said, the hearts who hear it are utterly graceless in this regard, and that many who are very rigid in paying the formalities of prayer to God, forget the divine injunction, "feed my lambs," and would rather add an additional hour to the day of toil, and a shilling less to the pay of the toil-worn sewing girl, than to lighten her burdens by a cheerful word or token of encouragement.

Not that we wish for a moment to be supposed as intimating that this lack of enlarged charity is wanting in well trained hypocrites only—who do not dishonor religion, but by daily acts prove its truth and beauty, by showing that they are none of Christ's. The haughty assumption and vulgar domineering is far worse where *all* restraint is thrown off, and worldliness unmitigated and shameless, in scarlet and effrontery, rides purse proud over the decencies as well as the charities of life, and makes dependency a worse slavery than that of the poor Indian in the mines.

The character of a lady is in no way more surely tested than in treatment of her domestics—and, *generally*, in the frequency with which she changes them. Depend upon it—the house in which *nobody* can be happy, must be a miniature of existence in a darker world. G. R. G.

Cape May Season.—As the warm weather steals upon us, our friends begin to talk of "the Capes," and to look up straw hats and bathing-dresses. Cape May has in its very sound a charm pleasingly familiar to almost every Philadelphia ear. Here visits the merchant in the summer months, for relaxation from the counting-room—the clerk for his holydays—the man of pleasure for enjoyment—the idle for luxurious indolence. It is Philadelphia in miniature, and full of life—lively, chatty, gossipy, and hilarious—disposed to enjoyment, and determined to have it. A family reunion at holyday times.

The old gentleman has a reputation abroad for great simplicity of manner—wearing his coat of the very purest material, and of the very plainest cut—and a hat of undeniable beaver, of great amplitude of brim; a sturdy old chap, with a benevolent face, who gives his simple and emphatic "No!" to the allurements and pressing solicitations of folly. The younger shoots have departed greatly from the plainness of the primitive tree, and flourish in the luxuriousness of magnolia and orange blossoms, and show a strong tendency to burst out in all the beauty and splendor of hot-house "japonicadom." Yet under the eye of the old gentleman, in these holyday times, the youngsters seem to scorn the borrowed aid of laces, satins and jewelry, and give tight boots, dandy-coats, and perfumery the go-by; for it is whispered, that he shuts his money-box rather tightly to such of his heirs as run after worldly vanities; so that here you may see them in blouses and straw-hats, in dressing-gown and slippers, perfectly unrestrained with tight lacing, luxuriously happy, and indescribably gay. They go about with an honest, hearty, unrestrained laugh—snapping their fingers at care, and perfectly unconcerned at the imputation of having let down their dignity. The family improves evidently under this relaxation from brocades and stiff ceremonies. They have a more hearty expression of face, a more thoroughly robust and vigorous frame, and though the cheek may be a little browner, the eye is brighter, and the heart happier.

The regular visiter at these times is a black-eyed, cherry-cheeked cousin from Baltimore, a little given to flirting and dangerously fascinating, as graceful as a young fawn, and as frolicksome as a kitten. She always appears to have come down purposely for a romp, having left city affectations at home, and brought her graces with her. Then she wont go home until she has half a dozen of her cousins—from the third to the sixth remove—desperately in love with her, to keep them in mind of Cape May.

Then "Tom"—"Our Tom"—he is always there; Tom would n't miss Cape May, in the season, for a £100—and the sly dog knows how to show off the attractions of his beautiful cousins. He is sure to decoy them into the Archery every bright morning, and has so many neat and appropriate remarks in regard to the health and gracefulness of the exercise—and the bows are so inviting, and the arrows so neat—the gold and crimson target so tempting that you do not wonder to see a cloud of arrows filling the air, and a crowd of lounging *beaux*, filled with shafts more dangerous. Then "Tom"—sad Tom—knows that his fair cousins are as fearless as beautiful, and fire off pistols with quite a soldierly air—that is, when Tom loads them; and the sly scamp, speaks in so low a tone—so softly and so kindly—when he hands the pistol with the hair-trigger, that you are amazed to find that there was powder in it when it goes off—and at the first crack "Tom" has the whole family there; then he is such a lover of enjoyment himself—is good, honest, manly Tom Barrett—that it delights him to see them. Then he has his Bowling Saloons in tiptop order; his Billiard-room, too; his dogs and guns for crack shots at woodcock, and ambitious young sportsmen after curlew; and then he has— In short, it would n't *be* Cape May, if Tom was n't there—and there 's an end of it. Well, well, Tom! we shall not try your pistols nor your archery this summer, but shall take a crack at Cape May, in a story, which we have in type. So let the surf come tumbling in with its musical roar—its wild waves wash out no memories. Our loves and our hates keep time in the heart which beats on proudly, yet bides its time hopefully. In the roar of the wilder ocean, where men go down battling unregretted, how many who now spread their bright sails to the favoring breeze, shall, ere the voyage is ended, find sail and cordage gone, their vessels wrecked, and the happy hearts of merry companions, one after the other, swept by the remorseless wave forever under—who shall tell, Tom! But so the side toward heaven has been ripened by the sunlight of kindness to man, what matters the breakers, Tom, to you or to me?

"Dipping his feathers in the briny foam;
Not less quick o'er the white wave Hermes rode."

G. R. G.



WAITING AT PANAMA FOR THE STEAMER.—*The Sun going down on their Hopes.*

WAITING AT PANAMA.

The sad effects of an insane haste to grow rich by chasing gilded shadows, instead of taking the secure path of industry, are exemplified in the fact, that hundreds of of our countrymen who have abandoned places of profit for the dazzling placers of speculation, and business, which afforded a decent competency, for wild and uncertain adventure, are now crowding the shore of the Pacific at Panama, with exhausted means and dissipated hopes. The all-absorbing desire for speedy fortune precluded even the common and most ordinary caution as to probabilities. At the first sound of the horn, the hunter was off, regardless of obstacles, defiant of fate, and with a recklessness unpardonable, the comforts of home were sacrificed, and all the dangers of a doubtful, hardy, and perilous enterprise were imprudently braved. The sad uncertainty of fortune—the more than doubts of her existence for them—has been cruelly thrust into their faces, and impressed upon their hearts. The return of that tremendous tide, which seemed to sweep wise men and madmen together resistlessly upon its bosom, comes freighted with the first fragments of hopes wrecked, and wealth, and perhaps health dissipated and lost. Time and opportunity here—more valuable than gold—are gone, and the adventurer comes back with unstrung nerves and faded visions of greatness, to battle again in the busy and uncompromising marts of trade, for bread. The illusion has vanished!—the cheat is transparent! "The sober second-thought" has come with its impressive lesson. The blanks turn out in this, as in all lotteries, the most numerous and certain—the prizes equally few and unreliable. When the voice of that vaster multitude now filling the streams and plains of California shall have been heard, we shall have a sonorous echo of the despairing wail of the impoverished and deluded at Panama. Mark it!

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"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead" is a maxim so universally current in this country, that one would suppose that its practice would be more common. But no! in the rush of excitement, the go-ahead spirit takes the lead, leaving at home old father Caution to play with his thumbs, and to wonder at his relations. "Get out of the way!" "Take care!" "Clear the track!" "Off she goes!"—*whiz!* and the young generation is cut from leading-strings, and half-way on the road to fortune before Grandfather has rubbed his eyes, and opened them to the true state of affairs around him—no, not *around*, before him, but completely out of sight. Talk of Rome not having been built in a day, old Graybeard! You are behind the times. Kingdoms shoot up in a night, and nations are born between two breakfasts. Don't speak of the ingratitude of relations, old man; the thing is absurd. While you are hunting genealogies, the parties have belted the world, and are walking with their heads down directly beneath you, or are half-way to the Pacific on an air-line in the light that marks the horizon—skimming through the clouds in a flying machine. "Friendly ties. "Home affection!" Poh! you are in your dotage, old fellow! We have no time to waste on silly abstractions! Good bye! Take care of *yourself!* Will write you from the other side! So we go!

But are we happier for all this fiery impetuosity of disposition—this ginger-beer effervescence of intellect—this fussing, fretting, fuming wrath of haste to get on, to get off, to be going? Is *this* the true enjoyment of LIFE! after all, to go whirling along in a state of high excitement without a moment's pause, with a sort of insane heat and fierceness of intellect, restless, roaming, and parched up with the fever of desire for wealth—to be enslaved by the eternal, all-absorbing all-engulphing *I*—the monster self, grown Colossal, insatiate, and fiend-like. Is there nothing worth loving, that we may pause to cherish? No enjoyment worth a cool moment, in which the fevered lust of money may be forgotten? Pile up your gold, young man! Give your imagination its most boundless desire! Spread the base of your pyramid over an area of acres! Pile up!—pile high! oh, avarice and pride! Let its peak touch the skies! ay, higher still! And now we point you to that little cluster of bleached bones, whitening but a spot beside the gigantic god you worship, and to that young, pale face, sitting sighing by yonder fireside, thousands of miles away—would the wealth that might cover the Cyclops, compensate *her* for the chilled heart, the desolate days which are hers. Ah no! with but a crust to break with you, in a home of humbleness and peace, how that heart would bound with pride, those sad eyes sparkle with pleasure, and those pale cheeks regain their roses and bloom with health. And if all the wealth of India and Peru were hers, how poor a gift would she esteem it to clothe those bones of yours once again with manly beauty, and to sit once again confidingly by your side, her hand in yours, her eyes lifted to your dark gaze, as to the heaven of her dreams. Ah! but you will not die, you will take the risk. Pause awhile! think of it wisely! think of it well!

We are not talking in the language of statesmen. Ah, no! statesmen and warriors estimate men in masses—marshal them in squadrons and platoons; they form a State—they fill a list of 10,000 killed and wounded. Ours is the humbler view—the domestic ties lacerated—the friendships dissipated—the few hearts broken. The dead of the ten thousand slain upon the battle-field return no more—the thrice ten thousand hearts that mourn, bleed on, but form no part of the estimate of war's disaster. The thousands of brothers, young, impetuous, adventurous, are gone! they are the State's, and of it. The sister weeps—the mother droops and dies, as the long years roll on, and the lost ones return no more; and the proud page of history swells with the triumph, the pen grows eloquent as it records the foundation and the growth of empire, and bright names live and flash along the glowing line; but the desolate heart, and the desolate hearth, are forgotten and unknown. These are the sadder views of conquest—the inevitable results of adventurous migration. "And yet," cries the brawling patriot who is never *self* devoted, "you oppose the march of empire—the growth of nations!" By no means, good friend! If the thousands who are now pouring as a flood into California, or even a tythe of them, were whole families, with farming utensils, and domestic implements, seeking a far off and productive soil, where they might again erect their household gods, and live happily to a green old age, under their own vine and fig-tree, extending rationally and naturally the benefits of civilization, we should wish them God speed, and give them joy at their going. But how is it? Reader, we ask *you*—how is it with the adventurers, who are now rushing thoughtlessly, desperately from home? How few, even with the best success, will realize their dreams? and of those few, how many will really be personally benefited by the wealth thus achieved? But the vast army of the disappointed—what of them? With morals contaminated, hearts sickened, hopes crushed—how many will return useful members of society? How many settle quietly down as hardy tillers of the soil? We fear, oh, most wise politician! that this last is a work to be done by another class of emigrants, and by but few of the gold hunters, and desperate land speculators who now crowd the vessels of the Pacific. Our advice, deeply pondered, and calmly given, to those who have a longing for that far-off and fertile region, is, to sit earnestly down

to business here, and amass a few hundreds, or a few thousands, and when the scum of that boiling, seething cauldron shall have passed off—when the thousands which have been made—*on paper*—in land speculations and gold mining, shall be no more heard of—you will find a few quiet acres still untilled, a population improved, and a certainty of comfort and happiness awaiting you there. Until then, we think, you may make life bearable here, by diligent application to business, a devotion to your family, to home duties and affections, and to careful improvement of your mental capacity, and of such opportunities as God may furnish you for doing good. Think of it, reader!

G. R. G.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This old and sterling family newspaper, we see, has been brought out in a suit of new and beautiful type, and is otherwise improved and adorned. It has had, too, an accession of editorial force, and the new pen, with the aid of Mr. Seckel, its old editor, makes the sheet sparkle again. We predict for the old favorite a new lease of popular favor, and a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class. Various other additions, in the mechanical as well as the literary department, are still to be added, when the office is removed to the new building in Chestnut street—the movements of beauty on that delightful promenade, will, of course, be duly chronicled hereafter, in the piquant style of the editors.

A POWERFUL NOVEL.—We shall commence in the July number, a powerfully written story from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of "Cromwell," "Ringwood the Rover," etc., which we pronounce the most brilliant of all the able novels of that accomplished and vigorous writer. It is entitled "JASPER ST. ALBYN; *A Story of Passion*," and for strength and beauty of expression, thrilling and intense interest, and high moral and tragic effect, our readers will regard it as the *best story* we have given them for many a day.

BIRDS BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.—We purpose to introduce into Graham's Magazine, in the coming volume, a series of Wild and Cage Birds, exquisitely designed and colored, and our artists are already at work. We think that this feature of the Magazine will be highly popular with our readers, and as the plates will be accompanied with carefully prepared letter-press descriptions; they will be found useful to the many who cultivate a taste for these beautiful subjects. This, we have no doubt, will be *imitated*, as every thing has been in the Magazine world which has originated with us.

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE.—Our correspondent, "History," is informed that he is right in his conjecture, that "Graham's Magazine" was based upon "*The Casket*," and hence is the oldest of the illustrated monthlies." It is our proud satisfaction that ours is the *best*, as well as the oldest Magazine. It does not require continued puffing, either hired or solicited, to make people aware of its existence.

OUR OWN ARTISTS ABROAD.—In order to keep the high position of this Magazine, as a work of art, fully up to the standard it has attained, we have sent our excellent engraver and designer, W. E. Tucker, Esq., to Europe to make careful drawings of such subjects as he may find upon the walls of the Academies, or in private collections, and to engage such American artists as he may find abroad, who may be useful in carrying out our grand design of being *the first to introduce new subjects to the American eye*. Our cotemporaries content themselves with re-engraving stale prints which may be found in the windows, or in using such cast-off English plates as may be offered here cheap; but the vast circulation and profit of this work returns to our readers in such liberal arrangements to keep them advised of the freshest and most beautiful works of art as may be found in the wide range of the world.

For several years our Fashion Plates have been brought freshly from Paris, and their beauty of design and coloring has been the subject of universal praise. Now, by having *our own artists* employed, both abroad and at home, we not only defy competition, but laugh at it.

THE NEW VOLUME.—With the next number we commence a new volume of Graham's Magazine, which, we do not hesitate to promise our readers shall be one of rare excellence and beauty. Our past volume, closing with this number, was exhausted very early, and we have consequently been obliged for two months past to refuse all orders for the work from January last. We shall therefore furnish our subscribers with a title page for the coming volume in our next issue. All our arrangements for the next six months are perfected, and from July to December our readers may expect a succession of brilliant numbers in every respect. Our increase for the past six months has been unexampled, and with the steady flow of new names, coming with every mail, we look forward to being compelled greatly to amplify our means of producing our edition. Our printers now run their presses both night and day—keeping us frequently waiting for copies to supply the demand. Hoe certainly must invent a *two-press* to run 10,000 per hour for us, and at our demise we shall leave him the copyright of Graham.

RIVALS.—We see a great deal about the rivals of Graham, going the rounds in the way of paid notices. Does the oldest inhabitant remember a time when such notes were not given out? We have a brood of these rivals, freshly fledged every spring, who die somehow of the praise of the penny-a-liners in literature,

Snooks has an article in the "Great Monthly Thundergust," calculated to make a noise.

"I will write a first rate notice," says Snooks, "and mark it for the benefit of country members, and if that does n't *settle* Graham and Godey, I 'll write you an article for nothing."

"Goodness!" says the new editor—"but—but do you think it is exactly fair to break down their business all at once, in that way? Remember their interesting families, Mr. Snooks."

"Families, sir! who talks about families when we commence a Thundergust! Get up a breeze! Pile on the agony, sir! You are too meek, sir!—too tame!—chicken-hearted, sir!—too tender!—too—too—will you oblige me with $20 till to-morrow? *Settle* is the word!"

An awkward one it is, too—this settling with Indians, when they turn on you.

The fishermen of Philadelphia recently turned out in opposition to the firemen. They kept themselves closely concealed in covered wagons. *Sell-fish* fellows!

Du Solle turned out a poor number of his new paper, "The Extra," lately. "Extra?" inquires a wag—"this is extra-*ordinary*."

I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND:

THE WORDS FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE,

ADAPTED TO A MELODY

BY F. OTTO,

AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO

BY CHAS. GROBE.

Presented by G. Willig, No. 171 Chestnut St. Published by G. Willig Jr. Baltimore.

[Entered according to act of Congress, by G. Willig, Jr., in the year 1848, at the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of Md.]



I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.



SECOND VERSE.

And, next, there's frank, young Harry West,
So fond, so true, so clever,
Who though I scold him all the day,
Adores me more than ever.
There's Roger Snipe, the pink of beaux,
Or else your daughter's blind,
And yet when Snipe grows serious, I
I can't make up my mind.

THIRD VERSE.

There's lawyer Keen, and poet Good,
Exemplars of their sort;
Still, still I can't make up my mind
There's no accounting for't!
"Yes, yes, there is," stern truth replied;
"Your vanity imparts
That false delight in flatt'ring tongues,
Which forfeits loving hearts."

FOURTH VERSE.

On purpose to make up her mind,
So long this fair one tarried,
Her lovers, loath to hang themselves,
Sought other maids and married!
And, though mamma is growing old,
Her daughter looks much older,
E'er since her coquetry and pride
In the Old Maids Corps enroll'd her.